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ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI.—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.
From a painting in the National Gallery, London.—Photographed by Morelli.

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THE ANNUNCIATION.—FRA FILIPPO LIPPI.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

I.

THE Annunciation is the prelude of the Nativity. To us who listen across the centuries to the music of the first Christmas Day it seems as if this earlier prophetic melody in the obscure cottage at Nazareth were blended almost immediately with the chorus which the shepherds heard upon the hills of Bethlehem; the interval of months which lies between the two is narrowed to a moment's pause of thought, and we hear in Gabriel's message and Mary's answer the beginning of "the glad tidings of the Holy Child Jesus."

Surely it is not unnatural that there should be such a prelude to such an event. Nothing arrives in nature unheralded. The dawn foretells the dayspring. The bud prophesies the flower. This is the way of God in His world. And the birth of that well-beloved Son, in whose perfect life the fulness of the Godhood is to be

revealed in manhood, cannot be unannounced.

Listen, then, to the simple and lovely phrase in which the evangelist St. Luke tells the story, which must have come first of all from the lips of her whom these things befell—the gentle virgin who felt so much and spake so little:

And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth,

To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

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MOSAIC OF THE ANNUNCIATION.—FIFTH CENTURY.
From Von Lehner's "Marienverehrung in den ersten Jahrhunderten" (by permission
of the J. G. Gotta'sche Buchhandlung, Nachfolger).

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.

And behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David.

And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?

And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

And behold, thy cousin Elisabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her who was called barren:

For with God nothing shall be impossible.

And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.—St. Luke, i. 26–38.

What is the inward meaning of this celestial poem? It is the embodiment of a twofold mystery—the mys-

tery of revelation, of that secret light of the spiritual which is ever breaking through from the realm of the invisible into the realm of the visible; and the mystery of faith, which waits and longs for that light, and receiving it, is quickened into a divine fruitfulness.

All through the history of Israel the promise of the coming Christ had been gleaming with a vague and diffused radiance, like sunlight playing from behind the clouds on distant waters. Here it is gathered into a single ray, slender, distinct, vivid with person-

ality. For many centuries Hebrew motherhood had been ennobled and glorified by the great expectancy of the Messiah who should redeem His people. Here the Divine Hope descends dove-like into a virgin's breast, and is conceived, and thus begins a human life, borne tenderly and secretly beneath the heart of her who, among all the maidens of Israel, has found favor with God.

How else shall the story be told than in the words of the old evangelist, who was himself, if the legend be true, a painter, and therefore a poet? Could any other form come closer to the reality, or image it more clearly? I have been reading the disquisitions and explanations of the early theologians, but they seem dry and tedious; they add nothing to knowledge,



THE ALLEGORY OF THE UNICORN.
From "Das Evangelische Jahrbuch," 1859-1861 (by permission of Messrs
Wiegandt and Grieben, Berlin).



THE ANNUNCIATION.—LORENZO Ghiberti.

From the Baptistery Gates, Florence.

and they take much from reverence. Curious physiological inquiries, they are worthless as science, and worse than worthless as religion. I have been reading also the pagan myths of the birth of demi-gods—of Perseus, whom Danaë bore, and of Castor and Pollux, the sons of Leda; but they seem gross and sensual; the heaviness of falsehood clings to them and weighs them down. I have been reading also the tales of Messiah's coming which are told in the Talmud, and which represent the expectations of the great mass of the Jewish people in the time of Christ; but they are full of caprice and fantasy, incoherent and grandiose; they abound in strange portents; they are noisy with the wars of Gog and Magog; they predict the arrival of a

monarch whose chief glory is to be the rebuilding of Jerusalem with gold and jewels and costly woods, and the bringing of all other nations to pay tribute to the Jews as they revel in a perpetual Sabbath of eating and drinking. When one turns from all this literature of imagination confused by avarice and perturbed by sensuality, of curiosity pushed beyond the mark, and of realism which becomes untrue because it tries so hard to be exact—when one turns back from all this to St. Luke's narrative of the Annunciation, it is like passing from the glare and turmoil of a masquerade in an artificial park, into the soft fresh air of a real garden, where the dews are falling and the fragrance of unseen flowers comes through the twilight.

How little is defined and yet how much is clear in this atmosphere of inspired verity! Gabriel, "the strength of God," is the name given to the angelic messenger. Mary, "the handmaid of the Lord," is the favored one of the chosen race—chosen to this special honor, doubtless, for no other reason than because it had cherished the purity and dignity of womanhood more perfectly than any other race of the ancient world. We are not to think of the Hebrew woman of that age as ignorant and degraded. There is no likeness between her and the Arab woman of to-day; nor is there anything strange or incredible in finding such a character as Mary, so chaste, so meek, so noble, in a quiet home of Nazareth. She is astonished at the gracious and joyful salutation that comes to her; and that also is not unnatural, for it is a greeting hitherto unknown. There is a moment of wonder and surprise; a tremor of maiden fear; a bending of simple faith to receive the heavenly thought; an overshadowing spirit of power; a new conception of God in humanity. The miracle has come unseen. A woman, blessed among all her sisters, believes that her child is to be the Son of the Highest, and will call his name Jesus, because he shall be the Saviour.

That is the essence of the Annunciation. But what of the accidents—what of the details of form and time and place? All these are veiled. We do not know what was the nature and appearance of the angel; nor whether Mary was waking when the message came, or sleeping and dreaming, as Joseph was when he received his warning. We are not told whether she was reading or spinning in her room, or praying in the Temple, or resting on the house-top, after the manner of the Orient. The hour is not set at morning or noon or evening or midnight. The story leaves these things, as so much in the Gospel is left, to that reverent Imagination which is "the true sister of Faith." And what I desire to do here is to touch briefly upon some of the forms in which that Imagination has expressed itself in art, and interpret them, if I can, in the spirit of the truth which they embody.

II.

We must recall, at the beginning, some of the legends of the Annunciation which are found in the apocryphal gospels and

in the poems and romances of the Middle Ages. These are, indeed, the first and most childish efforts of art, and the imagery which the poets and story-tellers used in their narratives is often repeated by the painters and sculptors in their works.

The unknown writer whose fragment of the history of Mary is preserved for us by St. Jerome adds only a single touch to the story of the Annunciation, but it is a very graphic one. He says that the angel, coming in, "filled the room where Mary was with a great light." The author of the book called the *Protevangelium of St. James* gives a much fuller narrative. He tells us that Mary had been chosen by lot from among seven maidens of Nazareth to spin the royal purple for a new curtain in the Temple. One day, as she was returning with her pitcher of water from the fountain, she heard a voice saying, "Hail, thou who art full of grace!" She looked to the right and to the left to see whence the voice came, and then, trembling, went into her house, and setting down the pitcher, took up the purple, and sat upon her seat to spin it. And behold, the angel of the Lord stood by her, and said, "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor in the sight of God."

In the mediæval poems of Germany Mary is described as crossing the courtyard to wash her hands at the fountain when the angel first appeared, and as sitting among her companions, who were working discontentedly at the coarser linen of the Temple veil, when he came again to complete his message. These details are often repeated in the early works of art. If it is the first appearance of the angel that the artist has chosen to depict, he shows us the fountain and the pitcher, or the walls and pillars of the court through which Mary is passing. If he has chosen the second appearance, the scene is laid within-doors, and we are reminded by some naïve and obvious token of the work in which Mary was engaged. There is an abundance of such representation of the Annunciation among the ancient mosaics and carvings in ivory and wood and stone. Rohault de Fleury, in his splendid volumes, has described a number of them.

The mosaic from the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in Rome, is interesting chiefly because it shows the earliest date at which these legendary particulars became the common properties of art. It



THE ANNUNCIATION.—DONATELLO.

From a bas-relief in stone in the Church of S. Croce, Florence.

was made in the fifth century; and here are the skeins of purple on Mary's lap, and the distaff on her arm.

The most significant and the most enduring imaginative detail in the art of the Annunciation was introduced by St. Bernard. He says that the Virgin was reading in the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, and when she came to the verse, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son," and was thinking in her

heart how gladly she would be a handmaid to serve one so blessed, the angel drew near and said: "Hail, Mary! Blessed art *thou* among women." The thought is so beautiful it is no wonder that art adopted it. The Book, lying open on Mary's knee, or on a desk before her, or clasped against her bosom, appears in the most and the best of the Annunciation pictures.

Other emblems, with a meaning more or less mystical, were associated with the

story, and came gradually into use among the artists, with slight variations depending upon personal choice and training. The lilies, which seem to us the most natural symbols of virgin purity, became common in the twelfth century. They are growing in a pot beside the maid Mary, or carried in the angel's hand. Sometimes he bears in their stead a branch of olive, the emblem of peace, or a royal sceptre surmounted with a cross or a globe. When we see the palings of a garden in the background of a picture, the artist is reminding us of the verse in the Song of Solomon which says, "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse." The flawless mirror is an allusion to the phrase in the Book of Wisdom, "*speculum sine macula*." The bush which burns but is not consumed is taken from the vision of Moses. The dove is the universal symbol of the Holy Spirit. I have seen pictures of the Annunciation into which the artist has introduced a basket

of fruit and a pitcher of water, to signify Mary's frugality; or a cat, to denote, perhaps, her domesticity. Sometimes a painter will put a little scene from the Old Testament in the distance, representing Eve, because she is the mother of humanity; or Bathsheba, because the Davidic line descends through her that was Uriah's wife. But the strangest and most mystical of all the Annunciation emblems is the unicorn. I have taken an illustration of it from an old German painting in Weimar. The explanation is found in an allegory which occurs first in the works of an unknown writer of the eleventh century, called Physiologus, and became, somewhat later, one of the favorite themes of mediæval poetry. It runs, briefly, in this wise:

The unicorn is an animal of such wondrous wisdom and strength that no hunter can take him, and of such gracious quality that his horn wounds only to heal. This represents the Saviour. He



THE ANNUNCIATION.—FRA ANGELICO.

From a painting in the Chiesa di Gesù, Cortona.



THE ANNUNCIATION.—SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

is pursued by a heavenly huntsman, who is God the Father, and four hounds, which are named Truth, Peace, Mercy, and Justice. Coming to a pure virgin, he takes refuge in her bosom, lays aside all his wildness, and is captured at last.

It was a strange and confused theology which could evolve such a legend out of its inner consciousness; but such as it was the Middle Ages delighted in it; and here you see it all drawn out and carefully labelled, according to the old German poem, which says:

"Der einhorn hüt gevangen ist,
in mägden schos mit grossem list;
der ist gewesen, ihesus crist,
die maget du, maria, bist."

III.

Out of this unreal and allegorical region we may turn with gladness to the

freer and fairer realm of pure art, and see how the real thought of the Annunciation has been clothed with forms of beauty.

There are, indeed, no great and world-famous pictures of the Annunciation. The nine artists from whom the illustrations for this paper are taken do not belong to the first rank. But the best work of its kind in certain narrow fields does not always come from the greatest men. If we were looking for the finest ballads or the sweetest songs, we would not go to Dante or Shakespeare or Milton.

Look, first of all, at the relief by Lorenzo Ghiberti. It is one of the panels of the great "doors of Paradise" in the Baptistery of Florence, at which he labored for nearly half a century. He has been well called "a painter in bronze," and in

many of the panels this picturesque impulse has made him forget too much the limitations of his material, and crowd a narrow space with a multitude of figures in confused action. Yet they are noble, and this Annunciation is one of the noblest of them all. The distinct note here is the swiftness of a glad surprise. The angel sweeps forward with a buoyant motion, his garment lifted by the wind of his flight. The holy dove flies straight as an arrow toward the Virgin's breast. Her slender girlish figure shrinks and sways with wonder as she pauses on the threshold, lifting her hand, half to ward, and half to welcome, the message. Timidity and joy blend in her aspect. The event is isolated from all surroundings; it might be anywhere; it is womanhood visited by God.

Turn from this to Donatello's sculpture in the Church of S. Croce, and see how different the work of two men under the same influences and in the same age may be. Donatello's relief has less power and more thought. It is serene and contemplative. The interview between the angel and the Virgin is the point on which Donatello meditates, and in each of these figures he tries to express the emotion which he feels to be true and natural. He has thought of the angel's love and reverence for her to whom he brings such a message. Gabriel kneels, with arms folded, and looks up at the Virgin while he speaks. She has risen from the seat where she was reading, and bows with submissive awe. There are none of the common mystical adjuncts to the scene, not even the dove. It is a lyric, full of rhythmic sweetness and natural sincerity.

The Annunciation was a favorite theme with Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, surnamed Angelico. It was suited to his unsullied spirit, and no man ever touched it with such perfect delicacy and ideal truth. His fresco in the Church of Jesus at Cortona seems to me one of the very loveliest pictures of the subject. We miss here the intellectual beauty of Ghiberti and Donatello, but we gain instead a spiritual beauty which is Angelico's peculiar quality.

It is certainly a long step downward to pass from this to the small tableau of Fra Filippo Lippi. He was the painter of sacred *genre*; and he has translated the story of the Annunciation in language so easy and light that it seems almost playful. There is an irresponsible air

about this young angel who has stepped aside from the path to kneel on the grass. But the grace of it all is the grace of this world. I should call it naturalistic rather than natural, because it is so evidently drawn from models composed according to the law of a bass-relief.

In Sandro Botticelli we have a painter of the same age and race, but of a very different temperament. It is said that he was the pupil of Fra Filippo Lippi; if so, he learned some things that his master could never have taught him. He was a student of psychological problems, of conflicting emotions and strange thoughts, divided between heaven and earth. Familiar with the classic beauty of pagan art, and feeling it profoundly, he was yet most unclassical in all his work. For in his pictures nothing is fixed and quiet. A mystical air stirs in his draperies; a mystical passion breathes from his faces. He has caught them in a moment of transition, while the past fades and the future still is dim. Yet all this movement and flow and conflict of his art is without violence; it is quiet, inward, inevitable. There is far more of yielding in it than of struggle. With him love is often weary and joy often sorrowful. I think his picture of the Annunciation is very characteristic and deep.

In Francesco Francia's picture in the Brera at Milan there is none of this intense emotional realism. The scene is laid apparently in the porch of the Temple. The atmosphere is cool, clear, tranquil; it is evidently the hour of evening twilight, in which the bell called the Angelus still rings in memory of Gabriel's visit. The landscape is harmonized with the painter's moral; so still is it that the little lake in the distance reflects the encircling trees as a mirror. The words of an English poet seem to be addressed to such a Virgin as is here depicted:

"Mind'st thou not (when June's heavy breath
Warmed the long days in Nazareth)
That eve thou didst go forth to give
Thy flowers some drink, that they might live
One faint night more amid the sands?
Far off the trees were as pale wands
Against the fervid sky; the sea
Sighed further off eternally,
As human sorrow sighs in sleep.
Then suddenly the awe grew deep,
As of a day to which all days
Were footsteps in God's secret ways;
Until a folding sense, like prayer,
Which is, as God is, everywhere,



THE ANGELIC GREETING.—ROGER VANDER WEYDEN.



THE ANNUNCIATION.—FRANCESCO FRANCA.

From a painting in the Brera, Milan.

Gathered about thee; and a voice
Spake to thee without any noise,
Being of the silence:—‘Hail,’ it said,
‘Thou that art highly favorèd;
The Lord is with thee here and now;
Blessed among all women thou.’”

It is not another spirit, but only another mode of expressing the same spirit, which characterizes the quaint Flemish Annunciation ascribed to Roger Vander Weyden. It is a placid picture, full of the peace of home and the delight of meditation.

Andrea del Sarto, called “the faultless painter,” represents the golden age of Italian art in this series of illustrations.

His style was finer than his thought. I think we feel this in his picture of the Annunciation. It technically is a beautiful piece of work. But there is a sensation of discord when we see David bending from the portico to look at Bathsheba. That which completes the background spoils the subject. The one thing that redeems the picture is the loveliness of Gabriel, a shape of immortal youth.

I know of but one significant and noble painting of the Annunciation in our century, and that is Rossetti’s “Ecce Ancilla Domini,” in the National Gallery at London. The picture, as one looks at it for the first time, appears almost dream-like in the

strange beauty of its color. It is a lily of white and gold, but with infinite gradations and shadows of light trembling through the hue of purity and the hue of love. The poet-painter has chosen a *motif* which art has hitherto neglected. He thinks of the Annunciation as coming, like so many other angelic visits, in a dream. The time is the border-land between sleeping and waking, the visionary hour of early morning. The strong Gabriel appears in the aspect of one of those of whom it is written, "He maketh His angels spirits, His ministers a flame of fire," and the air kindles at his feet into aureate flames. Mary is fair and delicate, *pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol*. Half rising

from her virgin couch, she whispers, wondering, "How shall this be?" Her spiritual loveliness is best described in Rossetti's own sonnet:

"This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect
God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
Profound simplicity of intellect,
And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
Faithful and hopeful, wise in charity,
Strong in grave peace, in pity circumspect.

So held she through her girlhood, as it were,
An angel-watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quiet. Till one dawn at home
She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
At all, yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed,
Because the fulness of the time was come."



THE ANNUNCIATION.—ANDREA DEL SARTO.

From a painting in the Pitti Palace, Florence.

THE CHRISTMAS PEAL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SWINGING across the belfry tower
The bells rang backward all the hour;
They rang, they reeled, they rushed, they roared;
Their tongues tumultuous music poured.
The old walls rocked, the peals outswapt,
Far up the steep their echoes leapt,
Soaring and sparkling till they burst
Like bubbles round the topmost horn
That reddens to the hint of morn
That halts some trembling star the first.
And all the realms of ice and frost
From field to field those joy bells tost.
They answered from their airy height;
They thrilled; they loosed their bands for flight;
They knew that it was Christmas Night!

Where awful absences of sound
The gorge in death's dumb rigor bound,
Below, and deep within the wood,
Windless and weird the black pines stood.
The iron boughs slow-swaying rose
And fell, and shook their sifted snows,
And stirred in every stem and branch
To the wild music in the air
From far lone upper regions where
Loose plunged the silver avalanche.
All up and down the valley-side
These iron boughs swayed far and wide;
They heard the cry along the height;
They pulsed in time with that glad flight;
They knew that it was Christmas Night!

You who with quickening throbs shall mark
Such swells and falls swim on the dark,
As crisp as if the clustered rout
In starry depths sprang chiming out,
As if the Pleiades should sing,
Lyra should touch her tenderest string,
Aldebaran his spear heads clang,
Great Betelgeuse and Sirius blow
Their mighty horns, and Fomalhaut
With wild sweet breath suspended hang,—
Know 'tis your heart-beats, with those bells,
Loosen the snow clouds' vibrant cells,
Stir the vast forest on the height,
Your heart-beats answering to the light
Flashed earthward the first Christmas Night!



"AS IF THE PLEIADES SHOULD SING."



A Maid's Choice.

A Musical Pastoral, by
W W Gilchrist

Prologue.

Illustrated by
 Howard Pyle.





The little maid
waireth patiently
but nobody
cometh.



She groweth
nearly
waiting



Very
nearly

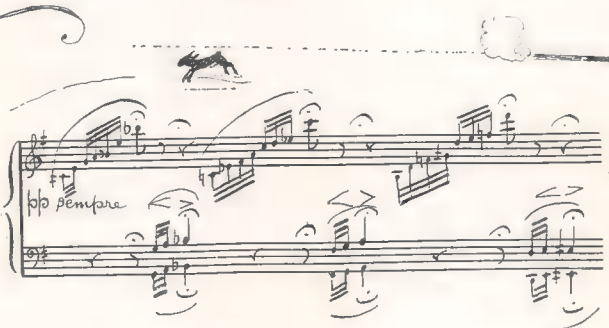
But still nobody cometh.



And so
she waireth
patiently

Alack =

away!





Verse 1.
J' Jovial Huntsman.





Hark! hark! It is ye jovial
Huntsman, a blowing his horn.



Ye Jovial Huntsman
speeth ye little Maid:



ped *

ped *

ped *

He asketh her whether
she will or no..



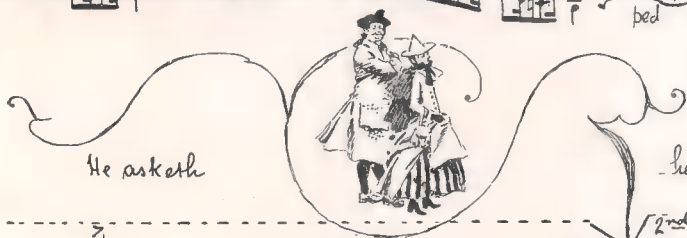


*2^e Verfe 2.
ffat, Rich Man*





Ye fat, rich man
cometh with
heavy breads.



He asketh

her whether she

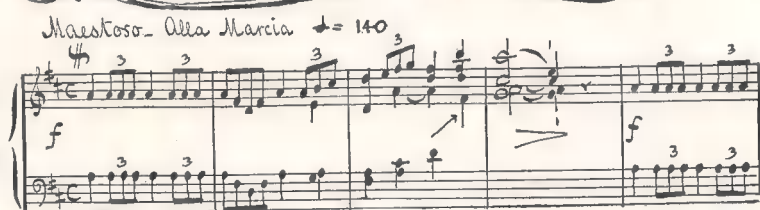


will or no-



she sayeth
no.





(2nd time diminish to the end.)



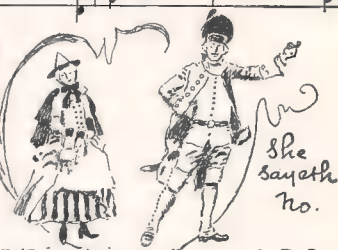
There cometh next a
Gallant Soldier—



And she pleaseth him.



He asketh
her
whether she will.



she
sayeth
no.



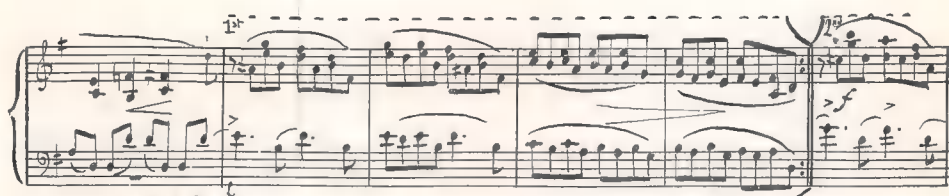
But little he careth, and
marcheth away.





Allegro Moderato ♩ 120

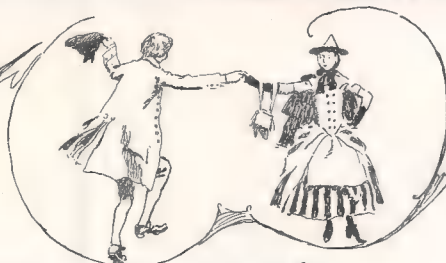




The Jolly Godel
arriveth neft-



She pleaseth
him,



He pleaseth
her,



Says he
"Will you?"



Says she

x x x



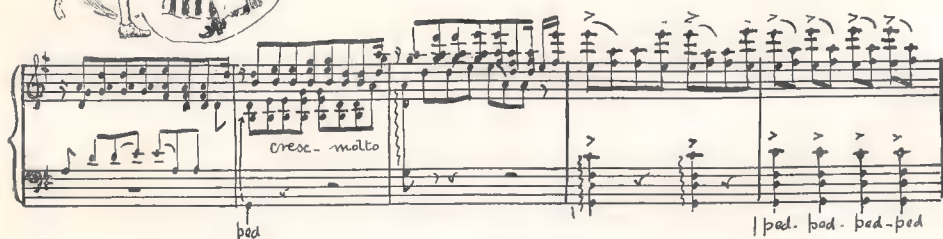
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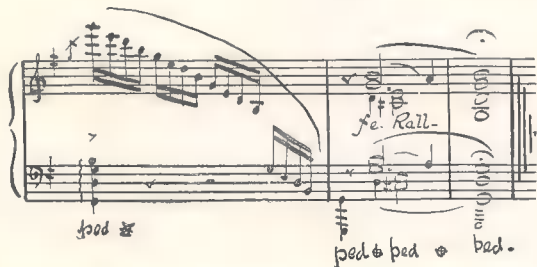
Says, he "Will you?"
Says, she "Yes."



Oh joy! Oh bliss! Oh rapture!



Rapture! to ~~~~~



End.

W.W. Gilchrist.

CHARTERING A NATION.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

HOW it came about that we chartered the Blackfoot nation for two days had better not be told in straightforward fashion. There is more that is interesting in going around about the subject, just as in reality we did go around and about the neighborhood of the Indians before we determined to visit them.

In the first place, the most interesting Indian I ever saw—among many kinds and many thousands—was the late Chief Crowfoot, of the Blackfoot people. More like a king than a chief he looked, as he strode upon the plains, in a magnificent robe of white beadwork as rich as ermine, with a gorgeous pattern illuminating its edges, a glorious sun worked into the front of it, and many artistic and chromatic figures sewed in gaudy beads upon its back. He wore an old white chimney-pot hat, bound around with eagle feathers, a splendid pair of *chaperajos*, all worked with beads at the bottoms and fringed along the sides, and bead-worked moccasins, for which any lover of the Indian or collector of his paraphernalia would have exchanged a new Winchester rifle without a second's hesitation. But though Crowfoot was so royally clothed, it was in himself that the kingly quality was most apparent. His face was extraordinarily like what portraits we have of Julius Cæsar, with the difference that Crowfoot had the complexion of an Egyptian mummy. The high forehead, the great aquiline nose, the thin lips, usually closed, the small round protruding chin, the strong jawbones, and the keen gray eyes composed a face in which every feature was finely moulded, and in which the warrior, the commander, and the counsellor were strongly suggested. And in each of these rôles he played the highest part among the Indians of Canada from the moment that the whites and the red men contested the dominion of the plains until he died, a short time ago.

He was born and lived a wild Indian, and though the good fathers of the nearest Roman Catholic mission believe that he died a Christian, I am constrained to see in the reason for their thinking so only another proof of the consummate shrewdness of Crowfoot's life-long policy. The old king lay on his death-bed in his

great wig-a-wam, with twenty-seven of his medicine-men around him, and never once did he pretend that he despised or doubted their magic. When it was evident that he was about to die, the conjurers ceased their long-continued, exhausting formula of howling, drumming, and all the rest, and, Indian-like, left Death to take his own. Then it was that one of the watchful, zealous priests, whose lives have indeed been like those of fathers to the wild Indians, slipped into the great teepee and administered the last sacrament to the old pagan.

"Do you believe?" the priest inquired.

"Yes, I believe," old Crowfoot grunted. Then he whispered, "But don't tell my people."

Among the last words of great men, those of Saponaxitaw (his Indian name) may never be recorded, but to the student of the American aborigine they betray more that is characteristic of the habitual attitude of mind of the wild red man toward civilizing influences than any words I ever knew one to utter.

As the old chief crushed the bunch-grass beneath his gaudy moccasins at the time I saw him, and as his lesser chiefs and headmen strode behind him, we who looked on knew what a great part he was bearing and had taken in Canada. He had been chief of the most powerful and savage tribe in the North, and of several allied tribes as well, from the time when the region west of the Mississippi was *terra incognita* to all except a few fur traders and priests. His warriors ruled the Canadian wilderness, keeping the Ojibbeways and Crees in the forests to the east and north, routing the Crows, the Stonies, and the Big-Bellies whenever they pleased, and yielding to no tribe they met except the Sioux to the southward, in our territory. The first white man Crowfoot ever knew intimately was Father Lacombe, the noble old missionary, whose fame is now world-wide among scholars. The peaceful priest and the warrior chief became fast friends, and from the day when the white men first broke down the border and swarmed upon the plains, until at the last they ran what Crowfoot called their "fire-wagons" (locomotives) through his land, he followed

the priest's counselling in most important matters. He treated with the authorities, and thereafter hindered his braves from murder, massacre, and warfare. Better than that, during the Riel rebellion he, more than any other man, or twenty men, kept the red men of the plains at peace when the French half-breeds, led by their mentally irresponsible disturber, rebelled against the Dominion authorities.

When Crowfoot talked, he made laws. While he spoke, his nation listened in silence. He had killed as many men as any Indian warrior alive; he was a mighty buffalo-slayer; he was torn, scarred, and mangled in skin, limb, and bone. He never would learn English or pretend to discard his religion. He was an Indian after the pattern of his ancestors. At eighty odd years of age there lived no redskin who dared answer him back when he spoke his mind. But he was a shrewd man and an archdiplomatist. Because he had no quarrel with the whites, and because a grand old priest was his truest friend, he gave orders that his body should be buried in a coffin, Christian fashion, and as I rode over the plains in the summer of 1890 I saw his burial-place on top of a high hill, and knew that his bones were guarded night and day by watchers from among his people. Two or three days before he died his best horse was slaughtered for burial with him. He heard of it. "That was wrong," he said; "there was no sense in doing that; and besides, the horse was worth good money." But he was always at least as far as that in advance of his people, and it was natural that not only his horse, but his gun and blankets, his rich robes, and plenty of food to last him to the happy hunting-grounds, should have been buried with him.

There are different ways of judging which is the best Indian, but from the stand-point of him who would examine that distinct product of nature, the Indian as the white man found him, the Canadian Blackfeet are among if not quite the best. They are almost as primitive and natural as any, nearly the most prosperous, physically very fine, the most free from white men's vices. They are the most reasonable in their attitude toward the whites of any who hold to the true Indian philosophy. The sum of that philosophy is that civilization gets men a great many comforts, but bundles them

up with so many rules and responsibilities and so much hard work that, after all, the wild Indian has the greatest amount of pleasure and the least share of care that men can hope for. That man is the fairest judge of the redskins who considers them as children, governed mainly by emotion, and acting upon undisciplined impulse; and I know of no more hearty, natural children than the careless, improvident, impulsive boys and girls of from five to eighty years of age whom Crowfoot turned over to the care of Three Bulls, his brother.

The Blackfeet of Canada number about 2000 men, women, and children. They dwell upon a reserve of nearly five hundred square miles of plains land, watered by the beautiful Bow River, and almost within sight of the Rocky Mountains. It is in the province of Alberta, north of our Montana. There were three thousand and more of these Indians when the Canadian Pacific Railway was built across their hunting-ground, seven or eight years ago, but they are losing numbers at the rate of two hundred and fifty a year, roughly speaking. Their neighbors, the tribes called the Bloods and the Piegiens, are of the same nation. The Sarcis, once a great tribe, became weakened by disease and war, and many years ago begged to be taken into the confederation. These tribes all have separate reserves near to one another, but all have heretofore acknowledged each Blackfoot chief as their supreme ruler. Their old men can remember when they used to roam as far south as Utah, and be gone twelve months on the war-path and on their foraging excursions for horses. They chased the Crees as far north as the Crees would run, and that was close to the arctic circle. They lived in their war-paint and by the chase. Now they are caged. They live unnaturally and die as unnaturally, precisely like other wild animals shut up in our parks. Within their park each gets a pound of meat with half a pound of flour every day. Not much comes to them besides, except now and then a little game, tobacco, and new blankets. They are so poorly lodged and so scantily fed that they are not fit to confront a Canadian winter, and lung troubles prey among them.

It is a harsh way to put it (but it is true of our own government also) to say that one who has looked the subject over is apt

to decide that the policy of the Canadian government has been to make treaties with the dangerous tribes and to let the peaceful ones starve. The latter do not need to starve in Canada, fortunately; they trust to the Hudson Bay Company for food and care, and not in vain. Having treated with the wilder Indians, the rest of the policy is to send the brightest of their boys to trade schools, and to try to induce the men to till the soil. Those who do so are then treated more generously than the others. I have my own ideas with which to meet those who find nothing admirable in any except a dead Indian, and with which to discuss the treatment and policy the live Indian endures, but this is not the place for the discussion. Suffice it that it is not to be denied that between 150 and 200 Blackfeet are learning to maintain several plots of farming land planted with oats and potatoes. This they are doing with success, and with the further result of setting a good example to the rest. But most of the bucks are either sullenly or stupidly clinging to the shadow and the memory of the life that is gone.

✦ It was a recollection of that life which they portrayed for us. And they did so with a fervor, an abundance of detail and memento, and with a splendor few men have seen equalled in recent years—or ever may hope to witness again.

We left the cars at Gleichen, a little border town which depends almost wholly upon the Blackfeet and their visitors for its maintenance. It has two stores—one where the Indians get credit and high prices (and at which the red men deal), and one at which they may buy at low rates for cash, wherefore they seldom go there. It has two hotels and a half-dozen railway men's dwellings; and, finally, it boasts a tiny little station or barracks of the Northwest Mounted Police, wherein the lower of the two rooms is fitted with a desk, and hung with pistols, guns, handcuffs, and cartridge belts, while the upper room contains the cots for the men at night.

We went to the store that the Indians favor—just such a store as you see at any cross-roads you drive past in a summer's outing in the country—and there were half a dozen Indians beautifying the doorway and the interior, like magnified majolica-ware in a crockery shop. They were standing or sitting about with thoughtful expressions, as Indians always

do when they go shopping; for your true Indian generates such a contemplative mood when he is about to spend a quarter that one would fancy he must be the most prudent and deliberate of men, instead of what he really is—the greatest prodigal alive except the negro. These bucks might easily have been mistaken for waxworks. Unnaturally erect, with arms folded beneath their blankets, they stood or sat without moving a limb or muscle. Only when a new-comer entered did they stir. Then they turned their heads deliberately and looked at the visitor fixedly, as eagles look at you from out their cages. They were strapping fine fellows, each bundled up in a colored blanket, flapping cloth leg-gear, and yellow moccasins. Each had the front locks of his hair tied in an upright bunch, like a natural plume, and several wore little brass rings, like baby finger-rings, around certain side locks down beside their ears.

There they stood, motionless and speechless, waiting until the impulse should move them to buy what they wanted, with the same deliberation with which they had waited for the original impulse which sent them to the store. If Mr. Frenchman, who kept the store, had come from behind his counter, English fashion, and had said: "Come, come; what d'you want? Speak up now, and be quick about it. No lounging here. Buy or get out." If he had said that, or anything like it, those Indians would have stalked out of his place, not to enter it again for a very long time, if ever. Bartering is a serious and complex performance to an Indian, and you might as well try to hurry an elephant up a gang-plank as try to quicken an Indian's procedure in trading.

We purchased of the Frenchman a chest of tea, a great bag of lump sugar, and a small case of plug tobacco for gifts to the chief. Then we hired a buck-board wagon, and made ready for the journey to the reserve.

The road to the reserve lay several miles over the plains, and commanded a view of rolling grass land, like a brown sea whose waves were petrified, with here and there a group of sickly wind-blown trees to break the resemblance. The road was a mere wagon track and horse trail through the grass, but it was criss-crossed with the once deep ruts that had been worn by countless herds of buffalo seeking water.

Presently, as we journeyed, a little line of sand hills came into view. They formed the Blackfoot cemetery. We saw the "tepees of the dead" here and there on the knolls, some new and perfect, some old and weather-stained, some showing mere tatters of cotton flapping on the poles, and still others only skeleton tents, the poles remaining and the cotton covering gone completely. We knew what we would see if we looked into those "dead tepees" (being careful to approach from the windward side). We would see, lying on the ground or raised upon a framework, a bundle that would be narrow at top and bottom and broad in the middle—an Indian's body rolled up in a sheet of cotton, with his best beadwork and blanket and gun in the bundle, and near by a kettle and some dried meat and corn meal against his feeling hungry on his long journey to the hereafter. As one or two of the tepees were new, we expected to see some family in mourning, and, sure enough, when we reached the great sheer-sided gutter which the Bow River has dug for its course through the plains, we halted our horse and looked down upon a lonely trio of tepees, with children playing around them and women squatted by the entrances. Three families had lost members, and were sequestered there in abject surrender to grief.

Those tents of the mourners were at our feet as we rode southward, down in the river gully, where the grass was green and the trees were leafy and thriving; but when we turned our faces to the eastward, where the river bent around a great promontory, what a sight met our gaze! There stood a city of tepees, hundreds of them, showing white and yellow and brown and red against the clear blue sky. A silent and lifeless city it seemed, for we were too far off to see the people or to hear their noises. The great huddle of little pyramids rose abruptly from the level bare grass against the flawless sky, not like one of those melancholy new treeless towns that white men are building all over the prairie, but rather like a mosquito fleet becalmed at sea. There are two camps on the Blackfoot Reserve, the North Camp and the South Camp, and this town of tents was between the two, and was composed of more households than both together; for this was the assembling for the sun dance, their greatest religious festival, and hither had come Bloods, Piegans,

and Sarcis as well as Blackfeet. Only the mourners kept away; for here were to be echoed the greatest ceremonials of that dead past wherein lives dedicated to war and to the chase inspired the deeds of valor which each would now celebrate anew in speech or song. This was to be the anniversary of the festival at which the young men fastened themselves by a strip of flesh in their chests to a sort of May-pole rope, and tore their flesh apart to demonstrate their fitness to be considered braves. At this feast husbands had the right to confess their women, and to cut their noses off if they had been untrue, and if they yet preferred life to the death they richly merited. At this gala-time sacrifices of fingers were made by brave men to the sun. Then every warrior boasted of his prowess, and the young beaux feasted their eyes on gayly clad maidens the while they calculated for what number of horses they could be purchased of their parents. And at each recurrence of this wonderful holiday-time every night was spent in feasting, gorging, and gambling. In short, it was the great event of the Indian year, and so it remains. Even now you may see the young braves undergo the torture; and if you may not see the faithless wives disciplined, you may at least perceive a score who have been, as well as hear the mighty boasting, and witness the dancing, gaming, and carousing.

We turned our backs toward the tented field, for we had not yet introduced ourselves to Mr. Magnus Begg, the Indian agent in charge of the reserve. We were soon within his official enclosure, where a pretty frame house, an office no bigger than a freight car, and a roomy barn and stable were all overtopped by a central flag-staff, and shaded by flourishing trees. Mr. Begg was at home, and, with his accomplished wife, welcomed us in such a hearty manner as one could hardly have expected, even where white folks were so "mighty unsartin" to appear as they are on the plains. The agent's house without is like any pretty village home in the East, and within the only distinctive features are a number of ornamental mounted wild-beast's heads and a room whose walls are lined about with rare and beautiful Blackfoot curios in skin and stone and beadwork. But, to our joy, we found seated in that room the famous chief Old Sun. He is the husband of the

most remarkable Indian squaw in America, and he would have been Crowfoot's successor were it not that he was eighty-seven years of age when the Blackfoot Cæsar died. As chief of the North Blackfeet, Old Sun boasts the largest personal following on the Canadian plains, having earned his popularity by his fighting record, his commanding manner, his eloquence, and by that generosity which leads him to give away his rations and his presents. No man north of Mexico can dress more gorgeously than he upon occasion, for he still owns a buckskin outfit beaded to the value of a Worth gown. Moreover, he owns a red coat, such as the government used to give only to great chiefs. The old fellow had lost his vigor when we saw him, and as he sat wrapped in his blanket he looked like a half-emptied meal bag flung on a chair. He despises English, but in that marvellous Volapük of the plains called the sign language he told us that his teeth were gone, his hearing was bad, his eyes were weak, and his flesh was spare. He told his age also, and much else besides, and there is no one who reads this but could have readily understood his every statement and sentiment, conveyed solely by means of his hands and fingers. I noticed that he looked like an old woman, and it is a fact that old Indian men frequently look so. Yet no one ever saw a young brave whose face suggested a woman's, though their beardless countenances and long hair might easily create that appearance.

Mr. Remington was anxious to paint Old Sun and his squaw, particularly the latter, and he easily obtained permission, although when the time for the mysterious ordeal arrived next day the old chief was greatly troubled in his superstitious old brain lest some mischief would befall him through the medium of the painting. To the Indian mind the sun, which they worship, has magical, even devilish, powers, and Old Sun developed a fear that the orb of day might "work on his picture" and cause him to die. Fortunately I found in Mr. L'Hereux, the interpreter, a person who had undergone the process without dire consequences, was willing to undergo it again, and who added that his father and mother had submitted to the operation, and yet had lived to a yellow old age. When Old Sun brought his wife to sit for her portrait I put all etiquette to

shame in staring at her, as you will all the more readily believe when you know something of her history.

Old Sun's wife sits in the council of her nation—the only woman, white, red, or black, of whom I have ever heard who enjoys such a prerogative on this continent. She earned her peculiar privileges, if any one ever earned anything. Forty or more years ago she was a Piegan maiden known only in her tribe, and there for nothing more than her good origin, her comeliness, and her consequent value in horses. She met with outrageous fortune, but she turned it to such good account that she was speedily ennobled. She was at home in a little camp on the plains one day, and had wandered away from the tents, when she was kidnapped. It was in this wise: Other camps were scattered near there. On the night before the day of her adventure a band of Crows stole a number of horses from a camp of the Gros Ventres, and very artfully trailed their plunder toward and close to the Piegan camp before they turned and made their way to their own lodges. When the Gros Ventres discovered their loss, and followed the trail that seemed to lead to the Piegan camp, the girl and her father, an aged chief, were at a distance from their tepees, unarmed and unsuspecting. Down swooped the Gros Ventres. They killed and scalped the old man, and then their chief swung the young girl upon his horse behind him, and binding her to him with thongs of buckskin, dashed off triumphantly for his own village. That has happened to many another Indian maiden, most of whom have behaved as would a plaster image, saving a few days of weeping. Not such was Old Sun's wife. When she and her captor were in sight of the Gros Ventre village, she reached forward and stole the chief's scalping-knife out of its sheath at his side. With it, still wet with her father's blood, she cut him in the back through to the heart. Then she freed his body from hers, and tossed him from the horse's back. Leaping to the ground beside his body, she not only scalped him, but cut off his right arm and picked up his gun, and rode madly back to her people, chased most of the way, but bringing safely with her the three greatest trophies a warrior can wrest from a vanquished enemy. Two of them would have distinguished any brave, but this mere village

maiden came with all three. From that day she has boasted the right to wear three eagle feathers.

Old Sun was a young man then, and when he heard of this feat he came and hitched the requisite number of horses to her mother's travois poles beside her tent. I do not recall how many steeds she was valued at, but I have heard of very high-priced Indian girls who had nothing except their feminine qualities to recommend them. In one case I knew that a young man, who had been casting what are called "sheep's eyes" at a maiden, went one day and tied four horses to her father's tent. Then he stood around and waited, but there was no sign from the tent. Next day he took four more, and so he went on until he had tied sixteen horses to the tepee. At the least they were worth twenty dollars, perhaps thirty dollars, apiece. At that the maiden and her people came out, and received the young man so graciously that he knew he was "the young woman's choice," as we say in civilized circles, sometimes under very similar circumstances.

At all events, Old Sun was rich and powerful, and easily got the savage heroine for his wife. She was admitted to the Blackfoot council without a protest, and has since proven that her valor was not sporadic, for she has taken the war-path upon occasion, and other scalps have gone to her credit.

After a while we drove over to where the field lay littered with tepees. There seemed to be no order in the arrangement of the tents as we looked at the scene from a distance. Gradually the symptoms of a great stir and activity were observable, and we saw men and horses running about at one side of the nomad settlement, as well as hundreds of human figures moving in the camp. Then a nearer view brought out the fact that the tepees, which were of many sizes, were apt to be white at the base, reddish half-way up, and dark brown at the top. The smoke of the fires within, and the rain and sun without, paint all the cotton or canvas tepees like that, and very pretty is the effect. When closer still, we saw that each tepee was capped with a rude crown formed of pole ends—the ends of the ribs of each structure; that some of the tents were gayly ornamented with great geometric patterns in red, black, and yellow around the bottoms; and that others bore upon their sides rude

but highly colored figures of animals—the clan sign of the family within. Against very many of the frail dwellings leaned a travois, the triangle of poles which forms the wagon of the Indians. There were three or four very large tents, the headquarters of the chiefs of the soldier bands and of the head chief of the nation; and there was one spotless new tent, with a pretty border painted around its base, and the figure of an animal on either side. It was the new establishment of a bride and groom. A hubbub filled the air as we drew still nearer; not any noise occasioned by our approach, but the ordinary uproar of the camp—the barking of dogs, the shouts of frolicking children, the yells of young men racing on horseback and of others driving in their ponies. When we drove between the first two tents we saw that the camp had been systematically arranged in the form of a rude circle, with the tents in bunches around a great central space, as large as Madison Square if its corners were rounded off.

We were ushered into the presence of Three Bulls, in the biggest of all the tents. By common consent he was presiding as chief and successor to Crowfoot, pending the formal election, which was to take place at the feast of the sun dance. European royalty could scarcely have managed to invest itself with more dignity or access to its presence with more formality than hedged about this blanketed king. He had assembled his chiefs and headmen to greet us, for we possessed the eminence of persons bearing gifts. He was in mourning for Crowfoot, who was his brother, and for a daughter besides, and the form of expression he gave to his grief caused him to wear nothing but a flannel shirt and a breech-cloth, in which he sat with his big brown legs bare and crossed beneath him. He is a powerful man, with an uncommonly large head, and his facial features, all generously moulded, indicate amiability, liberality, and considerable intelligence. Of middle age, smooth-skinned, and plump, there was little of the savage in his looks beyond what came of his long black hair. It was purposely worn unkempt and hanging in his eyes, and two locks of it were bound with many brass rings. When we came upon him our gifts had already been received and distributed, mainly to three or four relatives. But though the others sat about, portion-

less, all were alike stolid and statuesque, and whatever feelings agitated their breasts, whether of satisfaction or disappointment, were equally hidden by all.

When we entered the big tepee we saw twenty-one men seated in a circle against the wall and facing the open centre, where the ground was blackened by the ashes of former fires. Three Bulls sat exactly opposite the queer door, a horseshoe-shaped hole reaching two feet above the ground, and extended by the partly loosened lacing that held the edges of the tent-covering together. Mr. L'Hereux, the interpreter, made a long speech in introducing each of us. We stood in the middle of the ring, and the chief punctuated the interpreter's remarks with that queer Indian grunt which it has ever been the custom to spell "ugh," but which you may imitate exactly if you will try to say "Ha" through your nose while your mouth is closed. As Mr. L'Hereux is a great talker, and is of a poetic nature, there is no telling what wild fancy of his active brain he invented concerning us, but he made a friendly talk, and that was what we wanted. As each speech closed, Three Bulls lurched forward just enough to make the putting out of his hand a gracious act, yet not enough to disturb his dignity. After each salutation he pointed out a seat for the one with whom he had shaken hands. He announced to the council in their language that we were good men, whereat the council uttered a single "Ha" through its twenty-one noses. If you had seen the rigid stateliness of Three Bulls, and had felt the frigid self-possession of the twenty-one ramrod-mannered under-chiefs, as well as the deference which was in the tones of the other white men in our company, you would comprehend that we were made to feel at once honored and subordinate. Altogether we made an odd picture: a circle of men seated tailor fashion, and my own and Mr. Remington's black shoes marring the gaudy ring of yellow moccasins in front of the savages, as they sat in their colored blankets and fringed and befeathered gear, each with the calf of one leg crossed before the shin of the other.

But L'Hereux's next act after introducing us was one that seemed to indicate perfect indifference to the feelings of this august body. No one but he, who had spent a quarter of a century with them in

closest intimacy, could have acted as he proceeded to do. He cast his eyes on the ground, and saw the mounds of sugar, tobacco, and tea heaped before only a certain few Indians. "Now who has done dose t'ing?" he inquired. "Oh, dat vill nevaire do 'tall. You haf done dose t'ing, Mistaire Begg? No? Who den? Chief? Nevaire mind. I make him all rount again, vaire deerferent. You shall see somet'ing." With that, and yet without ceasing to talk for an instant, now in Indian and now in his English, he began to dump the tea back again into the chest, the sugar into the bag, and the plug tobacco in a heap by itself. Not an Indian moved a muscle—unless I was right in my suspicion that the corners of Three Bulls' mouth curved upward slightly, as if he were about to smile. "Vot kind of wa-a-y to do-o somet'ing is dat?" the interpreter continued, in his sing-song tone. "You moos' haf one maje-dome [major-domo] if you shall try satisfy dose Engine." He always called the Indians "dose Engine." "Dat chief gif all dose present to his broders und cousins, which are in his famille. Now you shall see me, vot I shall do." Taking his hat, he began filling it, now with sugar and now with tea, and emptying it before some six or seven chiefs. Finally, when a double share was left, he gave both bag and chest to Three Bulls, to whom he also gave all the tobacco. "Such tam-fool pee-zness," he went on, "I do not see in all my life. I make visitation to de t'ree soljier chief v'lich shall make one grand darnce for dose gentlemen, und here is for dose soljier chief not anyt'ing 'tall, v'ile everyt'ing was going to one lot of beggaire relation of T'ree Bull. Dat is what I call one tam-fool way to do somet'ing."

The redistribution accomplished, Three Bulls wore a grin of satisfaction, and one chief who had lost a great pile of presents, and who got nothing at all by the second division, stalked solemnly out of the tent, though not until Three Bulls had tossed the plugs of tobacco to all the men around the circle, precisely as he might have thrown bones to dogs, but always observing a certain order in making each round with the plugs. All were thus served according to their rank. Then Three Bulls rummaged with one hand behind him in the grass, and fetched forward a great pipe, with a stone bowl and wooden handle—a sort of chopping-block of wood—and a

large long-bladed knife. Taking a plug of tobacco in one hand and the knife in the other, he pared off enough tobacco to fill the pipe. Then he filled it, and passed it, stem foremost, to a young man on the left-hand side of the tepee. The superior chiefs all sat on the right-hand side. The young man knew that he had been chosen to perform the menial act of lighting the pipe, and he lighted it, pulling two or three whiffs of smoke to insure a good coal of fire in it before passing it back—though why it was not considered a more menial task to cut the tobacco and fill the pipe than to light it I don't know.

Three Bulls puffed the pipe for a moment, and then turning the stem from him, pointed it at the chief next in importance, and to that personage the symbol of peace was passed from hand to hand. When that chief had drawn a few whiffs, he sent the pipe back to Three Bulls, who then indicated to whom it should go next. Thus it went dodging about the circle like a marble on a bagatelle board. When it came to me, I hesitated a moment whether or not to smoke it, but the desire to be polite outweighed any other prompting, and I sucked the pipe until some of the Indians cried out that I was "a good fellow."

While all smoked and many talked, I noticed that Three Bulls sat upon a soft seat formed of his blanket, at one end of which was one of those wickerwork contrivances, like a chair back, upon which Indians lean when seated upon the ground. I noticed also that one harsh criticism passed upon Three Bulls was just; that was that when he spoke, others might interrupt him. It was said that even women "talked back" to him at times when he was haranguing his people. Since no one spoke when Crowfoot talked, the comparison between him and his predecessor was injurious to him; but it was Crowfoot who named Three Bulls for the chieftainship. Besides, Three Bulls had the largest following (under that of the too aged Old Sun), and was the most generous chief and ablest politician of all. Then, again, the government supported him with whatever its influence amounted to. This was because Three Bulls favored agricultural employment for the tribe, and was himself cultivating a patch of potatoes. He was in many other ways the man to lead in the new era, as Crowfoot had been for the era that was past.

When we retired from the presence of the chief, I asked Mr. L'Hereux how he had dared to take back the presents made to the Indians and then distribute them differently. The queer Frenchman said, in his indescribably confident, jaunty way:

"Why, dat is how you mus' do wid dose Engine. Nevaire ask one of dose Engine anyt'ing, but do dose t'ing which are right, and at de same time make explanashion what you are doing. Den dose Engine can say no t'ing 'tall. But if you first make explanashion and den try to do somet'ing, you will find one grand trouble. Can you explain dis and dat to one hive of de bees? Well, de hive of de bee is like dose Engine if you shall talk widout de promp' action."

He said, later on, "Dose Engine are children, and mus' not haf consideration like mans and women."

The news of our generosity ran from tent to tent, and the Black Soldier band sent out a herald to cry the news that a war dance was to be held immediately. As immediately means to the Indian mind an indefinite and very enduring period, I amused myself by poking about the village, in tents and among groups of men or women, wherever chance led me. The herald rode from side to side of the enclosure, yelling like a New York fruit peddler. He was mounted on a bay pony, and was fantastically costumed with feathers and war paint. Of course every man, woman, and child who had been indoors, so to speak, now came out of the tepees, and a mighty bustle enlivened the scene. The worst thing about the camp was the abundance of snarling cur-dogs. It was not safe to walk about the camp without a cane or whip, on account of these dogs.

The Blackfeet are poor enough, in all conscience, from nearly every stand-point from which we judge civilized communities, but their tribal possessions include several horses to each head of a family; and though the majority of their ponies would fetch no more than twenty dollars apiece out there, even this gives them more wealth per capita than many civilized peoples can boast. They have managed also to keep much of the savage paraphernalia of other days in the form of buckskin clothes, elaborate beadwork, eagle head-dresses, good guns, and the outlandish adornments of their chiefs and medicine-men. Hundreds of miles



THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURE OF OLD SUN'S WIFE.



INDIAN MOTHER AND BOY.

from any except such small and distant towns as Calgary and Medicine Hat, and kept on the reserve as much as possible, there has come to them less damage by whiskey and white men's vices than perhaps most other tribes have suffered. Therefore it was still possible for me to see in some tents the squaws at work painting the clan signs on stretched skins, and making bead-work for moccasins, pouches, "chaps," and the rest. And in one tepee I found a young and rather pretty girl wearing a suit of buckskin, such as Cooper and all the past historians of the Indian knew as the conventional every-day attire of the redskin. I say I saw the girl in a tent, but, as a matter of fact, she passed me out-of-doors, and with true feminine art managed to allow her blanket to fall open for just the instant it took to disclose the precious dress beneath it. I asked to be taken into the tent to which she went, and there, at the interpreter's request, she threw off her blanket, and stood, with a little display of honest coyness, dressed like the traditional and the theatrical belle of the wilderness. The soft yellowish leather, the heavy fringe upon the arms, seams, and edges of the garment, her beautiful beaded leggings and moccasins, formed so many parts of a very charming picture. For herself, her face was comely, but her figure was—an Indian's. The figure of the typical Indian woman shows few graceful curves.

The reader will inquire whether there

was any real beauty, as we judge it, among these Indians. Yes, there was; at least there were good looks if there was not beauty. I saw perhaps a dozen fine-looking men, half a dozen attractive girls, and something like a hundred children of varying degrees of comeliness—pleasing, pretty, or beautiful. I had some jolly romps with the children, and so came to know that their faces and arms met my touch with the smoothness and softness of the flesh of our own little ones at home. I was surprised at this; indeed, the skin of the boys was of the texture of velvet. The madcap urchins, what riotous fun they were having! They flung arrows and darts, ran races and wrestled, and in some of their play they fairly swarmed all over one another, until at times one lad would be buried in the thick of a writhing mass of legs and arms several feet in depth. Some of the boys wore only "G-strings" (as, for some reason, the breech-clout is commonly called on the prairie), but others were wrapped in old blankets, and the larger ones were already wearing the Blackfoot plume-lock, or tuft of hair tied and trained to stand erect above the forehead. The babies within the tepees were clad only in their complexions.

The result of an hour of waiting on our part and of yelling on the part of the herald resulted in a war dance, not very different in itself from the dances we have most of us seen at Wild West shows. An immense tomtom as big as the largest-

sized bass-drum was set up between four poles, around which colored cloths were wrapped, and from the tops of which the same gay stuff floated on the wind in bunches of parti-colored ribbons. Around this squatted four young braves, who pounded the drum-head and chanted a tune, which rose and fell between the shrillest and the deepest notes, but which consisted of simple monosyllabic sounds repeated thousands of times. The interpreter said that originally the Indians had words to their songs, but these were forgotten no man knows when, and only the so-called tunes (and the tradition that there once were words for them) are perpetuated. At all events, the four braves beat the drum and chanted, until presently a young warrior, hideous with war paint, and carrying a shield and a tomahawk, came out of a tepee and began the dancing. It was the stiff-legged hopping, first on one foot and then on the other, which all savages appear to deem the highest form the terpsichorean art can take. In the course of a few circles around the tomtom he began shouting of valorous deeds he never had performed, for he was too young to have ridden after buffalo or into battle. Presently he pretended to see upon the ground something at once fascinating and awesome. It was the trail of the enemy. Then he danced furiously and more limberly, tossing his head back, shaking his hatchet and many-tailed shield high aloft, and yelling that he was following the foe, and would not rest while a skull and a scalplock remained in conjunction among them. He was joined by three others,



OPENING OF THE SOLDIER CLAN DANCE.

and all danced and yelled like madmen. At the last the leader came to a sort of standard made of a stick and some cloth, tore it out from where it had been thrust in the ground, and holding it far above his head, pranced once around the circle, and thus ended the dance.

The novelty and interest in the celebration rested in the surroundings—the great circle of tepees; the braves in their blankets stalking hither and thither; the dogs, the horses, the intrepid riders, dash-

ing across the view. More strange still was the solemn line of the medicine-men, who, for some reason not explained to me, sat in a row with their backs to the dancers a city block away, and crooned a low guttural accompaniment to the tomtom. But still more interesting were the boys, of all grades of childhood, who looked on, while not a woman remained in sight. The larger boys stood about in groups, watching the spectacle with eyes afire with admiration, but the little fellows had flung themselves on their stomachs in a row, and were supporting their chubby faces upon their little brown hands, while their elbows rested on the grass, forming a sort of orchestra row of Lilliputian spectators.

We arranged for a great spectacle to be gotten up on the next afternoon, and were promised that it should be as notable for the numbers participating in it and for the trappings to be displayed as any the Blackfeet had ever given upon their reserve. The Indians spent the entire night in carousing over the gift of tea, and we knew that if they were true to most precedents they would brew and drink every drop of it. Possibly some took it with an admixture of tobacco and wild currant to make them drunk, or, in reality, very sick—which is much the same thing to a reservation Indian. The compounds which the average Indian will swallow in the hope of imitating the effects of whiskey are such as to tax the credulity of those who hear of them. A certain patent "pain-killer" ranks almost as high as whiskey in their estimation; but Worcestershire sauce and gunpowder, or tea, tobacco, and wild currant, are not at all to be despised when alcohol, or the money to get it with, is wanting. I heard a characteristic story about these red men while I was visiting them. All who are familiar with them know that if medicine is given them to take in small portions at certain intervals they are morally sure to swallow it all at once, and that the sicker it makes them, the more they will value it. On the Blackfoot Reserve, only a short time ago, our gentle and insinuating Sedlitz-powders were classed as children's stuff, but now they have leaped to the front rank as powerful medicines. This is because some white man showed the Indian how to take the soda and magnesia first, and then swallow the tartaric acid. They do this, and when the explosion

follows, and the gases burst from their mouths and noses, they pull themselves together and remark, "Ugh! him heap good."

On the morning of the day of the great spectacle I rode with Mr. Begg over to the ration-house to see the meat distributed. The dust rose in clouds above all the trails as the cavalcade of men, women, children, travois and dogs, approached the station. Men were few in the disjointed lines; most of them sent their women or children. All rode astraddle, some on saddles and some bareback. As all urged their horses in the Indian fashion, which is to whip them unceasingly, and prod them constantly with spurless heels, the bobbing movement of the riders' heads and the gymnastics of their legs produced a queer scene. Here and there a travois was trailed along by a horse or a dog, but the majority of the pensioners were content to carry their meat in bags or otherwise upon their horses. While the slaughtering went on, and after that, when the beef was being chopped up into junks, I sat in the meat-contractor's office, and saw the bucks, squaws, and children come, one after another, to beg. I could not help noticing that all were treated with marked and uniform kindness, and I learned that no one ever struck one of the Indians, or suffered himself to lose his temper with them. A few of the men asked for blankets, but the squaws and the children wanted soap. It was said that when they first made their acquaintance with this symbol of civilization they mistook it for an article of diet, but that now they use it properly and prize it. When it was announced that the meat was ready, the butchers threw open an aperture in the wall of the ration-house, and the Indians huddled before it as if they had flung themselves against the house in a mass. I have seen boys do the same thing at the opening of a ticket window for the sale of gallery seats in a theatre. There was no fighting or quarrelling, but every Indian pushed steadily and silently with all his or her might. When one got his share he tore himself away from the crowd as briars are pulled out of hairy cloth. They are a hungry and an economical people. They bring pails for the beef blood, and they carry home the hoofs for jelly. After a steer has been butchered and distributed, only his horns and his paunch remain.

A FANTASY FROM THE PONY WAR DANCE.



FREDERICK THE GUNSMAN



SKETCH IN THE SOLDIER CLAN DANCE.

The sun blazed down on the great camp that afternoon and glorified the place so that it looked like a miniature Switzerland of snowy peaks. But it was hot, and blankets were stretched from the tent tops, and the women sat under them to catch the air and escape the heat. The salaried native policeman of the reserve, wearing a white stove-pipe hat with feathers, and a ridiculous blue coat, and Heaven alone knows what other absurdities, rode around, boasting of deeds he never performed, while a white cur made him all the more ridiculous by chasing him and yelping at his horse's tail.

And then came the grand spectacle. The vast plain was forgotten, and the great campus within the circle of tents was transformed into a theatre. The scene was a setting of white and red tents that threw their clear-cut outlines against a matchless blue sky. The audience was composed of four white men and the Indian boys, who were flung about by the startled horses they were holding for us. The players were the gorgeous cavalrymen of nature, circling before their women and old men and children, themselves plumed like unheard-of tropical birds, the others displaying the minor splendor of the kaleidoscope. The play

was *The Pony War Dance, or the Departure for Battle*. The acting was fierce; not like the conduct of a mimic battle on our stage, but performed with the desperate zest of men who hope for distinction in war, and may not trifle about it. It had the earnestness of a challenged man who tries the foils with a tutor. It was impressive, inspiring, at times wildly exciting.

There were three-score young men in the brilliant cavalcade. They rode horses that were as wild as themselves. Their evolutions were rude, but mag-

nificent. Now they dashed past us in single file, and next they came helter-skelter, like cattle stampeding. For a while they rode around and around, as on a race-course, but at times they deserted the enclosure, parted into small bands, and were hidden behind the curtains of their own dust, presently to reappear with a mad rush, yelling like maniacs, firing their pieces, and brandishing their arms and their finery wildly on high. The orchestra was composed of seven tom-toms that had been dried taut before a camp fire. The old men and the chiefs sat in a semicircle behind the drummers on the ground.

All the tribal heirlooms were in the display, the cherished gewgaws, trinkets, arms, apparel, and finery they had saved from the fate of which they will not admit they are themselves the victims. I never saw an old-time picture of a type of savage red man or of an extravagance of their costuming that was not revived in this spectacle. It was as if the plates in my old school-books and novels and tales of adventure were all animated and passing before me. The traditional Indian with the eagle plumes from crown to heels was there; so was he with the buffalo horns growing out of his skull; so were

the idyllic braves in yellow buckskin fringed at every point. The shining bodies of men, bare naked, and frescoed like a Bowery bar-room, were not lacking; neither were those who wore masses of splendid embroidery with colored beads. But there were as many peculiar costumes which I never had seen pictured. And not any two men or any two horses were alike. As barber poles are covered

colored blankets or cloths that fell upon the ground or lashed the air, according as the horse cantered or raced. One horse was hung all round with great soft woolly tails of some white material. Sleigh-bells were upon several.

Only half a dozen men wore hats—mainly cowboy hats decked with feathers. Many carried rifles, which they used with one hand. Others brought out bows and



THROWING THE SNOW SNAKE.

with paint, so were many of these choice steeds of the nation. Some were spotted all over with daubs of white, and some with every color obtainable. Some were branded fifty times with the white hand, the symbol of peace, but others bore the red hand and the white hand in alternate prints. There were horses painted with the figures of horses and of serpents and of foxes. To some saddles were affixed

arrows, lances decked with feathers or ribbons, poles hung with colored cloths, great shields brilliantly painted and fringed. Every visible inch of each warrior was painted, the naked ones being ringed, streaked, and striped from head to foot. I would have to catalogue the possessions of the whole nation to tell all that they wore between the brass rings in their hair and the cartridge belts at their

waists, and thus down to their beautiful moccasins.

Two strange features farther distinguished their pageant. One was the appearance of two negro minstrels upon one horse. Both had blackened their faces and hands; both wore old stove-pipe hats and queer long-tailed white men's coats. One wore a huge false white mustache, and the other carried a coal-scuttle. The women and children roared with laughter at the sight. The two comedians got down from their horse, and began to make grimaces, and to pose this way and that, very comically. Such a performance had never been seen on the reserve before. No one there could explain where the men had seen negro minstrels. The other unexpected feature required time for development. At first we noticed that two little Indian boys kept getting in the way of the riders. As we were not able to find any fixed place of safety from the excited horsemen, we marvelled that these children were permitted to risk their necks. Suddenly a hideously painted naked man on horseback chased the little boys, leaving the cavalcade, and circling around the children. He rode back into the ranks, and still they loitered in the way. Then around swept the horsemen once more, and this time the naked rider

flung himself from his horse, and seizing one boy and then the other, bore each to the ground, and made as if he would brain them with his hatchet and lift their scalps with his knife. The sight was one to paralyze an on-looker. But it was only a theatrical performance arranged for the occasion. The man was acting over again the proudest of his achievements. The boys played the parts of two white men whose scalps now grace his tepee and gladden his memory.

For ninety minutes we watched the glorious riding, the splendid horses, the brilliant trappings, and the paroxysmal fervor of the excited Indians. The earth trembled beneath the dashing of the riders; the air palpitated with the noise of their war cries and bells. We could have stood the day out, but we knew the players were tired, and yet would not cease till we withdrew. Therefore we came away.

We had enjoyed a never-to-be-forgotten privilege. It was as if we had seen the ghosts of a dead people ride back to parody scenes in an era that had vanished. It was like the rising of the curtain, in response to an "encore," upon a drama that has been played. It was as if the sudden up-flashing of a smouldering fire lighted, once again and for an instant, the scene it had ceased to illumine.



INDIAN BOYS RUNNING A FOOT-RACE.

MY COUSIN THE COLONEL.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

I.

MRS. WATTLES frequently embarrasses me by remarking in the presence of other persons—our intimate friends, of course—"Wattles, you are not brilliant, but you are good."

From Mrs. Wattles's outlook, which is that of a very high ideal, there is nothing uncomplimentary in the remark, nothing so intended, but I must confess that I have sometimes felt as if I were paying a rather large price for character. Yet when I reflect on my cousin the colonel, and my own action in the matter, I am ready with gratitude to accept Mrs. Wattles's estimate of me, for if I am not good, I am not anything. Perhaps it is an instance of my lack of brilliancy that I am willing to relate certain facts which strongly tend to substantiate this. My purpose, however, is not to prove either my goodness or my dulness, but to leave some record, even if slight and imperfect, of my only relative. When a family is reduced like ours to a single relative, it is well to make the most of him. One should celebrate him annually, as it were.

One morning in the latter part of May, a few weeks after the close of the war of the rebellion, as I was hurrying down Sixth Avenue in pursuit of a heedless horse-car, I ran against a young person whose shabbiness of aspect was all that impressed itself upon me in the instant of collision. At a second glance I saw that this person was clad in the uniform of a Confederate soldier—an officer's uniform originally, for there were signs that certain insignia of rank had been removed from the cuffs and collar of the threadbare coat. He wore a wide-brimmed felt hat of a military fashion, decorated with a tarnished gilt cord, the two ends of which, terminating in acorns, hung down over his nose. His butternut trousers were tucked into the tops of a pair of high cavalry boots, of such primitive workmanship as to suggest the possibility that the wearer had made them himself. In fact, his whole appearance had an impromptu air about it. The young man eyed me gloomily for half a minute; then a light came into his countenance.

"Wattles—Tom Wattles!" he exclaimed. "Dear old boy!"

To be sure I was Thomas Wattles, and, under conceivable circumstances, dear old boy; but who on earth was he?

"You don't know me?" he said, laying a hand on each of my shoulders, and leaning back as he contemplated me with a large smile in anticipatory enjoyment of my surprise and pleasure when I should come to know him. "I am George W. Flagg, and long may I wave!"

My cousin Flagg! It was no wonder that I didn't recognize him.

When the Flagg family, consisting of father and son, removed to the South, George was ten years old and I was thirteen. It was twenty years since he and I had passed a few weeks together on Grandfather Wattles's farm in New Jersey. Our intimacy began and ended there, for it had not ripened into letters; perhaps because we were too young when we parted. Later I had had a hundred intermittent impulses to write to him, but did not. Meanwhile separation and silence had clothed him in my mind with something of the mistiness of a half-remembered dream. Yet the instant Washington Flagg mentioned his name, the boyish features began rapidly to define themselves behind the maturer mask, until he stood before me in the crude form in which my memory had slyly embalmed him.

Now my sense of kinship is particularly strong, for reasons which I shall presently touch upon, and I straightway grasped my cousin's hand with a warmth that would have seemed exaggerated to a by-stander, if there had been a by-stander; but it was early in the day, and the avenue had not yet awakened to life. As this bitter world goes, a sleek, prosperous, well-dressed man does not usually throw much heartiness into his manner when he is accosted on the street by so unpromising and dismal an object as my cousin Washington Flagg was that morning. Not at all in the way of sounding the trumpet of my own geniality, but simply as the statement of a fact, I will say that I threw a great deal of heartiness into my greeting. This man to me meant Family.

I stood curiously alone in the world. My father died before I was born, and my mother shortly afterwards. I had neither brother nor sister. Indeed, I never had any near relatives except a grandfather until my sons came along. Mrs. Wattles, when I married her, was not merely an only child, but an orphan. Fate denied me even a mother-in-law. I had one uncle and one cousin. The former I do not remember ever to have seen, and my association with the latter, as has been stated, was of a most limited order. Perhaps I should have had less sentiment about family ties if I had had more of them. As it was, Washington Flagg occupied the position of sole kinsman, always excepting the little Wattleses, and I was as glad to see him that May morning in his poverty as if he had come to me loaded with the title-deeds of those vast estates which our ancestors (I wonder that I was allowed any ancestors: why wasn't I created at once out of some stray scrap of protoplasm?) were supposed to have held in the colonial period. As I gazed upon Washington Flagg I thrilled with the sense that I was gazing upon the materialization in a concrete form of all the ghostly brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces which I had never had.

"Dear old boy!" I exclaimed, in my turn, holding on to his hand as if I were going to lose him again for another twenty years. "Bless my stars! where did you come from?"

"From Dixie's Land," he said, with a laugh. "'Way down in Dixie."

In a few words, and with a picturesqueness of phrase in which I noted a rich Southern flavor, he explained the phenomenon of his presence in New York. After Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, my cousin had managed to reach Washington, where he was fortunate enough to get a free pass to Baltimore. He had nearly starved to death in making his way out of Virginia. To quote his words, "The wind that is supposed to be tempered expressly for shorn lambs was not blowing very heavily about that time." At Baltimore he fell in with a former Mobile acquaintance, from whom he borrowed a sum sufficient to pay the fare to New York—a humiliating necessity, as my cousin remarked, for a man who had been a colonel in Stonewall Jackson's brigade. Flagg had reached the city before daybreak, and had wandered

for hours along the water-front, waiting for some place to open, in order that he might look up my address in the Directory, if I were still in the land of the living. He had had what he described as an antediluvian sandwich the previous day at two o'clock, since which banquet no food had passed his lips.

"And I'll be hanged," he said, "if the first shop that took down its shutters wasn't a restaurant, with a cursed rib of roast beef, flanked with celery, and a ham in curl-papers staring at me through the window-pane. A little tin sign, with 'Meals at All Hours' painted on it, knocked the breath clean out of me. I gave one look, and ploughed up the street, for if I had staid fifteen seconds longer in front of that plate-glass, I reckon I would have burst it in. Well, I put distance between me and temptation, and by-and-by I came to a newspaper office, where I cornered a Directory. I was on the way to your house when we collided; and now, Tom Wattles, for Heaven's sake introduce me to something to eat. There is no false pride about me; I'd shake hands with a bone."

The moisture was ready to gather in my eyes, and for a second or two I was unable to manage my voice. Here was my only kinsman on the verge of collapse—one miserable sandwich, like a thin plank, between him and destruction. My own plenteous though hasty morning meal turned into reproachful lead within me.

"Dear old boy!" I cried again. "Come along! I can see that you are nearly famished."

"I've a right smart appetite, Thomas, there's no mistake about that. If appetite were assets, I could invite a whole regiment to rations."

I had thrust my hand under his arm, and was dragging him towards a small oyster shop, whose red balloon in a side street had caught my eye, when I suddenly remembered that it was imperative on me to be at the office at eight o'clock that morning, in order to prepare certain papers wanted by the president of the board, previous to a meeting of the directors. (I was at that time under-secretary of the Savonara Fire-insurance Company.) The recollection of the business which had caused me to be on foot at this unusual hour brought me to a dead halt. I dropped my cousin's arm, and stood looking at him helplessly. It seemed so inhospita-



V. S. REINHART

"'YOU DON'T KNOW ME?' HE SAID."

ble, not to say cold-blooded, to send him off to get his breakfast alone. Flagg misunderstood my embarrassment.

"Of course," he said, with a touch of dignity which pierced me through the bosom, "I do not wish to be taken to any place where I would disgrace you. I know how impossible I am. Yet this suit of clothes cost me twelve hundred dollars in Confederate scrip. These boots are not much to look at, but they were made by a scion of one of the first families of the South; I paid him two hundred dollars for them, and he was right glad to get it. To such miserable straits have Southern gentlemen been reduced by the vandals of the North. Perhaps you don't like the Confederate gray?"

"Bother your boots and your clothes!" I cried. "Nobody will notice them here." (Which was true enough, for in those days the land was strewn with shreds and patches of the war. The drivers and conductors of street cars wore overcoats made out of shoddy army blankets, and the dustmen went about in cast-off infantry caps.) "What troubles me is that I can't wait to start you on your breakfast."

"I reckon I don't need much starting."

I explained the situation to him, and suggested that instead of going to the restaurant, he should go directly to my house, and be served by Mrs. Wattles, to whom I would write a line on a leaf of my memorandum-book. I did not suggest this step in the first instance because the little oyster saloon, close at hand, had seemed to offer the shortest cut to my cousin's relief.

"So you're married?" said he.

"Yes—and you?"

"I haven't taken any matrimony in mine."

"I've been married six years, and have two boys."

"No! How far is your house?" he inquired. "Will I have to take a caar?"

"A 'caar'? Ah, yes—that is to say, no. A car isn't worth while. You see that bakery two blocks from here, at the right? That's on the corner of Clinton Place. You turn down there. You'll notice in looking over what I've written to Mrs. Wattles that she is to furnish you with some clothes, such as are worn by—by vandals of the North in comfortable circumstances."

"Tom Wattles, you are as good as a straight flush. If you ever come down

South, when this cruel war is over, our people will treat you like one of the crowned heads—only a devilish sight better, for the crowned heads rather went back on us. If England had recognized the Southern Confederacy—"

"Never mind that; your tenderloin steak is cooling."

"Don't mention it! I go. But I say, Tom—Mrs. Wattles? Really, I am hardly presentable. Are there other ladies around?"

"There's no one but Mrs. Wattles."

"Do you think I can count on her being glad to see me at such short notice?"

"She will be a sister to you," I said, warmly.

"Well, I reckon that you two are a pair of trumps. *Au revoir*. Be good to yourself."

With this, my cousin strode off, tucking my note to Mrs. Wattles inside the leather belt buckled tightly around his waist. I lingered a moment on the curb-stone, and looked after him with a sensation of mingled pride, amusement, and curiosity. That was my Family, there it was, in that broad back and those not ungraceful legs, striding up Sixth Avenue, with its noble intellect intent on thoughts of breakfast. I was thankful that it had not been written in the book of fate that this limb of the closely pruned Wattles tree should be lopped off by the sword of war. But as Washington Flagg turned into Clinton Place, I had a misgiving. It was hardly to be expected that a person of his temperament, fresh from a four years' desperate struggle and a disastrous defeat, would refrain from expressing his views on the subject. That those views would be somewhat lurid, I was convinced by the phrases which he had dropped here and there in the course of our brief conversation. He was, to all intents and purposes, a Southerner. He had been a colonel in Stonewall Jackson's brigade. And Mrs. Wattles was such an uncompromising patriot! It was in the blood. Her great-grandfather, on the mother's side, had frozen to death at Valley Forge in the winter of 1778, and her grandfather, on the paternal side, had had his head taken off by a round shot from his Majesty's sloop of war *Porpoise* in 1812. I believe that Mrs. Wattles would have applied for a divorce from me if I had not served a year in the army at the beginning of the war.

I began bitterly to regret that I had been obliged to present my cousin to her so abruptly. I wished it had occurred to me to give him a word or two of caution, or that I had had sense enough to adhere to my first plan of letting him feed himself at the little oyster establishment round the corner. But wishes and regrets could not now mend the matter; so I hailed an approaching horse-car, and comforted myself on the rear platform with the reflection that perhaps the colonel would not wave the palmetto leaf too vigorously, if he waved it at all, in the face of Mrs. Wattles.

II.

The awkwardness of the situation disturbed me more or less during the forenoon; but fortunately it was a half-holiday, and I was able to leave the office shortly after one o'clock.

I do not know how I came to work myself into such a state of mind on the way up town, but as I stepped from the horse-car and turned into Clinton Place, I had a vague apprehension that I should find some unpleasant change in the facial aspect of the little red brick building I occupied—a scowl, for instance, on the brownstone eyebrow over the front door. I actually had a feeling of relief when I saw that the façade presented its usual unaggressive appearance.

As I entered the hall, Mrs. Wattles, who had heard my pass-key grating in the lock, was coming down stairs.

"Is my cousin here, Clara?" I asked, in the act of reaching up to hang my hat on the rack.

"No," said Mrs. Wattles. There was a tone in that monosyllable that struck me.

"But he has been here?"

"He has been here," replied Mrs. Wattles. "Possibly you noticed the bell-knob hanging out one or two inches. Is Mr. Flagg in the habit of stretching the bell-wire of the houses he visits, when the door is not opened in a moment? Has he escaped from somewhere?"

"Escaped from somewhere!" I echoed.

"I only asked; he behaved so strangely."

"Good heavens, Clara! what has the man done? I hope that nothing unpleasant has happened. Flagg is my only surviving relative—I may say *our* only surviving relative—and I should be pained to have any misunderstanding. I want you to like him."

"There was a slight misunderstanding at first," said Clara, and a smile flitted across her face, softening the features, which had worn an air of unusual seriousness and preoccupation. "But it is all right now, dear. He has eaten everything in the house, the bit of spring lamb I saved expressly for you; and has gone down town 'on a raid,' as he called it, in your second-best suit—the checked tweed. I did all I could for him."

"My dear, something has ruffled you. What is it?"

"Wattles," said my wife, slowly, and in a perplexed way, "I have had so few relatives that perhaps I don't know what to do with them, or what to say to them."

"You always say and do what is just right."

"I began unfortunately with Mr. Flagg, then. Mary was washing the dishes when he rang, and I went to the door. If he *is* our cousin, I must say that he cut a remarkable figure on the door-step."

"I can imagine it, my dear, coming upon you so unexpectedly. There *were* peculiarities in his costume."

"For an instant," Mrs. Wattles went on, "I took him for the ashman, though the ashman always goes to the area door, and never comes on Tuesdays; and then, before the creature had a chance to speak, I said, 'We don't want any,' supposing he had something to sell. Instead of going away quietly, as I expected him to do, the man made a motion to come in, and I slammed the door on him."

"Dear! dear!"

"What else could I do, all alone in the hall? How was I to know that he was one of the family?"

"What happened next?"

"Well, I saw that I had shut the lapel of his coat in the door, and that the man couldn't go away if he wanted to ever so much. Wasn't it dreadful? Of course I didn't dare to open the door, and there he was! He instantly began pounding on the panels and ringing the bell in a manner to curdle one's blood. He rang the bell at least a hundred times in succession. I stood there with my hand on the bolt, not daring to move or breathe. I called to Mary to put on her things, steal out the lower way, and bring the police. Suddenly everything was still outside, and presently I saw a piece of paper slyly slipping in over the threshold, oh, so slyly! I felt my hands and feet grow cold."



"OF COURSE I GOT BREAKFAST FOR HIM."

I felt that the man himself was about to follow that narrow strip of paper, that he was bound to get in that way, or through the key-hole, or somehow. Then I recognized your handwriting. My first thought was that you had been killed in some horrible accident—

"And had dropped you a line?"

"I didn't reason about it, Wattles; I was paralyzed. I picked up the paper, and read it, and opened the door, and Mr. Flagg rushed in as if he had been shot out of something. 'Don't want any?' he shouted. 'But I do! I want some breakfast!' You should have heard him."

"He stated a fact, at any rate. Of course he might have stated it less vivaciously." I was beginning to be amused.

"After that he was quieter, and tried

to make himself agreeable, and we laughed a little together over my mistake—that is, *he* laughed. Of course I got breakfast for him—and such a breakfast!"

"He had been without anything to eat since yesterday."

"I should have imagined," said Clara, "that he had eaten nothing since the war broke out."

"Did he say anything in particular about himself?" I asked, with a recurrent touch of anxiety.

"He wasn't particular what he said about himself. Without in the least seeing the horror of it, he positively boasted of having been in the rebel army."

"Yes—a colonel."

"That makes it all the worse," replied Clara.

"But they had to have colonels, you know."

"Is Mr. Flagg a Virginian, or a Mississippian, or a Georgian?"

"No, my dear; he was born in the State of Maine; but he has lived so long in the South that he's quite one of them for the present. We must make allowances for him, Clara. Did he say anything else?"

"Oh yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said he'd come back to supper."

It was clear that Mrs. Wattles was not favorably impressed by my cousin, and, indeed, the circumstances attending his advent were not happy. It was likewise clear that I had him on my hands, temporarily at least. I almost reproach myself even now for saying "on my hands," in connection with my own flesh and blood. The responsibility did not so define itself at the time. It took the shape of a novel and pleasing duty. Here was my only kinsman, in a strange city, without friends, money, or hopeful outlook. My course lay before me as straight as a turnpike. I had a great deal of family pride, even if I did not have any family to speak of, and I was resolved that what little I had should not perish for want of proper sustenance.

Shortly before six o'clock Washington Flagg again presented himself at our door-step, and obtained admission to the house with fewer difficulties than he had encountered earlier in the day.

I do not think I ever saw a man in destitute circumstances so entirely cheerful as my cousin was. Neither the immediate past, which must have been full of hardships, nor the immediate future, which was not lavish of its promises, seemed to give him any but a momentary and impersonal concern. At the supper table he talked much and well, exceedingly well, I thought, except when he touched on the war, which he was continually doing, and then I was on tenter-hooks. His point of view was so opposed to ours as to threaten in several instances to bring on an engagement all along the line. This calamity was averted by my passing something to him at the critical moment. Now I checked his advance by a slice of cold tongue, and now I turned his flank with another cup of tea; but I questioned my ability to preserve peace throughout the evening. Before the meal was at an end there had crept into Clara's manner a po-

lite calmness which I never like to see. What was I going to do with these two after supper, when my cousin Flagg, with his mind undistracted by relays of cream toast, could give his entire attention to the Lost Cause?

As we were pushing the chairs back from the table, I was inspired with the idea of taking our guest off to a café concert over in the Bowery—a *volks-garten* very popular in those days. While my whispered suggestion was meeting Clara's cordial approval, our friend Bleeker dropped in. So the colonel and Bleeker and I passed the evening with "lager-beer and Meyerbeer," as my lively kinsman put it; after which he spent the night on the sofa in our sitting-room, for we had no spare chamber to place at his disposal.

"I shall be very snug here," he said, smiling down my apologies. "I'm a 'possum for adapting myself to any odd hollow."

The next morning my cousin was early astir, possibly not having found that narrow springless lounge all a 'possum could wish, and joined us in discussing a plan which I had proposed overnight to Mrs. Wattles, namely, that he should hire an apartment in a quiet street near by, and take his meals—that was to say, his dinner—with us, until he could make such arrangements as would allow him to live more conveniently. To return South, where all the lines of his previous business connections were presumably broken, was at present out of the question.

"The war has ruined our people," said the colonel. "I will have to put up for a while with a place in a bank or an insurance office, or something in that small way. The world owes me a living, north or south."

His remark nettled me a little, though he was, of course, unaware of my relations with the Savonarola Fire-insurance Company, and had meant no slight.

"I don't quite see that," I observed.

"Don't see what?"

"How the world contrived to get so deeply into your debt—how all the points of the compass managed it."

"Thomas, I didn't ask to be born, did I?"

"Probably not."

"But I was born, wasn't I?"

"To all appearances."

"Well, then!"

"But you cannot hold the world in



"FLAGG GLANCED OVER THE 'WANTS' COLUMN IN THE EVENING JOURNAL."

general responsible for your birth. The responsibility narrows itself down to your parents."

"Then I am euchred. By one of those laws of nature which make this globe a sweet spot to live on, they were taken from me just when I needed them most—my mother in my infancy, and my father in my childhood."

"But your father left you something?"

"The old gentleman left me nothing, and I've been steadily increasing the legacy ever since."

"What did you do before the war?" inquired Mrs. Wattles, sympathetically. His mention of his early losses had touched her.

"Oh, a number of things. I read law for a while. At one time I was interested in a large concern for the manufacture of patent metallic burial cases; but nobody seemed to die that year. Good health raged like an epidemic all over the South.

Latterly I dabbled a little in stocks—and stocks dabbled in me."

"You were not successful, then?" I said.

"I was at first, but when the war fever broke out and the Southern heart was fired, everything that didn't go down went up."

"And you couldn't meet your obligations?"

"That wasn't the trouble—I couldn't get away from them," replied the colonel, with a winsome smile. "I met them at every corner."

The man had a fashion of turning his very misfortunes into pleasantries. Surely prosperity would be wasted on a person so gifted with optimism. I felt it to be kind and proper, however, to express the hope that he had reached the end of his adversity, and to assure him that I would do anything I could in the world to help him.

"Tom Wattles, I believe you would."

Before the close of that day Mrs. Wattles, who is a lady that does not allow any species of vegetation to accumulate under her feet, had secured a furnished room for our kinsman in a street branching off from Clinton Place, and at a moderate additional expense contracted to have him served with breakfasts on the premises. Previous to this I had dined down town, returning home in the evening to a rather heavy tea, which was really my wife's dinner—Sheridan and Ulysses (such were the heroic names under which the two little Wattleses were staggering) had their principal meal at mid-day. It was, of course, not desirable that the colonel should share this meal with them and Mrs. Wattles in my absence. So we decided to have a six-o'clock dinner; a temporary disarrangement of our domestic economy, for my cousin Flagg would doubtless find some acceptable employment before long, and leave the household free to slip back into its regular grooves.

An outline of the physical aspects of the exotic kinsman who had so unexpectedly added himself to the figures at our happy fireside seems not out of place here. The portrait, being the result of many sittings, does not in some points convey the exact impression he made upon us in the earlier moments of our intimacy; but that is not important.

Though Washington Flagg had first opened his eyes on the banks of the Penobscot, he appeared to have been planned by nature to adorn the banks of the Rappahannock. There was nothing of the New-Englander about him. The sallowness of his complexion and the blackness of his straight hair, which he wore long, were those of the typical Southerner. He was of medium height and loosely built, with a kind of elastic grace in his disjointedness. When he smiled he was positively handsome; in repose his features were nearly plain, the lips too indecisive, and the eyes lacking in lustre. A sparse tuft of beard at his chin—he was otherwise smoothly shaven—lengthened the face. There was, when he willed it, something very ingratiating in his manner—even Mrs. Wattles admitted that—a courteous and unconventional sort of ease. In all these surface characteristics he was a geographical anomaly. In the cast of his mind he was more Southern than the South, as a Northern

convert is apt to be. Even his speech, like the dyer's arm, had taken tints from his environment. One might say that his pronunciation had literally been colored by his long association with the colored race. He invariably said *flo'* for floor, and *djew* for dew; but I do not anywhere attempt a phonetic reproduction of his dialect; in its finer qualities it was too elusive to be snared in a network of letters. In spite of his displacements, for my cousin had lived all over the South in his boyhood, he had contrived to pick up a very decent education. As to his other attributes, he shall be left to reveal them himself.

III.

Mrs. Wattles kindly assumed the charge of establishing Washington Flagg in his headquarters, as he termed the snug hall bedroom in Macdougall Street. There were numberless details to be looked to. His wardrobe, among the rest, needed replenishing down to the most unconsidered button, for Flagg had dropped into our little world with as few impedimenta as if he had been a newly born infant. Though my condition, like that desired by Agur, the son of Jakeh, was one of neither poverty nor riches, greenbacks in those days were greenbacks. I mention the fact in order to say that my satisfaction in coming to the rescue of my kinsman would have been greatly lessened if it had involved no self-denial whatever.

The day following his installation I was partly annoyed, partly amused, to find that Flagg had purchased a rather expensive meerschaum pipe and a pound or two of Latakia tobacco.

"I cannot afford to smoke cigars," he explained. "I must economize until I get on my feet."

Perhaps it would have been wiser if I had personally attended to his expenditures, minor as well as major, but it did not seem practicable to leave him without a cent in his pocket. His pilgrimage down town that forenoon had apparently had no purpose beyond this purchase, though on the previous evening I had directed his notice to two or three commercial advertisements which struck me as worth looking into. I hesitated to ask him if he had looked into them. A collateral feeling of delicacy prevented me from breathing a word to Clara about the pipe.

Our reconstructed household, with its

unreconstructed member, now moved forward on the lines laid down. Punctually at a quarter to six P.M. my cousin appeared at the front door, hung his hat on the rack, and passed into the sitting-room, sometimes humming in the hall a bar or two of "The Bonny Blue Flag that bears a Single Star," to the infinite distaste of Mrs. Wattles, who was usually at that moment giving the finishing touches to the dinner table. After dinner, during which I was in a state of unrelaxed anxiety lest the colonel should get himself on too delicate ground, I took him into my small snuggerly at the foot of the hall, where coffee was served to us, Mrs. Wattles being left to her own devices.

For several days everything went smoothly, beyond my hope. I found it so easy, when desirable, to switch the colonel on to one of my carefully constructed side tracks that I began to be proud of my skill and to enjoy the exercise of it. But one evening, just as we were in the middle of the dessert, he suddenly broke out with,

"We were conquered by mere brute force, you know!"

"That is very true," I replied. "It is brute force that tells in war. Wasn't it Napoleon who said that he had remarked that God was generally on the side which had the heaviest artillery?"

"The North had that, fast enough, and crushed a free people with it."

"A free people with four millions of slaves?" observed Mrs. Wattles, quietly.

"Slavery was a patriarchal institution, my dear lady. But I reckon it is exploded now. The Emancipation Proclamation was a dastardly war measure."

"It did something more and better than free the blacks," said Mrs. Wattles; "it freed the whites. Dear me!" she added, glancing at Sheridan and Ulysses, who, in a brief reprieve from bed, were over in one corner of the room dissecting a small wooden camel, "I cannot be thankful enough that the children are too young to understand such sentiments."

The colonel, to my great relief, made no reply; but as soon as Clara had closed the dining-room door behind her, he said, "Tom Wattles, I reckon your wife doesn't wholly like me."

"She likes you immensely," I cried, silently begging to be forgiven. "But she is a firm believer in the justice of the Northern cause."

"Maybe she lost a brother, or something."

"No; she never had a brother. If she had had one, he would have been killed in the first battle of the war. She sent me to the front to be killed, and I went willingly; but I wasn't good enough; the enemy wouldn't have me at any price after a year's trial. Mrs. Wattles feels very strongly on this subject, and I wish you would try, like a good fellow, not to bring the question up at dinner-time. I am squarely opposed to your views myself, but I don't mind what you say as she does. So talk to me as much as you want to, but don't talk in Clara's presence. When persons disagree as you two do, argument is useless. Besides, the whole thing has been settled on the battle-field, and it isn't worth while to fight it all over again on a table-cloth."

"I suppose it isn't," he assented, good-naturedly. "But you people up at the North here don't suspicion what we have been through. You caught only the edge of the hurricane. The most of you, I take it, weren't in it at all."

"Our dearest were in it."

"Well, we got whipped, Wattles, I acknowledge it; but we deserved to win, if ever bravery deserved it."

"The South was brave, nobody contests that; but 'tis not enough to be brave"—

"The angry valor dashed

On the awful shield of God,"

as one of our poets says."

"Blast one of your poets! Our people were right, too."

"Come, now, Flagg, when you talk about your people, you ought to mean Northerners, for you were born in the North."

"That was just the kind of luck that has followed me all my life. My body belongs to Bangor, Maine, and my soul to Charleston, South Carolina."

"You've got a problem there that ought to bother you."

"It does," said the colonel, with a laugh.

"Meanwhile, my dear boy, don't distress Mrs. Wattles with it. She is ready to be very fond of you, if you will let her. It would be altogether sad and shameful if a family so contracted as ours couldn't get along without internal dissensions."

My cousin instantly professed the greatest regard for Mrs. Wattles, and declared that both of us were good enough to be

Southrons. He promised that in future he would take all the care he could not to run against her prejudices, which merely grew out of her confused conception of State rights and the right of self-government. Women never understood anything about political economy and government, anyhow.

Having accomplished thus much with the colonel, I turned my attention, on his departure, to smoothing Clara. I reminded her that nearly everybody North and South had kinsmen or friends in both armies. To be sure, it was unfortunate that we, having only one kinsman, should have had him on the wrong side. That was better than having no kinsman at all. (Clara was inclined to demur at this.) It had not been practicable for him to divide himself; if it had been, he would probably have done it, and the two halves would doubtless have arrayed themselves against each other. They would, in a manner, have been bound to do so. However, the war was over, we were victorious, and could afford to be magnanimous.

"But he doesn't seem to have discovered that the war is over," returned Mrs. Wattles. "He 'still waves.'"

"It is likely that certain obstinate persons on both sides of Mason and Dixon's Line will be a long time making the discovery. Some will never make it—so much the worse for them and the country."

Mrs. Wattles meditated and said nothing, but I saw that so far as she and the colonel were concerned the war was not over.

IV.

This slight breeze cleared the atmosphere for the time being at least. My cousin Flagg took pains to avoid all but the most indirect allusions to the war, except when we were alone, and in several small ways endeavored—with not too dazzling success—to be agreeable to Clara. The transparency of the effort was perhaps the partial cause of its failure. And then, too, the nature of his little attentions was not always carefully considered on his part. For example, Mrs. Wattles could scarcely be expected to lend herself with any grace at all to the proposal he made one sultry June evening to "knock her up" a mint-julep, "the most refreshing beverage on earth, madam, in hot weather, I can assure you." Judge Ashburton Todhunter, of Fauquier County, had

taught him to prepare this pungent elixir from a private receipt for which the judge had once refused the sum of fifty dollars, offered to him by Colonel Stanly Bluegrass, of Chattanooga, and this was at a moment, too, when the judge had been losing very heavily at draw poker.

"All quiet along the Potomac," whispered the colonel, with a momentary pride in the pacific relations he had established between himself and Mrs. Wattles.

As the mint and one or two other necessary ingredients were lacking to our family stores, the idea of julep was dismissed as a vain dream, and its place supplied by iced Apollinaris, a liquid which my cousin characterized, in a hasty aside to me, as being a drink fit only for imbecile infants of a tender age.

Washington Flagg's frequent and familiar mention of governors, judges, colonels, and majors clearly indicated that he had moved in aristocratic latitudes in the South, and threw light on his disinclination to consider any of the humbler employments which might have been open to him. He had so far conceded to the exigency of the case as to inquire if there were a possible chance for him in the Savonarola Fire-insurance Company. He had learned of my secretaryship. There was no vacancy in the office, and if there had been, I would have taken no steps to fill it with my cousin. He knew nothing of the business. Besides, however deeply I had his interests at heart, I should have hesitated to risk my own situation by becoming sponsor for so unmanageable an element as he appeared to be.

At odd times in my snuggerly after dinner Flagg glanced over the "wants" columns of the evening journal, but never found anything he wanted. He found many amusing advertisements that served him as pegs on which to hang witty comment, but nothing to be taken seriously. I ventured to suggest that he should advertise. He received the idea with little warmth.

"No, my dear boy, I can't join the long procession of scullions, cooks, butlers, valets, and bottle-washers which seems to make up so large a part of your population. I couldn't keep step with them. It is altogether impossible for me to conduct myself in this matter like a menial-of-all-work out of place. 'Wanted, a situation, by a respectable young person of temperate habits; understands the care

of horses; is willing to go into the country and milk the cow with the crumpled horn.' No; many thanks."

"State your own requirements, Flagg. I didn't propose that you should offer yourself as coachman."

"It would amount to the same thing, Wattles. I should at once be relegated to his level. Some large opportunity is dead sure to present itself to me if I wait. I believe the office should seek the man."

"I have noticed that a man has to meet his opportunities more than half way, or he doesn't get acquainted with them. Mohammed was obliged to go to the mountain, after waiting for the mountain to come to him."

"Mohammed's mistake was that he didn't wait long enough. He was too impatient. But don't you fret. I have come to Yankeedom to make my fortune. The despot's heel is on your shore, and it means to remain there until he hears of something greatly to his advantage."

A few days following this conversation, Mr. Nelson, of Files and Nelson, wholesale grocers on Front Street, mentioned to me incidentally that he was looking for a shipping clerk. Before the war the firm had done an extensive Southern trade, which they purposed to build up again now that the ports of the South were thrown open. The place in question involved a great deal of out-door work—the loading and unloading of spicy cargoes, a life among the piers—all which seemed to me just suited to my cousin's woodland nature. I could not picture him nailed to a desk in a counting-room. The salary was not bewildering, but the sum was to be elastic, if ability were shown. Here was an excellent chance, a stepping-stone, at all events; perhaps the large opportunity itself, slightly disguised as fifteen dollars a week. I spoke of Flagg to Mr. Nelson, and arranged a meeting between them for the next day.

I said nothing of the matter at the dinner table that evening; but an encouraging thing always makes a lantern of me, and Mrs. Wattles saw the light in my face. As soon as dinner was over I drew my cousin into the little side room, and laid the affair before him.

"And I have made an appointment for you to meet Mr. Nelson to-morrow at one o'clock," I said, in conclusion.

"My dear Wattles"—he had listened to me in silence, and now spoke without

enthusiasm—"I don't know what you were thinking of to do anything of the sort. I will not keep the appointment with that person. The only possible intercourse I could have with him would be to order groceries at his shop. The idea of a man who has moved in the best society of the South, who has been engaged in great if unsuccessful enterprises, who has led the picked chivalry of his oppressed land against the Northern hordes—the idea of a gentleman of this kidney meekly simmering down into a factotum to a Yankee dealer in canned goods! No, sir; I reckon I can do better than that."

The lantern went out.

I resolved that moment to let my cousin shape his own destiny—a task which in no way appeared to trouble him. And, indeed, now that I look back to it, why should he have troubled himself? He had a comfortable if not luxurious apartment in Macdougall Street; a daily dinner that asked only to be eaten; a wardrobe that was replenished when it needed replenishing; a weekly allowance that made up for its modesty by its punctuality. If ever a man was in a position patiently to await the obsequious approach of large opportunities, that man was Washington Flagg. He was not insensible to the fact. He passed his time serenely. He walked the streets—Flagg was a great walker—sometimes wandering for hours in the Central Park. His Southern life, passed partly among plantations, had given him a relish for trees and rocks and waters. He was also a hungry reader of novels. When he had devoured our slender store of fiction, which was soon done, he took books from a small circulating library on Sixth Avenue. That he gave no thought whatever to the future was clear. He simply drifted down the gentle stream of the present. Sufficient to the day was the sunshine thereof.

In spite of his unforgivable inertia, and the egotism that enveloped him like an atmosphere, there was a charm to the man that put my impatience to sleep. I tried to think that this indifference and sunny idleness were perhaps the natural reaction of that larger life of emotion and activity from which he had just emerged. I reflected a great deal on that life, and, though I lamented the fact that he had drawn his sword on the wrong side, there was, down deep in my heart, an involuntary sympathetic throb for the valor that had not

availed. I suppose the inexplicable ties of kinship had something to do with all this.

Washington Flagg had now been with us five weeks. He usually lingered awhile after dinner; sometimes spent the entire evening with the family, or, rather, with me, for Mrs. Wattles preferred the sitting-room to my den when I had company. Besides, there were Sheridan and Ulysses to be looked to. Toward the close of the sixth week I noticed that Flagg had fallen into a way of leaving immediately after dinner. He had also fallen into another way not so open to pleasant criticism.

By degrees—by degrees so subtle as almost to escape measurement—he had glided back to the forbidden and dangerous ground of the war. At first it was an intangible reference to something that occurred on such and such a date, the date, in question being that of some sanguinary battle; then a swift sarcasm, veiled and softly shod; then a sarcasm that dropped its veil for an instant, and showed its sharp features. At last his thought wore no disguise. Possibly the man couldn't help it; possibly there was something in the atmosphere of the house that impelled him to say things which he would have been unlikely to say elsewhere. Whatever was the explanation, my cousin Flagg began to make himself disagreeable again at meal-times.

He had never much regarded my disapproval, and now his early ill-defined fear of Mrs. Wattles was evaporated. He no longer hesitated to indulge in his war reminiscences, which necessarily brought his personal exploits under a calcium-light. These exploits usually emphasized his intimacy with some of the more dashing Southern leaders, such as Stonewall Jackson and Jeb Stuart and Mosby. We found ourselves practically conscripted into the Confederate army. We were taken on long midnight rides through the passes of the Cumberland Mountains and hurled on some Federal outpost; we were made—a mere handful as we were—to assault and carry most formidable earthworks; we crossed dangerous fords, and bivouacked under boughs hung with weird gonfalons of gray moss, slit here and there by the edge of a star. Many a time we crawled stealthily through tangled vines and shrubs to the skirt of a wood, and across a fallen log sighted the

Yankee picket whose bayonet point glimmered now and then far off in the moonlight. We spent a great many hours around the camp fire counting our metaphorical scalps.

One evening the colonel was especially exasperating with anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson, and details of what he said to the general and what the general said to him.

"Stonewall Jackson often used to say to me, 'George'—he always called me George, in just that off-hand way—'George, when we get to New York, you shall have quarters in the Astor House, and pasture your mare Spitfire in the park.'"

"That was very thoughtful of Stonewall Jackson," remarked Mrs. Wattles, with the faintest little whiteness gathering at the lips. "I am sorry that your late friend did not accompany you to the city, and personally superintend your settlement here. He would have been able to surround you with so many more comforts than you have in Macdougall Street."

The colonel smiled upon Clara, and made a deprecating gesture with his left hand. Nothing seemed to pierce his iron-clad composure. A moment afterward he returned to the theme, and recited some verses called "Stonewall Jackson's Way." He recited them very well. One stanza lingers in my memory:

"We see him now—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his brow askew,
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The Blue-light Elder knows 'em well.
Says he: 'That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—' Well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

"His ways must have been far from agreeable," observed my wife, "if that is a specimen of them."

After the colonel had taken himself off, Mrs. Wattles, sinking wearily upon the sofa, said, "I think I am getting rather tired of Stonewall Jackson."

"We both are, my dear; and some of our corps commanders used to find him rather tiresome now and then. He was really a great soldier, Clara; perhaps the greatest on the other side."

"I suppose he was; but Flagg comes next—according to his own report. Why, Tom, if your cousin had been in all the battles he says he has, the man would have been killed ten times over. He'd have had at least an arm or a leg shot off."

That Washington Flagg had all his limbs on was actually becoming a grievance to Mrs. Wattles.

The situation filled me with anxiety. Between my cousin's deplorable attitude and my wife's justifiable irritation, I was extremely perplexed. If I had had a dozen cousins, the solution of the difficulty would have been simple. But to close our door on our only kinsman was an intolerable alternative.

If any word of mine has caused the impression that Mrs. Wattles was not gentle and sympathetic and altogether feminine, I have wronged her. The reserve which strangers mistook for coldness was a shell that melted at the slightest kind touch, her masterful air the merest seeming. But whatever latent antagonism lay in her nature the colonel had the faculty of bringing to the surface. It must be conceded that the circumstances in which she was placed were trying, and Clara was without that strong, perhaps abnormal, sense of relationship which sustained me in the ordeal. Later on, when matters grew more complicated, I could but admire her resignation—if it were not helplessness despair. Sometimes, indeed, she was unable to obliterate herself, and not only stood by her guns, but carried the war into the enemy's country. I very frequently found myself between two fires, and was glad to drag what small fragments were left of me from the scene of action. In brief, the little house in Clinton Place was rapidly transforming itself into a ghastly caricature of home.

Up to the present state of affairs the colonel had never once failed to appear at dinner-time. We had become so accustomed to his ring at the prescribed hour, and to hearing him, outside in the hall, softly humming "The Bonny Blue Flag," or "I wish I was in Dixie's Land" (a wish which he did not wholly monopolize)—we had, I repeat, become so accustomed to these details that one night when he absented himself we experienced a kind of alarm. It was not until the clock struck ten that we gave over expecting him. Then, fearing that possibly he was ill, I put on my hat and stepped round to Macdougall Street. Mr. Flagg had gone out late in the afternoon, and had not returned. No, he had left no word in case any one called. What had happened? I smile to myself now, and I have smiled a great many times, at the remembrance of

how worried I was that night as I walked slowly back to Clinton Place.

The next evening my cousin explained his absence. He had made the acquaintance of some distinguished literary gentlemen, who had invited him to dine with them at a certain German café, which at an earlier date had been rather famous as the rendezvous of a group of young journalists, wits, and unblossomed poets, known as "The Bohemians." The war had caused sad havoc with these light-hearted Knights of the Long Table, and it was only upon a scattered remnant of the goodly company that the colonel had fallen. How it came about, I do not know. I know that the acquaintance presently flowered into intimacy, and that at frequent intervals after this we had a vacant chair at table. My cousin did not give himself the pains to advise us of his engagements, so these absences were not as pleasant as they would have been if we had not expected him every minute.

Recently, too, our expectation of his coming was tinged with a dread which neither I nor Mrs. Wattles had named to each other. A change was gradually taking place in my cousin. Hitherto his amiability, even when he was most unendurable, had been a part of him. Obviously he was losing that lightness of spirit which we once disliked and now began to regret. He was inclined to be excitable and sullen by turns, and often of late I had been obliged to go to the bottom of my diplomacy in preventing some painful scene. As I have said, neither my wife nor I had spoken definitely of this alteration; but the cause and nature of it could not long be ignored between us.

"How patient you are with him, dear!" said Mrs. Wattles, as I was turning out the gas after one of our grim and grotesque little dinners: the colonel had not dined with us before for a week. "I don't see how you can be so patient with the man."

"Blood is thicker than water, Clara."

"But it isn't thicker than whiskey and water, is it?"

She had said it. The colonel was drinking. It was not a question of that light elixir the precious receipt for which had been confided to him by Judge Ashburton Todhunter of Fauquier County; it was a question of a heavier and more immediate poison. The fact that Flagg might in some desperate state drop in on us at

any moment stared us in the face. That was a very serious contingency, and it was one I could not guard against. I had no illusions touching my influence over Washington Flagg. I did not dream of attempting to influence him; I was powerless. I could do nothing but wait, and wonder what would happen. There was nothing the man might not be capable of in some insane moment.

In the mean while I was afraid to go out of an evening and leave Clara alone. It was impossible for us to ask a friend to dinner, though, indeed, we had not done that since my cousin dropped down on us. It was no relief that his visits grew rarer and rarer; the apprehension remained. It was no relief when they ceased altogether, for it came to that at last.

A month had elapsed since he had called at the house. I had caught a glimpse of him once on Broadway as I was riding up town in an omnibus. He was standing at the top of the steep flight of steps that led to Herr Pfaff's saloon in the basement. It was probably Flagg's dinner hour. Mrs. Morgan, the landlady in Macdougall Street, a melancholy little soul, was now the only link between me and my kinsman. I had a weekly interview with her. I learned that Mr. Flagg slept late, was seldom in through the day, and usually returned after midnight. A person with this eccentric scheme of life was not likely to be at home at such hours as I might find it convenient to call. Nevertheless, from time to time I knocked at the door of his empty room. The two notes I had written to him he left unanswered.

All this was very grievous. He had been a trouble to me when I had him, and he was a trouble to me now I had lost him. My trouble had merely changed its color. On what downward way were his footsteps? What was to be the end of it? Sometimes I lay awake at night thinking of him. Of course, if he went to the dogs, he had nobody to blame but himself. I was not responsible for his wrong-going; nevertheless, I could not throw off my anxiety in the matter. That Flagg was leading a wild life in these days was presumable. Indeed, certain rumors to that effect were indirectly blown to me from the caves of Gambrinus. Not that I believe the bohemians demoralized him. He probably demoralized the bohemians. I began to reflect whether fate

had not behaved rather handsomely, after all, in not giving me a great many relatives.

If I remember rightly, it was two months since I had laid eyes on my cousin, when, on returning home one evening, I noticed that the front door stood wide open, and had apparently been left to take care of itself. As I mounted the steps, a little annoyed at Mary's carelessness, I heard voices in the hall. Washington Flagg was standing at the foot of the staircase, with his hand on the newel-post, and Mrs. Wattles was half-way up the stairs, as if in the act of descending. I learned later that she had occupied this position for about three-quarters of an hour. She was extremely pale and much agitated. Flagg's flushed face and tilted hat told his part of the story. He was not in one of his saturnine moods. He was amiably and, if I may say it, gracefully drunk, and evidently had all his wits about him.

"I've been telling Mrs. Wattles," he began at once, as if I had been present all the while, and he was politely taking me into the conversation—"I've been telling Mrs. Wattles that I'm a Lost Cause."

"A lost soul," was Mrs. Wattles's amendment from the staircase. "Oh, Tom, I am so glad you have come! I thought you never would! I let him in an hour or two ago, and he has kept me here ever since."

"You were so entertaining," said my cousin, with a courteous sweep of his disengaged hand, and speaking with that correctness of enunciation which sometimes survives everything.

"Flagg," I said, stepping to his side, "you will oblige me by returning to your lodgings;"

"You think I'm not all right?"

"I am sure of it."

"And you don't want me here, dear old boy?"

"No, I don't want you here. The time has come for me to be very frank with you, Flagg, and I see that your mind is clear enough to enable you to understand what I say."

"I reckon I can follow you, Thomas."

"My stock of romantic nonsense about kinship and family duties, and all that, has given out, and will not be renewed."

"Won't do business any more at the old stand?"

"Exactly so. I have done everything

I could to help you, and you have done nothing whatever for yourself. You have not even done yourself the scant justice of treating Clara and me decently. In future you will be obliged to look after your own affairs, financial as well as social. Your best plan now is to go to work. I shall no longer concern myself with your comings and goings, except so far as to prevent you from coming here and disturbing Clara. Have you put that down?"

"Wattles, my boy, I'll pay you for this."

"If you do, it will be the first thing you have paid for since you came North."

My statement, however accurate, was not wholly delicate, and I subsequently regretted it, but when a patient man loses his patience he goes to extremes. Washington Flagg straightened himself for an instant, and then smiled upon me in an amused, patronizing way quite indescribable.

"Thomas, that was neat, very neat—for you. When I see Judge Ashburton Todhunter, I'll tell him about it. It's the sort of mild joke he likes."

"I should be proud to have Judge Ashburton Todhunter's approval of any remark of mine, but in the mean while it would be a greater pleasure to me to have you return at once to Macdougall Street, where, no doubt, Mrs. Morgan is delaying dinner for you."

"Say no more, Wattles. I'll never set foot in your house again, as sure as my name is Flagg—and long may I wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"He is a kind of Flagg that I don't wish to have wave over *my* home," said Mrs. Wattles, descending the stairs as my cousin with painful care closed the door softly behind him.

So the end was come. It had come with less unpleasantness than I should have predicted. The ties of kindred, too tightly stretched, had snapped; but they had snapped very gently, so to speak.

V.

Washington Flagg was as good as his word, which is perhaps not a strong endorsement. He never set foot in my house again. A week afterward I found that he had quitted Macdougall Street.

"He has gone South," said Mrs. Morgan.

"Did he leave no message for me?"

"He didn't leave a message for nobody."

"Did he happen to say to what part of the South he was bound?"

"He said he was going back to Dixie's Land, and didn't say no more."

That was all. His departure had been as abrupt and unlooked-for as his arrival. I wondered if he would turn up again at the end of another twenty years, and I wondered how he had paid his travelling expenses to the land of the magnolia and the persimmon. That mystery was solved a few days subsequently when a draft (for so reasonable a sum as not to be worth mentioning to Mrs. Wattles) was presented to me for payment at my office.

Washington Flagg was gone, but his shadow was to linger for a while longer on our household. It was difficult to realize that the weight which had oppressed us had been removed. We were scarcely conscious of how heavy it had been until it was lifted. I was now and then forced to make an effort not to expect the colonel to dinner.

A month or two after his disappearance an incident occurred which brought him back very vividly and in a somewhat sinister shape to our imaginations. Quite late one night there was a sharp ring at the door. Mary having gone to bed, I answered the bell. On the door-step stood a tall pale girl, rather shabbily dressed, but with a kind of beauty about her; it seemed to flash from her eyelashes, which I noticed were very long and very black. The hall light fell full upon this slight figure, standing there wrapped in an insufficient shawl, against a dense background of whirling snow-flakes. She asked if I could give her Colonel Flagg's address. On receiving my reply, the girl swiftly descended the steps, and vanished into the darkness. There was a tantalizing point of romance and mystery to all this. As I slowly closed the front door, I felt that perhaps I was closing it on a tragedy—one of those piteous, unwritten tragedies of the great city. I have wondered a thousand times who that girl was and what became of her.

Before the end of the year another incident—this time with a touch of comedy—lighted up the past of my kinsman. Among the travelling agents for the Savonarola Fire-insurance Company was a young man by the name of Brett, Charles



"ON THE DOOR-STEP STOOD A TALL PALE GIRL."

Brett, a new employé. His family had been ruined by the war, and he had wandered North, as the son of many a Southern gentleman had been obliged to do, to earn his living. We became friends, and frequently lunched together when his business brought him to the city. Brett had been in the Confederate army, and

it occurred to me one day to ask him if he had ever known my cousin the colonel. Brett was acquainted with a George W. Flagg; had known him somewhat intimately, in fact; but it was probably not the same man. We compared notes, and my Flagg was his Flagg.

"But he wasn't a colonel," said Brett.

"Why, Flagg wasn't in the war at all. I don't fancy he heard a gun fired, unless it went off by accident in some training-camp for recruits. He got himself exempt from service in the field by working in the government saltworks. A heap of the boys escaped conscription that way."

In the saltworks! That connected my cousin with the navy rather than with the army!

I would have liked not to believe Brett's statement, but it was so circumstantial and precise as not to be doubted. Brett was far from suspecting how deeply his information had cut me. In spite of my loyalty, the discovery that my kinsman had not been a full-blown rebel was vastly humiliating. How that once curiously regarded flower of chivalry had withered! What about those reckless moonlight raids? What had become of Prince Rupert, at the head of his plumed cavaliers, sweeping through the valley of the Shenandoah, and dealing merited destruction to the boys in blue? In view of Brett's startling revelation, my kinsman's personal anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson took on an amusing quality which they had not possessed for us in the original telling.

I was disappointed that Mrs. Wattles's astonishment was much more moderate than mine.

"He was *too* brave, Tom dear. He always seemed to be overdoing it just a grain, don't you think?"

I didn't think so at the time; I was afraid he was telling the truth. And now, by one of those contradictions inseparable from weak humanity, I regretted that he was not. A hero had tumbled from the family pedestal—a misguided hero, to be sure, but still a hero. My vanity, which in this case was of a complex kind, had received a shock.

I did not recover from it for nearly three months, when I received a second shock of a more serious nature. It came in the shape of a letter, dated at Pensacola, Florida, and written by one Sylvester K. Matthews, advising me that George Flagg had died of the yellow-fever in that city on the previous month. I gathered from the letter that the writer had been with my cousin through his illness, and was probably an intimate friend; at all events, the details of the funeral had fallen to the charge of Mr. Matthews, who enclosed the receipted bills with the remark that he had paid them, but supposed

that I would prefer to do so, leaving it, in a way, at my option.

The news of my cousin's death grieved me more than I should have imagined beforehand. He had not appreciated my kindness; he had not added to my happiness while I was endeavoring to secure his; he had been flagrantly ungrateful, and in one or two minor matters had deceived me. Yet, after all said and done, he was my cousin, my only cousin—and he was dead. Let us criticise the living, but spare the dead.

I put the ghastly memoranda back into the envelope; they consisted of a bill for medical attendance, a board bill, the nurse's account, and an undertaker's bill, with its pathetic and, to me, happily, unfamiliar items. For the rest of the day I was unable to fix my thought on my work, or to compose myself sufficiently to write to Mr. Matthews. I quitted the office that evening an hour earlier than was my habit.

Whether Clara was deeply affected by what had happened, or whether she disapproved of my taking upon myself expenses which, under the peculiar circumstances, might properly be borne by Flagg's intimate friend and comrade, was something I could not determine. She made no comments. If she considered that I had already done all that my duty demanded of me to do for my cousin, she was wise enough not to say so; for she must have seen that I took a different and unalterable view of it. Clara has her own way fifty-nine minutes out of the hour, but the sixtieth minute is mine.

She was plainly not disposed to talk on the subject; but I wanted to talk with some one on the subject; so when dinner was through, I put the Matthews papers into my pocket, and went up to my friend Bleeker's in Seventeenth Street. Though a little cynical at times, he was a man whose judgment I thought well of.

After reading the letter and glancing over the memoranda, Bleeker turned to me and said, "You want to know how it strikes me—is that it?"

"Well—yes."

"The man is dead?"

"Yes."

"And buried?"

"Assuredly."

"And the bills are paid?"

"You see yourself they are receipted."

"Well, then," said Bleeker, "consider-

ing all things, I should let well enough alone."

"You mean you would do nothing in the matter?"

"I should 'let the dead past bury its dead,' as Longfellow says." Bleeker was always quoting Longfellow.

"Then pay them. You have come to me for advice after making up your mind to follow your own course. That's just the way people do when they really want to be advised. I've done it myself, Wattles—I've done it myself."

The result was I sent Mr. Matthews a



THE COLONEL REDIVIVUS.

"But it isn't the dead past, it's the living present that has attended to the business; and he has sent in his account with all the items. I can't have this Matthews going about the country telling everybody that I allowed him to pay my cousin's funeral expenses."

check, after which I impulsively threw those dreadful bills into the office grate. I had no right to do it, for the vouchers really belonged to Mr. Matthews, and might be wanted some day; but they had haunted me like so many ghosts until I destroyed them. I fell asleep that night

trying to recollect whether the items included a headstone for my cousin's grave. I couldn't for the life of me remember, and it troubled me not a little. There were enough nameless graves in the South, without his being added to the number.

One day, a fortnight later, as Clara and I were finishing dinner, young Brett called at the house. I had supposed him to be in Omaha. He had, in effect, just come from there and elsewhere on one of his long business tours, and had arrived in the city too late in the afternoon to report himself at the office. He now dropped in merely for a moment, but we persuaded him to remain and share the dessert with us. I purposed to keep him until Mrs. Wattles left us to our cigars. I wished to tell him of my cousin's death, which I did not care to do while she was at the table. We were talking of this and that, when Brett looked up, and said, rather

abruptly: "By-the-way, I saw Flagg on the street the other day in Mobile. He was looking well."

The bit of melon I had in my mouth refused to be swallowed. I fancy that my face was a study. A dead silence followed; and then my wife reached across the table, and pressing my hand, said, very gently,

"Wattles, you were not brilliant, but you were good."

All this was longer ago than I care to remember. I heard no more from Mr. Matthews. Last week, oddly enough, while glancing over a file of recent Southern newspapers, I came across the announcement of the death of George W. Flagg. It was yellow-fever this time also. If later on I receive any bills in connection with that event, I shall let my friend Bleeker pay them.

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENTS BY ANDREW LANG.

VI.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

LIKE so many of Shakespeare's plays, *Measure for Measure* is founded on an old story, and, to some extent, on an old play. It is always desirable to compare the piece, as Shakespeare finished it, with its basis as it existed in tradition or literature. Shakespeare takes, as it were, some rude old statue of metal, fuses it again in the fire of his genius, and recasts it in a mould that differs considerably from the original fashion. Yet the Shakespearian play is very often not without marks of its earlier condition; even Shakespeare cannot always make it wholly a new thing, and the stubborn nature of the legend, or some persistent vice of the old fashioning, or some flaw in the metal, cannot be completely burned away. The poet is ever laboring with a stubborn matter, and in *Measure for Measure* the stubbornness of the matter is so persistent that we might wish he had cast his favor on some other topic.

The story of a magistrate who makes the surrender of a girl's honor the price of her brother's pardon, and who then treacherously slays the brother after all,

is of unknown antiquity, and widely diffused. The immediate origin of the story, as Shakespeare knew it, is in the novels or brief tales of Giraldi Cinthio (published in 1505). A governor of Innspruck, Juriste, is the Angelo of the story, Epitia is the Isabella, Ludovico the Claudio. Epitia, unlike Isabella, is moved by her brother's entreaties, yields, and, after all, finds that her brother has been executed. The Emperor sentences Juriste to marry Epitia, and then to die. Epitia procures his pardon, and remains his wife—a repulsive conclusion. There is here no Mariana, and the treacherous intention of the judge is carried into effect. Cinthio dramatized his own romance as *Epitia* (published 1583). Five years earlier, George Whetstone had published his own unacted rhyming play, *Promos and Cassandra*, founded on Cinthio's novel. In 1582 Whetstone printed in prose the tale on which he had based his drama, "The Rare Story of Promos and Cassandra, reported by Madam Isabella." He dates the events in the reign of Corvinus, King of Bohemia. Andrugio, the bro-



LUCIO AND CLAUDIO.—Act I., Scene II.

ther, is not really executed. He escaped to a hermitage, whence he came forth when he heard that Promos was to die for his treachery. Promos is pardoned, and marries Cassandra. The play of Whetstone is a very rude rhyming affair. The flat and dismal dulness of the whole piece—comic underplot, songs, and the rest—makes reading it a labor very distasteful.

In this miserable legend Shakespeare had to alter much. He could not let his Isabella yield to Angelo; he could not suffer her to marry Angelo. He introduced the concealed Duke and the story of Mariana with the beautiful song. He altered the low comic plot, though he did not succeed in making this among the best of his humorous interludes. Not much was to be done with Whetstone's Lamia, Rapax, Gripax, and the rest of them. The matter is far from being conveniently comic. However, Shakespeare was placed in the way of some very dramatic situations. He could see what might be made of the encounters between the magistrate and the maiden; between her, again, and her brother, not to speak of the surprises caused by the substitution of another criminal's head for that of Angelo, and the revealed secret of Mariana. All that was flat and commonplace in Whetstone's hands was in Shakespeare's an opportunity for the display of character—a chance to show all the naked passions of the heart wrestling in open conflict, with Pleasure enticing men, and Death awaiting them. The life of man moralizes itself, as it were unconsciously, when he combines the incidents of two or three old tales into a drama. He seldom probes the human heart more deeply; seldom displays the upper and the inner layers of consciousness and conscience so clearly as in *Measure for Measure*.

It is not among his more kindly and beloved pieces—far from that; yet even here are pity and tenderness, a gentle sense of human infirmity, a mirthful and disdainful pity and compassion.

Even about Shakespeare the humblest critic must be frank, and one is compelled to admit that *Measure for Measure* is not among his more fortunate plays. M. Coquelin, in his excellent study on Shakespeare and Molière, in the *Century Magazine*, remarks that from 1601 his dramas were "all masterpieces, all of them, and all disconsolate; it is the tri-

umph of evil." Now, *Measure for Measure* is not, as an audience in the playhouse understood it, disconsolate; nor does evil triumph. Even the wretched Barnardine is reprieved: even the misdoers are not punished, except by being made to marry against their wills—Angelo to Mariana; Lucio to the lady whom he likes less than pressing to death, hanging, and whipping. An Elizabethan audience would see more comedy than tragedy, more humor than cruelty, in this revenge. Still, it does not leave evil triumphant; and as Isabella is probably to be a Duchess, not a Nun, a Protestant public would think that virtue is rewarded indeed, while Claudio and Juliet escape with a fright. Nothing in this is "disconsolate," but disconsolate and bitter is the whole spirit of the piece.

"O, Heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!" the Duke's exclamation, might be the motto of the work. It is almost in the dark modern manner of poems and dramas like Dr. Ibsen's, where too often there is no humorous, and no kindly or pure or sympathetic character. Isabella, indeed, is pure, but hers is an "armed and iron maidenhood," not wholly without a touch of bitterness. Lucio is humorous, and in the beginning sympathetic. His ribaldry seems changed to chivalry by the very sight of Isabella: "gentle and fair," he calls her:

"Hail, virgin, if you be—as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less."

When Isabella thinks he is mocking her, after his manner, he replies in a speech as pure as Imogen's, or the "consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap," could be:

Lucio. It is true.
I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so;
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

But Lucio relapses into a degrading kind of buffoonery in his confusions between the Duke and the Friar, who is the Duke in disguise. Doubtless this brings into relief the nobility of Isabella, which acts like a spell even on so dishonorably waggish a ribald. But we had begun to like Lucio, as a kind of Mercutio, with no worse fault than a laxity about love, and a galloping tongue. Shall it be argued



ANGELO AND ISABELLA.—Act II., Scene IV.

that Shakespeare wants to demonstrate the degradation that follows loose morality? Indeed he is not commonly so severe; we are puzzled in the close by his Lucio, and, if we still remain his friends (as I confess I do, for the rest of the characters are unfriendly), we are "disconsolate" enough at the conclusion of his rank and rambling adventures. It is not Shakespeare's wont to give us so much of the dark and the sour, so little of the light and the sweet, even in his tragedies. "Man delights him not;" in this drama, however, we explain to ourselves this failure in his sunny humanity. Perhaps he simply found he had taken up an old "canvas," an old plot and play, which proved scarcely fit material for his genius. Certainly his language is, far beyond his wont, perplexed and tormented, while the turns of fortune and circumstance, which give movement and surprise, really spoil, to modern tastes, even the magical purity of Isabella. Can we admire her when she arranges the midnight meeting of the unconscious Angelo and his forsaken betrothed, Mariana? Isabella had no choice, to be sure; it was for her brother's life that she dabbled in this intrigue, but she shows no dislike or disgust.

"The image of it gives me content already," she exclaims, agreeing with the disguised Duke that "the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof." A modern playwright would infallibly have given Isabella some merry *confidante*, some light lady's-maid, who should have contrived this stratagem without her mistress's knowledge. But manners alter, not morals. It remains true that the passage is distasteful.

The plot of *Measure for Measure* needs narrating here, and the plot, full of turns and astonishments, demands rapid inconsistencies of character, which are themselves full of bewilderment. The Duke Vincentio has long been reigning, though Lucio probably exaggerates when he calls him "the old Duke of dark corners." Certain severe laws—for example, that which makes death the punishment of simple incontinence—have fallen obsolete. The Duke is a student of politics in a somewhat abstract fashion; like an austere Haroun-al-Raschid, he determines to disguise himself, to pretend a journey, and to see how things fare in his absence. He appoints Angelo as his regent, speak-

ing of Angelo in conceited, curious terms of praise not easily to be understood:

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise:
Hold, therefore, Angelo:
In our remove, be thou at full yourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission. [*Giving it.*]

It is to be supposed that the Duke understands, or gravely suspects, Angelo's real character—a selfish, unstable puritanism. Such a person is with difficulty unmasked; he is at once too wary, too selfish, and even too cold for it to be easy to reach the "hard-pan" of his nature. The circumstances and opportunities of absolute power will make him show himself as he is, "one whom all would have considered worthy of dominion had he not enjoyed it"; as Tacitus writes, *dignus imperio, nisi imperasset*. "It is never explained," Hallam says, "how the Duke had become acquainted with this secret" (the refusal to marry the betrothed Mariana), "and, being acquainted with it, how he preserved his esteem and confidence in Angelo." The story could scarcely have been kept secret; the Duke must have known it, and in the "dark corners" of his mind must have suspected Angelo. "A shy fellow was the Duke." He misdoubts Angelo,

"A man of stricture and firm abstinence."

If, on the other hand, Angelo bore the trial well, then the Duke's laws would be enforced, while the Duke, being supposed absent, incurred no unpopularity. At all events,

"Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be."

The Duke vanishes into his disguise of a friar, Angelo carries out the law, and Claudio is doomed to death. Even in his offence there is a kind of mercenary pur-



FRIAR THOMAS AND THE DUKE.—*Act I., Scene III.*

pose very unattractive and unromantic. Claudio and Juliet were betrothed, but did not marry, while they secretly anticipated their marriage, that some money might not be lost:

"She is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us."

Juliet, apparently, lost her dower if she married without her friends' consent, which was withheld for the moment. So Claudio must die, and a crowd of vulgar and mercenary sinners are also molested. In their humors, those of Pompey, Froth, Elbow, and the rest, there is "more dirt than wit." Except in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, there is little low comedy in Shakespeare which amuses us less than the malapropisms of these gentry. One very human speech there is, that of Pompey, "Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live." That is the humor of it.

Lucio goes to Isabella with the tidings of her brother's doom, advising her to try pleading with Angelo:

"Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them."

Isabella, most abhorring the vice, makes but one appeal, and would withdraw without using any woman's wiles.

"Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold,"

whispers the knowing Lucio, and then follows the famous scene of argument and entreaty. Even here how misplaced, according to our ideas of taste and pathos, is the conceit of Isabella:

"He's not prepared for death. Even for our
kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve
Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves?"

As Isabella's prayers increase in beauty and nobility, as she offers the bribe of

"true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise—prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal"—

the heart of Angelo becomes inflamed

with evil passion. He moralizes on his own iniquity. He is the carrion

"lying by the violet, in the sun....

Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness?....
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?"

Now first, it seems, does he begin to be conscious of a life's hypocrisy. Many a man has passed as a saint, Mr. Holmes says, because he has never worked down to the "hard-pan" of his character.

"O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook!"

To himself Angelo has actually been a saint, of veins "cold as snow-broth"—"snow-broo," as we still call it in the North, when the spring floods come down. The spring flood of passion sweeps away the snow-broth of Angelo's veins; hitherto he has merely been untempted:

"Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled and wonder'd how."

When Isabella returns, he proposes the infamous bargain:

"Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?"

Long after Shakespeare's time, Helen Walker, the original of Scott's Jeanie Deans, answered that question in her own way. She would not lie to save the life of a sister condemned like Claudio.

Isabella, invincibly innocent, supposes Angelo to mean the sin which he would commit in pardoning her brother. In vain Angelo pleads,

"Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none."

When at last she is forced to understand, she shows little of the passion with which she afterward most suddenly turns and rends Claudio, when he is for her surrender.

"I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't!"
she cries; and then he shows her how valueless and discredited her report will be.

"Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true."
She speeds to her brother, without a shadow of doubt as to his approval of her conduct:

"Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution."

In Isabella there is a natural cold disdain of passion, and there is all the nun's

regard for stainless purity, as a sacrifice meet for heaven and essential to salvation. Neither her soul nor her body will she give to a detested embrace, and to an eternity of punishment:

"Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die forever."

Austere as is this virtue, we cannot deny that it is in a way self-regarding. It is not only her maiden pride, but her immortal soul that Isabella is chary of.

The Third Act is a long disputation on Death. Death is viewed on this hand and that, with human eyes, with those of philosophy, of religion, of devoted honor, reckless of life that bears a stain. Shakespeare seems to contradict that beautiful saying of Rochefoucauld's, "Men cannot look steadily at death or the sun." He does regard it steadily. In prison we find the Duke, disguised as a friar, lecturing on death to Claudio:

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou
art,—

Servile to all the skye's influences,—
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not
noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means
valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not cer-
tain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth
nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

With force might Claudio have quoted to his ghostly counsellor what the ghost of Achilles in Hades said to the living Ulysses: "Make not a light thing of my death to me." He has all youth's appetite for life, though he has half schooled himself to die bravely.

"If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms,"

he says to Isabella, who is now by no means so assured of his resolution, and that he bears such a mind of honor. But his welcome of death as a bride comforts her again:

"There spake my brother! There my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice!"

She then tells him of Angelo's proposal, and at first he is firm enough:

"Thou shalt not do't."

But how rapidly, by what swift and unperceived gradations, he slides into consent, and a fearful coward's vision of the universal end of all! A moment ago he was fortified by philosophy, and strong in honor. He was "absolute for death." Then, at the slightest glimmer of a dishonorable hope, at an instant's vision of possible life, this "flower-like" young man—so Mr. Pater calls him—is ready to sell his sister's shame, and to make the betrothed of Heaven the mistress of a villain.

"Death is a fearful thing,"

he cries, and never listens to the answer,

"And shamed life a hateful."

All that can be dreamed and feared of death, the chill, the nothingness; or, again, the eternal torment; or, worst of all, the horror of a semi-conscious, half-irrational, fevered continuance of vague existence, the uncomforted wanderings of the ghost, flash into Claudio's mind—a hell of dire alternatives.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts



ISABELLA AT THE NUNNERY.—*Act I, Scene IV.*

Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Yet not so sudden is the fall of Claudio as
the revulsion to utter scorn and loathing
of Isabella:

"O, you beast!

O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!"

Is this a natural mood? Could a girl
speak thus to a brother, degraded as he
is? Romantic and terrible, as Mr. Pater
thinks, this blaze of contempt may be;
but is it true to nature? One can more
easily imagine Isabella turning and de-
parting in silence, crushed by sorrow and
shame; but this is her last word:

"'Tis best that thou diest quickly."

The Duke enters, explaining that An-
gelo has but made trial of Isabella, that
Claudio must die, and at once he is as
ready for death as he has been eager for
life:

"Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so
out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it."

Claudio returns to his cell, and the Duke
reveals to Isabella his notable plot, name-
ly, that she shall pretend to yield, and
that Mariana, the rejected bride of Ange-
lo, shall take her place in a night meeting
with him. Angelo had not only aban-
doned Mariana when her dowry was lost,
but infamously "pretended, in her, dis-
coveries of dishonor." Isabella, we have
seen, is content, and the Duke goes to
seek "this dejected Mariana" at "the
moated grange." There follows a string
of comic scenes, in which Lucio maligns
the Duke to his disguised face, and then
we reach, in the Duke's company, the
moated grange, and hear the page's
beautiful song,

"Take, O, take those lips away!"

Mariana, winning comfort as she may
from a boy's sweet singing, is not the Ma-
riana that our age knows best. When all
but a boy himself, Lord Tennyson con-
quered this character from Shakespeare,
and we think of her when

"All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;

The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without."

So the lines run in the *Poems, Chiefly
Lyrical*, of 1830.

Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say
that the Laureate here gave us the bet-
ter-known and the better-liked Mariana,
whom we more willingly remember than
the dejected lady who sought Angelo in
the garden "circumwalled with brick,"
"upon the heavy middle of the night."
By a touch of delicacy Isabella is made to
acquaint Mariana with the plot behind
the scenes, and "she'll take the enterprise
upon her." None the less, though Ange-
lo is deceived, he commands Claudio's ex-
ecution. The Duke determines to sacri-
fice Barnardine—"a Bohemian born; one
that is a prisoner nine years old"—in-
stead, and Shakespeare renews, in Bar-
nardine's case, his long criticism of death
—the very burden of the strange comedy.
Barnardine is

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more
dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reck-
less, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come;
insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore
had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to es-
cape hence, he would not; drunk many times a
day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have
very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execu-
tion, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it
hath not moved him at all.

Barnardine is remote from the fearful and
curious considerations of Claudio. How
will *he* meet death? The Duke tries them
all, as Cleopatra made experiments of
many poisons on many men. Barnar-
dine, in his rough way, is no more ready
to die than Claudio.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be
hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. (within). A pox o' your throats! Who
makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must
be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. (within). Away, you rogue, away! I am
sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quick-
ly, too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you
are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.



MARIANA AND BOY SINGING.—Act III., Scene I.



PROVOST WITH RAGOZINE'S HEAD.—Act IV., Scene III.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward, for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live, or die; O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

Yet the Duke respites him, as so unmeet for death, and the head of a prisoner who had died of fever is palmed off as Claudio's on Angelo. Isabella, too, is told that her brother is dead.

The Fifth Act winds up all with the Duke's return. Isabella pleads her cause with him, alleging that she yielded to Angelo, and was recompensed by her brother's death. Being disbelieved, she calls the friar—who was, of course, the Duke—as evidence in her behalf. Lucio cannot resist the opportunity of ape-like mischief:

“Had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.”
Mariana, veiled, now complicates the mat-



CLAUDIO AND ISABELLA.—Act III., Scene I.



ISABELLA AND THE DUKE — Act V., Scene 1.

ter by her story. The Duke departs, and returning as the Friar, has a dispute with Lucio, who pulls off his hood. *Tableau!* Angelo begs for "immediate sentence then, and sequent death," which, as in Lucio's case later, is commuted for marriage. But death is to follow for Angelo, till Mariana begs for his life in her own interest:

"I hope you will not mock me with a husband."

She wins Isabella to aid her suit:

"I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die."

Then, of course, we have Claudio brought on "muffled," and the piece "ends happily," if people could be happy who had gone through such shame and terror.

Measure for Measure is a fantastical play of dark corners, like the Duke himself. It wants relief, which it does not obtain either from a gorgeous pageantry of court life in Vienna or from real comedy and humor. We no longer find Pompey and Abhorson comic, Lucio loses our liking, and perhaps I have overstated the unsympathetic elements in the character of Isabella. Perhaps poor Juliet, with whom Claudio sinned—Juliet, who only crosses the stage on her meeting with the Duke—is the most winning person of the play. In Juliet penitence is indeed a grace.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

Certainly we can esteem Juliet more than the dishonorably pertinacious love of Mariana. Nor can we be quite out of sympathy with Pompey, and his

"Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live,"

—an excuse for many callings.

With all its gloom, *Measure for Measure* is at least rich, and perhaps too rich, in dramatic situations. The changes and turns of character under the stress of different emotions are almost too frequent. Of all Shakespeare's plays, Mr. Pater says, in his interesting study, it contains most of his ethical judgments on sin, on mercy, on death. No man nor woman in the piece has the right to cast the first stone at the others, and, except in the luckless case of Lucio, no stone is cast in the end. But the very pitifulness of Shakespeare is in this play allied to contempt. It is a child of his darker moods. Most things are pardonable in men, because in such a creature most things become insignificant. We are such stuff as nightmares are made of. Purity is hard and stern, Honor is a broken reed, even Love may be degraded by too persistent pardoning. Life is a comedy or tragedy of errors, and the veil of Death may hide a face more horrible than Life's. Truly Coleridge was right in deeming *Measure for Measure* a painful play. It is a comedy where Death holds the place of Love; there is no beautiful shape of Love in the whole of it, and the very mirth is miserable.

AT LA GLORIEUSE.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.



ADAME RAYMONDE-ARNAULT leaned her head against the back of her garden chair, and watched the young people furtively from beneath her half-closed eyelids. "He is about to speak," she murmured under her breath;

"she, at least, will be happy!" and her heart fluttered violently, as if it had been her own thin bloodless hand which Richard Keith was holding in his; her dark sunken eyes, instead of Félice's brown ones, which drooped beneath his tender gaze.

Marcelite, the old *bonne*, who stood erect and stately behind her mistress, permitted herself also to regard them for a moment with something like a smile relaxing her sombre yellow face; then she too turned her turbaned head discreetly in another direction.

The plantation house at La Glorieuse is built in a shining loop of Bayou L'Épéron. A level grassy lawn, shaded by enormous live-oaks, stretches across from

the broad stone steps to the sodded levee, where a flotilla of small boats, drawn up among the flags and lily-pads, rise and fall with the lapping waves. On the left of the house the white cabins of the quarter show their low roofs above the shrubbery; to the right the plantations of cane, following the inward curve of the bayou, sweep southward field after field, their billowy blue-green reaches blending far in the rear with the indistinct purple haze of the swamp. The great square house, raised high on massive stone pillars, dates back to the first quarter of the century; its sloping roof is set with rows of dormer-windows, the big red double chimneys rising oddly from their midst; wide galleries with fluted columns enclose it on three sides; from the fourth is projected a long narrow wing, two stories in height, which stands somewhat apart from the main building, but is connected with it by a roofed and latticed passageway. The lower rooms of this wing open upon small porticos, with balustrades of wrought ironwork rarely fanciful and delicate. From these you may step into the rose garden—a tangled pleasaunce which rambles away through alleys of wild-peach and magnolia to an orange grove, whose trees are gnarled and knotted with the growth of half a century.

The early shadows were cool and dewy there that morning; the breath of damask-roses was sweet on the air; brown, gold-dusted butterflies were hovering over the sweet-pease abloom in sunny corners; birds shot up now and then from the leafy aisles, singing, into the clear blue sky above; the chorus of the negroes at work among the young cane floated in, mellow and resonant, from the fields. The old mistress of La Glorieuse saw it all behind her drooped eyelids. Was it not April too, that long-gone unforgotten morning? And were not the bees busy in the hearts of the roses, and the birds singing, when Richard Keith, the first of the name who came to La Glorieuse, held her hand in his, and whispered his love story yonder, by the ragged thicket of *crêpe-myrtle*? Ah, *Félice*, my child, thou art young, but I too have had my sixteen years; and yellow as are the curls on the head bent over thine, those of the first Richard were more golden still. And the second Richard, he who—

Marcelite's hand fell heavily on her mistress's shoulder. Madame Arnault

opened her eyes and sat up, grasping the arms of her chair. A harsh grating sound had fallen suddenly into the stillness, and the shutters of one of the upper windows of the wing which overlooked the garden were swinging slowly outward. A ripple of laughter, musical and mocking, rang clearly on the air; at the same moment a woman appeared, framed like a portrait in the narrow casement. She crossed her arms on the iron window-bar, and gazed silently down on the startled group below. She was strangely beautiful and young, though an air of soft and subtle maturity pervaded her graceful figure. A glory of yellow hair encircled her pale oval face, and waved away in fluffy masses to her waist; her full lips were scarlet; her eyes, beneath their straight dark brows, were gray, with emerald shadows in their luminous depths. Her low-cut gown, of some thin, yellowish-white material, exposed her exquisitely rounded throat and perfect neck; long, flowing sleeves of spidery lace fell away from her shapely arms, leaving them bare to the shoulder; loose strings of pearls were wound around her small wrists, and about her throat was clasped a strand of blood-red coral, from which hung to the hollow of her bosom a single translucent drop of amber. A smile at once daring and derisive parted her lips; an elusive light came and went in her eyes.

Keith had started impatiently from his seat at the unwelcome interruption. He stood regarding the intruder with mute, half-frowning inquiry.

Félice turned a bewildered face to her grandmother. "Who is it, *mère*?" she whispered. "Did—did you give her leave?"

Madame Arnault had sunk back in her chair. Her hands trembled convulsively still, and the lace on her bosom rose and fell with the hurried beating of her heart. But she spoke in her ordinary measured, almost formal tones, as she put out a hand and drew the girl to her side. "I do not know, my child. Perhaps *Suzette Beauvais* has come over with her guests from *Grandchamp*. I thought I heard but now the sound of boats on the bayou. *Suzette* is ever ready with her pranks. Or perhaps—"

She stopped abruptly. The stranger was drawing the batten blinds together. Her ivory-white arms gleamed in the sun. For a moment they could see her face

shining like a star against the dusky glooms within ; then the bolt was shot sharply to its place.

Old Marcelite drew a long breath of relief as she disappeared. A smothered ejaculation had escaped her lips, under the girl's intent gaze ; an ashen gray had overspread her dark face. "Mam'selle Suzette, she been an' dress up one o' her young ladies jes fer er trick," she said, slowly, wiping the great drops of perspiration from her wrinkled forehead.

"Suzette?" echoed Félice, incredulously. "She would never dare! Who *can* it be?"

"It is easy enough to find out," laughed

Keith. "Let us go and see for ourselves who is masquerading in my quarters."

He drew her with him as he spoke along the winding violet-bordered walks which led to the house. She looked anxiously back over her shoulder at her grandmother. Madame Arnault half arose, and made an imperious gesture of dissent ; but Marcelite forced her gently into her seat, and leaning forward, whispered a few words rapidly in her ear.

"Thou art right, Marcelite," she acquiesced, with a heavy sigh. "Tis better so."

They spoke in *nègre*, that mysterious patois which is so uncouth in itself, so soft and caressing on the lips of women. Madame Arnault signed to the girl to go on. She shivered a little, watching their retreating figures. The old *bonne* threw a light shawl about her shoulders, and crouched affectionately at her feet. The murmur of their voices as they talked long and earnestly together hardly reached beyond the shadows of the wild-peach tree beneath which they sat.



"MADAME RAYMONDE-ARNAULT LEANED HER HEAD AGAINST THE BACK OF HER GARDEN CHAIR."

"How beautiful she was!" Félice said, musingly, as they approached the latticed passageway.

"Well, yes," her companion returned, carelessly. "I confess I do not greatly fancy that style of beauty myself." And he glanced significantly down at her own flower-like face.

She flushed, and her brown eyes drooped, but a bright little smile played about her sensitive mouth. "I cannot see," she declared, "how Suzette could have dared to take her friends into the ballroom!"

"Why?" he asked, smiling at her vehemence.

She stopped short in her surprise. "Do you not know, then?" She sank her voice to a whisper. "The ballroom has never been opened since the night my mother died. I was but a baby then, though sometimes I imagine that I remember it all. There was a grand ball there that night. La Glorieuse was full of guests, and everybody from all the plantations around was here. Mère has

never told me how it was, nor Marcelite; but the other servants used to talk to me about my beautiful young mother, and tell me how she died suddenly in her ball dress, while the ball was going on. My father had the whole wing closed at once, and no one was ever allowed to enter it. I used to be afraid to play in its shadow, and if I did stray anywhere near it, my father would always call me away. Her death must have broken his heart. He rarely spoke; I never saw him smile; and his eyes were so sad that I could weep now at remembering them. Then he too died while I was still a little girl, and now I have no one in the world but dear old mère." Her voice trembled a little, but she flushed, and smiled again beneath his meaning look. "It was many years before even the lower floor was reopened, and I am almost sure that yours is the only room there which has ever been used."

They stepped, as she concluded, into the hall.

"I have never been in here before," she said, looking about her with shy curiosity. A flood of sunlight poured through the wide arched window at the foot of the stair. The door of the room nearest the entrance stood open; the others, ranging along the narrow hall, were all closed.

"This is my room," he said, nodding toward the open door.

She turned her head quickly away, with an impulse of girlish modesty, and ran lightly up the stair. He glanced downward as he followed, and paused, surprised to see the flutter of white garments in a shaded corner of his room. Looking more closely, he saw that it was a glimmer of light from an open window on the dark polished floor.

The upper hall was filled with sombre shadows; the motionless air was heavy with a musty, choking odor. In the dimness a few tattered hangings were visible on the walls; a rope, with bits of crumbling evergreen clinging to it, trailed from above one of the low windows. The panelled double door of the ballroom was shut; no sound came from behind it.

"The girls have seen us coming," said Félice, picking her way daintily across the dust-covered floor, "and they have hidden themselves inside."

Keith pushed open the heavy valves, which creaked noisily on their rusty hinges. The gloom within was murkier

still; the chill dampness, with its smell of mildew and mould, was like that of a funeral vault.

The large, low-ceilinged room ran the entire length of the house. A raised dais, whose faded carpet had half rotted away, occupied an alcove at one end; upon it four or five wooden stools were placed; one of these was overturned; on another a violin in its baggy green baize cover was lying. Straight high-backed chairs were pushed against the walls on either side; in front of an open fireplace with a low wooden mantel two small cushioned divans were drawn up, with a claw-footed table between them. A silver salver filled with tall glasses was set carelessly on one edge of the table; a half-open fan of sandal-wood lay beside it; a man's glove had fallen on the hearth just within the tarnished brass fender. Cobwebs depended from the ceiling, and hung in loose threads from the mantel; dust was upon everything, thick and motionless; a single ghostly ray of light that filtered in through a crevice in one of the shutters was weighted with gray lustreless motes. The room was empty and silent. The visitors, who had come so stealthily, had as stealthily departed, leaving no trace behind them.

"They have played us a pretty trick," said Keith, gayly. "They must have fled as soon as they saw us start toward the house." He went over to the window from which the girl had looked down into the rose garden, and gave it a shake. The dust flew up in a suffocating cloud, and the spiked nails which secured the upper sash rattled in their places.

"That is like Suzette Beauvais," Félice replied, absently. She was not thinking of Suzette. She had forgotten even the stranger, whose disdainful eyes, fixed upon herself, had moved her sweet nature to something like a rebellious anger. Her thoughts were on the beautiful young mother of alien race, whose name, for some reason, she was forbidden to speak. She saw her glide, gracious and smiling, along the smooth floor; she heard her voice above the call and response of the violins; she breathed the perfume of her laces, backward-blown by the swift motion of the dance!

She strayed dreamily about, touching with an almost reverent finger first one worm-eaten object and then another, as if by so doing she could make the ima-



"SHE FLUSHED, AND HER BROWN EYES DROOPED."

gined scene more real. Her eyes were downcast; the blood beneath her rich dark skin came and went in brilliant flushes on her cheeks; the bronze hair, piled in heavy coils on her small, well-poised head, fell in loose rings on her low forehead and against her white neck; her soft gray gown, following the harmonious lines of her slender figure, seemed to envelop her like a twilight cloud.

"She is adorable," said Richard Keith to himself.

It was the first time that he had been really alone with her, though this was the third week of his stay in the hospitable old mansion where his father and his grandfather before him had been welcome guests. Now that he came to think of it, in that bundle of yellow, time-worn letters from Félix Arnault to Richard Keith, which he had found among his father's papers, was one which described at length a ball in this very ballroom. Was it in celebration of his marriage, or of his home-coming after a tour abroad? Richard could not remember. But he idly recalled portions of other letters, as he stood with his elbow on the mantel watching Félix Arnault's daughter.

"*Your son and my daughter*," the phrase which had made him smile when he read it yonder in his Maryland home, brought now a warm glow to his heart. The half-spoken avowal, the question that had trembled on his lips a few moments ago in the rose garden, stirred impetuously within him.

Félice stepped down from the dais where she had been standing, and came swiftly across the room, as if his unspoken thought had called her to him. A tender rapture possessed him to see her thus drawing toward him; he longed to stretch out his arms and fold her to his breast. He moved, and his hand came in contact with a small object on the mantel. He picked it up. It was a ring, a band of dull worn gold, with a confused tracery graven upon it. He merely glanced at it, slipping it mechanically on his finger. His eyes were full upon hers, which were suffused and shining.

"Did you speak?" she asked, timidly. She had stopped abruptly, and was looking at him with a hesitating, half-bewildered expression.

"No," he replied. His mood had changed. He walked again to the window and examined the clumsy bolt.

"Strange!" he muttered. "I have never seen a face like hers," he sighed, dreamily.

"She was very beautiful," Félice returned, quietly. "I think we must be going," she added. "Mère will be growing impatient." The flush had died out of her cheek, her arms hung listlessly at her side. She shuddered as she gave a last look around the desolate room. "They were dancing here when my mother died," she said to herself.

He preceded her slowly down the stair. The remembrance of the woman began vaguely to stir his senses. He had hardly remarked her then, absorbed as he had been in another idea. Now she seemed to swim voluptuously before his vision; her tantalizing laugh rang in his ears; her pale perfumed hair was blown across his face; he felt its filmy strands upon his lips and eyelids. "Do you think," he asked, turning eagerly on the bottom step, "that they could have gone into any of these rooms?"

She shrank unaccountably from him. "Oh no," she cried. "They are in the rose garden with mère, or they have gone around to the lawn. Come," and she hurried out before him.

Madame Arnault looked at them sharply as they came up to where she was sitting. "No one!" she echoed, in response to Keith's report. "Then they really have gone back?"

"Madame knows dat we is hear de boats pass up de bayou whilse m'sieu an' mam'selle was inside," interposed Marcelite, stooping to pick up her mistress's cane.

"I would not have thought Suzette so—so indiscreet," said Félice. There was a note of weariness in her voice.

Madame Arnault looked anxiously at her and then at Keith. The young man was staring abstractedly at the window, striving to recall the vision that had appeared there, and he felt, rather than saw, his hostess start and change color when her eyes fell upon the ring he was wearing. He lifted his hand covertly, and turned the trinket around in the light, but he tried in vain to decipher the irregular characters traced upon it.

"Let us go in," said the old madame. "Félice, my child, thou art fatigued."

Now when in all her life before was Félice ever fatigued? Félice, whose strong young arms could send a pirogue flying up the bayou for miles; Félice, who was

ever ready for a tramp along the rose-hedged lanes to the swamp lakes when the water-lilies were in bloom; to the sugar-house in grinding-time; down the levee road to St. Joseph's, the little brown ivy-grown church, whose solitary spire arose slim and straight above the encircling trees.

Marcelite gave an arm to her mistress, though, in truth, she seemed to walk a little unsteadily herself. Félice followed with Keith, who was silent and self-absorbed.

The day passed slowly, a constraint had somehow fallen upon the little household. Madame Arnault's fine high-bred old face wore its customary look of calm repose, but her eyes now and then sought her guest with an expression which he could not have fathomed if he had observed it. But he saw nothing. A mocking red mouth; a throat made for the kisses of love; white arms strung with pearls—these were ever before him, shutting away even the pure sweet face of Félice Arnault.

"Why did I not look at her more closely when I had the opportunity, fool that I was?" he asked himself, savagely, again and again, revolving in his mind a dozen pretexts for going at once to the Beauvais plantation, a mile or so up the bayou. But he felt an inexplicable shyness at the thought of putting any of these plans into action, and so allowed the day to drift by. He arose gladly when the hour for retiring came—that hour which he had hitherto postponed by every means in his power. He kissed, as usual, the hand of his hostess, and held that of Félice in his for a moment; but he did not feel its trembling, or see the timid trouble in her soft eyes.

His room in the silent and deserted wing was full of fantastic shadows. He threw himself on a chair beside a window without lighting his lamp. The rose garden outside was steeped in moonlight; the magnolia bells gleamed waxen-white against their glossy green leaves; the vines on the tall trellises threw a soft network of dancing shadows on the white-shelled walks below; the night air stealing about was loaded with the perfume of roses and sweet-olive; a mocking-bird sang in an orange-tree, his mate responding sleepily from her nest in the old summer-house.

"To-morrow," he murmured, half aloud, "I will go to Grandchamp and

give her the ring she left in the old ball-room."

He looked at it glowing dully in the moonlight; suddenly he lifted his head, listening. Did a door grind somewhere near on its hinges? He got up cautiously and looked out. It was not fancy. She was standing full in view on the small balcony of the room next his own. Her white robes waved to and fro in the breeze; the pearls on her arms glistened. Her face, framed in the pale gold of her hair, was turned toward him; a smile curved her lips; her mysterious eyes seemed to be searching his through the shadow. He drew back, confused and trembling, and when, a second later, he looked again, she was gone.

He sat far into the night, his brain whirling, his blood on fire. Who was she, and what was the mystery hidden in this isolated old plantation house? His thoughts reverted to the scene in the rose garden, and he went over and over all its details. He remembered Madame Arnault's agitation when the window opened and the girl appeared; her evident discomfiture—of which at the time he had taken no heed, but which came back to him vividly enough now—at his proposal to visit the ballroom; her startled recognition of the ring on his finger; her slurring suggestion of visitors from Grandchamp; the look of terror on Marcelite's face. What did it all mean? Félice, he was sure, knew nothing. But here, in an unused portion of the house, which even the members of the family had never visited, a young and beautiful girl was shut up a prisoner, condemned perhaps to a life-long captivity.

"Good God!" He leaped to his feet at the thought. He would go and thunder at Madame Arnault's door, and demand an explanation. But no; not yet. He calmed himself with an effort. By too great haste he might injure her. "Insane?" He laughed aloud at the idea of madness in connection with that exquisite creature.

It dawned upon him, as he paced restlessly back and forth, that although his father had been here more than once in his youth and manhood, he had never heard him speak of La Glorieuse nor of Félix Arnault, whose letters he had read after his father's death a few months ago—those old letters whose affectionate warmth indeed had determined him, in the

first desolation of his loss, to seek the family which seemed to have been so bound to his own. Morose and taciturn as his father had been, surely he would sometimes have spoken of his old friend if— Worn out at last with conjecture; beaten back, bruised and breathless, from an enigma which he could not solve; exhausted by listening with strained attention for some movement in the next room, he threw himself on his bed, dressed as he was, and fell into a heavy sleep, which lasted far into the forenoon of the next day.

When he came out (walking like one in a dream), he found a gay party assembled on the lawn in front of the house. Suzette Beauvais and her guests, a bevy of girls, had come from Grandchamp. They had been joined, as they rowed down the bayou, by the young people from the plantation houses on the way. Half a dozen boats, their long paddles laid across the seats, were added to the home fleet at the landing. Their stalwart black rowers were basking in the sun on the levee, or lounging about the quarter. At the moment of his appearance, Suzette herself was indignantly disclaiming any complicity in the jest of the day before.

"Myself, I was making o'ange-flower conserve," she declared; "an' anyhow I wouldn't go in that ballroom unless madame send me."

"But who was it, then?" insisted Félice.

Mademoiselle Beauvais spread out her fat little hands and lifted her shoulders. "*Mo pas connais*," she laughed, dropping into patois.

Madame Arnault here interposed. It was but the foolish conceit of some teasing neighbor, she said, and not worth further discussion. Keith's blood boiled in his veins at this calm dismissal of the subject, but he gave no sign. He saw her glance warily at himself from time to time.

"I will sift the matter to the bottom," he thought, "and I will force her to confess the truth, whatever it may be, before the world."

The noisy chatter and meaningless laughter around him jarred upon his nerves; he longed to be alone with his thoughts; and presently, pleading a headache—indeed his temples throbbed almost to bursting, and his eyes were hot and dry—he quitted the lawn, seeing but not noting until long afterward, when they

smote his memory like a two-edged knife, the pain in Félice's uplifted eyes, and the little sorrowful quiver of her mouth. He strolled around the corner of the house to his apartment. The blinds of the arched window were drawn, and a hazy twilight was diffused about the hall, though it was mid-afternoon outside. As he entered, closing the door behind him, the woman at that moment uppermost in his thoughts came down the dusky silence from the further end of the hall. She turned her inscrutable eyes upon him in passing, and flitted noiselessly and with languid grace up the stairway, the faint swish of her gown vanishing with her. He hesitated a moment, overpowered by conflicting emotions; then he sprang recklessly after her.

He pushed open the ballroom door, reaching his arms out blindly before him. Once more the great dust-covered room was empty. He strained his eyes helplessly into the obscurity. A chill reaction passed over him; he felt himself on the verge of a swoon. He did not this time even try to discover the secret door or exit by which she had disappeared; he looked, with a hopeless sense of discouragement, at the barred windows, and turned to leave the room. As he did so, he saw a handkerchief lying on the threshold of the door. He picked it up eagerly, and pressed it to his lips. A peculiar delicate perfume which thrilled his senses lurked in its gossamer folds. As he was about thrusting it into his breast pocket, he noticed in one corner a small blood-stain fresh and wet. He had then bitten his lip in his excitement.

"I need no further proof," he said aloud, and his own voice startled him, echoing down the long hall. "She is beyond all question a prisoner in this detached building, which has mysterious exits and entrances. She has been forced to promise that she will not go outside of its walls, or she is afraid to do so. I will bring home this monstrous crime. I will release this lovely young woman who dares not speak, yet so plainly appeals to me." Already he saw in fancy her starlike eyes raised to his in mute gratitude, her white hand laid confidently on his arm.

The party of visitors remained at La Glorieuse overnight. The negro fiddlers came in, and there was dancing in the old-fashioned double parlors and on the



"IT WAS ONLY FÉLICE."

moonlit galleries. Félice was unnaturally gay. Keith looked on gloomily, taking no part in the amusement.

"*Il est bien bête*, your yellow-haired Marylander," whispered Suzette Beauvais to her friend.

He went early to his room, but he watched in vain for some sign from his beautiful neighbor. He grew sick with apprehension. Had Madame Arnault—But no; she would not dare. "I will wait one more day," he finally decided; "and then—"

The next morning, after a late breakfast, some one proposed impromptu charades and tableaux. Madame Arnault good-naturedly sent for the keys to the tall presses built into the walls, which contained the accumulated trash and treasure of several generations. Mounted on a stepladder, Robert Beauvais explored the recesses, and threw down to the laughing crowd embroidered shawls and scarfs yellow with age, soft muslins of antique pattern, stiff big-flowered brocades, scraps of gauze ribbon, gossamer laces. On one topmost shelf he came upon a small wooden box inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Félice reached up for it, and, moved by some undefined impulse, Richard came and stood by her side while she opened it. A perfume which he recognized arose from it as she lifted a fold of tissue-paper. Some strings of Oriental pearls of extraordinary size, and perfect in shape and color, were coiled underneath, with a coral necklace, whose pendant of amber had broken off and rolled into a corner. With them—he hardly restrained an exclamation, and his hand involuntarily sought his breast pocket at sight of the handkerchief with a drop of fresh blood in one corner! Félice trembled without knowing why. Madame Arnault, who had just entered the room, took the box from her quietly, and closed the lid with a snap. The girl, accustomed to implicit obedience, asked no questions; the others, engaged in turning over the old-time finery, had paid no attention.

"Does she think to disarm me by such puerile tricks?" he thought, turning a look of angry warning on the old madame; and in the steady gaze which she fixed on him he read a haughty defiance.

He forced himself to enter into the sports of the day, and he walked down to the boat-landing a little before sunset to see the guests depart. As the line of boats swept

away, the black rowers dipping their oars lightly in the placid waves, he turned, with a sense of release, leaving Madame Arnault and Félice still at the landing, and went down the levee road toward St. Joseph's. The field gang, whose red, blue, and brown blouses splotted the squares of cane with color, was preparing to quit work; loud laughter and noisy jests rang out on the air; high-wheeled plantation wagons creaked along the lanes; negro children, with dip-nets and fishing-poles over their shoulders, ran homeward along the levee, the dogs at their heels barking joyously; a schooner, with white sail outspread, was stealing like a fairy barque around a distant bend of the bayou; the silvery waters were turning to gold under a sunset sky.

It was twilight when he struck across the plantation, and came around by the edge of the swamp to the clump of trees in a corner of the home field which he had often remarked from his window. As he approached, he saw a woman come out of the dense shadow, as if intending to meet him, and then draw back again. His heart throbbed painfully, but he walked steadily forward. It was only Félice. *Only Félice!* She was sitting on a flat tombstone. The little spot was the Raymonde-Arnault family burying-ground. There were many marble head-stones and shafts, and two broad low tombs side by side and a little apart from the others. A tangle of rose-briers covered the sunken graves, a rank growth of grass choked the narrow paths, the little gate interlaced and overhung with honeysuckle sagged away from its posts, the fence itself had lost a picket here and there, and weeds flaunted boldly in the gaps. The girl looked wan and ghostly in the lonely dusk.

"This is my father's grave, and my mother is here," she said, abruptly, as he came up and stood beside her. Her head was drooped upon her breast, and he saw that she had been weeping. "See," she went on, drawing her finger along the mildewed lettering: "'Félix Marie-Joseph Arnault. . . . âgé de trente-quatre ans' . . . 'Hélène Pallacier, épouse de Félix Arnault. . . . décédée à l'âge de dix-neuf ans.' Nineteen years old," she repeated, slowly. "My mother was one year younger than I am when she died—my beautiful mother!"

Her voice sounded like a far-away murmur in his ears. He looked at her, vague-

ly conscious that she was suffering. But he did not speak, and after a little she got up and went away. Her dress, which brushed him in passing, was wet with dew. He watched her slight figure, mov-

garden. The moon was under a cloud; the trunks of the crêpe-myrtles were like pale spectres in the uncertain light. The night wind blew in chill and moist from the swamp. The house was dark and



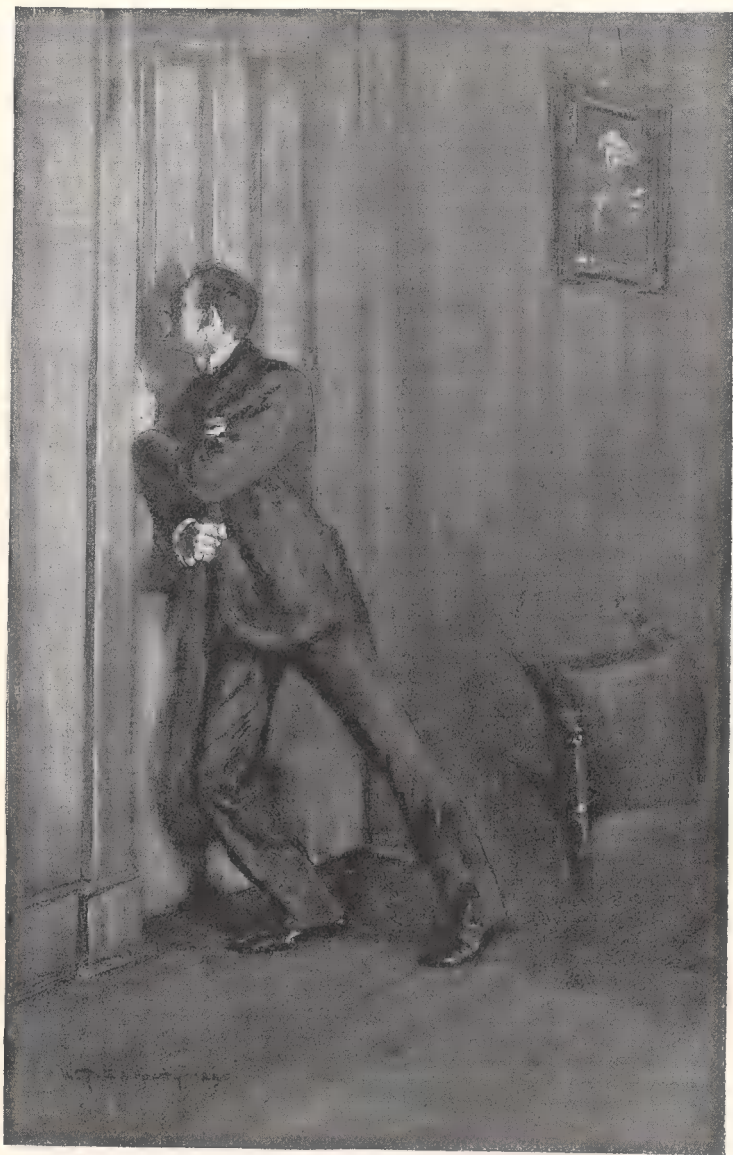
"SHE TURNED SLOWLY AND WENT DOWN THE HALL."

ing like a spirit along the lane, until a turn in the hedge hid her from sight. Then he turned again toward the swamp, and resumed his restless walk.

Some hours later he crossed the rose

quiet, but he heard the blind of an upper window turned stealthily as he stepped into the latticed arcade.

"The old madame is watching me—and her," he said to himself.



"HE THREW HIMSELF AGAINST THE CLOSED DOOR IN A TRANSPORT OF RAGE."

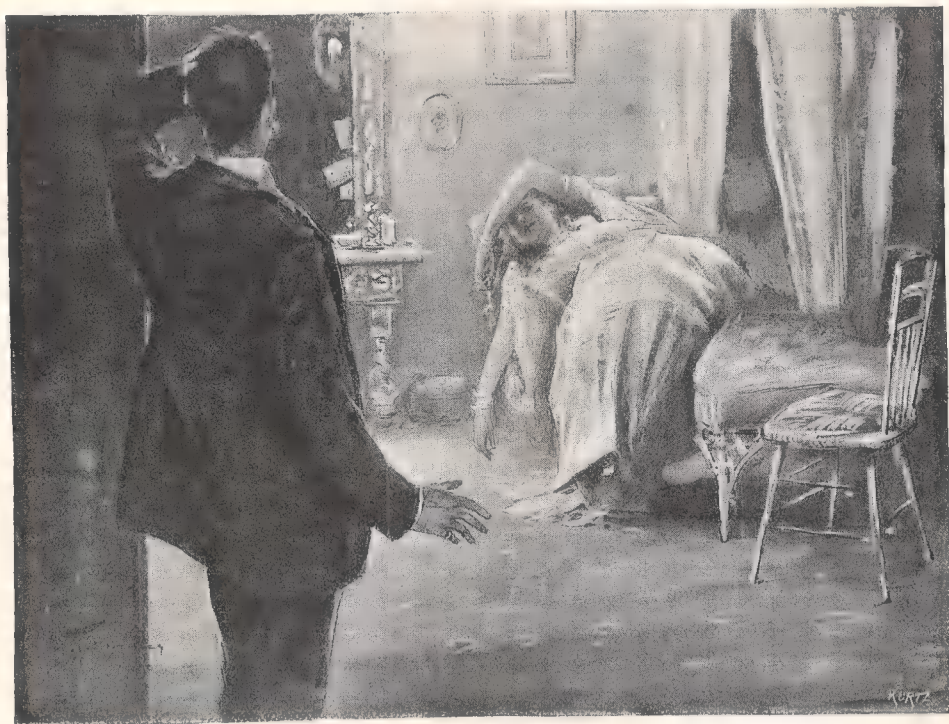
His agitation had now become supreme. The faint familiar perfume that stole about his room filled him with a kind of frenzy. Was this the chivalric devotion of which he had so boasted? this the desire to protect a young and defenceless woman? He no longer dared question himself. He seemed to feel her warm breath against his cheeks. He threw up his arms with

a gesture of despair. A sigh stirred the deathlike stillness. At last! She was there, just within his doorway; the pale glimmer of the veiled moon fell upon her. Her trailing laces wrapped her about like a silver mist; her arms were folded across her bosom; her eyes—he dared not interpret the meaning which he read in those wonderful eyes. She turned slow-

ly and went down the hall. He followed her, reeling like a drunkard. His feet seemed clogged, the blood ran thick in his veins, a strange roaring was in his ears. His hot eyes strained after her as she vanished, just beyond his touch, into the room next his own. He threw himself against the closed door in a transport of rage. It yielded suddenly, as if opened from within. A full blaze of light struck his eyes, blinding him for an instant; then he saw her. A huge four-

er lay across her forehead, and from beneath it her eyes were fixed upon him. He sprang forward with a cry.

At first he could remember nothing. The windows were open; the heavy curtains which shaded them moved lazily in the breeze; a shaft of sunlight that came in between them fell upon the polished surface of the marble mantel. He examined with languid curiosity some trifles that stood there—a pair of Dresden figures, a blue Sèvres vase of graceful shape, a



"IT YIELDED SUDDENLY, AS IF OPENED FROM WITHIN."

posted bed with silken hangings occupied a recess in the room. Across its foot a low couch was drawn. She had thrown herself there. Her head was pillowed on crimson gold-embroidered cushions; her diaphanous draperies, billowing foamlike over her, half concealed, half revealed her lovely form; her hair waved away from her brows, and spread like a shower of gold over the cushions. One bare arm hung to the floor; something jewel-like gleamed in the half-closed hand; the oth-

er lay across her forehead, and from beneath it her eyes were fixed upon him. He sprang forward with a cry. At first he could remember nothing. The windows were open; the heavy curtains which shaded them moved lazily in the breeze; a shaft of sunlight that came in between them fell upon the polished surface of the marble mantel. He examined with languid curiosity some trifles that stood there—a pair of Dresden figures, a blue Sèvres vase of graceful shape, a

of coral. Yes, it was she! He lifted himself on his elbow. He was in bed. Surely this was the room into which she had drawn him with her eyes. Did he sink on the threshold, all his senses swooning into delicious death? Or had he, indeed, in that last moment thrown himself on his knees by her couch? He could not remember, and he sank back with a sigh.

Instantly Madame Arnault was bending over him. Her cool hands were on his forehead. "*Dieu merci!*" she exclaimed, "thou art thyself once more, *mon fils*."

He seized her hand imperiously. "Tell me, madame," he demanded—"tell me, for the love of God! What is she? Who is she? Why have you shut her away in this deserted place? Why—"

She was looking down at him with an expression half of pity, half of pain.

"Forgive me," he faltered, involuntarily, all his darker suspicions somehow vanishing; "but—oh, tell me!"

"Calm thyself, Richard," she said, soothingly, seating herself on the side of the bed, and stroking his hand gently. Too agitated to speak, he continued to gaze at her with imploring eyes. "Yes, yes, I will relate the whole story," she added, hastily, for he was panting and struggling for speech. "I heard you fall last night," she continued, relapsing for greater ease into French; "for I was full of anxiety about you, and I lingered long at my window watching for you. I came at once with Marcelite, and found you lying insensible across the threshold of this room. We lifted you to the bed, and bled you after the old fashion, and then I gave you a tisane of my own making, which threw you into a quiet sleep. I have watched beside you until your waking. Now you are but a little weak from fasting and excitement, and when you have rested and eaten—"

"No," he pleaded; "now, at once!"

"Very well," she said, simply. She was silent a moment, as if arranging her thoughts. "Your grandfather, a Richard Keith like yourself," she began, "was a college-mate and friend of my brother, Henri Raymonde, and accompanied him to La Glorieuse during one of their vacations. I was already betrothed to Monsieur Arnault, but I— No matter! I never saw Richard Keith afterward. But years later he sent your father, who also bore his name, to visit me here. My son, Félix, was but a year or so younger than his

boy, and the two lads became at once warm friends. They went abroad, and pursued their studies side by side, like brothers. They came home together, and when Richard's father died, Félix spent nearly a year with him on his Maryland plantation. They exchanged, when apart, almost daily letters. Richard's marriage, which occurred soon after they left college, strengthened rather than weakened this extraordinary bond between them. Then came on the war. They were in the same command, and hardly lost sight of each other during their four years of service.

"When the war was ended, your father went back to his estates. Félix turned his face homeward, but drifted by some strange chance down to Florida, where he met *her*"—she glanced at the portrait over the mantel. "Hélène Pallacier was Greek by descent, her family having been among those brought over some time during the last century as colonists to Florida from the Greek islands. He married her, barely delaying his marriage long enough to write me that he was bringing home a bride. She was young, hardly more than a child, indeed, and marvellously beautiful"—Keith moved impatiently; he found these family details tedious and uninteresting—"a radiant soulless creature, whose only law was her own selfish enjoyment, and whose coming brought pain and bitterness to La Glorieuse. These were her rooms. She chose them because of the rose garden, for she had a sensuous and passionate love of nature. She used to lie for hours on the grass there, with her arms flung over her head, gazing dreamily at the fluttering leaves above her. The pearls—which she always wore—some coral ornaments, and a handful of amber beads were her only dower, but her caprices were the insolent and extravagant caprices of a queen. Félix, who adored her, gratified them at whatever expense; and I think at first she had a careless sort of regard for him. But she hated the little Félice, whose coming gave her the first pang of physical pain she had ever known. She never offered the child a caress. She sometimes looked at her with a suppressed rage which filled me with terror and anxiety.

When Félice was a little more than a year old, your father came to La Glorieuse to pay us a long-promised visit. His wife had died some months before, and you, a

child of six or seven years, were left in charge of relatives in Maryland. Richard was in the full vigor of manhood, broad-shouldered, tall, blue-eyed, and blond-haired, like his father and like you. From the moment of their first meeting Hélène exerted all the power of her fascination to draw him to her. Never had she been so whimsical, so imperious, so bewitching! Loyal to his friend, faithful to his own high sense of honor, he struggled against a growing weakness, and finally fled. I will never forget the night he went away. A ball had been planned by Félix in honor of his friend. The ballroom was decorated under his own supervision. The house was filled with guests from adjoining parishes; everybody, young and old, came from the plantations around. Hélène was dazzling that night. The light of triumph lit her cheeks; her eyes shone with a softness which I had never seen in them before. I watched her walking up and down the room with Richard, or floating with him in the dance. They were like a pair of radiant godlike visitants from another world. My heart ached for them in spite of my indignation and apprehension; for light whispers were beginning to circulate, and I saw more than one meaning smile directed at them. Félix, who was truth itself, was gayly unconscious.

"Toward midnight I heard far up the bayou the shrill whistle of the little packet which passed up and down then, as now, twice a week; and presently she swung up to our landing. Richard was standing with Hélène by the fireplace. They had been talking for some time in low earnest tones. A sudden look of determination came into his eyes. I saw him draw from his finger a ring which she had one day playfully bade him wear, and offer it to her. His face was white and strained; hers wore a look which I could not fathom. He quitted her side abruptly, and walked rapidly across the room, threading his way among the dancers, and disappeared in the press about the door. A few moments later a note was handed me. I heard the boat steam away from the landing as I read it. It was a hurried line from Richard. He said that he had been called away on urgent business, and he begged me to make his adieux to Madame Arnault and Félix. Félix was worried and perplexed by the sudden departure of his guest. Hélène said not a

word, but very soon I saw her slipping down the stair, and I knew that she had gone to her room. Her absence was not remarked, for the ball was at its height. It was almost daylight when the last dance was concluded, and the guests who were staying in the house had retired to their rooms.

"Félix, having seen to the comfort of all, went at last to join his wife. He burst into my room a second later almost crazed with horror and grief. I followed him to this room. She was lying on a couch at the foot of the bed. One arm was thrown across her forehead, the other hung to the floor, and in her hand she held a tiny silver bottle with a jewelled stopper. A handkerchief, with a single drop of blood upon it, was lying on her bosom. A faint curious odor exhaled from her lips and hung about the room, but the poison had left no other trace.

"No one save ourselves and Marcelite ever knew the truth. She had danced too much at the ball that night, and she had died suddenly of heart-disease. We buried her out yonder in the old Raymonde-Arnault burying-ground. I do not know what the letter contained which Félix wrote to Richard. He never uttered his name afterward. The ballroom, the whole wing, in truth, was at once closed. Everything was left exactly as it was on that fatal night. A few years ago, the house being unexpectedly full, I opened the room in which you have been staying, and it has been used from time to time as a guest-room since. My son lived some years, prematurely old, heart-broken, and desolate. He died with her name on his lips."

Madame Arnault stopped.

A suffocating sensation was creeping over her listener. Only in the last few moments had the signification of the story begun to dawn upon him. "Do you mean," he gasped, "that the girl whom I—that she is—was—"

"Hélène, the dead wife of Félix Arnault," she replied, gravely. "Her restless spirit has walked here before. I have sometimes heard her tantalizing laugh echo through the house, but no one had ever seen her until you came—so like the Richard Keith she loved!"

"When I read your letter," she went on, after a short silence, "which told me that you wished to come to those friends to whom your father had been so dear,



"IN DE NAME O' GAWD WHAR MEK YOU WANTER GO IN SWIMMIN' DIS TIME O' DE YEA', ANYHOW?"

all the past arose before me, and I felt that I ought to forbid your coming. But I remembered how Félix and Richard had loved each other before she came between them. I thought of the other Richard Keith whom I—I loved once; and I dreamed of a union at last between the families. I hoped, Richard, that you and Félice—"

But Richard was no longer listening. He wished to believe the whole fantastic story an invention of the keen-eyed old madame herself. Yet something within him confessed to its truth. A tumultuous storm of baffled desire, of impotent anger, swept over him. The ring he wore burned into his flesh. But he had no thought of removing it—the ring which had once belonged to the beautiful golden-haired woman who had come back from the grave to woo him to her!

He turned his face away and groaned.

Her eyes hardened. She arose stiffly.

"I will send a servant with your breakfast," she said, with her hand on the door. "The down boat will pass La Glorieuse this afternoon. You will perhaps wish to take advantage of it."

He started. He had not thought of going—of leaving her—her! He looked at the portrait on the wall and laughed bitterly.

Madame Arnault accompanied him with ceremonious politeness to the front steps that afternoon.

"Mademoiselle Félice?" he murmured, inquiringly, glancing back at the windows of the sitting-room.

"Mademoiselle Arnault is occupied," she coldly returned. "I will convey to her your farewell."

He looked back as the boat chugged away. Peaceful shadows enwrapped the house and overspread the lawn. A single window in the wing gleamed like a bale-fire in the rays of the setting sun.

The years that followed were years of restless wandering for Richard Keith. He visited his estate but rarely. He went abroad and returned, hardly having set foot to land; he buried himself in the fastnesses of the Rockies; he made a long, aimless sea-voyage. Her image accompanied him everywhere. Between him and all he saw hovered her faultless face; her red mouth smiled at him; her white arms enticed him. His own face became worn and his step listless. He grew silent and gloomy. "He is madder than the old colonel, his father, was," his friends said, shrugging their shoulders.

One day, more than three years after his visit to La Glorieuse, he found himself on a deserted part of the Florida sea-coast. It was late in November, but the sky was soft and the air warm and balmy. He bared his head as he paced moodily to and fro on the silent beach. The waves rolled languidly to his feet and receded, leaving scattered half-wreaths of opalescent foam on the snowy sands. The wind that fanned his face was filled with the spicy odors of the sea. Seized by a capricious impulse, he threw off his clothes and dashed into the surf. The undulating billows closed around him; a singular lassitude passed into his limbs as he swam; he felt himself slowly sinking, as if drawn downward by an invisible hand. He opened his eyes. The waves lapped musically above his head; a tawny glory was all about him, a luminous expanse in which he saw strangely formed creatures moving, darting, rising, falling, coiling, uncoiling.

"You was jes on de eedge er drownin', Mars Dick," said Wiley, his black body-servant, spreading his own clothes on the porch of the little fishing-hut to dry. "In de name o' Gawd whar mek you wanten go in swimmin' dis time o' de yea', anyhow? Ef I hadn' er splunge in an' fotch you out, dey'd er been mo'nin' yander at de plantation, sho!"

His master laughed lazily. "You are right, Wiley," he said; "and you are going to smoke the best tobacco in Maryland as long as you live." He felt buoyant. Youth and elasticity seemed to have come back to him at a bound. He stretched himself on the rough bench, and watched the blue rings of smoke curl lightly away from his cigar. Gradually he was aware of a pair of wistful eyes shining down on him. His heart leaped. They were the

eyes of Félice Arnault! "My God, have I been mad!" he muttered. His eyes sought his hand. The ring, from which he had never been parted, was gone. It had been torn from his finger in his wrestle with the sea. "Get my traps together at once, Wiley," he said. "We are going to La Glorieuse."

"Now you *talkin'*, Mars Dick," assented Wiley, cheerfully.

It was night when he reached the city. First of all, he made inquiries concerning the little packet. He was right; the *Assumption* would leave the next afternoon at five o'clock for Bayou L'Éperon. He went to the same hotel at which he had stopped before when on his way to La Glorieuse. The next morning, too joyous to sleep, he rose early, and went out into the street. A gray uncertain dawn was just struggling into the sky. A few people on their way to market or to early mass were passing along the narrow banquettes; sleepy-eyed women were unbaring the shutters of their tiny shops; high-wheeled milk carts were rattling over the granite pavements; in the vine-hung court-yards, visible here and there through iron *grilles*, parrots were scolding on their perches; children pattered up and down the long, arched corridors; the prolonged cry of an early clothes-pole man echoed, like the note of a winding horn, through the close alleys. Keith sauntered carelessly along.

"In so many hours," he kept repeating to himself, "I shall be on my way to La Glorieuse. The boat will swing into the home landing; the negroes will swarm across the gang-plank, laughing and shouting; Madame Arnault and Félice will come out on the gallery and look, shading their eyes with their hands. Oh, I know quite well that the old madame will greet me coldly at first. Her eyes are like steel when she is angry. But when she knows that I am once more a sane man— And Félice, what if she— But no! Félice is not the kind of woman who loves more than once; and she did love me, God bless her! unworthy as I was."

A carriage, driven rapidly, passed him; his eyes followed it idly, until it turned far away into a side street. He strayed on to the market, where he seated himself on a high stool in *L'Appel du Matin* coffee stall. But a vague, teasing remembrance was beginning to stir in his brain. The turbaned woman on the front seat of

the carriage that had rolled past him yonder, where had he seen that dark, grave, wrinkled face, with the great hoops of gold against either cheek? *Marcelite!* He left the stall and retraced his steps, quickening his pace almost to a run as he went. *Félice* herself, then, might be in the city. He hurried to the street into which the carriage had turned, and glanced down between the rows of wide-eaved cottages with green doors and batten shutters. It had stopped several squares away; there seemed to be a number of people gathered about it. "I will at least satisfy myself," he thought.

As he came up, a bell in a little cross-crowned tower began to ring slowly. The carriage stood in front of a low red brick house, set directly on the street; a silent crowd pressed about the entrance. There was a hush within. He pushed his way along the banquettes to the steps. A young nun, in a brown serge robe, kept guard at the door. She wore a wreath of white artificial roses above her long coarse veil. Something in his face appealed to her, and she found a place for him in the little convent chapel.

Madame Arnault, supported by *Marcelite*, was kneeling in front of the altar, which blazed with candles. She had grown frightfully old and frail. Her face was set, and her eyes were fixed with a rigid stare on the priest who was saying mass. *Marcelite's* dark cheeks were streaming with tears. The chapel, which wore a gala air with its lights and flowers, was filled with people. On the left of the altar, a bishop, in gorgeous robes, was sitting, attended by priests and acolytes; on the right, the wooden panel behind an iron grating had been removed, and beyond, in the nuns' choir, the black-robed sisters of the order were gathered. Heavy veils shrouded their faces and fell to their feet. They held in their hands tall wax candles, whose yellow flames burned steadily in the semi-darkness. Five or six young girls knelt, motionless as statues, in their midst. They also carried tapers, and their rapt faces were turned toward the unseen altar within, of which the outer one is but the visible token. Their eyelids were downcast. Their white veils were thrown back from their calm foreheads, and floated like wings from their shoulders.

He felt no surprise when he saw *Félice*

among them. He seemed to have foreknown always that he should find her thus on the edge of another and mysterious world into which he could not follow her.

Her skin had lost a little of its warm rich tint; the soft rings of hair were drawn away under her veil; her hands were thin, and as waxen as the taper she held. An unearthly beauty glorified her pale face.

"Is it forever too late?" he asked himself in agony, covering his face with his hands. When he looked again the white veil on her head had been replaced by the sombre one of the order. "If I could but speak to her!" he thought; "if she would but once lift her eyes to mine, she would come to me even now!"

Félice! Did the name break from his lips in a hoarse cry that echoed through the hushed chapel, and silenced the voice of the priest? He never knew. But a faint color swept into her cheeks. Her eyelids trembled. In a flash the rose garden at La Glorieuse was before him; he saw the turquoise sky, and heard the mellow chorus of the field gang; the smell of damask-roses was in the air; her little hand was in his.... he saw her coming swiftly toward him across the dusk of the old ballroom; her limpid innocent eyes were smiling into his own.... she was standing on the grassy lawn; the shadows of the leaves flickered over her white gown....

At last the quivering eyelids were lifted. She turned her head slowly, and looked steadily at him. He held his breath. A cart rumbled along the cobble-stones outside; the puny wail of a child sounded across the stillness; a handful of rose leaves from a vase at the foot of the altar dropped on the hem of Madame Arnault's dress. It might have been the gaze of an angel in a world where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage, so pure was it, so passionless, so free of anything like earthly desire.

As she turned her face again toward the altar the bell in the tower above ceased tolling; a triumphant chorus leaped into the air, borne aloft by joyous organ tones. The first rays of the morning sun streamed in through the small windows. Then light penetrated into the nuns' choir, and enveloped like a mantle of gold Sister Mary of the Cross, who in the world had been *Félicité Arnault*.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

A MANUSCRIPT WITH A HISTORY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.—By glancing over the enclosed bundle of rusty old manuscript, you will perceive that I once made a great discovery: the discovery that certain sorts of things which, from the beginning of the world, had always been regarded as merely “curious coincidences”—that is to say, accidents—were no more accidental than is the sending and receiving of a telegram an accident. I made this discovery sixteen or seventeen years ago, and gave it a name—“Mental Telegraphy.” It is the same thing around the outer edges of which the Psychical Society of England began to grope (and play with) four or five years ago, and which they named “Telepathy.” Within the last two or three years they have penetrated toward the heart of the matter, however, and have found out that mind can act upon mind in a quite detailed and elaborate way over vast stretches of land and water. And they have succeeded in doing, by their great credit and influence, what I could never have done—they have convinced the world that mental telegraphy is not a jest, but a fact, and that it is a thing not rare, but exceedingly common. They have done our age a service—and a very great service, I think.

In this old manuscript you will find mention of an extraordinary experience of mine in the mental telegraphic line, of date about the year 1874 or 1875—the one concerning the Great Bonanza book. It was this experience that called my attention to the matter under consideration. I began to keep a record, after that, of such experiences of mine as seemed explicable by the theory that minds telegraph thoughts to each other. In 1878 I went to Germany and began to write the book called *A Tramp Abroad*. The bulk of this old batch of manuscript was written at that time and for that book. But I removed it when I came to revise the volume for the press; for I feared that the public would treat the thing as a joke and throw it aside, whereas I was in earnest.

At home, eight or ten years ago, I tried to creep in under shelter of an authority grave enough to protect the article from ridicule—the *North American Review*. But Mr. Metcalf was too wary for me. He said that to treat these mere “coincidences” seriously was a thing which the *Review* couldn’t dare to do; that I must put either my name or my *nom de plume* to the article, and thus save the *Review* from harm. But I couldn’t consent to that; it would be the surest possible way to defeat my desire that the public should receive the thing seriously, and be willing to stop and give it some fair degree of attention. So I pigeon-holed the MS., because I could not get it published anonymously.

Now see how the world has moved since then. These small experiences of mine, which were too formidable at that time for admission to a grave magazine—if the magazine must allow them to appear as something above and beyond “accidents” and “coincidences”—are trifling and commonplace now, since the flood of light recently cast upon mental telegraphy by the intelligent labors of the Psychical Society. But I think they are worth publishing, just to show what harmless and ordinary matters were considered dangerous and incredible eight or ten years ago.

As I have said, the bulk of this old manuscript was written in 1878; a later part was written from time to time two, three, and four years afterward. The “Postscript” I add today.

MAY, '78.—Another of those apparently trifling things has happened to me which puzzle and perplex all men every now and then, keep them thinking an hour or two, and leave their minds barren of explanation or solution at last. Here it is—and it looks inconsequential enough, I am obliged to say. A few days ago I said: “It must be that Frank Millet doesn’t know we are in Germany, or he would have written long before this. I have been on the point of dropping him a line at least a dozen times during the past six weeks, but I always decided to wait a day or two longer, and see if we shouldn’t hear from him. But now I *will* write.” And so I did. I directed the letter to Paris, and thought, “Now we shall hear from him before this letter is fifty miles from Heidelberg—it always happens so.”

True enough; but *why* should it? That is the puzzling part of it. We are always talking about letters “crossing” each other, for that is one of the very commonest accidents of this life. We call it “accident,” but perhaps we misname it. We have the instinct a dozen times a year that the letter we are writing is going to “cross” the other person’s letter; and if the reader will rack his memory a little he will recall the fact that this presentiment had strength enough to it to make him cut his letter down to a decided briefness, because it would be a waste of time to write a letter which was going to “cross,” and hence be a useless letter. I think that in my experience this instinct

has generally come to me in cases where I had put off my letter a good while in the hope that the other person would write.

Yes, as I was saying, I had waited five or six weeks; then I wrote but three lines, because I felt and seemed to know that a letter from Millet would cross mine. And so it did. He wrote the same day that I wrote. The letters crossed each other. His letter went to Berlin, care of the American minister, who sent it to me. In this letter Millet said he had been trying for six weeks to stumble upon somebody who knew my German address, and at last the idea had occurred to him that a letter sent to the care of the embassy at Berlin might possibly find me.

Maybe it was an "accident" that he finally determined to write me at the same moment that I finally determined to write him, but I think not.

With me the most irritating thing has been to wait a tedious time in a purely business matter, hoping that the other party will do the writing, and then sit down and do it myself, perfectly satisfied that that other man is sitting down at the same moment to write a letter which will "cross" mine. And yet one must go on writing, just the same; because if you get up from your table and postpone, that other man will do the same thing, exactly as if you two were harnessed together like the Siamese twins, and must duplicate each other's movements.

Several months before I left home a New York firm did some work about the house for me, and did not make a success of it, as it seemed to me. When the bill came, I wrote and said I wanted the work perfected before I paid. They replied that they were very busy, but that as soon as they could spare the proper man the thing should be done. I waited more than two months, enduring as patiently as possible the companionship of bells which would fire away of their own accord sometimes when nobody was touching them, and at other times wouldn't ring though you struck the button with a sledge-hammer. Many a time I got ready to write and then postponed it; but at last I sat down one evening and poured out my grief to the extent of a page or so, and then cut my letter suddenly short, because a strong instinct told me that the firm had begun

to move in the matter. When I came down to breakfast next morning the postman had not yet taken my letter away, but the electrical man had been there, done his work, and was gone again! He had received his orders the previous evening from his employers, and had come up by the night train.

If that was an "accident," it took about three months to get it up in good shape.

One evening last summer I arrived in Washington, registered at the Arlington Hotel, and went to my room. I read and smoked until ten o'clock; then, finding I was not yet sleepy, I thought I would take a breath of fresh air. So I went forth in the rain, and tramped through one street after another in an aimless and enjoyable way. I knew that Mr. O——, a friend of mine, was in town, and I wished I might run across him; but I did not propose to hunt for him at midnight, especially as I did not know where he was stopping. Toward twelve o'clock the streets had become so deserted that I felt lonesome; so I stepped into a cigar shop far up the Avenue, and remained there fifteen minutes, listening to some bums discussing national politics. Suddenly the spirit of prophecy came upon me, and I said to myself, "Now I will go out at this door, turn to the left, walk ten steps, and meet Mr. O—— face to face." I did it, too! I could not see his face, because he had an umbrella before it, and it was pretty dark anyhow, but he interrupted the man he was walking and talking with, and I recognized his voice and stopped him.

That I should step out there and stumble upon Mr. O—— was nothing, but that I should know beforehand that I was going to do it was a good deal. It is a very curious thing when you come to look at it. I stood far within the cigar shop when I delivered my prophecy; I walked about five steps to the door, opened it, closed it after me, walked down a flight of three steps to the sidewalk, then turned to the left and walked four or five more, and found my man. I repeat that in itself the thing was nothing; but to know it would happen so *beforehand*, wasn't that really curious?

I have criticised absent people so often, and then discovered, to my humiliation, that I was talking with their relatives, that I have grown superstitious about

that sort of thing and dropped it. How like an idiot one feels after a blunder like that!

We are always mentioning people, and in that very instant they appear before us. We laugh, and say, "Speak of the devil," and so forth, and there we drop it, considering it an "accident." It is a cheap and convenient way of disposing of a grave and very puzzling mystery. The fact is it does seem to happen too often to be an accident.

Now I come to the oddest thing that ever happened to me. Two or three years ago I was lying in bed, idly musing, one morning—it was the 2d of March—when suddenly a red-hot new idea came whistling down into my camp, and exploded with such comprehensive effectiveness as to sweep the vicinity clean of rubbishy reflections, and fill the air with their dust and flying fragments. This idea, stated in simple phrase, was that the time was ripe and the market ready for a certain book; a book which ought to be written at once; a book which must command attention and be of peculiar interest—to wit, a book about the Nevada silver mines. The "Great Bonanza" was a new wonder then, and everybody was talking about it. It seemed to me that the person best qualified to write this book was Mr. William H. Wright, a journalist of Virginia, Nevada, by whose side I had scribbled many months when I was a reporter there ten or twelve years before. He might be alive still; he might be dead; I could not tell; but I would write him, anyway. I began by merely and modestly suggesting that he make such a book; but my interest grew as I went on, and I ventured to map out what I thought ought to be the plan of the work, he being an old friend, and not given to taking good intentions for ill. I even dealt with details, and suggested the order and sequence which they should follow. I was about to put the manuscript in an envelope, when the thought occurred to me that if this book should be written at my suggestion, and then no publisher happened to want it, I should feel uncomfortable; so I concluded to keep my letter back until I should have secured a publisher. I pigeon-holed my document, and dropped a note to my own publisher, asking him to name a day for a business consultation. He was out of town on a far journey. My note remain-

ed unanswered, and at the end of three or four days the whole matter had passed out of my mind. On the 9th of March the postman brought three or four letters, and among them a thick one whose superscription was in a hand which seemed dimly familiar to me. I could not "place" it at first, but presently I succeeded. Then I said to a visiting relative who was present:

"Now I will do a miracle. I will tell you everything this letter contains—date, signature, and all—without breaking the seal. It is from a Mr. Wright, of Virginia, Nevada, and is dated the 2d of March—seven days ago. Mr. Wright proposes to make a book about the silver mines and the Great Bonanza, and asks what I, as a friend, think of the idea. He says his subjects are to be so and so, their order and sequence so and so, and he will close with a history of the chief feature of the book, the Great Bonanza."

I opened the letter, and showed that I had stated the date and the contents correctly. Mr. Wright's letter simply contained what my own letter, written on the same date, contained, and mine still lay in its pigeon-hole, where it had been lying during the seven days since it was written.

There was no clairvoyance about this, if I rightly comprehend what clairvoyance is. I think the clairvoyant professes to actually *see* concealed writing, and read it off word for word. This was not my case. I only seemed to know, and to know absolutely, the contents of the letter in detail and due order, but I had to *word* them myself. I translated them, so to speak, out of Wright's language into my own.

Wright's letter and the one which I had written to him but never sent were in substance the same.

Necessarily this could not come by accident; such elaborate accidents cannot happen. Chance might have duplicated one or two of the details, but she would have broken down on the rest. I could not doubt—there was no tenable reason for doubting—that Mr. Wright's mind and mine had been in close and crystal-clear communication with each other across three thousand miles of mountain and desert on the morning of the 2d of March. I did not consider that both minds *originated* that succession of ideas, but that one mind originated them, and

simply telegraphed them to the other. I was curious to know which brain was the telegrapher and which the receiver, so I wrote and asked for particulars. Mr. Wright's reply showed that his mind had done the originating and telegraphing and mine the receiving. Mark that significant thing, now; consider for a moment how many a splendid "original" idea has been unconsciously stolen from a man three thousand miles away! If one should question that this is so, let him look into the cyclopædia and con once more that curious thing in the history of inventions which has puzzled every one so much—that is, the frequency with which the same machine or other contrivance has been invented at the same time by several persons in different quarters of the globe. The world was without an electric telegraph for several thousand years; then Professor Henry, the American, Wheatstone in England, Morse on the sea, and a German in Munich, all invented it at the same time. The discovery of certain ways of applying steam was made in two or three countries in the same year. Is it not possible that inventors are constantly and unwittingly stealing each other's ideas whilst they stand thousands of miles asunder?

Last spring a literary friend of mine,* who lived a hundred miles away, paid me a visit, and in the course of our talk he said he had made a discovery—conceived an entirely new idea—one which certainly had never been used in literature. He told me what it was. I handed him a manuscript, and said he would find substantially the same idea in that—a manuscript which I had written a week before. The idea had been in my mind since the previous November; it had only entered his while I was putting it on paper, a week gone by. He had not yet written his; so he left it unwritten, and gracefully made over all his right and title in the idea to me.

The following statement, which I have clipped from a newspaper, is true. I had the facts from Mr. Howells's lips when the episode was new:

"A remarkable story of a literary coincidence is told of Mr. Howells's *Atlantic Monthly* serial 'Dr. Breen's Practice.' A lady of Rochester, New York, contributed to the magazine, after 'Dr. Breen's Practice' was in type, a short story which so much resembled Mr. How-

ells's that he felt it necessary to call upon her and explain the situation of affairs in order that no charge of plagiarism might be preferred against him. He showed her the proof-sheets of his story, and satisfied her that the similarity between her work and his was one of those strange coincidences which have from time to time occurred in the literary world."

I had read portions of Mr. Howells's story, both in MS. and in proof, before the lady offered her contribution to the magazine.

Here is another case. I clip it from a newspaper:

"The republication of Miss Alcott's novel *Moods* recalls to a writer in the *Boston Post* a singular coincidence which was brought to light before the book was first published: 'Miss Anna M. Crane, of Baltimore, published *Emily Chester*, a novel which was pronounced a very striking and strong story. A comparison of this book with *Moods* showed that the two writers, though entire strangers to each other, and living hundreds of miles apart, had both chosen the same subject for their novels, had followed almost the same line of treatment up to a certain point, where the parallel ceased, and the dénouements were entirely opposite. And even more curious, the leading characters in both books had identically the same names, so that the names in Miss Alcott's novel had to be changed. Then the book was published by Loring.'"

Four or five times within my recollection there has been a lively newspaper war in this country over poems whose authorship was claimed by two or three different people at the same time. There was a war of this kind over "Nothing to Wear," "Beautiful Snow," "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and also over one of Mr. Will Carleton's early ballads, I think. These were all blameless cases of unintentional and unwitting mental telegraphy, I judge.

A word more as to Mr. Wright. He had had his book in his mind some time; consequently he, and not I, had originated the idea of it. The subject was entirely foreign to my thoughts; I was wholly absorbed in other things. Yet this friend, whom I had not seen and had hardly thought of for eleven years, was able to shoot his thoughts at me across three thousand miles of country, and fill my head with them, to the exclusion of every other interest, in a single moment. He had begun his letter after finishing his work on the morning paper—a little after three o'clock, he said. When it was three

* W. D. Howells.

in the morning in Nevada it was about six in Hartford, where I lay awake thinking about nothing in particular; and just about that time his ideas came pouring into my head from across the continent, and I got up and put them on paper, under the impression that they were my own original thoughts.

I have never seen any mesmeric or clairvoyant performances or spiritual manifestations which were in the least degree convincing—a fact which is not of consequence, since my opportunities have been meagre; but I am forced to believe that one human mind (still inhabiting the flesh) can communicate with another, over any sort of a distance, and without any *artificial* preparation of “sympathetic conditions” to act as a transmitting agent. I suppose that when the sympathetic conditions happen to exist the two minds communicate with each other, and that otherwise they don’t; and I suppose that if the sympathetic conditions could be kept up right along, the two minds would continue to correspond without limit as to time.

Now there is that curious thing which happens to everybody: suddenly a succession of thoughts or sensations flocks in upon you, which startles you with the weird idea that you have ages ago experienced just this succession of thoughts or sensations in a previous existence. The previous existence is possible, no doubt, but I am persuaded that the solution of this hoary mystery lies not there, but in the fact that some far-off stranger has been telegraphing his thoughts and sensations into your consciousness, and that he stopped because some counter-current or other obstruction intruded and broke the line of communication. Perhaps they seem repetitions to you because they *are* repetitions, got at second hand from the other man. Possibly Mr. Brown, the “mind-reader,” reads other people’s minds, possibly he does not; but I know of a surety that I have read another man’s mind, and therefore I do not see why Mr. Brown shouldn’t do the like also.

I wrote the foregoing about three years ago, in Heidelberg, and laid the manuscript aside, purposing to add to it instances of mind-telegraphing from time to time as they should fall under my experience. Meantime the “crossing”

of letters has been so frequent as to become monotonous. However, I have managed to get something useful out of this hint; for now, when I get tired of waiting upon a man whom I very much wish to hear from, I sit down and *compel* him to write, whether he wants to or not; that is to say, I sit down and write him, and then tear my letter up, satisfied that my act has forced him to write me at the same moment. I do not need to mail my letter—the writing it is the only essential thing.

Of course I have grown superstitious about this letter-crossing business—this was natural. We staid awhile in Venice after leaving Heidelberg. One day I was going down the Grand Canal in a gondola, when I heard a shout behind me, and looked around to see what the matter was; a gondola was rapidly following, and the gondolier was making signs to me to stop. I did so, and the pursuing boat ranged up alongside. There was an American lady in it—a resident of Venice. She was in a good deal of distress. She said:

“There’s a New York gentleman and his wife at the Hotel Britannia who arrived a week ago, expecting to find news of their son, whom they have heard nothing about during eight months. There was no news. The lady is down sick with despair; the gentleman can’t sleep or eat. Their son arrived at San Francisco eight months ago, and announced the fact in a letter to his parents the same day. That is the last trace of him. The parents have been in Europe ever since; but their trip has been spoiled, for they have occupied their time simply in drifting restlessly from place to place, and writing letters everywhere and to everybody, begging for news of their son; but the mystery remains as dense as ever. Now the gentleman wants to stop writing and go to cabling. He wants to cable San Francisco. He has never done it before, because he is afraid of—of he doesn’t know what—death of the son, no doubt. But he wants somebody to *advise* him to cable; wants me to do it. Now I simply can’t; for if no news came, that mother yonder would die. So I have chased you up in order to get you to support me in urging him to be patient, and put the thing off a week or two longer; it may be the saving of this lady. Come along; let’s not lose any time.”

So I went along, but I had a programme of my own. When I was introduced to the gentleman I said: "I have some superstitions, but they are worthy of respect. If you will cable San Francisco immediately, you will hear news of your son inside of twenty-four hours. I don't know that you will get the news from San Francisco, but you will get it from somewhere. The only necessary thing is to *cable*—that is all. The news will come within twenty-four hours. Cable Peking, if you prefer; there is no choice in this matter. This delay is all occasioned by your not cabling long ago, when you were first moved to do it."

It seems absurd that this gentleman should have been cheered up by this nonsense, but he was; he brightened up at once, and sent his cablegram; and next day, at noon, when a long letter arrived from his lost son, the man was as grateful to me as if I had really had something to do with the hurrying up of that letter. The son had shipped from San Francisco in a sailing vessel, and his letter was written from the first port he touched at, months afterward.

This incident argues nothing, and is valueless. I insert it only to show how strong is the superstition which "letter-crossing" has bred in me. I was so sure that a cablegram sent to any place, no matter where, would defeat itself by "crossing" the incoming news, that my confidence was able to raise up a hopeless man, and make him cheery and hopeful.

But here are two or three incidents which come strictly under the head of mind-telegraphing. One Monday morning, about a year ago, the mail came in, and I picked up one of the letters and said to a friend: "Without opening this letter I will tell you what it says. It is from Mrs. —, and she says she was in New York last Saturday, and was purposing to run up here in the afternoon train and surprise us, but at the last moment changed her mind and returned westward to her home."

I was right; my details were exactly correct. Yet we had had no suspicion that Mrs. — was coming to New York, or that she had even a remote intention of visiting us.

I smoke a good deal—that is to say, all the time—so, during seven years, I have tried to keep a box of matches handy, behind a picture on the mantel-piece; but I

have had to take it out in trying, because George (colored), who makes the fires and lights the gas, always uses my matches, and never replaces them. Commands and persuasions have gone for nothing with him all these seven years. One day last summer, when our family had been away from home several months, I said to a member of the household:

"Now, with all this long holiday, and nothing in the way to interrupt—"

"I can finish the sentence for you," said the member of the household.

"Do it, then," said I.

"George ought to be able, by practising, to learn to let those matches alone."

It was correctly done. That was what I was going to say. Yet until that moment George and the matches had not been in my mind for three months, and it is plain that the part of the sentence which I uttered offers not the least cue or suggestion of what I was purposing to follow it with.

My mother* is descended from the younger of two English brothers named Lambton, who settled in this country a few generations ago. The tradition goes that the elder of the two eventually fell heir to a certain estate in England (now an earldom), and died right away. This has always been the way with our family. They always die when they could make anything by not doing it. The two Lambtons left plenty of Lambtons behind them; and when at last, about fifty years ago, the English baronetcy was exalted to an earldom, the great tribe of American Lambtons began to bestir themselves—that is, those descended from the elder branch. Ever since that day one or another of these has been fretting his life uselessly away with schemes to get at his "rights." The present "rightful earl"—I mean the American one—used to write me occasionally, and try to interest me in his projected raids upon the title and estates by offering me a share in the latter portion of the spoil; but I have always managed to resist his temptations.

Well, one day last summer I was lying under a tree, thinking about nothing in particular, when an absurd idea flashed into my head, and I said to a member of the household, "Suppose I should live to be ninety-two, and dumb and blind and toothless, and just as I was gasping out what was left of me on my death-bed—"

* She was still living when this was written.

"Wait, I will finish the sentence," said the member of the household.

"Go on," said I.

"Somebody should rush in with a document, and say, 'All the other heirs are dead, and you are the Earl of Durham!'"

That is truly what I was going to say. Yet until that moment the subject had not entered my mind or been referred to in my hearing for months before. A few years ago this thing would have astounded me, but the like could not much surprise me now, though it happened every week; for I think I *know* now that mind can communicate accurately with mind without the aid of the slow and clumsy vehicle of speech.

This age does seem to have exhausted invention nearly; still, it has one important contract on its hands yet—the invention of the *phrenophone*; that is to say, a method whereby the communicating of mind with mind may be brought under command and reduced to certainty and system. The telegraph and the telephone are going to become too slow and wordy for our needs. We must have the *thought* itself shot into our minds from a distance; then, if we need to put it into words, we can do that tedious work at our leisure. Doubtless the something which conveys our thoughts through the air from brain to brain is a finer and subtler form of electricity, and all we need do is to find out how to capture it and how to force it to do its work, as we have had to do in the case of the electric currents. Before the day of telegraphs neither one of these marvels would have seemed any easier to achieve than the other.

While I am writing this, doubtless somebody on the other side of the globe is writing it too. The question is, am I inspiring him or is he inspiring me? I cannot answer that; but that these thoughts have been passing through somebody else's mind all the time I have been setting them down I have no sort of doubt.

I will close this paper with a remark which I found some time ago in Boswell's *Johnson*:

"Voltaire's *Candide* is wonderfully similar in its plan and conduct to Johnson's *Rasselas*; insomuch that I have heard Johnson say that if they had not been published so closely one after the other that there was not time for imita-

tion, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other."

The two men were widely separated from each other at the time, and the sea lay between.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the *Atlantic* for June, 1882, Mr. John Fiske refers to the often-quoted Darwin-and-Wallace "coincidence":

"I alluded, just now, to the 'unforeseen circumstance' which led Mr. Darwin in 1859 to break his long silence, and to write and publish the *Origin of Species*. This circumstance served, no less than the extraordinary success of his book, to show how ripe the minds of men had become for entertaining such views as those which Mr. Darwin propounded. In 1858 Mr. Wallace, who was then engaged in studying the natural history of the Malay Archipelago, sent to Mr. Darwin (as to the man most likely to understand him) a paper, in which he sketched the outlines of a theory identical with that upon which Mr. Darwin had so long been at work. The same sequence of observed facts and inferences that had led Mr. Darwin to the discovery of natural selection and its consequences had led Mr. Wallace to the very threshold of the same discovery; but in Mr. Wallace's mind the theory had by no means been wrought out to the same degree of completeness to which it had been wrought in the mind of Mr. Darwin. In the preface to his charming book on *Natural Selection*, Mr. Wallace, with rare modesty and candor, acknowledges that whatever value his speculations may have had, they have been utterly surpassed in richness and cogency of proof by those of Mr. Darwin. This is no doubt true, and Mr. Wallace has done such good work in further illustration of the theory that he can well afford to rest content with the second place in the first announcement of it.

"The coincidence, however, between Mr. Wallace's conclusions and those of Mr. Darwin was very remarkable. But, after all, coincidences of this sort have not been uncommon in the history of scientific inquiry. Nor is it at all surprising that they should occur now and then, when we remember that a great and pregnant discovery must always be concerned with some question which many of the foremost minds in the world are busy in thinking about. It was so with the discovery of the differential calculus, and again with the discovery of the planet Neptune. It was so with the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and with the establishment of the undulatory theory of light. It was so, to a considerable extent, with the introduction of the new chemistry, with the discovery of the mechanical equivalent of heat, and the

whole doctrine of the correlation of forces. It was so with the invention of the electric telegraph and with the discovery of spectrum analysis. And it is not at all strange that it should have been so with the doctrine of the origin of species through natural selection."

He thinks these "coincidences" were apt to happen because the matters from which they sprang were matters which many of the foremost minds in the world were busy thinking about. But perhaps one man in each case did the telegraphing to the others. The aberrations which gave Leverrier the idea that there must be a planet of such and such mass and such and such an orbit hidden from sight out yonder in the remote abysses of space were not new; they had been noticed by astronomers for generations. Then why should it happen to occur to three people, widely separated—Leverrier, Mrs. Somerville, and Adams—to suddenly go to worrying about those aberrations all at the same time, and set themselves to work to find out what caused them, and to measure and weigh an invisible planet, and calculate its orbit, and hunt it down and catch it?—a strange project which nobody but they had ever thought of before. If one astronomer had invented that odd and happy project fifty years before, don't you think he would have telegraphed it to several others without knowing it?

But now I come to a puzzler. How is it that *inanimate* objects are able to affect the mind? They seem to do that. However, I wish to throw in a parenthesis first—just a reference to a thing everybody is familiar with—the experience of receiving a clear and particular *answer* to your telegram before your telegram has reached the sender of the answer. That is a case where your telegram has gone straight from your brain to the man it was meant for, far outstripping the wire's slow electricity, and it is an exercise of mental telegraphy which is as common as dining. To return to the influence of inanimate things. In the cases of non-professional clairvoyance examined by the Psychical Society the clairvoyant has usually been blindfolded, then some object which has been touched or worn by a person is placed in his hand; the clairvoyant immediately describes that person, and goes on and gives a history of some event with which the text object has been connected. If the inanimate object is able to affect and inform the clairvoyant's

mind, maybe it can do the same when it is working in the interest of mental telegraphy. Once a lady in the West wrote me that her son was coming to New York to remain three weeks, and would pay me a visit if invited, and she gave me his address. I mislaid the letter, and forgot all about the matter till the three weeks were about up. Then a sudden and fiery irruption of remorse burst up in my brain that illuminated all the region round about, and I sat down at once and wrote to the lady and asked for that lost address. But, upon reflection, I judged that the stirring up of my recollection had not been an accident, so I added a postscript to say, never mind, I should get a letter from her son before night. And I did get it; for the letter was already in the town, although not delivered yet. It had influenced me somehow. I have had so many experiences of this sort—a dozen of them at least—that I am nearly persuaded that inanimate objects do not confine their activities to helping the clairvoyant, but do every now and then give the mental telegraphist a lift.

The case of mental telegraphy which I am coming to now comes under I don't exactly know what head. I clipped it from one of our local papers six or eight years ago. I know the details to be right and true, for the story was told to me in the same form by one of the two persons concerned (a clergyman of Hartford) at the time that the curious thing happened:

"A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE. — Strange coincidences make the most interesting of stories and most curious of studies. Nobody can quite say how they come about, but everybody appreciates the fact when they do come, and it is seldom that any more complete and curious coincidence is recorded of minor importance than the following, which is absolutely true, and occurred in this city:

"At the time of the building of one of the finest residences of Hartford, which is still a very new house, a local firm supplied the wall-paper for certain rooms, contracting both to furnish and to put on the paper. It happened that they did not calculate the size of one room exactly right, and the paper of the design selected for it fell short just half a roll. They asked for delay enough to send on to the manufacturers for what was needed, and were told that there was no especial hurry. It happened that the manufacturers had none on hand, and had destroyed the blocks from which it was printed. They wrote that they had a full list of the dealers to whom they had sold that paper, and that they would write to

each of these, and get from some of them a roll. It might involve a delay of a couple of weeks, but they would surely get it.

"In the course of time came a letter saying that, to their great surprise, they could not find a single roll. Such a thing was very unusual, but in this case it had so happened. Accordingly the local firm asked for further time, saying they would write to their own customers who had bought of that pattern, and would get the piece from them. But, to their surprise, this effort also failed. A long time had now elapsed, and there was no use of delaying any longer. They had contracted to paper the room, and their only course was to take off that which was insufficient and put on some other of which there was enough to go around. Accordingly at length a man was sent out to remove the paper. He got his apparatus ready, and was about to begin work, under the direction of the owner of the building, when the latter was for the moment called away. The house was large and very interesting, and so many people had rambled about it that finally admission had been refused by a sign at the door. On the occasion, however, when a gentleman had knocked and asked for leave to look about, the owner, being on the premises, had been sent for to reply to the request in person. That was the call that for the moment delayed the final preparations. The gentleman went to the door and admitted the stranger, saying he would show him about the house, but first must return for a moment to that room to finish his directions there, and he told the curious story about the paper as they went on. They entered the room together, and the first thing the stranger, who lived fifty miles away, said on looking about was, 'Why, I have that very paper on a room in my house, and I have an extra roll of it laid away, which is at your service.' In a few days the wall was papered according to the original contract. Had not the owner been at the house, the stranger would not have been admitted; had he called a day later, it would have been too late; had not the facts been almost accidentally told to him, he would probably have said nothing of the paper, and so on. The exact fitting of all the circumstances is something very remarkable, and makes one of those stories that seem hardly accidental in their nature."

Something that happened the other day brought my hoary MS. to mind, and that is how I came to dig it out from its dusty pigeon-hole grave for publication. The thing that happened was a question. A lady asked it: "Have you ever had a vision—when awake?" I was about to answer promptly, when the last two words of the question began to grow and spread and swell, and presently they attained to vast dimensions. She did not

know that they were important; and I did not at first, but I soon saw that they were putting me on the track of the solution of a mystery which had perplexed me a good deal. You will see what I mean when I get down to it. Ever since the English Society for Psychical Research began its searching investigations of ghost stories, haunted houses, and apparitions of the living and the dead, I have read their pamphlets with avidity as fast as they arrived. Now one of their commonest inquiries of a dreamer or a vision-seer is, "Are you sure you were awake at the time?" If the man can't say he is sure he was awake, a doubt falls upon his tale right there. But if he is positive he was awake, and offers reasonable evidence to substantiate it, the fact counts largely for the credibility of his story. It does with the society, and it did with me until that lady asked me the above question the other day.

The question set me to considering, and brought me to the conclusion that you can be asleep—at least wholly unconscious—for a time, and not suspect that it has happened, and not have any way to prove that it *has* happened. A memorable case was in my mind. About a year ago I was standing on the porch one day, when I saw a man coming up the walk. He was a stranger, and I hoped he would ring and carry his business into the house without stopping to argue with me; he would have to pass the front door to get to me, and I hoped he wouldn't take the trouble; to help, I tried to look like a stranger myself—it often works. I was looking straight at that man; he had got to within ten feet of the door and within twenty-five feet of me—and suddenly he disappeared. It was as astounding as if a church should vanish from before your face and leave nothing behind it but a vacant lot. I was unspeakably delighted. I had seen an apparition at last, with my own eyes, in broad daylight. I made up my mind to write an account of it to the society. I ran to where the spectre had been, to make sure he was playing fair, then I ran to the other end of the porch, scanning the open grounds as I went. No, everything was perfect; he couldn't have escaped without my seeing him; he was an apparition, without the slightest doubt, and I would write him up before he was cold. I ran, hot with excitement, and let myself in with a latch-key. When

I stepped into the hall my lungs collapsed and my heart stood still. For there sat that same apparition in a chair, all alone, and as quiet and reposeful as if he had come to stay a year! The shock kept me dumb for a moment or two, then I said, "Did you come in at that door?"

"Yes."

"Did *you* open it, or did you ring?"

"I rang, and the colored man opened it."

I said to myself: "This is astonishing. It takes George all of two minutes to answer the door-bell when he is in a hurry, and I have never seen him in a hurry. How *did* this man stand two minutes at that door, within five steps of me, and I did not see him?"

I should have gone to my grave puzzling over that riddle but for that lady's chance question last week: "Have you ever had a vision—when awake?" It

stands explained now. During at least sixty seconds that day I was asleep, or at least totally unconscious, without suspecting it. In that interval the man came to my immediate vicinity, rang, stood there and waited, then entered and closed the door, and I did not see him and did not hear the door slam.

If he had slipped around the house in that interval and gone into the cellar—he had time enough—I should have written him up for the society, and magnified him, and gloated over him, and hurrahed about him, and thirty yoke of oxen could not have pulled the belief out of me that I was of the favored ones of the earth, and had seen a vision—while wide awake.

Now how are you to tell when you are awake? What are you to go by? People bite their fingers to find out. Why, you can do that in a dream.

HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IT was at the end of the first act of the first night of *The Sultana*, and every member of the Lester Comic Opera Company, from Lester himself down to the wardrobe woman's son, who would have had to work if his mother lost her place, was sick with anxiety.

There is perhaps only one other place as feverish as it is behind the scenes on the first night of a comic opera, and that is possibly a newspaper office on the last night of a Presidential campaign, when the returns are being flashed on the canvas outside, and the mob is howling, and the editor-in-chief is expecting to go to the Court of St. James if the election comes his way, and the office-boy is betting his wages that it won't. Such nights as these try men's souls, but Van Bibber passed the stage-door man with as calmly polite a nod as though the piece had been running a hundred nights, and the manager was thinking up souvenirs for the one hundred and fiftieth, and the prima donna had as usual begun to hint for a new set of costumes. The stage-door keeper hesitated and was lost, and Van Bibber stepped into the unsuppressed excitement of the place with a pleased sniff at the familiar smell of paint and burning gas, and the dusty odor that came from the scene lofts above.

For a moment he hesitated in the cross-

lights and confusion about him, and failed to recognize in their new costumes his old acquaintances of the company, but he saw Kripps, the stage-manager, in the centre of the stage, perspiring and in his shirt sleeves as always, wildly waving an arm to some one in the flies, and beckoning with the other to the gas-man in the front entrance. The stage hands were striking the scene for the first act, and fighting with the set for the second, and dragging out a canvas floor of tessellated marble, and running a throne and a practical pair of steps over it, and aiming the high quaking walls of a palace and abuse at whoever came in their way.

"Now then, Van Bibber," shouted Kripps, with a wild glance of recognition, as the white and black figure came toward him, "you know you're the only man in New York who gets behind here to-night. But you can't stay. Lower it, lower it, can't you?" This to the man in the flies. "Any other night goes, but not this night. I can't have it. I—Where is the backing for the centre entrance? Didn't I tell you men—"

Van Bibber dodged two stage hands who were steering a scene at him, stepped over the carpet as it unrolled, and brushed through a group of anxious, whispering chorus people into the quiet of the star's dressing-room.

The star saw him in the long mirror before which he sat, while his dresser tugged at his boots, and threw up his hands desperately.

"Well," he cried, in mock resignation, "are we in it or are we not? Are they in their seats still or have they fled?"

"How are you, John?" said Van Bibber to the dresser. Then he dropped into a big arm-chair in the corner, and got up again with a protesting sigh to light his cigar between the wires around the gas-burner. "Oh, it's going very well. I wouldn't have come around if it wasn't. If the rest of it is as good as the first act, you needn't worry."

Van Bibber's unchallenged freedom behind the scenes had been a source of much comment and perplexity to the members of the Lester Comic Opera Company. He had made his first appearance there during one hot night of the long run of the previous summer, and had continued to be an almost nightly visitor for several weeks. At first it was supposed that he was backing the piece, that he was the "Angel," as those weak and wealthy individuals are called who allow themselves to be led into supplying the finances for theatrical experiments. But as he never peered through the curtain hole to count the house, or made frequent trips to the front of it to look at the box sheet, but was, on the contrary, just as undisturbed on a rainy night as on those when the "standing room only" sign blocked the front entrance, this supposition was discarded as untenable. Nor did he show the least interest in the prima donna, or in any of the other pretty women of the company; he did not know them, nor did he make any effort to know them, and it was not until they inquired concerning him outside of the theatre that they learnt what a figure in the social life of the city he really was. He spent most of his time in Lester's dressing-room smoking, and in encouraging Lester's dresser to reminisce when Lester was on the stage, and this seclusion and his clerical attire of evening dress led the second comedian to call him Lester's father confessor, and to suggest that he came to the theatre only to take the star to task for his sins. And in this the second comedian was unknowingly not so very far wrong. Lester the comedian and young Van Bibber had known each other at the university, when Lester's voice and gift of mimicry had made him the leader in the

college theatricals, and later, when he had gone upon the stage, and had been cut off by his family even after he had become famous, or on account of it, Van Bibber had gone to visit him, and had found him as simple and sincere and boyish as he had been in the days of his Hasty Pudding successes. And Lester, for his part, had found Van Bibber as likable as did every one else, and welcomed his quiet voice and youthful knowledge of the world as a grateful relief to the boisterous *camaraderie* of his professional acquaintances. And he allowed Van Bibber to scold him, and to remind him of what he owed to himself, and to touch, even whether it hurt or not, upon his better side. And in time he admitted to finding his friend's occasional comments on stage matters of value as coming from the point of view of those who look on at the game; and even Kripps, the veteran, regarded him with respect after he had told him that he could turn a set of purple costumes black by throwing a red light on them. To the company, after he came to know them, he was gravely polite, and, to those who knew him if they had overheard, amusingly commonplace in his conversation. He understood them better than they did themselves, and made no mistakes. The women smiled on him, but the men were suspicious and shy of him until they saw that he was quite as shy of the women, and then they made him a confidant, and told him all their woes and troubles, and exhibited all their little jealousies and ambitions, in the innocent hope that he would repeat what they said to Lester. They were simple, unconventional, light-hearted folk, and Van Bibber found them vastly more entertaining and preferable to the silence of the deserted club, where the matting was down, and from whence the regular *habitués* had departed to the other side or to Newport. He liked the swing of the light bright music as it came to him through the open door of the dressing-room, and the glimpse he got of the chorus people crowding and pushing for a quick change up the iron stairway, and the feverish smell of oxygen in the air, and the picturesque disorder of Lester's wardrobe, and the wigs and swords, and the mysterious articles of make-up, all mixed together on a tray with half-finished cigars and autograph books and newspaper "notices." And he often wished he was clever enough to be

an artist with talent enough to paint the unconsciously graceful groups in the sharply divided light and shadow of the wings as he saw them. The brilliantly colored, fantastically clothed girls leaning against the bare brick wall of the theatre, or whispering together in circles, with their arms close about one another, or reading apart and solitary, or working at some piece of fancy-work as soberly as though they were in a rocking-chair in their own flat, and not leaning against a scene brace, with the glare of the stage and the applause of the house just behind them. He liked to watch them coquetting with the big fireman detailed from the precinct engine-house, and clinging desperately to the curtain wire, or with one of the chorus men on the stairs, or teasing the phlegmatic scene-shifters as they tried to catch a minute's sleep on a pile of canvas. He even forgave the prima donna's smiling at him from the stage, as he stood watching her from the wings, and smiled back at her with polite cynicism, as though he did not know and she did not know that her smiles were not for him, but to disturb some more interested one in the front row. And so, in time, the company became so well accustomed to him that he moved in and about as unnoticed as the stage-manager himself, who prowled around hissing "hush" on principle, even though he was the only person who could fairly be said to be making a noise.

The second act was on, and Lester came off the stage and ran to the dressing-room and beckoned violently. "Come here," he said; "you ought to see this; the children are doing their turn. You want to hear them. They're great!"

Van Bibber put his cigar into a tumbler and stepped out into the wings. They were crowded on both sides of the stage with the members of the company; the girls were tiptoeing, with their hands on the shoulders of the men, and making futile little leaps into the air to get a better view, and others were resting on one knee that those behind might see over their shoulders. There were over a dozen children before the foot-lights, with the prima donna in the centre. She was singing the verses of a song, and they were following her movements, and joining in the chorus with high piping voices. They seemed entirely too much at home and too self-conscious to please Van Bib-

ber; but there was one exception. The one exception was the smallest of them, a very, very little girl, with long auburn hair and black eyes. Such a very little girl that every one in the house looked at her first, and then looked at no one else. She was apparently as unconcerned to all about her, excepting the pretty prima donna, as though she were by a piano at home practising a singing lesson. She seemed to think it was some new sort of a game. When the prima donna raised her arms, the child raised hers; when the prima donna courtesied, she stumbled into one, and straightened herself just in time to get the curls out of her eyes, and to see that the prima donna was laughing at her, and to smile cheerfully back, as if to say, "We are doing our best anyway, aren't we?" She had big gentle eyes and two wonderful dimples, and in the excitement of the dancing and the singing her eyes laughed and flashed, and the dimples deepened and disappeared and reappeared again. She was as happy and innocent looking as though it were nine in the morning and she was playing school at a kindergarten. From all over the house the women were murmuring their delight, and the men were laughing and pulling their mustaches and nudging each other to "look at the littlest one."

The girls in the wings were rapturous in their enthusiasm, and were calling her absurdly extravagant titles of endearment, and making so much noise that Kripps stopped grinning at her from the entrance, and looked back over his shoulder as he looked when he threatened fines and calls for early rehearsal. And when she had finished finally, and the prima donna and the children ran off together, there was a roar from the house that went to Lester's head like wine, and seemed to leap clear across the foot-lights and drag the children back again.

"That settles it!" cried Lester, in a suppressed roar of triumph. "I knew that child would catch them."

There were four encores, and then the children and Elise Broughten, the pretty prima donna, came off jubilant and happy, with the Littlest Girl's arms full of flowers, which the management had with kindly forethought prepared for the prima donna, but which that delightful young person and the delighted leader of the orchestra had passed over to the little girl.

"Well," gasped Miss Broughten, as she came up to Van Bibber laughing, and with one hand on her side and breathing very quickly, "will you kindly tell me who is the leading woman now? Am I the prima donna, or am I not? I wasn't in it, was I?"

"You were not," said Van Bibber.

He turned from the pretty prima donna and hunted up the wardrobe woman, and told her he wanted to meet the Littlest Girl. And the wardrobe woman, who was fluttering wildly about, and as delighted as though they were all her own children, told him to come into the property-room, where the children were, and which had been changed into a dressing-room that they might be by themselves. The six little girls were in six different states of dishabille, but they were too little to mind that, and Van Bibber was too polite to observe it.

"This is the little girl, sir," said the wardrobe woman, excitedly, proud at being the means of bringing together two such prominent people. "Her name is Madeline. Speak to the gentleman, Madeline; he wants to tell you what a great big hit youse made."

The little girl was seated on one of the cushions of a double throne so high from the ground that the young woman who was pulling off the child's silk stockings and putting woollen ones on in their place did so without stooping. The young woman looked at Van Bibber and nodded somewhat doubtfully and ungraciously, and Van Bibber turned to the little girl in preference. The young woman's face was one of a type that was too familiar to be pleasant.

He took the Littlest Girl's small hand in his and shook it solemnly, and said: "I am very glad to know you. Can I sit up here beside you, or do you rule alone?"

"Yes, ma'am—yes, sir," answered the little girl.

Van Bibber put his hands on the arms of the throne and vaulted up beside the girl, and pulled out the flower in his button-hole and gave it to her.

"Now," prompted the wardrobe woman, "what do you say to the gentleman?"

"Thank you, sir," stammered the little girl.

"She is not much used to gentlemen's society," explained the woman who was pulling on the stockings.

"I see," said Van Bibber. He did not know exactly what to say next. And yet he wanted to talk to the child very much, so much more than he generally wanted to talk to most young women, who showed no hesitation in talking to him. With them he had no difficulty whatsoever. There was a doll lying on the top of a chest near them, and he picked this up and surveyed it critically. "Is this your doll?" he asked.

"No," said Madeline, pointing to one of the children, who was much taller than herself; "it's 'at 'tittle durl's. My doll he's dead."

"Dear me!" said Van Bibber. He made a mental note to get a live one in the morning, and then he said: "That's very sad. Was it the heir-apparent?"

The little girl looked up at him, and surveyed him intently and critically, and then smiled, with the dimples showing, as much as to say that she understood him and approved of him entirely. Van Bibber answered this sign language by taking Madeline's hand in his and asking her how she liked being a great actress, and how soon she would begin to storm because *that* photographer hadn't sent the proofs. The young woman understood this, and deigned to smile at it, but Madeline yawned a very polite and sleepy yawn, and closed her eyes. Van Bibber moved up closer, and she leaned over until her bare shoulder touched his arm, and while the woman buttoned on her absurdly small shoes, she let her curly head fall on his elbow and rest there. Any number of people had shown confidence in Van Bibber—not in that form exactly, but in the same spirit—and though he was used to being trusted, he felt a sharp thrill of pleasure at the touch of the child's head on his arm, and in the warm clasp of her fingers around his. And he was conscious of a keen sense of pity and sorrow for her rising in him, which he crushed by thinking that it was entirely wasted, and that the child was probably perfectly and ignorantly happy.

"Look at that, now," said the wardrobe woman, catching sight of the child's closed eyelids; "just look at the rest of the little dears, all that excited they can't stand still to get their hats on, and she just as unconcerned as you please, and after making the hit of the piece too."

"She's not used to it, you see," said

the young woman, knowingly; "she don't know what it means. It's just that much play to her."

This last was said with a questioning glance at Van Bibber, in whom she still feared to find the disguised agent of a Children's Aid Society. Van Bibber only nodded in reply, and did not answer her, because he found he could not very well, for he was looking a long way ahead at what the future was to bring to the confiding little being at his side, and of the evil knowledge and temptations that would mar the beauty of her quaintly sweet face, and its strange mark of gentleness and refinement. Outside he could hear his friend Lester shouting the refrain of his new topical song, and the laughter and the hand-clapping came in through the wings and open door, broken but tumultuous.

"Does she come of professional people?" Van Bibber asked, dropping into the vernacular. He spoke softly, not so much that he might not disturb the child, but that she might not understand what he said.

"Yes," the woman answered, shortly, and bent her head to smooth out the child's stage dress across her knees.

Van Bibber touched the little girl's head with his hand and found that she was asleep, and so let his hand rest there, with the curls between his fingers. "Are—are you her mother?" he asked, with a slight inclination of his head. He felt quite confident she was not; at least, he hoped not.

The woman shook her head. "No," she said.

"Who is her mother?"

The woman looked at the sleeping child and then up at him almost defiantly. "Ida Clare was her mother," she said.

Van Bibber's protecting hand left the child as suddenly as though something had burnt it, and he drew back so quickly that her head slipped from his arm, and she awoke and raised her eyes and looked up at him questioningly. He looked back at her with a glance of the strangest concern and of the deepest pity. Then he stooped and drew her toward him very tenderly, put her head back in the corner of his arm, and watched her in silence while she smiled drowsily and went to sleep again.

"And who takes care of her now?" he asked.

The woman straightened herself and seemed relieved. She saw that the stranger had recognized the child's pedigree and knew her story, and that he was not going to comment on it. "I do," she said. "After the divorce Ida came to me," she said, speaking more freely. "I used to be in her company when she was doing *Aladdin*, and then when I left the stage and started to keep an actors' boarding-house, she came to me. She lived on with us a year, until she died, and she made me the guardian of the child. I train children for the stage, you know, me and my sister, Ada Dyer; you've heard of her, I guess. The courts pay us for her keep, but it isn't much, and I'm expecting to get what I spent on her from what she makes on the stage. Two of them other children are my pupils; but they can't touch Madie. She is a better dancer an' singer than any of them. If it hadn't been for the Society keeping her back, she would have been on the stage two years ago. She's great, she is. She'll be just as good as her mother was."

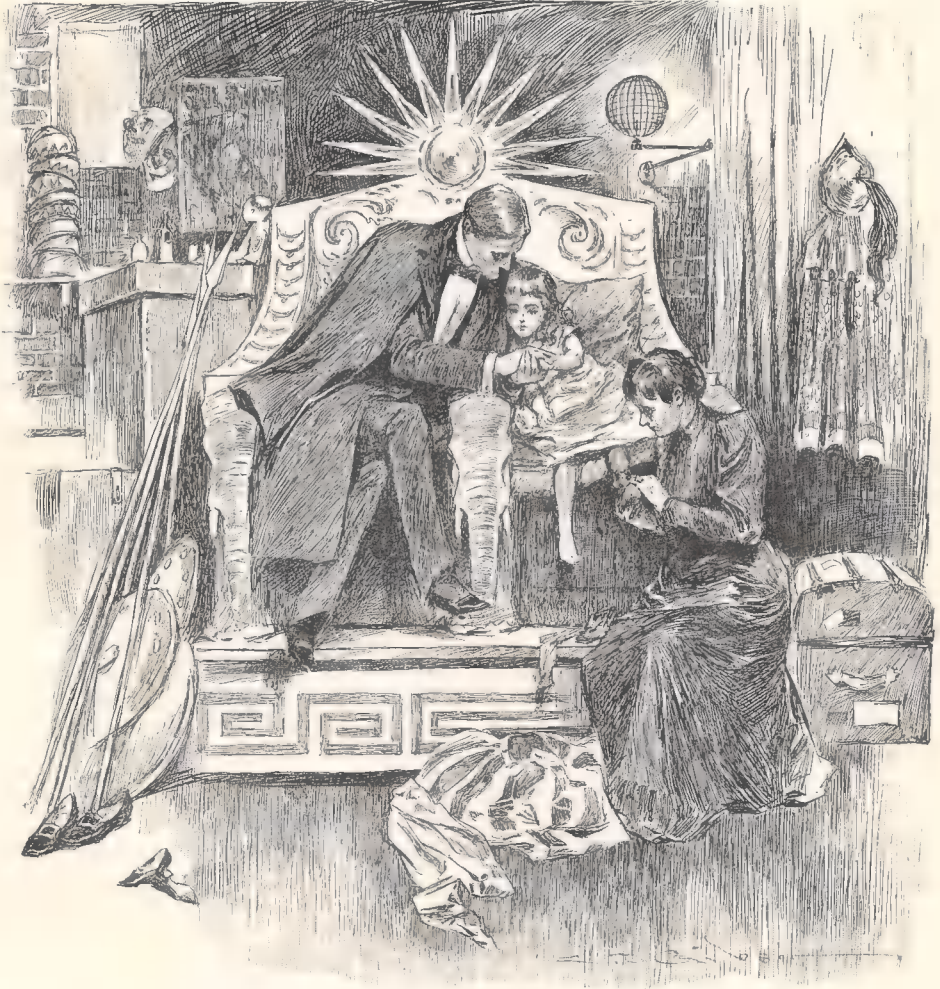
Van Bibber gave a little start, and winced visibly, but turned it off into a cough. "And her father," he said, hesitatingly—"does he—"

"Her father," said the woman, tossing back her head—"he looks after himself, he does. We don't ask no favors of *him*. She'll get along without him or his folks, thank you. Call him a gentleman? Nice gentleman he is!" Then she stopped abruptly. "I guess, though, you know him," she added. "Perhaps he's a friend of yours?"

"I just know him," said Van Bibber, wearily.

He sat with the child asleep beside him while the woman turned to the others and dressed them for the third act. She explained that Madie would not appear in the last act, only the two larger girls, so she let her sleep, with the cape of Van Bibber's cloak around her.

Van Bibber sat there for several long minutes thinking, and then looked up quickly, and dropped his eyes again as quickly, and said, with an effort to speak quietly and unconcernedly: "If the little girl is not on in this act would you mind if I took her home? I have a cab at the stage-door, and she's so sleepy it seems a pity to keep her up. The sister you spoke of or some one could put her to bed."



"CAN I SIT UP HERE BESIDE YOU, OR DO YOU RULE ALONE?"

"Yes," the woman said, doubtfully, "Ada's home. Yes, you can take her around, if you want to."

She gave him the address, and he sprang down to the floor, and gathered the child up in his arms and stepped out on the stage. The prima donna had the centre of it to herself at that moment, and all the rest of the company were waiting to go on, but when they saw the little girl in Van Bibber's arms they made a rush at her, and the girls leaned over and kissed her with a great show of rapture and with many gasps of delight.

"Don't," said Van Bibber, he could not tell just why. "Don't."

"Why not?" asked one of the girls, looking up at him sharply.

"She was asleep; you've wakened her," he said, gently.

But he knew that was not the reason. He stepped into the cab at the stage entrance, and put the child carefully down in one corner. Then he looked back over his shoulder to see that there was no one near enough to hear him, and said to the driver, "To the Berkeley Flats, on Fifth Avenue." He picked the child up gently in his arms as the carriage started, and sat looking out thoughtfully and anxiously as they flashed past the lighted shop windows on Broadway. He was far from certain of this errand, and nervous

with doubt, but he reassured himself that he was acting on impulse, and that his impulses were so often good. The hall-boy at the Berkeley said, yes, Mr. Caruthers was in, and Van Bibber gave a quick sigh of relief. He took this as an omen that his impulse was a good one. The young English servant who opened the hall door to Mr. Caruthers's apartment suppressed his surprise with an effort, and watched Van Bibber with alarm as he laid the child on the divan in the hall, and pulled a covert coat from the rack to throw over her.

"Just say Mr. Van Bibber would like to see him," he said, "and you need not speak of the little girl having come with me."

She was still sleeping, and Van Bibber turned down the light in the hall, and stood looking down at her gravely while the servant went to speak to his master.

"Will you come this way, please, sir?" he said.

"You had better stay out here," said Van Bibber, "and come and tell me if she wakes."

Mr. Caruthers was standing by the mantel over the empty fireplace, wrapped in a long loose dressing-gown which he was tying around him as Van Bibber entered. He was partly undressed, and had been just on the point of getting into bed. Mr. Caruthers was a tall, handsome man with dark reddish hair turning below the temples into gray, his mustache was quite white, and his eyes and face showed the signs of either dissipation or of great trouble, or of both. But even in the formless dressing-gown he had the look and the confident bearing of a gentleman, or, at least, of the man of the world. The room was very rich-looking, and was filled with the medley of a man's choice of good paintings and fine china, and papered with irregular rows of original drawings and signed etchings. The windows were open, and the lights were turned very low, so that Van Bibber could see the many gas lamps and the dark roofs of Broadway and the Avenue where they crossed a few blocks off, and the bunches of light on the Madison Square Garden, and to the lights on the boats of the East River. From below in the streets came the rattle of hurrying omnibuses and the rush of the hansom cabs. If Mr. Caruthers was surprised at this late visit he hid it, and

came forward to receive his caller as if his presence was expected.

"Excuse my costume, will you?" he said. "I turned in rather early to-night, it was so hot." He pointed to a decanter and some soda bottles on the table and a bowl of ice, and asked, "Will you have some of this?" And while he opened one of the bottles, he watched Van Bibber's face as though he were curious to have him explain the object of his visit.

"No, I think not, thank you," said the younger man. He touched his forehead with his handkerchief nervously. "Yes, it is hot," he said.

Mr. Caruthers filled a glass with ice and brandy and soda, and walked back to his place by the mantel, on which he rested his arm, while he clinked the ice in the glass and looked down into it.

"I was at the first night of *The Sultana* this evening," said Van Bibber, slowly and uncertainly.

"Oh yes," assented the elder man, politely, and tasting his drink. "Lester's new piece. Was it any good?"

"I don't know," said Van Bibber. "Yes, I guess it was. I didn't see it from the front. There was a lot of children in it—little ones; they danced and sang, and made a great hit. One of them had never been on the stage before. It was her first appearance."

He was turning one of the glasses around between his fingers as he spoke. He stopped, and poured out some of the soda, and drank it down in a gulp, and then continued turning the empty glass between the tips of his fingers.

"It seems to me," he said, "that it is a great pity." He looked up interrogatively at the other man, but Mr. Caruthers met his glance without any returning show of interest. "I say," repeated Van Bibber—"I say it seems a pity that a child like that should be allowed to go on in that business. A grown woman can go into it with her eyes open, or a girl who has had decent training can too. But it's different with a child. She has no choice in the matter; they don't ask her permission; and she isn't old enough to know what it means; and she gets used to it and fond of it before she grows to know what the danger is. And then it's too late. It seemed to me that if there was any one who had a right to stop it, it would be a very good thing to let that person know about her—about this

child, I mean; the one who made the hit—before it was too late. It seems to me a responsibility I wouldn't care to take myself. I wouldn't care to think that I had had the chance to stop it, and had let the

Mr. Caruthers was looking at him with his lips pressed closely together, and his eyebrows drawn into the shape of the letter V. He leaned forward, and looked at Van Bibber intently.



"BUT HE KNEW THAT WAS NOT THE REASON."

chance go by. You know what the life is, and what the temptation a woman—" Van Bibber stopped with a gasp of concern, and added, hurriedly, "I mean we all know—every man knows."

"What is all this about?" he asked. "Did you come here, Mr. Van Bibber, simply to tell me this? What have you to do with it? What have I to do with it? Why did you come?"

"Because of the child."

"What child?"

"Your child," said Van Bibber.

Young Van Bibber was quite prepared for an outbreak of some sort, and mentally braced himself to receive it. He rapidly assured himself that this man had every reason to be angry, and that he, if he meant to accomplish anything, had every reason to be considerate and patient. So he faced Mr. Caruthers with shoulders squared, as though it were a physical shock he had to stand against, and in consequence he was quite unprepared for what followed. For Mr. Caruthers raised his face without a trace of feeling in it, and with his eyes still fixed on the glass in his hand, set it carefully down on the mantel beside him, and girded himself about with the rope of his robe. When he spoke, it was in a tone of quiet politeness.

"Mr. Van Bibber," he began, "you are a very brave young man. You have dared to say to me what those who are my best friends—what even my own family would not care to say. They are afraid it might hurt me, I suppose. They have some absurd regard for my feelings; they hesitate to touch upon a subject which in no way concerns them, and which they know must be very painful to me. But you have the courage of your convictions; you have no compunctions about tearing open old wounds; and you come here, unasked and uninvited, to let me know what you think of my conduct, to let me understand that it does not agree with your own ideas of what I ought to do, and to tell me how I, who am old enough to be your father, should behave. You have rushed in where angels fear to tread, Mr. Van Bibber, to show me the error of my ways. I suppose I ought to thank you for it; but I have always said that it is not the wicked people who are to be feared in this world, or who do the most harm. We know them; we can prepare for them, and checkmate them. It is the well-meaning fool who makes all the trouble. For no one knows him until he discloses himself, and the mischief is done before he can be stopped. I think, if you will allow me to say so, that you have demonstrated my theory pretty thoroughly, and have done about as much needless harm for one evening as you can possibly wish. And so, if you will excuse me," he continued, sternly, and moving from his place, "I will ask to say good-night, and will re-

quest of you that you grow older and wiser and much more considerate before you come to see me again."

Van Bibber had flushed at Mr. Caruthers's first words, and had then grown somewhat pale, and straightened himself visibly. He did not move when the elder man had finished, but cleared his throat, and then spoke with some little difficulty. "It is very easy to call a man a fool," he said, slowly, "but it is much harder to be called a fool and not to throw the other man out of the window. But that, you see, would not do any good, and I have something to say to you first. I am quite clear in my own mind as to my position, and I am not going to allow anything you have said or can say to annoy me much until I am through. There will be time enough to resent it then. I am quite well aware that I did an unconventional thing in coming here—a bold thing or a foolish thing, as you choose—but the situation is pretty bad, and I did as I would have wished to be done by if I had had a child going to the devil and didn't know it. I would have been glad to learn of it even from a stranger. However," he said, smiling grimly, and pulling his cape about him, "there are other kindly disposed people in the world besides fathers. There is an aunt, perhaps, or an uncle or two; and sometimes, even to-day, there is the chance Samaritan."

Van Bibber picked up his high hat from the table, looked into it critically, and settled it on his head. "Good-night, sir," he said, and walked slowly towards the door. He had his hand on the knob, when Mr. Caruthers raised his head.

"Wait just one minute, please, Mr. Van Bibber?" asked Mr. Caruthers.

Van Bibber stopped with a prompt obedience which would have led one to conclude that he might have put on his hat only to precipitate matters.

"Before you go," said Mr. Caruthers, grudgingly, "I want to say—I want you to understand my position."

"Oh, that's all right," said Van Bibber, lightly, opening the door.

"No, it is not all right. One moment, please. I do not intend that you shall go away from here with the idea that you have tried to do me a service, and that I have been unable to appreciate it, and that you are a much-abused and much-misunderstood young man. Since you have done me the honor to make my af-



"EVEN TO-DAY, THERE IS THE CHANCE SAMARITAN."

fairs your business, I would prefer that you should understand them fully. I do not care to have you discuss my conduct at clubs and afternoon teas with young women until you—"

Van Bibber drew in his breath sharply, with a peculiar whistling sound, and opened and shut his hands. "Oh, I wouldn't say that if I were you," he said, simply.

"I beg your pardon," the older man said, quickly. "That was a mistake. I was wrong. I beg your pardon. But you have tried me very sorely. You have intruded upon a private trouble that you ought to know must be very painful to

me. But I believe you meant well. I know you to be a gentleman, and I am willing to think you acted on impulse, and that you will see to-morrow what a mistake you have made. It is not a thing I talk about; I do not speak of it to my friends, and they are far too considerate to speak of it to me. But you have put me on the defensive. You have made me out more or less of a brute, and I don't intend to be so far misunderstood. There are two sides to every story, and there is something to be said about this, even for me."

He walked back to his place beside the mantel, and put his shoulders against

it, and faced Van Bibber, with his fingers twisted in the cord around his waist.

"When I married," said Mr. Caruthers, "I did so against the wishes of my people and the advice of all my friends. You know all about that. God help us! who doesn't?" he added, bitterly. "It was very rich, rare reading for you and for every one else who saw the daily papers, and we gave them all they wanted of it. I took her out of that life and married her because I believed she was as good a woman as any of those who had never had to work for their living, and I was bound that my friends and your friends should recognize her and respect her as my wife had a right to be respected; and I took her abroad that I might give all you sensitive fine people a chance to get used to the idea of being polite to a woman who had once been a burlesque actress. It began over there in Paris. What I went through then no one knows; but when I came back—and I would never have come back if she had not made me—it was my friends I had to consider, and not her. It was in the blood; it was in the life she had led, and in the life men like you and me had taught her to live. And it had to come out."

The muscles of Mr. Caruthers's face were moving, and beyond his control; but Van Bibber did not see this, for he was looking intently out of the window, over the roofs of the city.

"She had every chance when she married me that a woman ever had," continued the older man. "It only depended on herself. I didn't try to make a housewife of her or a drudge. She had all the healthy excitement and all the money she wanted, and she had a home here ready for her whenever she was tired of travelling about and wished to settle down. And I was—and a husband that loved her as—she had everything. Everything that a man's whole thought and love and money could bring to her. And you know what she did."

He looked at Van Bibber, but Van Bibber's eyes were still turned towards the open window and the night.

"And after the divorce—and she was free to go where she pleased, and to live as she pleased and with whom she pleased, without bringing disgrace on a husband who honestly loved her—I swore to my God that I would never see her or her child again. And I never saw her again,

not even when she died. I loved the mother, and she deceived me and disgraced me and broke my heart, and I only wish she had killed me; and I was beginning to love her child, and I vowed she should not live to trick me too. I had suffered as no man I know had suffered; in a way a boy like you cannot understand, and that no one can understand who has not gone to hell and been forced to live after it. And was I to go through that again? Was I to love and care for and worship this child, and have her grow up with all her mother's vanity and animal nature, and have her turn on me some day and show me that what is bred in the bone must tell, and that I was a fool again—a pitiful foud fool? I could not trust her. I can never trust any woman or child again, and least of all that woman's child. She is as dead to me as though she were buried with her mother, and it is nothing to me what she is or what her life is. I know in time what it will be. She has begun earlier than I had supposed, that is all, but she is nothing to me." The man stopped and turned his back to Van Bibber, and hid his head in his hands, with his elbows on the mantel-piece. "I care too much," he said. "I cannot let it mean anything to me; when I do care, it means so much more to me than to other men. They may pretend to laugh and to forget and to outgrow it, but it is not so with me. It means too much." He took a quick stride towards one of the large arm-chairs, and threw himself into it. "Why, man," he cried, "I loved that child's mother to the day of her death. I loved that woman then, and, God help me! I love that woman still."

He covered his face with his hands, and sat leaning forward and breathing heavily as he rocked himself to and fro. Van Bibber still stood looking gravely out at the lights that picketed the black surface of the city. He was to all appearances as unmoved by the outburst of feeling into which the older man had been surprised as though it had been something in a play. There was an unbroken silence for a moment, and then it was Van Bibber who was the first to speak.

"I came here, as you say, on impulse," he said; "but I am glad I came, for I have your decisive answer now about the little girl. I have been thinking," he continued, slowly, "since you have been speaking, and before, when I first

saw her dancing in front of the foot-lights, when I did not know who she was, that I could give up a horse or two, if necessary, and support this child instead. Children are worth more than horses, and a man who saves a soul, as it says"—he flushed slightly, and looked up with a hesitating, deprecatory smile—"somewhere, wipes out a multitude of sins. And it may be I'd like to try and get rid of some of mine. I know just where to send her; I know the very place. It's down in Evergreen Bay, on Long Island. They are tenants of mine there, and very nice farm sort of people, who will be very good to her. They wouldn't know anything about her, and she'd forget what little she knows of this present life very soon, and grow up with the other children to be one of them; and then, when she gets older and becomes a young lady, she could go to some school—but that's a bit too far ahead to plan for the present; but that's what I am going to do, though," said the young man, confidently, and as though speaking to himself. "That theatrical boarding-house person could be bought off easily enough," he went on, quickly, "and Lester won't mind letting her go if I ask it, and—and that's what I'll do. As you say, it's a good deal of an experiment, but I think I'll run the risk."

He walked quickly to the door and disappeared in the hall, and then came back, kicking the door open as he returned, and holding the child in his arms.

"This is she," he said, quietly. He did not look at or notice the father, but stood, with the child asleep in the bend of his left arm, gazing down at her. "This is she," he repeated; "this is your child."

There was something cold and satisfied in Van Bibber's tone and manner, as though he were congratulating himself upon the engaging of a new groom; something that placed the father entirely outside of it. He might have been a disinterested looker-on.

"She will need to be fed a bit," Van Bibber ran on, cheerfully. "They did not treat her very well, I fancy. She is thin and peaked and tired-looking." He drew up the loose sleeve of her jacket, and showed the bare forearm to the light. He put his thumb and little finger about it, and closed them on it gently. "It is very thin," he said. "And under her eyes, if it were not for the paint," he went on, mercilessly, "you could see how deep the

lines are. This red spot on her cheek," he said, gravely, "is where Ida Dare kissed her to-night, and this is where Alma Stantley kissed her, and that Lee girl. You have heard of them, perhaps. They will never kiss her again. She is going to grow up a sweet, fine, beautiful woman—are you not?" he said, gently drawing the child higher up on his shoulder, until her face touched his, and still keeping his eyes from the face of the older man. "She does not look like her mother," he said; "she has her father's auburn hair and straight nose and finercut lips and chin. She looks very much like her father. It seems a pity," he added, abruptly. "She will grow up," he went on, "without knowing him, or who he is—or was, if he should die. She will never speak with him, or see him, or take his hand. She may pass him some day on the street and will not know him, and he will not know her, but she will grow to be very fond and to be very grateful to the simple, kind-hearted old people who will have cared for her when she was a little girl."

The child in his arms stirred, shivered slightly, and awoke. The two men watched her breathlessly, with silent intentness. She raised her head and stared around the unfamiliar room doubtfully, then turned to where her father stood, looked at him a moment, and passed him by, and then, looking up into Van Bibber's face, recognized him, and gave a gentle, sleepy smile, and, with a sigh of content and confidence, drew her arm up closer around his neck, and let her head fall back upon his breast.

The father sprang to his feet with a quick, jealous gasp of pain. "Give her to me!" he said, fiercely, under his breath, snatching her out of Van Bibber's arms. "She is mine; give her to me!"

Van Bibber closed the door gently behind him, and went jumping down the winding stairs of the Berkeley three steps at a time.

And an hour later, when the English servant came to his master's door, he found him still awake and sitting in the dark by the open window, holding something in his arms and looking out over the sleeping city.

"James," he said, "you can make up a place for me here on the lounge. Miss Caruthers, my daughter, will sleep in my room to-night."



THE SINGING SHEPHERD.

THE SINGING SHEPHERD.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

THE shepherd climbed the hill through dark and light,
And on and on he went,
Higher and higher still,
Seeking a pasture hidden in the height.
He followed by the rill,
He followed past the rocks,
And as he went, singing, he shepherded his flocks.

How wide those upland pastures none e'er knew;
But over the wild hills
A stretch of watered grass,
Outspreading, though half hidden from the view,
Invites that all may pass.
He sees the weary way,
Yet while the shepherd sings, how brief the toilsome day!

Stand thou with me and watch his eager feet.
He stays not for the drought,
Nor lingers in the shade,
Save where the clover and the streamlet meet;
There, quiet, unafraid,
The tender lambs may feed
While the calm noon gives rest to those who are in need.

Again I see his figure cut the sky,
Then sink, and reappear
Upon a loftier plain,
Where far beneath his feet the eagles cry.
I cannot hear his strain,
But in a moving drift
I see the snow-white sheep follow the music's lift.

The climbing shepherd long ago has passed,
Yet in the morning air,
For those who listen well,
His song still lingers where his feet made haste;
And where his music fell
The happy shepherds know
His song allures them yet beyond the fields of snow.

O climbing shepherd, I would follow thee.
Over the dizzy heights,
Beyond the lonely pass,
Thy piping leads; the path I always see!
I see thee not, alas!
Because of death's rude shock,
Yet thou, dear shepherd, still art shepherding thy flock.

A FADED SCAPULAR.

BY F. D. MILLET.

WE are seldom able to trace our individual superstitions to any definite cause, nor can we often account for the peculiar sensations developed in us by the inexplicable and mysterious incidents in our experience. Much of the timidity of childhood may be traced to early training in the nursery, and sometimes the moral effects of this weakness cannot be eradicated through a lifetime of severe self-control and mental suffering. The complicated disorders of the imagination which arise from superstitious fears can frequently be accounted for only by inherited characteristics, by peculiar sensitiveness to impressions, and by an overpowering and perhaps abnormally active imagination. I am sure I am confessing to no unusual characteristic when I say that I have felt from childhood a certain sentiment or sensation in regard to material things which I can trace to no early experience, to the influence of no literature, and to no possible source, in fact, but that of inherited disposition.

The sentiment I refer to is this: whatever has belonged to or has been used by any person seems to me to have received some special quality, which, though often invisible and still oftener indefinable, still exists in a more or less strong degree according to the amount of the impressionable power, if I may call it so, which distinguished the possessor. I am aware that this sentiment may be stigmatized as of the school-girl order; that it is, indeed, of the same kind and class with that which leads an otherwise honest person to steal a rag from a famous battle flag, a leaf from a historical laurel wreath, or even to cut a signature or a title-page from a precious volume; but with me the feeling has never taken this turn, else I should never have confessed to the possession of it. Whatever may be said or believed, however, I must refer to it in more or less comprehensible terms, because it may explain the conditions, although it will not unveil the causes, of the incidents I am about to describe with all honesty and frankness.

Nearly twenty years ago I made my first visit to Rome, long before it became the centre of the commercial and political activity of Italy, and while it was yet

unspoiled for the antiquarian, the student, the artist, and the traveller. Never shall I forget the first few hours I spent wandering aimlessly through the streets, so far as I then knew a total stranger in the city, with no distinct plan of remaining there, and with only the slight and imperfect knowledge of the place that one gains from the ordinary travellers' descriptions. The streets, the houses, the people, the strange sounds and stranger sights, the life so entirely different from what I had hitherto seen, all this interested me greatly. Far more powerful and far more vivid and lasting, however, was the impression of an inconceivable number of presences—I hesitate to call them spirits—not visible, of course, nor tangible, but still oppressing me mentally and morally, exactly the same as my physical self is often crushed and overpowered in a great assembly of people. I walked about, visited the cafés and concert halls, and tried in various ways to shake off the uncomfortable feeling of ghostly company, but was unsuccessful, and went to my lodgings much depressed and nervous. I took my note-book, and wrote in it: "Rome has been too much lived in. Among the multitude of the dead there is no room for the living." It seemed then a foolish memorandum to write, and now, as I look at the half-effaced pencil lines, I wonder why I was not ashamed to write it. Yet there it is before me, a witness to my sensations at the time, and the scrawl has even now the power to bring up to me an unpleasantly vivid memory of that first evening in Rome.

After a few days passed in visiting the galleries and the regular sights of the town, I began to look for a studio and an apartment, and finally found one in the upper story of a house on the Via di Ripetta. Before moving into the studio, I met an old friend and fellow-artist, and as there was room enough for two, gladly took him in with me.

The studio, with apartment, in the Via di Ripetta was by no means unattractive. It was large, well lighted, comfortably and abundantly furnished. It was, as I have said, at the top of the house, the studio overlooked the Tiber,

and the sitting-room and double-bedded sleeping-room fronted the street. The large studio window was placed rather high up, so that the entrance door—a wide, heavy affair, with large hinges and immense complicated lock and a “judas”—opened from the obscurity of the hall directly under the large window into the full light of the studio. The roof of the house slanted from back to front, so that the two rooms were lower studded than the studio, and an empty space or low attic opening into the studio above them was partly concealed by an ample and ragged curtain. The fireplace was in the middle of the left wall as you entered the studio; the door into the sitting-room was in the further right-hand corner, and the bedroom was entered by a door on the right-hand wall of the sitting-room, so that the bedroom formed a wing of the studio and sitting-room, and from the former, looking through two doors, the bedroom window and part of the street wall could be seen. Both the beds were hidden from sight of any one in the studio, even when the doors were open.

The apartment was furnished in a way which denoted a certain amount of liberality, but everything was faded and worn, though not actually shabby or dirty. The carpets were threadbare, the damask-covered sofa and chairs showed marks of the springs, and the gimp was fringed and torn off in places. The beds were not mates; the basin and ewer were of different patterns; the few pictures on the wall were, like everything else in the place, curiously gray and dusty-looking, as if they had been shut up in the darkened rooms for a generation. Beyond the fireplace in the studio, the corner of the room was partitioned off by a dingy screen, six feet high or more, fixed to the floor for the space of two yards, with one wing which shut like a door, enclosing a small space fitted up like a miniature scullery, with a curious and elaborate collection of pots and pans and kitchen utensils, all hung in orderly rows, but every article with marks of service on it, and more recent and obtrusive trace of long disuse.

In one of the first days of my search for a studio I had found and inspected this very place, but it had given me such a disagreeable feeling—it had seemed so worn out, so full of relics of other people—that I could not make up my mind to

take it. After a thorough search and diligent inquiry, however, I came to the conclusion that there was absolutely no other place in Rome at that busy season where I could set up my easel, and after having the place recommended to me by all the artists I called upon as a well-known and useful studio, and a great find at the busy season of the year, I took a lease of the place for four months.

My friend and I moved in at the same time, and I will not deny that I planned to be supported by the presence of my friend at the moment of taking possession. When we arrived and had our traps all deposited in the middle of the studio, there came over the spirits of us both a strange gloom, which the bustle and confusion of settling did not in the least dispel. It was nearly dark that winter afternoon before we had finished unpacking, and the street lights were burning before we reached the little restaurant in the Via Quattro Fontane, where we proposed to take our meals. There was a cheerful company of artists and architects assembled there that evening, and we sat over our wine long after dinner. When the jolly party at last dispersed, it was well past midnight.

How gloomy the outer portal of the high building looked as we crossed the dimly lighted street and pushed open the black door! A musty, damp smell, like the atmosphere of the catacombs, met us as we entered. Our footsteps echoed loud and hollow in the empty corridor, and the large wax match I struck as we came in gave but a flickering light, which dimly shadowed the outline of the stone stairway, and threw the rest of the corridor into a deep and mysterious gloom. We tramped up the five long flights of stone stairs without a word, the echo of our footsteps sounding louder and louder, and the murky space behind us deepening into the damp darkness of a cavern. At last, after what seemed an interminable climb, we came to the studio entrance. I put the large key in the lock, turned it, and pushed open the door. A strong draught, like the lifeless breath from the mouth of a tunnel, extinguished the match and left us in darkness. I hesitated an instant, instinctively dreading to enter, and then went in, followed by my friend, who closed the door behind us. The heavy hinges creaked, the door shut into the jambs with a solid thud,

the lock sprang into place with a sharp click, and a noise like the clanging of a prison gate resounded and re-echoed through the corridor and through the spacious studio. I felt as if we were shut in from the whole world.

Lighting all the candles at hand and stirring up the fire, we endeavored to make the studio look cheerful, and neither of us being inclined to go to bed, we sat for a long time talking and smoking. But even the bright fire and the soothing tobacco smoke did not wholly dispel the gloom of the place, and when we finally carried the candles into the bedroom, I felt a vague sense of dismal anticipation and apprehension. We left both doors open, so that the light from our room streamed across the corner of the sitting-room, and threw a great square of strong reflection on the studio carpet. While undressing, I found that I had left my match-box on the studio table, and thought I would return for it. I remember now what a mental struggle I went through before I made up my mind to go without a candle. I glanced at my friend's face, partly to see if he noticed any indication of nervousness in my expression, and partly because I was conscious of a kind of psychological sympathy between us. But fear that he would laugh at me made me effectually conceal my feelings, and I went out of the room without speaking. As I walked across the non-resonant, carpeted stone floor I had the most curious set of sensations I have ever experienced. At nearly every step I took I came into a different stratum or perpendicular layer of air. First it was cool to my face, then warm, then chill again, and again warm. Thinking to calm my nervous excitement, I stood still and looked around me. The great window above my head dimly transmitted the sky reflection, but threw little light into the studio. The folds of the curtain over the open space above the sitting-room appeared to wave slightly in the uncertain light, and the easels and lay-figure stood gaunt and ghostly along the further wall. I waited there and reasoned with myself, arguing that there was no possible cause for fear, that a strong man ought to control his nerves, that it was silly at my time of life to begin to be afraid of the dark, but I could not get rid of the sensation. As I went back to the bedroom I experienced the same suc-

cession of physical shocks; but whether they followed each other in the same order or not I was unable to determine.

It was some time before I could get to sleep, and I opened my eyes once or twice before I lost consciousness. From the bedroom window there was a dim, very dim light on the lace curtains, but the window itself was visible as a square mass, and did not appear to illuminate the room in the least. Suddenly, after a dreamless sleep of some duration, I awoke as completely as if I had been startled by a loud noise. The lace curtains were now quite brilliantly lighted from somewhere, I could not tell where, but the window itself seemed to be as little luminous as when I went to sleep. Without moving my head, I turned my eyes in the direction of the studio, and could see the open door as a dark patch in the gray wall, but nothing more. Then, as I was looking again at the curious illumination of the curtains, a moving mass came into the angle of my vision out of the corner of the room near the head of the bed, and passed slowly into full view between me and the curtain. It was unmistakably the figure of a man, not unlike that of the better type of Italian, and was dressed in the commonly worn soft hat and ample cloak. His profile came out clearly against the light background of the lace curtain, and showed him to be a man of considerable refinement of feature. He did not make an actually solid black silhouette against the light, neither was the figure translucent, but was rather like an object seen through a vapor or through a sheet of thin ground glass.

I tried to raise my head, but my nerve force seemed suddenly to fail me, and while I was wondering at my powerlessness, and reasoning at the same time that it must be a nightmare, the figure had moved slowly across in front of the window, and out through the open door into the studio.

I listened breathlessly, but not a sound did I hear from the next room. I pinched myself, opened and shut my eyes, and noticed that the breathing of my roommate was irregular, and unlike that of a sleeping man. I am unable to understand why I did not sit up or turn over or speak to my friend to find out if he was awake. I was fully conscious that I ought to do this, but something, I know

not what, forced me to lie perfectly motionless watching the window. I heard my roommate breathing, opened and shut my eyes, and was certain, indeed, that I was really awake. As I reasoned on the phenomenon, and came naturally to the unwilling conclusion that my hallucination was probably premonitory of malaria, my nerves grew quiet, I began to think less intensely, and then I fell asleep.

The next morning I awoke with a feeling of disagreeable anticipation. I was loath to rise, even though the warm Italian sunlight was pouring into the room and gilding the dingy interior with brilliant reflections. In spite of this cheering glow of sunshine, the rooms still had the same dead and uninhabited appearance, and the presence of my friend, a vigorous and practical man, seemed to bring no recognizable vitality or human element to counteract the oppressiveness of the place. Every detail of my waking dream or hallucination of the night before was perfectly fresh in my mind, and the sense of apprehension was still strong upon me.

The distracting operations of settling the studio, and the frequent excursions to neighboring shops to buy articles necessary to our meagre housekeeping, did much toward taking my mind off the incident of the night, but every time I entered the sitting-room or the bedroom it all came up to me with a vividness that made my nerves quiver. We explored all the corners and cupboards of the place. We even crawled up over the sitting-room behind the dingy curtain, where a large quantity of disused frames and old stretchers were packed away. We familiarized ourselves, in fact, with every nook and cranny of each room; moved the furniture about in a different order; hung up draperies and sketches, and in many ways changed the character of the interior. The faded, weary-looking widow from whom I hired the place, and who took care of the rooms, carried away to her own apartment many of the most obnoxious trifles which encumbered the small tables, the *étagère*, and the wall spaces. She sighed a great deal as we were making the rapid changes to suit our own taste, but made no objection, and we naturally thought it was the regular custom of every new occupant to turn the place upside down.

Late in the afternoon I was alone in

the studio for an hour or more, and sat by the fire trying to read. The daylight was not gone, and the rumble of the busy street came plainly to my ears. I say "trying to read," for I found reading quite impossible. The moment I began to fix my attention on the page, I had a very powerful feeling that some one was looking over my shoulder. Do what I would, I could not conquer the unreasonable sensation. Finally, after starting up and looking about me a dozen times, I threw down the book and went out. When I returned, after an hour in the open air, I found my friend walking up and down in the studio with open doors and two guttering candles alight.

"It's a curious thing," he said, "I can't read this book. I have been trying to put my mind on it a whole half-hour, and I can't do it. I always thought I could get interested in Gaborieau in a moment under any circumstances."

"I went out to walk because I couldn't manage to read," I replied, and the conversation ended.

We went to the theatre that evening, and afterwards to the *Café Greco*, where we talked art in half a dozen languages until midnight, and then came home. Our entrance to the house and the studio was much the same as on the previous night, and we went to bed without a word. My mind naturally reverted to the experience of the night before, and I lay there for a long time with my eyes open, making a strong effort of the imagination to account for the vision by the dim shapes of the furniture, the lace curtains, and the suggestive and shadowy perspective. But, although the interior was weird enough, by reason of the dingy hangings and the diffused light, I was unable to trace the origin of the illusion to any object within the range of my vision, or to account for the strange illumination which had startled me. I went to sleep thinking of other things, and with my nerves comparatively quiet.

Some time in the early morning, about three o'clock, as near as I could judge, I slowly awoke, and saw the lace curtains illuminated as before. I found myself in an expectant frame of mind, neither calm nor excited, but rather in that condition of philosophical quiet which best prepared me for an investigation of the phenomenon which I confidently expected to witness. Perhaps this is assuming

too eagerly the position of a philosopher, but I am certain no element of fear disturbed my reason, that I was neither startled nor surprised at awakening as I did, and that my mind was active and undoubtedly prepared for the investigation of the mystery.

I was therefore not at all shocked to observe the same shape come first into the angle of my eye, and then into the full range of my vision, next appear as a silhouette against the curtains, and finally lose itself in the darkness of the doorway. During the progress of the shape across the room I noticed the size and general aspect of it with keen attention to detail and with satisfactory calmness of observation. It was only after the figure had passed out of sight, and the light on the window curtains grew dim again, much as an electric light loses its brilliancy with the diminution of the strength of the current, that it occurred to me to consider the fact that during the period of the hallucination I had been utterly motionless. There was not the slightest doubt of my being awake. My friend in the adjoining bed was breathing regularly, the ticking of my watch was plainly audible, and I could feel my heart beating with unusual rapidity and vigor.

The strange part of the whole incident was this incapacity of action, and the more I reasoned about it the more I was mystified by the utter failure of nerve force. Indeed, while the mind was actively at work on this problem the physical torpor continued, a languor not unlike the incipient drowsiness of anaesthesia came gradually over me, and, though mentally protesting against the helpless condition of the body, and struggling to keep awake, I fell asleep, and did not stir till morning.

With the bright clear winter's day returned the doubts and disappointments of the day before—doubts of the existence of the phenomenon, disappointment at the failure of any solution of the hallucination. A second day in the studio did little toward dispelling the mental gloom which possessed us both, and at night my friend confessed that he thought we must have stumbled into a malarial quarter.

At this distance of time it is absolutely incomprehensible to me how I could have gone on as I did from day to day, or rather from night to night—for the

same hallucination was repeated nightly—without speaking to my friend, or at least taking some energetic steps toward an investigation of the mystery. But I had the same experience every night for fully a week before I really began to plan serious means of discovering whether it was a hallucination, a nightmare, or a flesh-and-blood intruder. First, I had some curiosity each night to see whether there would be a repetition of the incident. Second, I was eager to note any physical or mental symptom which would serve as a clue to the mystery. Pride, or some other equally authoritative sentiment, continued to keep me from disclosing my secret to my friend, although I was on the point of doing so on several occasions. My first plan was to keep a candle burning all night, but I could invent no plausible excuse to my comrade for this action. Next I proposed to shut the bedroom door, and on speaking of it to my friend, he strongly objected on the ground of the lack of ventilation, and was not willing to risk having the window open on account of the malaria. After all, since this was an entirely personal matter, it seemed to me the only thing to do was to depend on my own strength of mind and moral courage to solve this mystery unaided. I put my loaded revolver on the table by the bedside, drew back the lace curtain before going to bed, and left the door only half open, so I could not see into the studio. The night I made these preparations I awoke as usual, saw the same figure, but, as before, could not move a hand. After it had passed the window, I tried hard to bring myself to take my revolver, and find out whether I had to deal with a man or a simulacrum. But even while I was arguing with myself, and trying to find out why I could not move, sleep came upon me before I had carried out my purposed action.

The shock of the first appearance of the vision had been nearly overbalanced by my eagerness to investigate, and my intense interest in the novel condition of mind or body which made such an experience possible. But after the utter failure of all my schemes and the collapse of my theories as to evident causes of the phenomenon, I began to be harassed and worried, almost unconsciously at first, by the ever-present thought, the daily anticipation, and the increasing

dread of the hallucination. The self-confidence that first supported me in my nightly encounter diminished on each occasion, and the curiosity which stimulated me to the study of the phenomenon rapidly gave way to the sentiment akin to terror when I proved myself incapable of grappling with the mystery.

The natural result of this preoccupation was inability to work and little interest in recreation, and as the long weeks wore away I grew morose, morbid, and hypochondriacal. The pride which kept me from sharing my secret with my friend also held me at my post and nerved me to endure the torment in the rapidly diminishing hope of finally exorcising the spectre or recovering my usual healthy tone of mind. The difficulty of my position was increased by the fact that the apparition failed to appear occasionally, and while I welcomed each failure as a sign that the visits were to cease, they continued spasmodically for weeks, and I was still as far away from the interpretation of the problem as ever. Once I sought medical advice, but the doctor could discover nothing wrong with me except what might be caused by tobacco, and, following his advice, I left off smoking. He said I had no malaria; that I needed more exercise, perhaps; but he could not account for my insomnia, for I, like most patients, had concealed the vital facts in my case, and had complained of insomnia as the cause of my anxiety about my health.

The approach of spring tempted me out of doors, and in the warm villa gardens and the sun-bathed Campagna I could sometimes forget the nightmare that haunted me. This was not often possible unless I was in the company of cheerful companions, and I grew to dread the hour when I was to return to the studio after an excursion into the country among the soothing signs of returning summer. To shut the clanging door of the studio was to place an impenetrable barrier between me and the outside world, and the loneliness of that interior seemed to be only intensified by the presence of my companion, who was apparently as much depressed in spirits as myself.

We made various attempts at the entertainment of friends, but they all lacked that element of spontaneous fun which makes such occasions successful, and we gave it up. On pleasant days we threw open the

windows on the street to let in the warm air and sunshine, but this did not seem to drive away the musty odors of the interior. We were much too high up to feel any neighborly proximity to the people on the other side of the street. The chimneys, pots and irregular roofs below and beyond were not very cheerful objects in the view, and the landlady, who, as far as we knew, was the only other occupant of the upper story, did not give us a great sense of companionship. Never once did I enter the studio without feeling the same curious sensation of alternate warm and cool strata of air. Never for a quarter of an hour did I succeed in reading a book or a newspaper, however interesting it might be. We frequently had two models at a time, and both my friend and myself made several beginnings of pictures, but neither of us carried the work very far.

On one occasion a significant remark was made by a lady friend who came to call. She will undoubtedly remember now when she reads these lines that she said, on leaving the studio: "This is a curiously draughty place. I feel as if it had been blowing hot and cold on me all the time I have been here, and yet you have no windows open."

At another time my comrade burst out as I was going away one evening about eleven o'clock to a reception at one of the palaces: "I wish you wouldn't go in for society so much. I can't go to the café; all the fellows go home about this time of the evening. I don't like to stay here in this dismal hole all cooped up by myself. I can't read, I can't sleep, and I can't think."

It occurred to me that it was a little queer for him to object to being left alone, unless he, like myself, had some disagreeable experiences there, and I remembered that he had usually gone out when I had, and was seldom, if ever, alone in the studio when I returned. His tone was so peevish and impatient that I thought discussion was injudicious, and simply replied, "Oh, you're bilious; I'll be home early," and went away. I have often thought since that it was the one occasion when I could have easily broached the subject of my mental trouble, and I have always regretted I did not do so.

Matters were brought to a climax in this way: My friend was summoned to America by telegraph a little more than

two months after we took the studio, and left me at a day's notice. The amount and kind of moral courage I had to summon up before I could go home alone the first evening after my comrade left me can only be appreciated by those who have undergone some similar torture. It was not like the bracing up a man goes through when he has to face some imminent known danger, but was of a more subtle and complex kind. "There is nothing to fear," I kept saying to myself, and yet I could not shake off a nameless dread. "You are in your right mind and have all your senses," I continually argued, "for you see and hear and reason clearly enough. It is a brief hallucination, and you can conquer the mental weakness which causes it by persistent strength of will. If it be a simulacrum, you as a practical man, with good physical health and sound enough reasoning powers, ought to investigate it to the best of your ability." In this way I endeavored to nerve myself up, and went home late, as usual. The regular incident of the night occurred. I felt keenly the loss of my friend's companionship, and suffered accordingly, but in the morning I was no nearer to the solution of the mystery than I was before.

For five weary, torturing nights did I go up to that room alone, and, with no sound of human proximity to cheer me or to break the wretched feeling of utter solitude, I endured the same experience. At last I could bear it no longer, and determined to have a change of air and

surroundings. I hastily packed a travelling-bag and my color-box, leaving all my extra clothes in the wardrobes and the bureau drawers, told the landlady I should return in a week or two, and paid her for the remainder of the time in advance. The last thing I did was to take my travelling-cap, which hung near the head of my bed. A break in the wallpaper showed that there was a small door here. Pulling the knob which had held my cap, the door was readily opened, and disclosed a small niche in the wall. Leaning against the back of the niche was a small crucifix with a rude figure of Christ, and suspended from the neck of the image by a small cord was a triangular object covered with faded cloth. While I was examining with some interest the hiding-place of these relics, the landlady entered.

"What are these?" I asked.

"Oh, signore!" she said, half sobbing as she spoke. "Those are relics of my poor husband. He was an artist like yourself, signore. He was—he was—ill, very ill—and in mind as well as body, signore. May the Blessed Virgin rest his soul! He hated the crucifix, he hated the scapular, he hated the priests. Signore, he—he died without the sacrament, and cursed the holy water. I have never dared to touch those relics, signore. But he was a good man, and the best of husbands;" and she buried her face in her hands.

I took the first train for Naples, and have never been in Rome since.

A WALK IN TUDOR LONDON.

BY WALTER BESANT.



SIGN OF THE THREE KINGS, BUCKLESBURY.

IT was on the morning of June the 23d, in the year of grace sixteen hundred and three, that I was privileged to behold

John Stow himself in the flesh, and to converse with him, and to walk with him in the streets of the city whose history and origin he knew better than any man of his own age, or of any time that has followed him. It is common enough for a man to live among posterity, to speak to them and counsel them and comfort them; but for a man to visit his forefathers is a thing of rarer occurrence. At another time the way and manner of slipping backwards up the ringing grooves of change may be explained for the benefit of others. For the moment, the important thing is the actual fact.

I found the venerable antiquary in his

lodging. He lived—it was the year before he died—with his old wife, a childless pair, in a house over against the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, in the street called St. Mary Axe. The house itself was modest, containing two or three rooms on the ground-floor and one large room—or solar, as it would have been called in olden time—above. There was a garden at the back, and behind the garden stood the ruins of St. Helen's Nunnery, with the grounds and gardens of that once famous house, now in the possession of the Leather-sellers' Company. This open space afforded freedom and sweetness for the air, which doubtless conduced to the antiquary's length of days. Outside the door I found, sitting in an arm-chair, Mistress Stow, an ancient dame. She had knitting in her lap, and she was fast asleep, the day being fine and warm, with a hot sun in the heavens, and a soft wind from the south. Without waking her, therefore, I passed within, and mounting a steep, narrow stair, found myself in the library and in the presence of John Stow himself. The place was a long room, lofty in the middle, but with sloping sides. It was lit by two dormer-windows; neither carpet nor arras nor hangings of any kind adorned the room, which was filled, so that it was difficult to turn about in it, with books, papers, parchments, and rolls. They lay piled on the floor; they stood in lines and columns against the walls; they were heaped upon the table; they lay at the right hand of the chair ready for use; they were everywhere. I observed, too, that they were not such books as may be seen in a great man's library, bound, after the Italian fashion, with costly leather, gilt letters, golden clasps, and silken strings. Not so. These books were old folios for the most part; the backs were broken; the leaves, when any lay open, were discolored; many of them were in the Gothic black-letter. On the table were paper, pens, and ink, and in the straight-backed arm-chair sat the old man himself, pen in hand, laboriously bending over a huge tome, from which he was making extracts. He wore a black silk cap; his long white hair fell down upon his shoulders. The casements of the windows stood wide open, and through one of them, which looked to the south, the summer sunshine poured warm and bright upon the old scholar's head, and upon the table at which he sat.

When I entered the room he looked up, rose, and bowed courteously. His figure was tall and spare; his shoulders were rounded by much bending over books; his face was scored with the lines and wrinkles of old age; his eyes were clear and keen; his look was kindly; his speech was soft and gentle.

"Sir," he said, "you are welcome. I had never expected or looked to converse in the flesh, or in the spirit—I know not which this visit may be called—with one from after-generations; from our children's grandchildren. May I ask to which generation—"

"I belong to the late nineteenth century."

"It is nearly three hundred years to come. Bones a'me! Wonderful! Ten generations! I take this visit, sir, as an encouragement, even a special mark of favor bestowed upon me by the Lord, to show His servant that his work will not be forgotten."

"Forgotten? Nay, Master Stow, there are not many men of your age whom we would not lose before you are forgotten. Believe me, the *Survey* of John Stow will last as long as the city itself."

"Truly, sir," the old man replied. "My sole pains and care have ever been to write the truth. It is forty years—ah! what a man was I at forty! what labors could I then accomplish between up-rising and down-lying!—forty years, I say, since I wrote the lines,

'Of smooth and feathering speech remember to take heed,

For truth in plain words may be told; of craft a lie hath need.'

Of craft," he repeated, "a lie hath need. If the world would consider. Well, sir, I am old, and my friends are mostly dead, and men, I find, care little for the past, but still regard the present and push on towards the future, wherein are death and the grave. And for my poor services the King hath granted me letters patent whereby I am licensed to beg. I complain not, though for one who is a London citizen and the son and grandson of reputable citizens, to beg one's bread is to be bankrupt, and of bankrupts this city hath great scorn. Yet I complain not."

"In so long a life," I said, "you must have many memories."

"So many, sir, that they fill my mind. Often, as I sit here, whither cometh no one now to converse with me about the

things of old, my senses are closed to the present, and my thoughts carry me back to the old days. Why"—his eyes looked back as he spoke—"I remember King Harry the Eighth, the like of whom for masterfulness this realm hath never seen. Who but a strong man could by his own will overthrow—yea, and tear up by the very foundations—a religion which seemed made to endure forever?

"Sir," he continued, "you are here, whether in the flesh or in the spirit I know not. Come with me. Let me show you my city and my people. In three hundred years there will be many changes and the sweeping away of many old landmarks, I doubt not. There must be many changes in customs and usages and in fashions of dress. Come with me. You shall behold what is—to you—the past."

He put on his cloak—a shabby cloak it was, and too short for his tall figure—and led the way down the narrow stair into the street. He stepped out of the house, and looked up and down the street, sniffing the air with the greatest satisfaction, as if it had been laden with the perfumes of Araby the Blest, instead of the smell of a glue-making shop hard by.

"Ha!" he said, "the air of London is wholesome. We have had no plague since the sweating sickness, fifty years ago." (There was to be another the year after, but this he could not know, and it was not for me to tell him.) "Yet at Iseldon, hard by, fevers are again very prevalent, and the falling-sickness is reported from Westminster. This, sir, is the street of St. Mary Axe. It is not one of our great streets, yet many worshipful men live here. Opposite is the house of one who is worth four thousand pounds at least; not a Gresham or a Staple, yet a man of substance." The house was four stories high, the front of brick and timber, the windows filled above and below with rich carvings, and having a high gable. "The wealth of private citizens hath much increased. In my youth there were few such houses; now there are a dozen where formerly there was but one. If you go into that house, sir, you will find the table plentiful and the wine good; you will see arras hanging in every chamber—a painted cloth with proverbs at least; sweet herbs or flowers are strewn in every room; the house is warmed with fires; the sideboards are loaded with plate, or are bright with Murano glass. There

are coffers of ivory and wood to hold the good man's treasure; and in an upper chamber you shall see hanging up the cloaks and doublets, the gowns and petticoats, of this worthy and worshipful merchant and his family, in silk and velvet, precious and costly. Fifty years ago there would have been none of these things, but treen platters; of arras none; and but one poor silver mazer for all his plate. But we are not ashamed to see the tenements of the craftsmen side by side with the great houses of the rich. For we are all brothers in this city; one family are we, rich and poor together; we are united in our companies and in our work; our prentices are taught their trade; to our maids we give marriage portions; we suffer no stranger among us; our sick and aged are kept from want and suffering."

"But you have many noblemen among you. Surely they are not of your family."

"Sir, the time was when it was a happy circumstance for the city to have the nobles within her walls. That time is past. They are leaving our bounds. One or two alone remain, and I lament not their departure. There is no longer any danger that the city will be separate in mind from the country, and it is true that the rufflers who follow in a noble lord's train are ever ready to turn a silly girl's head, or to lead a prentice into dissolute ways. Happily they are gone."

"Yonder ruin at the north end was St. Augustine on the Wall; here of old times was the house of the old and sick priests, called the Papey. King Henry turned them out, and who took in the poor old men I know not. 'Twas a troubled time. Yonder was the church—its church-yard yet remaineth—of St. Mary Axe, dedicated not only to the Virgin whom now we have ceased to worship, yet still reverence, but also to St. Ursula, whom we regard no more, and to the eleven thousand virgins, at whose pretended miracle we scoff. And opposite is the goodly church of St. Andrew Undershaft. Of churches we have fewer than of old. I remember," he went on, gazing at the church as if he loved the very stones—"I remember the May-pole when it lunged upon hooks along the south wall of the church. I never saw it erected, because Evil May-day, before I was born, when the prentices rose against the aliens, was the last time that it was put up. It was

destroyed in King Edward's time, when one Sir Stephen, curate of Katherine Cree, preached at Paul's Cross that the May-pole was an idol. So the people brought axes and cut it up—the goodliest May-pole that the world has ever seen, and taller than the steeple of the church. The same Sir Stephen wanted to change the names of the churches, and the names of the week-days, and the time of Lent—all for the sake of idolatry. And the same Sir Stephen caused the death of the most honest man that ever lived for seditious words. Well, 'tis fifty years ago."

With this reminiscence we passed into Leadenhall Street, a broad and open place. "Now," said Stow, "we are in the very heart of the city. Here hath been, for time out of mind, a corn market. And here are pillory and stocks; but," said Stow, "this pillory is for false dealing only. The greater pillory is in Cheapside. Here we have the Tun Prison"—in shape the building somewhat resembled a tun—"for street offenders and the like. It has been a city prison for three hundred years and more. Beside it is the conduit. Here are two churches—St. Peter's, which falsely pretends to be the most ancient of any in the city, and St. Michael's. But the chief glory of Cornhill is the Royal Exchange. Let us look in."

The entrance and principal front of the Royal Exchange were on the south side. We looked in. The place was crowded with merchants, grave and sober men, walking within in pairs, or gathered in little groups. Among them were foreigners from Germany, France, Venice, Genoa, Antwerp, and even Russia, conspicuous by their dress. "Before the building of this place," said Stow, "our merchants had no place to meet, and were forced to seek out each other; nor was there any place where the latest news might be brought, however much the interest of the city might be affected. Now all is changed, and every morning our worshipful merchants meet to hear the news, and to discuss their business. Come, we must not linger, for we have much to see; else there would be many things to tell. Believe me, sir, I could discourse all day long upon the trade of London, and yet not make an end."

He led me past the Royal Exchange, past two churches, one on the north side and one on the south, into a broad and

open street, which I knew must be Cheapside.

"Here," said he, "is the beauty of London. This, good sir, is Chepe."

The street was at least double the width of its modern successor. The houses, which were the fairest, taken all together, in the whole of the city, were nearly all five stories high, each story projecting above the one below, with high-pitched gable facing the street. The fronts were of brick and timber, and some of them were curiously and richly carved. In some the third story was provided with a balcony shaded from the sun. The ground-floor contained the shop, watched and kept by at least one prentice. A sign hung in front of every house. In the middle was Queen Eleanor's Cross, the figure of the Virgin and Holy Infant, defaced by zealous Protestants. Near the cross was the conduit. The shops on the south side were of grocers, haberdashers, and upholsterers. Farther west the goldsmiths stood together, and then the mercers. The street was filled with people, some riding, some walking. There were gallants, followed by servants carrying their swords; there were grave city merchants and fine city madams; there were working-men and craftsmen; there were the prentices in every shop, bawling their wares.

"When I was a prentice," said Stow, "the boys were made to wear blue cloaks in summer and blue gowns in winter, with breeches and stockings of white broadcloth, and flat caps. They attended their master at night with a lanthorn and clubs, and they fetched the water in the morning, unless they were mercers, who were excused. But all good manners are changed. Now they dress as they please, and except that they carry the club and break each other's pates withal, they are no longer like the old prentice. Also formerly ten pounds would suffice to bind a lad and make him free of the city, now a hundred is wanted. Well, sir, here you have Chepe. Rich it is with goodly houses and its ancient churches; I say not stately churches, because our forefathers loved better to beautify the religious houses than their parish churches, yet many goodly monuments are erected in them to the memories of dead worthies. Much of the carved work and the painting has been destroyed or defaced by the zeal of reformers, who have broken the painted windows so that false

doctrine should no longer be preached by those dumb orators. Truly, when I think upon the churches as they were, with all their monuments and chapels and holy roods carved and beautified by the cunning of the sculptor and limner, and look upon them as they are hacked and hewn, I am fain to weep for sorrow. Yet, again, when I remember the swarms of monks and priests from whom we are free, and our holy martyrs who perished in the flames, I confess that the destruction was needful." He stepped aside to make room for a gentlewoman who walked proudly along the street, followed by a servant.

"Ay," he murmured, "thy good man is a respectable merchant on Change; his father before him, citizen and armorer, was also respected. But his profits will not long suffice to meet thine extravagance, my fine city madam."

She was of the middle height, and about thirty years of age; her hair was a bright red. "A week ago it was brown," said my guide. It was knotted and raised above her forehead; on her head she wore a hood of muslin, under which one could see gold threads in her hair, and open peascods with pearls for pease; her face was smeared all over with paint; a heavy gold chain hung round her neck; her ruff was of enormous size, and her waist was extravagantly long; her gown was of rich velvet, looped back to show her petticoat of flowered satin; she had a love-lock under her left ear, tied with a freshly cut rose; she was so stuffed out with hoops that she covered as much space as should have served for six women; in one hand she carried a fan, and in the other a pomander-box, at which she snuffed perpetually.

"She moves like a painted galley," said Stow. "No barge on the river finer to look at. All the argosies of the East would be swallowed up by such a woman."

"Yonder," he went on, "is the chief pillory, the whipping-place, of the city. Chepe is not only a place of trade and fine clothes. Here have I seen many things done that would be cruel but for the common weal. Once I saw a comely maiden lose her ears and have her forehead branded for trying to poison her mistress. Once I saw a school-master flogged for cruelly beating a boy. It was rare to see the boys shouting and clapping their hands as the poor wretch screamed. Some have I seen pilloried for cheating,

some for seditious words, some for disorder. Pillory is a potent physician. The mere sight of those round holes and that post doth act like a medicine upon old and young. It is in Smithfield, not in Chepe, that we chiefly hold our executions. Men and women have been burned there for other things besides heresy—for poisoning, for false coining, for murdering. Many are hanged every year in that Ruffian's Field. But to-day we shall not see executions. Let us talk of more mirthful things. And see, here comes a wedding train."

The music came first, a noise of crowds, and clations playing merrily. Next came damsels bearing bride cakes and gilded loaves. After them a young man carried the silver bride cup filled with hippocras, and garnished with rosemary, which stands for constancy. Then came the bride herself, a very beauteous lady, dressed all in white, decorated with long chains of gold, pearls, and precious stones. On her head was a white lace cap. She was led by two boys in green and gold. After her walked her parents and other members of the family.

"Ha!" he said, "there will be rare feasting to-day, with masks and mumming and dancing. We marry but once in our lives. 'Twere pity if we could not once rejoice. Yet there are some who would turn every feast into a fast, and make even a wedding the occasion for a sermon. See! after a wedding, a funeral. I am glad the bride met not this. 'Tis bad luck for a bride to meet a burying."

Then there came slowly marching down the street, while the people stepped aside and took off their hats, a funeral procession.

"Who hath died?" asked Stow. "This it is to be old and to live retired. I have not heard. Yet, considering the length of the procession, one would say a prince in Israel. Neighbor," he asked a bystander, "whose funeral is this? Ha! So he is dead! A worthy man; a knight; once sheriff, citizen, and mercer. You will see, my friend, that we still know how to mourn our dead worthies, though we lack the singing clerks and priests who formerly went first, chanting all the way."

The procession drew nearer. "Now," he said, "I take it that you will not know the order of the march, wherefore I will interpret. First, therefore, walk the chil-

dren of Christ's Hospital, two by two; he was therefore a benefactor or governor of the school. Then follow the yeomen conductors, two by two, in black coats with black staves; the poor men of the parish, two by two; then the poor women, in like order; the choir of the church and the preacher—he has crape over his cassock. Then a gentleman in hood and gown, bearing the standard. Next three gentlewomen in black gowns. There are the aldermen, in violet. Those two grave persons are the executors of the deceased. There is the pennon, borne by a gentleman in hood and gown; the helm and crest, borne by a pursuivant; the coat of arms, borne by a herald, Clarence king-at-arms."

After this long procession came the coffin itself, borne by six yeomen in black coats. It was covered with a black velvet pall. On either side walked two gentlemen in hoods and gowns carrying pennons. One of them bore the arms of the deceased, a gentleman of good family; one bore the arms of the city; one those of the Mercers' Company; and one those of the Merchant Adventurers.

Then came the rest of the procession, and my guide began again: "There follows the chief mourner, the eldest son of the deceased; then four other mourners, two by two; then the chamberlain and town clerk of the city; the sword-bearer; the Lord Mayor, in black; the aldermen, having no blacks." I confess that I understood not the distinction or what followed. "The estates of women, having blacks; aldermen's wives, having no blacks; the city companies, represented by their wardens or clerks; the masters of the hospitals, having green staves." I could have asked why they chose this color, but had no time. "Lastly, the neighbors and parishioners, carrying evergreens, bay, and rosemary."

So it was finished. A procession well-nigh a quarter of a mile in length.

"Come; you have seen the merchants in the Royal Exchange, and you have seen the shops of Chepe. We will now, before the hour of dinner, visit Paul's Churchyard and Paul's Walk."

At the western end of Cheapside was the church of St. Michael le Quern, a small building sixty feet long, with a square tower fifty feet high, and a clock on the south face. At the back of the church was the little conduit. The houses

north and south were here exactly alike, uniform in size and construction. On the south side a broad archway, with a single room above and a gabled roof, opened into Paul's Church-yard. "There are six gates," said Stow, "round the church-yard. This is called Paul's Gate, or by some the Little Gate."

The area included was crowded with buildings and planted with trees. On the north side were many shops of stationers, each with its sign—the White Greyhound, the Flower de Luce, the Angel, the Spread-Eagle, and others. In the middle rose the church, towering high, its venerable stones black with age and the smoke of London.

"There is St. Paul's Cross," said the antiquary. He pointed to an edifice at the northeast angle of the transept.

I looked with curiosity at this historical edifice, which was smaller, as all historical things are, than one expected. It was made of timber mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with lead. There was room in it for three or four persons. A low wall was built round it. A venerable man was preaching to a small congregation, who sat on wooden benches to listen.

"What things have not been heard," said Stow, "at Paul's Cross? Here were the folk-motes of old, when the people were called by the great bell to attend their Parliament, and to take counsel together. No Common Council then, my masters, but every man his freedom of speech and his vote. Paul's Cross it was which made the Reformation. Here have I heard Latimer, Ridley, Coverdale, and I know not whom besides. Here I saw with my own eyes the Bexley Rood shown, with all the tricks whereby it was made to open its eyes and lips and seem to speak. All the Reformation was accomplished from this cross. Now there are no more masses; and the chapels are empty and silent, their altars are removed, the paintings are defaced, and the church is given over for worldly things. Come in."

We entered by the north transept.

There was much that astonished me in this walk through London of the year 1603, but nothing so surprising and unexpected as St. Paul's Cathedral. I had pictured a church narrow, long, somewhat low, and dark. I found, on the other hand, that it was in every respect a most noble

church, longer than any other cathedral I had ever seen, loftier also, and well lighted in every part, the style grand and simple. Consider, therefore, my astonishment at finding the church desecrated and abandoned like the common streets for the general uses of the people! The choir alone, where the old screen still stood, was reserved for purposes of worship, for there was a public thoroughfare through the transepts and across the church. Men tramped through, carrying baskets of meat or of bread, sacks of coal, bundles, bags, and parcels of all kinds, walking as in the streets, turning neither to right nor left. Hucksters and peddlers not only walked through, but lingered on their way to sell their wares. Servants stood and sat about a certain pillar to be hired; scriveners sat about another pillar, writing letters for those who required their services; clergymen in quest of a curacy or vicarage gathered at another pillar.

"This," said Stow, "is an exchange where almost as much business is done as at Sir Thomas Gresham's Bourse, but of another kind. Here are houses bought and sold; here is money lent on usury; here are conspiracies hatched, villainies resolved upon; here is the honor of women bought and sold; here, if a man wants a handful of desperadoes for the Spanish Main, he may buy them cheap."

The long middle aisle was crowded with a throng of men walking to and fro; some alone, some two or three together; some of them were merchants or retailers; some were countrymen looking about them, and crying out for the loftiness of the roof and grandeur of the church. But many were young gallants, and those were evidently come to show the splendor of their dress and to mark and follow the newest fashions, which, like women, they learned from each other.

"These lads," said Stow, echoing my thoughts, "were better on board a stout ship bound for the West Indies than at home spending their fortunes on their backs, and their time in pranking before the other gallants. Yet they are young. It is now their time. For them the fine fashions; for them the feasting; for them the love-making; for us to look on and to remember. At the mutability of the fashion we may laugh, for there is no sense in it, but only folly. To-day the high Alman fashion; to-morrow the Spanish

guise; the day after, the French. See with what an air they walk; head thrown back, hand on hip, leg advanced. Saw we ever gallants braver or more splendid? No two alike, but each arrayed in his own fashion as seemeth him best, though each would have the highest ruff and the longest rapier. And look at their heads—as many fashions with their hair as with their cloak and doublet. One is polled short; one has curls; another, long locks down to his shoulders. And some shave their chins, some have long beards, and some short beards. Some wear ear-rings and have lovelocks. Why not, good sir? Bones a' me! time to save and hoard when we grow old. The world and the play of the world belong to the young. Let them enjoy the good things while they can."

While we were talking in this manner, the clock struck the hour of eleven. Instantly there was a general movement towards the doors, and before the last stroke had finished ringing and echoing in the roof the church was empty, save for a few who still lingered and looked at each other disconsolately.

"It is the dinner hour," said Stow.

"Then," said I, "lead me to some tavern where we may dine at our ease."

"There are many such taverns close to Paul's," he replied. "The Three Tuns, in Newgate; the Boar's Head, by London Stone; the Ship, at the Exchange; the Mermaid, in Cornhill; or the Mitre, of Chepe. But of late my dinners have been small things, and I know not, what any town gallant could tell you, where to go for the best burned sack or for sound Rhenish."

"The Mitre, then, on the chance."

This tavern, a gabled house, stood at the end of a passage leading from Cheap-side, near the corner of Bread Street. The long room spread for dinner was two steps lower than the street, and not too well lighted. A narrow table ran down the middle; upon it was spread a fair white cloth; a clean napkin lay for every guest, and a knife. The table was already filled. Loaves of bread were placed at intervals; they were of various shapes, round and square; salt was also placed at regular intervals. When we entered, the company stood up politely till we had found seats. Then all sat down again.

We took our seats in a corner, whence we could observe the company. Stow

whispered in my ear that this was a shilling ordinary, and one of the best in London, as was proved by the number of the guests. "Your city gallant," he said, "scents his dinner like a hound, and is never at fault. We shall dine well."

We did dine well. The boys brought us first roast beef with pease and buttered beans. "This," said the old man, "is well—everything in season. At midsummer, beef and beans; at Michaelmas, fresh herrings; at All Saints', pork and souse, sprats and spurlings; in Lent, parsnips and leeks, to soften the saltiness of the fish; at Easter, veal and bacon—or at least gammon of bacon—and tansy cake with stained eggs; at Martinmas, salt beef. Let old customs be still maintained. Methinks we are back in the days of bluff King Hal. Well, London was ever a city of plenty. Even the craftsman sits down to his brown bread and bacon and his ale. Harry, bring me a tankard of March beer—and another dish of beef, tell the carver."

After the beef, we were served with roast capons and ducks. The absence of forks was partly made up by the use of bread, and no one scrupled to take the bones and suck them or even crunch them. But there was so much politeness and so many compliments passing from one to the other that those small points passed almost unnoticed, even by my unaccustomed eyes. One quickly learns to think more of the people than of their ways in little things. Apart from their bravery in dress and their habit of compliment, I was struck with the cheerfulness and the confidence, even the extravagance, of their talk. Their manner was that of the soldier—sanguine, confident, and rather loud. Some there were who looked ready to ruffle and to swagger.

The capon was followed by a course of cakes and fruit. Especially the confection known as marchpane, in which the explorer lights upon filberts, almonds, and pistachio nuts buried in sugared cake, hath left a pleasing memory in my mind.

Dinner over, the old man, my guide, offered no opposition to a flask of wine, which was brought in a glass measure with sugar thrown in.

"For choice," he said, "give me malmsey, full and fine, sweetened with sugar. Your French wines are too thin for my old blood. Boy, bring a clean pipe and tobacco."

By this time almost every man in the room was smoking, though some contented themselves with their snuff-boxes. The tables were cleared, the boys ran about setting before every man his cup of wine and taking the reckoning.

Tobacco, the old man said, though introduced so recently, had already spread over the whole country, so that most men and many women took their pipe of tobacco every day with as much regularity as their cup of wine or tankard of ale. So widespread was now the practice that hundreds of people made a livelihood in London alone by the retailing of this herb.

"And now," he said, when his pipe was reduced to ashes, "let us across the river, and see the play at the Globe. The time serves; we shall be in the house before the second flourish."

There was a theatre, he told me on the way, easier of access, among the ruins of the Dominicans', or Blackfriars', Abbey, but that was closed for the moment. "We shall learn," he added, "the piece that is to be played from the posts of Queenhithe, where we take oars." In fact, we found the posts at that port placarded with small bills announcing the performance of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Bank Side consisted of a single row of houses, built on a dike, or levee, higher both than the river at high tide and the ground behind the bank. Before the building of the bank this must have been a swamp covered with water at every tide; it was now laid out in fields, meadows, and gardens. At one end of Bank Side stood the Clink Prison, Winchester House, and St. Mary Overies Church. At the other end was the Falcon Tavern, with its stairs, and, behind, the Paris Gardens.

The fields were planted with many noble trees, and in every one there was a pond or stagnant ditch which showed the nature of the ground. A little to the west of the Clink and behind the houses stood the Globe Theatre, and close beside it the "Bear-baiting." The theatre, erected in the year 1593, was hexagonal externally. It was open in the middle, but the stage and the galleries within were covered over with a thatched roof. Over the door was the sign of the house—Hercules supporting the globe, with the legend, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem*."

The interior of the theatre was circular in shape. It contained three galleries, one above the other; the lowest, called the "rooms," for seats in which we paid a shilling each, contained the better sort. At each side of the stage there were boxes, one of which contained the music. The stage itself, a stout construction of timber, projected far into the pit, or, as Stow called it, the "yarde." At the back was another stage, supported on two columns, and giving the players a gallery about ten or twelve feet high, the purpose of which we were very soon to find out. On each side of the stage were seats for those who paid an additional sixpence. Here were a dozen or twenty gallants, either with pipes of tobacco or playing cards or dice before the play began. One of them would get up quickly with a pretence of impatience, and push back his cloak so as to show the richness of his doublet below. The young men, whether at the theatre, or in Paul's Walk, or in Chepe, seemed all intent upon showing their bravery of attire; no girls of our day could be more vain of their dress, or more critical of the dress worn by others. Some of them, however, I perceived among the groundlings—that is, the people in the "yarde"—gazing about the house upon the women in the galleries. Here there were many dressed very finely, like ladies of quality, in satin gowns, lawn aprons, taffeta petticoats, and gold threads in their hair. They seemed to rejoice in being thus observed and gazed upon. When a young man had found a girl to his taste, he went into the gallery, sat beside her, and treated her to pippins, nuts, or wine.

It was already one o'clock when we arrived. As we took our seats the music played its first sounding or flourish. There was a great hubbub in the place; hucksters went about with baskets crying pippins, nuts, and ale; in the "rooms" booksellers' boys hawked about new books; everybody was talking together; everywhere the people were smoking tobacco, playing cards, throwing dice, cheapening books, cracking nuts, and calling for ale. The music played a second sounding. The hubbub continued unabated. Then it played the third and last. Suddenly the tumult ceased. The piece was about to begin.

The stage was decorated with blue hangings of silk between the columns,

showing that the piece was to be—in part, at least—a comedy. Across the raised gallery at the back was stretched a painted canvas representing a royal palace. When the scene was changed, this canvas became the wall of a city, and the actors would walk on the top of the wall; or a street with houses; or a tavern with its red lattice and its sign; or a tented field. When night was intended, the blue hangings were drawn up and exchanged for black.

The hawkers retired and were quiet; the house settled down to listen, and the Prologue began.

Prologue appeared dressed in a long black velvet cloak; he assumed a diffident and most respectful manner; he bowed to the ground.

"In Troy—there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships."

In this way the mind of the audience was prepared for what was to follow. We needed no play-bill. The palace before us could be no other than Priam's Palace. If there was a field with tents, it must be the battle-field and the camp of the Greeks; if there was a wall, it must be the wall of Troy. And though the scenery was rough, it was enough. One wants no more than the unmistakable suggestion; the poet and the actor find the rest. Therefore, though the intrusive gallants lay on the stage, though Troilus was dressed in the armor of Tudor time, and Pandarus were just such a doublet as old Stow himself, we were actually at Troy. The boy who played Cressida was a lovely maiden. The narrow stage was large enough for the Council of Kings, the wooing of lovers, and the battle-field of heroes. Women unfaithful and perjured, lovers trustful, warriors fierce, the alarms of war, fighting and slaying, the sweet whispers of love drowned by the blare of trumpets; the loss of lover forgotten in the loss of a great captain; and among the warriors and the kings and the lovers, the creeping creatures who live upon the weaknesses and the sins of their betters played their parts upon these narrow boards before a silent and enraptured house. For three hours we were kept out of our senses. There was no need, I say, of better scenery; a quick shifting of the can-

vas showed a battle-field and turned the stage into a vast plain covered with armies of Greeks and Trojans. Soldiers innumerable, as thick as motes in the sun, crossed the stage fighting, shouting, challenging each other. While they fought, the trumpets blew and the drums beat, the wounded fell, and the fight continued over these prostrate bodies till they were carried off by their friends. The chiefs rushed to the front, crossed swords, and rushed off again. "Come both, you cogging Greeks," said Troilus, while our cheeks flushed and our lips parted. If the stage had been four times as broad, if the number of men in action had been multiplied by ten, we could not have felt more vividly the rage, the joy, the madness of the battle.

When the play was finished, the ale, the apples, and the nuts were passed round, and the noise began again. Then the clown came in and began to sing, and the music played—but oh, how poor it seemed after the great emotions of the play!

The old man plucked me by the sleeve and we went out, and with us most of the better sort.

"The first plays," said the antiquary, "that ever I saw were those that were played on stages put up in the court-yards of inns, where the galleries afforded place for the audience, and the stage was made of boards laid upon trestles. Tarleton used to play at the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate, and at the Cross Keys, Grasse Street. He was reckoned a famous player, yet compared with those we have seen this day, a fustian moulder, no doubt. Rude plays they were, and rude players; but I dare say they moved the spectators as much as this fine theatre."

Not far from the Globe stood another building of circular form, a throng of



DR. SHAW PREACHING AT ST. PAUL'S CROSS.

people pressed about the doors, and a great noise of barking and shouting came from within. "It is the Bear-baiting," said my guide. "But the place is full of rough men whose wrath is easily moved, and then out come knives and there is a tumult. I am too old for such things. Nevertheless, it is a noble sport; and when you come to whipping the blinded bear, who lately broke away and bit a piece out of a man's thigh—it passes all." He lingered as if he would join it once more with a little encouragement. Finding none, he walked slowly away to the river bank.

"This place," said Stow, "hath an ill name, by reason of evil-doers, who were long permitted to live here—a place notorious for three hundred years as the com-



OBSEQUIES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

mon sink of the city. No reputable citizen would have his country house and garden on Bank Side. Why, there are private gardens all round London, as far north as Islington, and as far east as Ratcliffe Cross, but none here. The air is fresh and wholesome coming up the river, the ground fertile: see the trees and hedges how they flourish: yet is there never a private garden in the place. For this reason the bull-baiting is here, and Paris Gardens with its bears: an it were Sunday, I would show you the bears: old Harry Hunks and Sackerson. For this reason was the Globe built here, without the city precincts. Where are the theatres and the baitings, the musicians and the shows, thither must gather together the poets, singers, mummers, and all those who live by min-

istering to the merriment and pleasure of the world. A company of keen wits they are, their tongues readier than most and their talk bolder. Sober merchants, who think more of the matter and less of the manner, like not such company." Here the tinkling of a guitar, followed by a burst of laughter, interrupted the discourse. "I doubt not,"

said Stow, "that we have here—'tis the Falcon Tavern—a company of wits and poets and players. Let us tarry but the drinking of a single flask. It may be, unless their tongues are more free than is seemly, that we shall be rewarded."

The Falcon Inn stood at the western end of Bank Side, at the head of the Falcon stairs. In front a small garden



THE MANNER OF BURNING ANNE ASKEW, JOHN LACELS, JOHN ADAMS, AND NICOLAS BELENIAN, WITH CERTAIN OF YE COUNSELL SITTING IN SMITHFIELD.

stretched out toward the river. Part of the garden was an arbor, formed by a vine raised on poles, so as to form a roof of leaves. Here was a table placed, and round the table a company of ten or a dozen. At the head of the table was a young gentleman richly dressed. Behind him stood two servants. At his right sat a man of about thirty, of large frame and already corpulent, his brown hair short and curly, his beard cut short, his eyes singularly bright.

"'Tis Ben Jonson," whispered Stow. "Let us sit here, without the arbor, so that we can drink and listen. Ben is but lately out of prison, where he was cast for writing reflections on the Scottish nation. 'Twas said that he would lose his ears and have his nose slit, but the King showed mercy. He at the head of the table is some young nobleman, patron of poets, but, alas, I live now so retired that I know not his name. On the left of him is William Shakespeare, whom some think a better poet than Ben—a quiet man, who says little. I have seen him here before. 'Twas he wrote the piece we have seen this day. He has a share in the theatre of Blackfriars. Burbage the actor sits next to Shakespeare, and then Alleyn and Hemyng opposite, and Henslowe. And there is John Marston, another poet."

Alleyn it was who held the guitar. At



SOUTHWEST VIEW OF AN ANCIENT STRUCTURE IN SHIP-YARD, TEMPLE BAR.
Supposed to have been the residence of Elias Ashmole, Esq., the celebrated antiquary.

this time he was in the prime of life, not yet forty, his face full of mobility and quickness. He ran his fingers carelessly over the notes, and then began to sing in a clear, high voice:

"'Twas I that paid for all things;
'Twas others drank the wine.
I cannot now recall things;
Live but a fool to pine.



OLD FOUNTAIN INN IN THE MINORIES.

Taken down in 1793.

'Twas I that beat the bush;
The bird to others flew!
For she, alas! for she, alas! hath left me.
Falero—lero—loo!

"If ever that Dame Nature
(For this false lover's sake)
Another pleasant creature
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this:
To make the other twice!
For this, alas! for this, alas! hath left me.
Falero—lero—loo!

"No riches now can raise me,
No want make me despair;

No misery amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care.
I have lost a world itself;
My earthly heaven, adieu!
Since she, alas! since she, alas!
Hath left me.
Falero—lero—loo!"

"Sir," said the young gentleman, "'tis an excellent song, well sung. I drink your health."

This he did, rising, and very courteously.

Now in the talk that followed I observed that while the players amused by relating anecdotes, Ben Jonson made laughter by what he said, speaking in language which belongs to scholars and to books, and that Shakespeare sat for the most part in silence, yet not in the silence of a blockhead in the presence of wits, and when he spoke it was to the purpose. Also I remarked that the guitar passed from hand to hand, and that everybody could play and sing, and that the boldness of the talk showed the freedom of their minds. Who can repeat the unrestrained conversation of a tavern company? Nay, since some of them were more than merry with the wine, it would be an ill turn to set down what they said. We drank our cups and listened to the talk.

Presently Ben Jonson himself sang one of his own songs, in a rough but not unmelodious voice:

"Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue.
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?"

"At morn or even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short or none.
So men at weakest, they are strongest;
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of the men?"

We came away about sunset, or near half past eight in the evening. Some of the company were by this time merry with their wine, and as we rose, one began to bawl an old tavern ditty, drumming on the wood of the guitar with his knuckles:

"There was a ewe had three lambs,
And one of them was blacke;
There was a man had three sons,
Jeffrey, James, and Jack.

"The one was hanged,
the other drown'd;
The third was lost
and never found;
The old man he fell
in a sound;—
Come fill us a cup
of sacke."

It was nearly high tide on the river, which spread itself out full and broad between the banks, reflecting the evening glow in the western sky. Numberless swans floated about the stream. It was also covered with boats. Some were state barges belonging to great people, with awnings and curtains, painted and gilt, filled with ladies, who sang as the boat floated quietly with the current, to the music of guitars. Others were the cockle-shells of humble folk. Here was the prentice taking his sweetheart out upon the river for the freshness of the evening air; here the citizen, with his wife and children, in a wherry; here the tilt-boat, with its load of passengers, coming up from Greenwich to Westminster. There were also the barges and lighters laden with hay, wool, and grain, waiting for the tide to turn in order to unload at Queenhithe or Billingsgate.

"This," said Stow, "is the best place of any for a prospect of the city. Here we can count the spires and the towers. I know them every one. Look how Paul's rises above the houses! His walls are a hundred feet high. His tower that

you see is near three hundred feet high, and his spire, which has been burned down these forty years, was two hundred feet more. Alas, that goodly spire! It is only from this bank that you can see the great houses along the river. There are the ruins of White Friars; there those of the Dominicans. Ruins were they not, but splendid buildings, in the days of my youth. Baynard's Castle, the Steel Yard, Cold Harbor, the Bridge—there they

stand. The city of Venice itself cannot show so fair a prospect. See, now the sun lights up the windows of None-such on the Bridge; see how the noble structure is reflected in the water below!



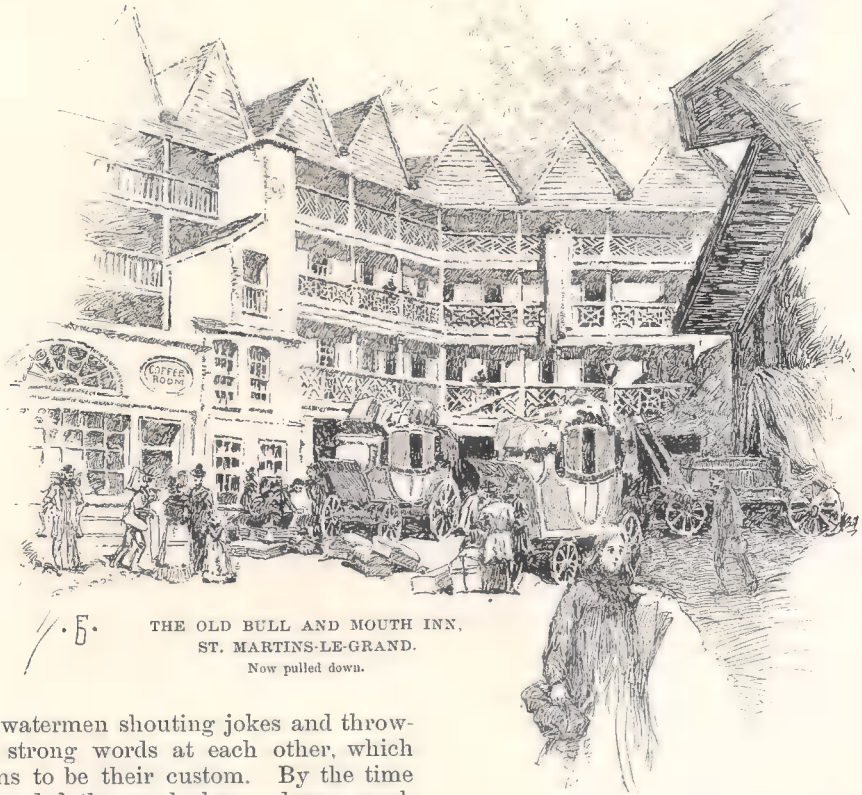
SOUTH VIEW OF FALCON TAVERN, ON THE BANK SIDE, SOUTHWARK, AS IT APPEARED IN 1805.
Celebrated for the daily resort of Shakespeare and his companions.

Good sir"—he turned to me with glowing face and eyes aflame with enthusiasm—"there is no other city in the whole world, believe me, which may compare

with this noble city of London, of which—glory to God!—I have been permitted to become the humble historian.”

We took boat at Falcon stairs—Stow told me there were two thousand boats and three thousand watermen on the river—and we returned to Queenhithe,

grape. “Sir,” he said, “can a man live in London for eighty years and fail to discern good wine from bad? Why, the city drinks up, I believe, all the good wine in the world. Amsterdam is built on piles set in the ooze and mud. London floats on puncheons, pipes, and hogsheads



the watermen shouting jokes and throwing strong words at each other, which seems to be their custom. By the time we landed, the sun had gone down; work for the day was over, and the streets were thronged with people. First, however, it was necessary to think of supper. My guide took me to an old inn in Dowgate; you entered it, as at the Mitre, by a long passage. This was the well-known Swan, where we found a goodly company assembled. They seemed to be merchants all; grave men, not given to idle mirth, so that the conversation was more dull (if more seemly) than at the Falcon. For supper they served us roast pullet, with a salad of lettuce, very good, and a flask of right Canary. My ancient guide swore—“Bones a’ me!”—that it contained the very spirit and essence of the Canary

of the best and choicest. This is truly rare Canary. Alas! I am past eighty. I shall drink but little more.”

So he drank and warmed his old heart, and discussed further, but it would be idle to set down all he said, because most of it is in books, and my desire has been to record only what cannot be found by the curious already printed.

After supper we had more wine and tobacco. Some of the company fell to card-playing, some to dice. Then the door opened, and a man came in with two children, boys, who sang with him while he played the guitar. They sang



THE GLOBE, ROSE, AND BEAR-BAITING THEATRES, AS THEY APPEARED ABOUT THE YEAR 1612.

madrigals very sweetly, each his own part truly and with justice. When they finished, the boys went around with a platter and collected pence and farthings. And having paid our reckoning, we went away.

In the streets outside, the women sat at their doors or stood about gossiping with each other. At every corner a bonfire was merrily burning. This was partly because it was the vigil of St. John the Baptist, partly because in the city they always light bonfires in the summer months to purify and cleanse the air. But because of the day every door was shadowed with green branches—birch, long fennel, Saint-John's-wort, orpin, white lilies, and such like—garnished with garlands of beautiful flowers. They had also hung up lamps of colored glass, with oil to burn all the night, so that the streets looked gay and bright with the red light of the bonfires playing on the tall gabled fronts, and the red and green light of the lamps. From all the taverns, as we passed, came the sound of music, singing, and revelry, with the clink of glasses, and the uplifting of voices thick with wine. There was also the sound of music and singing from the private houses. Everywhere singing; everywhere joy and happiness. In the streets the prentices and their sweethearts danced, to the pipe and tabor, those merry dances called the Brawl and the Canary, and better dancing, with greater spirit and more fidelity to the steps, had I never before seen.

At last we stopped once more before the door of John Stow's house.

"Sir," he said, taking my hand, "the time has come to bid you farewell. It has been a great honor for me to con-

verse with one of a generation yet to come, and a great satisfaction to learn that my name will live so long beside those of the poets of this noble age. Many things there are into which I would fain have inquired. This looking into futurity is an idle thing, yet I would fain have asked if you will put a new steeple on Paul's; if you still suffer the desecration of that place; if London will

spread still more beyond her walls; if her trade will still more increase; if the Spaniard will be always permitted to hold the continent of America; if the Pope will still be reigning; with many other things. But you came this day to learn, and I to teach. When next you come, suffer me in turn to put questions. And now, good sir, farewell. Behold!" He raised his hands in admiration. "I have spent a day—a whole day—with a man of the nineteenth century! Bones a' me!"

So he went within and shut the door.



INSIDE OF THE RED BULL PLAYHOUSE.



HIS SHIP.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

“O WATCHER on the Minster Hill,
Look out o’er the sloping sea;
Of the tall ships coming, coming still,
Is never one for me?

“I have waited and watched (the weary years!)
When I to the shore could win,
Till now I cannot see for tears
If my ship be coming in.

“Eyes shut, I see her night and day,
No inch of canvas furled,
As a swan full-breasted push her way
Up out of the underworld.

“’Tis but her wraith! And all the time
These cheated eyes grow dim.
Will her tardy topmasts never climb
Above the ocean’s rim?

“The minster tower is goldener grown
With lichens the sea winds feed,
Since first I came; each bleak head-stone
Grows hard and harder to read.

“Think! There’s a dearer heart that waits,
And eyes that suffer wrong,
As the fruitless seasons join their mates
While my ship delays so long!”

“From among so many pennons bright
On which the sunshine pours,
From among so many wings of white,
Say, how shall I single yours?”

“By her mast that’s all of the beaten gold,
By her gear of the silk so fine,
By the smell of spices in her hold,
Full well may you know mine.”

“O some go west and some go east;
Their shadows lighten all the sea;
’Tis a blessing of God to see the least,
So stately as they be.

“Their high-heaped sails with the wind are round;
The sleek waves past them swirl;
As they stoop and straighten without a sound,
They crush the sea to pearl.

“Wind-curved the rainbow signals stream,
Green, yellow, blue, and red,
But never a ship with the glory and gleam
Of the tokens you have said.”

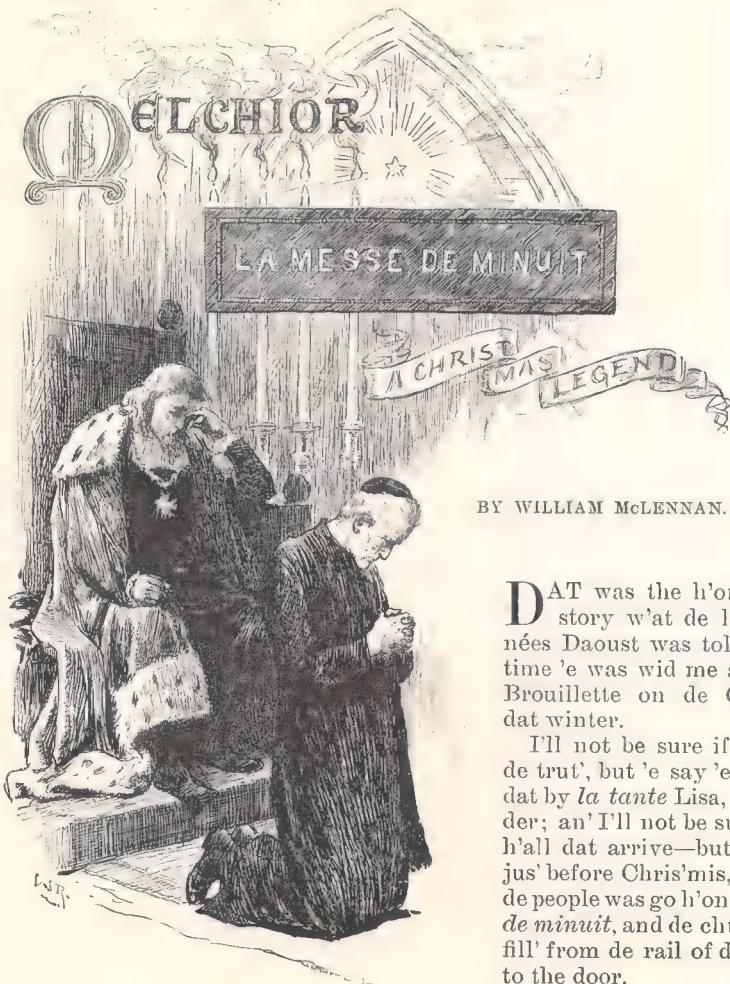
* Copyright by James Russell Lowell.

"My ship of dreams I may never see
Slide swan-like to her berth,
With her lading of sandal and spicery
Such as never grew on earth.

"But from peril of storm and reef and shoal,
From ocean's tumult and din,
My ship, her freight a living soul,
Shall surely erelong come in

"With toll of bells to a storm-proof shore,
To a haven landlocked and still,
Where she shall lie with so many more
In the lee of the Minster Hill.

"In God's good time she shall 'scape at last
From the waves' and the weather's wrong,
And the rattle of her anchor cast
There's a heart shall hear life-long."



BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

DAT was the h'only good story w'at de h'ol' Phi-nées Daooust was tol' h'all de time 'e was wid me an' Xiste Brouillette on de Gatineau dat winter.

I'll not be sure if dat was de trut', but 'e say 'e was tol' dat by *la tante* Lisa, 'es modder; an' I'll not be sure w'ere h'all dat arrive—but dat was jus' before Chris'mis, an' h'all de people was go h'on de *messe de minuit*, and de church was fil' from de rail of de h'altar to the door.

An' de young King was dere too, an' w'en 'e look on h'all dose people an' on de 'igh h'altar w'at was like *le sain' Paradis* wid h'all de candle an' de littl' h'angel, an' w'en 'e look on de pries' wid deir fine clo'es h'all red an' w'ite an' gol', an' on de littl' fellers on de *chœur*, an' on de soldiers, 'es 'eart was glad, an' 'e see 'e was de bigges' an' de stronges' King w'at dere h'ever was. An' h'all de time 'e lis'en to de music an' de boys w'at sing, an' w'en 'e see de pries' move on de h'altar, an' de people w'at stan' h'up an' kneel down, 'e forget W'o h'all dat was for, an' 'e feel like dey was make h'all dat for 'eem.

An' bymby de pries' w'at serve begin de *Gloria*; an' dat pries' 'ave de voice w'at soun' jus' like de h'angel w'at sing. An' de King lis'en ver' 'ard, an' bymby 'e 'ear 'eem an' de odder pries' sing

"Tu solus Dominus; Tu solus Altissimus."

An' de boys on de *chœur* dey sing back,

"Tu solus Dominus; Tu solus Altissimus"

An' de King turn on de h'ol', h'ol' pries' w'at sit 'longside 'eem, an' w'at was de *confesseur* to 'es fadder an' to 'es gran'-fadder too, an' 'e say ver' slow,

"Tu solus Dominus; Tu solus Altissimus."

An' de h'ol' pries' t'ink 'e was h'ax w'at dat mean, an' 'e say,

"Dat's w'at de h'angels was sing w'en de men fin' de littl' *Jésus*—" You are de h'only King. You are de stronges' King."

An' de King make de black face, an' 'e say on 'es h'inside: "*Les gueux!* Let dem say w'at dey like, nobody's de h'only King so long's I'll be 'ere! An' dere's no King more strong nor I'll be!"

An' w'en de h'ol' pries' see 'es face get 'ard like dat, 'e kneel down an' 'e say de prayer for de soul of de young King. An' de King sit dere, an' 'e don' look any more on de h'altar, an' 'e don' lis'en any more on de *office*, an' bymby, w'en de pries' was begin de *Credo*, 'e shut 'es h'eyes, an' after w'ile 'e sleep.

'E don' know 'ow long dat was 'e was 'sleep, but 'e wake h'up, an' for littl' minute 'e don' know w'ere 'e was. Den 'e see de littl' red lamp w'at never, never go h'out, burn on de front of de h'altar, an' 'igh h'up on de roof 'e can see de w'ite shine of de moon t'rough de littl' window, an' 'e feel 'e's h'all 'lone on de big church.

'E try an' t'ink 'ow dat arrive, but de

more 'e t'ink, de more 'e don' know. An' bymby 'e get h'up, an' 'e pass down de middl' of de church, but w'en 'e come on de big door, 'e fin' dat was fas' lock'. Den 'e feel 'es way roun', an' bymby 'e fin' de littl' door onder de *clocher* was h'open, an' w'en 'e pass h'out, 'e laugh w'en 'e t'ink dat was de firs' time w'at 'e h'ever was go t'rough h'any door 'cep' de big one.

On de h'outside de snow was h'every-w'ere, an' de moon was w'ite, an' de sky was ver' 'igh an' blue, an' de King was shiver wid de col', an' 'e make de straight course for de *Palais*.

W'en 'e get dere 'e don' see no light on de window, so 'e go on de fron' door an' 'e give de 'ard knock, an' 'e jus' wait de smalles' minute, an' den 'e knock some more jus' so fas' an' so 'ard 'e was h'able widout wait for no answer, an' bymby 'e 'ear de door h'open littl' bit an' somebody say, "W'o's dere?" An' 'e was so mad 'e jus' give de door 'ard push, an' 'e shout: "H'open de door, *vaurien!* Don' keep me 'ere!" An' de man say somet'ing, an' slap de door on 'es face.

W'en de King see dat, 'e can say nodding. 'E jus' stan' dere an' 'e try for t'ink, but nodding come, an' w'en 'e was t'ink, 'es 'an' go back on de door some more, an' 'e give littl' qu'it knock. An' de minute 'e do dat, de door h'open an' somebody stan' dere, an' de King say, qu'it like,

"Let me pass on de 'ouse."

But dat man say, "W'o you are?"

An' 'e say, "Me? De King?"

An' de man 'e say, "W'at king?"

An' 'e say, "W'at king? W'y, de h'only King dere is!"

An' den de man 'e say,

"Wait one minute."

An' 'e call for bring de lamp, an' w'en dey bring de lamp 'e 'ol' 'eem h'up so dey h'all can see, an' 'e say,

"You know dat man?" An' dey h'all look on eem, an' de King see deir h'eyes, an' 'e know w'at dey will say before dey speak, an' 'es 'eart got col' on 'eem like h'ice.

An' den de man 'ol' hup de lamp some more, an' 'e say, "Look on me!"

An' dere de King see nodder King jus' like 'e was 'eemself. 'E was h'all dress h'up on 'es clo'es, an' 'e see 'es crown on 'es 'ead; but 'e don' say nodding for dat, because 'e know dat was de h'angel, an' not de man like 'e was. An' so 'e don'

say nodding, 'e jus' turn an' 'e walk 'way h'over de snow. An' de lamp w'at de h'angel 'ol' h'up make h'everyt'ing bright, 'cep' jus' w'ere de King was go.

An' de King go h'on like de man w'at was 'sleep, an' den 'e stop an' 'e say, "Dat's h'all lies! I'll make de dream h'all dis time. I'll go on de men, an' dey h'all know me!"

An' 'e go h'over on de 'ouse w'ere de soldier an' de men was 'sleep, an' 'e knock on de door, an' 'e call so loud 'e was h'able, "*Ourra, Ourra, mes gars!*" An' h'all de men jump h'up an' run h'out, an' dey see jus' one poor man w'at stan' dere on de snow. An' w'en dey say, "Well?" 'e go for say, "Don' you know me? I'll be de—"

But w'en 'e see deir face 'e can' go h'on, an' 'e get sick on 'es 'eart, like w'en 'e was on de door of de *Palais*. An' den dey laugh on 'eem, an' dey call 'eem h'all de bad names dey know, but nobody don' dare for touch 'eem. An' bymby, w'en dey get tire' wid deir fon, dey h'open de door of de stable w'ere de 'orses was keep, an' dey say 'e can sleep dere, an' dey go h'off; an' 'e 'ear dem laugh w'en dey go. An' de King 'e sit dere on de stable, an' 'e try not cry, an' 'e try for min' 'ow 'e was de bigges' an' de stronges' King on de worl', no matter w'at arrive.

But dere was Somebody h'else on dat stable too. I'll not be sure 'ow for say jus' w'at dat was; not de h'angel, but de littl' Boy, de CHIL', an' you see after w'ile for w'y 'e was sen' dere.

So de CHIL' stan' dere an' watch de King w'at was sit an' not say nodding for long time, an' de 'orses dey h'all turn deir 'eads an' watch 'eem too. An' bymby de King 'e got h'up an' go h'over on 'es h'own 'orse w'at nobody can' go near. An' de 'orse was move on 'es box, an' make de littl' noise like 'e wan' for speak, an' bymby de CHIL' 'ear de noise like de man cry, an' 'e go h'over an' 'e see de King wid 'es two h'arm roun' de neck of de 'orse, an' 'e 'ear 'eem say: "You know w'at I'll be! You know w'at I'll be!"

Den bymby de King come h'out an' 'e look on de CHIL' like 'e was know 'eem h'all 'es life, an' w'en de CHIL' say, "Come, let us go," de King take 'es 'an', an' dey go h'out de stable an' pass down de street, an' dey pass de 'ouses w'ere de h'odder people was 'sleep, an' de big church, an' den dey come on de country; an' den far, far 'way w'ere de King never was pass before.

An' dey go h'on an' h'on p'r'aps for six, h'eight, nine weeks like dat, an' h'all dat time de King was t'ink an' t'ink, an' sometime 'e don't speak h'all de day, an' don't sleep on de night, an' 'es face get like de face of de h'ol' man w'at 'ave plenty trouble. An' de CHIL' don't say nodding, jus' let de King go w'ere 'e wan', an' at de las' de King 'e say, "I'll be tire' for h'always go h'on like dis, an' never get no place, an' not do nodding."

Den de CHIL' 'e say, "Dat's jus' w'at I'll wan' too. I'll look for de job."

An' 'e go h'off, an' bymby after w'ile 'e come back, an' 'e say to de King, "Come wid me," an' dey go to w'ere de Shanty Boss was 'ire de men.

An' de Boss look ver' 'ard on de King, but h'all 'e say was, "W'at's your name?"

An' de King begin for say, "My name? —I'll be de—"

But de CHIL' pull 'eem by de coat, an' 'e say quick, "'Es name? Dat's Jean Leroy."

Den de Boss say, "W'at you can do?"

An' de King not know w'at for say, 'cause 'e never do nodding h'all 'es life; but de CHIL' say,

"'E can drive de 'orses."

Den de Boss laugh, an' 'e say,

"Well, I'll s'pose I'll 'ave to 'ire you too, for speak for de h'odder feller." An' so 'e take dem bot', an' de work begin.

An' de Boss 'e take de wil'es' team dey 'ave, an' 'e say,

"Dere's your job; start on de morn'ing."

An' de CHIL' an' de King was manage dose 'orses like dey never was do nodding h'else all deir life; an' de Boss was wonder w'en 'e see dem start h'off.

Den dey was 'appy; jus' demself on de long h'empty road, sometime on de h'ice up de river, an' sometime t'rough de bush, an' everyt'ing so sof' an' quit' an' w'ite like dere never was no trouble an' no bodder on de worl'.

An' sometime dey see de caribou, w'at jus' stan' dere an' look on dem pass; an' de squirrel, an' de littl' beas' an' de birds w'at was lef', run beside dem on de bushes, an' come on deir camp w'en dey stop; an' nodding like dat was 'fraid for dem, because dey know w'at de CHIL' an' de King was. An' de King was not t'ink like before, an' 'e tramp beside de team, an' 'e work h'all de day, an' on de night 'e sleep like de littl' baby; so dey was



"AN' DEY GO H'ON AN' H'ON."



"WON' YOU PASS ON DE 'OUSE AN' RES'?"

h'only sorry w'en dey make deir *voyage*, an' come on de big shanty.

Dere h'all de bodder begin some more. De King was h'all right wid de 'orses an' on de bush, but wid de man all de h'ol' trouble come back, an' 'es face begin for grow h'ol' an' w'ite, an' de CHIL' was glad w'en de day come for start de down trip.

W'en dey was h'all t'rough wid dat job an' was pay h'off, dey go on de farm an' 'ire demself for plough de new fiel' w'at was break h'up for de firs' time. An' w'en dey was 'lone by demself h'everyt'ing go h'all right, de King was sof' an' 'es face get like de young man some more; but w'en dey go back on de 'ouse de King 'e h'eat 'es supper, an' 'e don' say noddin' 'cep' w'en dey h'ax 'eem de question; an' w'en dey sit roun' de lamp for *jaser*, de King 'e go an' sit on the door, an' look h'out on de night.

An' one time dey begin for speak 'bout

de King, and dey say 'ow good 'e was, an' 'ow good h'everyt'ing go h'on. An' h'all dat night de CHIL' 'ear de King turn on 'es bed, an' on de morning 'e see 'es face was grow h'ol' an' w'ite like before. Den de CHIL' see dat won' do, an' w'en dey got t'rough wid deir job, 'e say, "Now we go h'on some more," an' de King don' h'ax noddin'; dey jus' go h'on.

An' dat time dey go ver' far, an' one day w'en 'e was make ver' 'ot, an' dey was h'all tire' h'out, dey was come on de littl' village, an' dey pass on de littl' w'ite 'ouse w'at was between de road an' de river, an' dere was de woman w'at work on 'er flowers on de garden.

An' dey give 'er de *bon-jour*, an' dey speak wid 'er littl' w'ile, an' de CHIL' h'ax 'er 'bout de flower, an' bymby she say, "Won' you pass on de 'ouse an' res'?—you look like you was h'all tire' h'out." An' she h'open de gate, an' dey

pass' on de h'inside. An' den de woman bring de chair, an' dey sit w'ere it was make nice an' col', an' dey can see de river, an' de church, an' de bridge; an' de woman she bring dem de milk an' de bread. An' dey sit dere, an' de woman h'ax dem de question 'bout de way dey come, an' 'bout deir village; an' den she tell dem h'all 'bout 'erself an' 'er man w'at was die; an' de King lis'en h'all de time, an' bymby 'e turn on de CHIL', an' 'e say: "I'll be tire' wid h'always change. I'll like for stay 'ere littl' w'ile." An' dat's de firs' time de King was satisfy for be wid de h'odder people. An' w'en de CHIL' see dat, 'e was glad, an' 'e go h'off; an' w'en 'e come back, 'e say: "Dat's h'all right. I'll see de *curé*, an' 'e say you can teach de school for 'eem."

An' so dey stay, an' dey live wid dat woman; an' h'every day de King 'e was teach de school.

On de morning 'e was get h'up early, an' 'e work on de garden, an' den 'e 'ave de breakfas', an' den 'e go on de school; an' h'everyt'ing w'at 'e do, 'e do good; de garden 'ave de bes' flower on de parish, an' nobody 'ave no trouble for sen' de chil'n on de school.

De King 'e like h'all dose littl' feller, an' de littl' girl too; but dere was one littl' feller w'at 'e like de bes' of h'all, an' 'e was glad w'en 'e come wid 'eem on de garden, an' watch 'eem work, an' 'e never was tire' for speak wid 'eem, no matter w'at 'e h'ax.

An' so dey go h'on, an' h'every day w'en de school was finish' de CHIL' lock h'up, an' de King go h'over on de *presbytère*, an' 'eem an' de *curé* smoke de pipe onder de tree near de river, an' sometime dey walk h'up an' down, an' sometime dey sit qui't, an' nobody know w'at de *curé* say, but de King h'always come back wid 'es face sof' like 'e was 'appy.

An' de summer pass on dat way, an' w'en de Chris'mis-time come near, de *curé* an' de King was teach de boys for sing de *noëls* an' de *cantiques*. An' one day w'en dey was sing long time, an' de King see de littl' fellers was tire', 'e stop an' begin for tell dem de story. De King 'e was ver' strong on de story—'e know mos' h'all w'at arrive on de worl'—an' dat Sunday 'e was tell dem 'bout de King David, 'ow 'e was kill de wil' beas'; an' dat littl' feller w'at I'll tol' you 'bout, 'e say

w'en 'e 'ear dat, "Dat's jus' like our King! 'E's de bigges' an' de stronges' King on de worl'!" An' den de littl' feller say on de King, "Dere's nobody w'at's more strong nor our King—hein?"

An' de King 'es face got h'all w'ite, an' 'e can' say nodding. An' de littl' feller 'e pull es 'coat, an' 'e say some more,

"You don' t'ink dere's nobody more strong nor 'eem?"

An' de King look h'up, an' 'e see de CHIL' was look straight on 'eem, like 'e was see on 'es 'eart, an' den de King turn on de littl' feller, an' 'e say, ver' sof' an' qui't, but dey h'all 'ear w'at 'e say, "*Mais oui, mon cher petit—le bon Dieu.*"

An' e' make de sign of de cross, an' cover h'up 'es face wid 'es 'an's.... an' de minute 'e do dat, 'e 'ear like de 'ole place was fill wid de music, an' 'e 'ear like de h'angel was sing,

"Minuit chrétien,
C'est l'heure de délivrance!"

An' 'e take 'es 'an's h'off 'es face, an', jus' like before 'e was go for sleep, 'e see de 'igh h'altar h'all shine wid de gol', an' dere was h'all de pries', an' de soldiers, an' de people on de church.

An' den de King give littl' shiver, an' bymby 'e kneel down on de floor, an' 'e put 'es 'an' on de 'an' of de h'ol' pries' w'at was pray dere beside 'eem, an' nobody see 'ow de tear of de pries' was fall on de 'an' of de Young King.





A DAUGHTER OF HETH.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

LIONET: "Oh, I say, Benjamin! How splendid your wife is looking! *She* pays for dressing, if you like!"
BENJAMIN: "Does she, my boy! I only wish she *did*!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN his "Almanack for the Year of Christ 1741," one hundred and fifty years ago, Poor Richard says: "Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, no persuasion move thee, to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily; for a good conscience is a continual Christmas. Adieu." It is thrift rather than generosity that we associate with the exhortations of Poor Richard, but it is very certain that no better Christmas sermon will be preached this year than that which he addressed to the colonial public of that distant time.

It was not an original sermon with this popular lay preacher, whose lessons for the day have been recently revived for modern congregations by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford. In every preceding year of Christ the same counsel had been urged upon listening but incredulous ears. Be good and you will be happy is the distinctive Christian doctrine, which is a very different strain from the Horatian "Enjoy while you can enjoy." Yet the ears that have so long heard the gospel of goodness and happiness must have been persistently incredulous, because, after nearly two thousand years of tidings as simple as they are glad, Christendom is not Christian.

Indeed, the grim dogma of total depravity seems to have been suggested by the fact that with a rule so plain as obedience to an inward monitor, whose rightful authority we all acknowledge, and to which obedience is perfectly easy, we riotously persist in disobedience, and secretly sneer at nothing more than a simple effort to regulate life by the golden rule. It is evident that the old-fashioned wish to a child, "May you make a better man than your father," was not such a compliment to that gentleman as it seemed to be. It implied that he was a parental paragon, whom to surpass in virtue would prove the son to be a Christian hero. But Poor Richard throws a strong light upon the old gentleman. For it was at the fathers of a hundred and fifty years ago that this Christmas sermon was preached in the almanac, and they, like their remote descendants, needed to be adjured, and perhaps as vainly, not to allow any power to

persuade them to do what they knew to be evil.

Poor Richard, after all, was a Yankee Puritan holding forth in a Quaker meeting-house. Was the secret of his popularity and success that he had left his peaked hat and sombre cloak behind; or was it that the Quakers on the Delaware were wiser than the Puritans on the Bay? The secret is not far to find. Poor Richard, whether we speak of the master or the man, of Richard Saunders or of Benjamin Franklin, was full of the Christmas spirit, good sense, and good humor. The canny benignity of his aspect in his portraits and statues, the bland shrewdness of the face, and the kindly simplicity of wisdom, as of a superior Uncle Toby, with the gentle stoop of the figure and the air of welcome to all comers, would serve for a portrait of Santa Claus.

It is not the good sense only of his copious writings, the aptness of the proverbs, original and selected, with which the almanac sparkles, and the homely advice of experience, which still keep his page fresh, that explain the charm of Franklin, and made Poor Richard the friend of every colonial family. It was the unfailing good nature, the spirit which is less angry with the rascal than anxious to chastise him with ridicule of his own folly, and gains the ear of the idle, the ignorant, the vicious, by assuming fellowship with them, and identifying itself with the crowd. Poor Richard did not pose as himself a paragon. He was "one of the boys." "The plain truth of the matter is, I am excessive poor, and my wife, good woman, is, I tell her, excessive proud. She cannot bear, she says, to sit spinning in her shift of tow while I do nothing but gaze at the stars, and has threatened more than once to burn all my books and rattling-traps (as she calls my instruments) if I do not make some profitable use of them for the good of my family."

There were no bands or lawn sleeves, no suspicion of mitre or crozier, in such a preacher. But he was not for that reason a ranter or a harlequin. The severer pulpit might have thought him, as Gail Hamilton slyly says of Unitarians, given over to mere morality. But if he could give over the colonists to the same doom, he was satisfied. Poor Richard

said so many things about daily trade and work, and the conduct of life in general, which all other colonial Poor Richards found to be so true and useful, that when he said that a good conscience is a continual Christmas, they believed him.

But it was his good nature that piloted his good sense, and good nature also is a constant Christmas; Poor Richard would have said, if you had cornered him, that there could not be a good conscience without good nature. Your peevish, petulant, snarling fellow, whose rose leaf is always crumpled, cannot be at ease within. If you say that it is temperament, you do not excuse it. Do you excuse stealing by calling it kleptomania? Poor Richard would certainly ask whether any of the snarling fellows that infest society and diffuse discomfort could possibly make a richer or more welcome Christmas gift to his family and to himself than by resolving, and keeping the resolution, to have a good conscience, and let his temperament go hang.

It was to the plain people that the Christmas sermon of Poor Richard was preached. But the more we consider it, does it not become clearer that the plain people include everybody? If he could now see that his little dingy almanac, the first number of which, as Mr. Ford shows us, was advertised as containing "Many pleasant and witty verses, jests, and sayings, Author's Motive of Writing, Prediction of the Death of his friend Dr. Titan Leeds, Moon no Cuckold, Batchelor's Folly, Parson's Wine and Baker's Pudding, Short Visits, Kings and Bears, New Fashions, Game for Kisses, Katherine's Love, Different Sentiments, Signs of a Tempest, Death of a Fisherman, Conjugal Debate, Men and Melons, the Prodigal, Breakfast in Bed, Oyster Lawsuit," etc.—if he could see that this little miscellany of jokes and proverbs had grown into the modern popular magazine like this Christmas HARPER, no reader of this number would be so happy as Poor Richard. For he was the apostle of peace and good-will. If any American ever wished well and did well to his fellow-men, and could he have had his way, would have made human life a holiday, it was Benjamin Franklin.

THE other day, in a great political convention, a delegate arose to speak, and there was a general request that he

should take the platform. But the delegate stood on a seat, and said, complacently, "No; I came from the plain people, and I propose to stay among them." His associates wanted to see him and hear him more conveniently, and asked him to stand where he could be both seen and heard, but the humble man refused: he could not stand where he could be seen and heard because he sprang from the people.

Now it was really to be seen and heard over a very much larger area than the convention that the humble man made the remark. He wished it to be said: "Ah! there is a man who doesn't put on airs. He isn't 'stuck up.' He's just one of the plain people." It was, after all, a little thin piece of demagoguery. If he had any reason for addressing the convention, if he had anything to say, it would have been the part of simple good sense to stand where he could be heard easily, and not to stand where he could not be heard easily, and plume himself upon it as showing that he was a man of the people.

If a man has something to say, is the fact that his parents are poor, and that he has made his own way in life, as the great mass of Americans do, a reason for not saying his something audibly? What is the use of speaking in a public assembly unless you can make yourself heard? If happily you can make yourself heard without going to a platform, you may properly speak where you are. But it is not because you came from the people, as if all your associates did not, but because you have voice enough and know how to use it.

The ostentatious remark which is our text was what actors call playing to the galleries. It was intended to curry favor with the crowd. Now to catch the applause of a majority is an intelligible motive in a convention, because the object of a convention is not deliberation, but action, and without a majority there is no action. But a delegate can pay too high a price even for applause, and when applause follows such a little explosion of self-glorification as that in which the delegate now under consideration indulged himself, it will do him no harm to know that it was a little flourish of humbug which everybody knew to be humbug. There is, indeed, great comfort in a majority. The consciousness of being with the

majority often seems to be like that consciousness of being well dressed which a lady declared afforded a peace of mind which religion itself cannot bestow. But the eagerness to please the majority will often play such tricks with a man as remorselessly to put him in the public plight of our friend who declared that he wouldn't accept the exaltation of the platform because he was one of the plain people.

One of the amusing results of playing to the gallery is the conviction that takes possession of some of the players that not to be with the majority is to be wrong, and that he who prefers to hold by his own view of subjects upon which he is entirely competent to decide assumes airs of superiority, and affects to be better than other people. There is nothing droller than this theory, which plays a very important part in public affairs. A man once said to the Easy Chair, what the Easy Chair at once denied as utterly improbable, that he had known Horace Greeley to tuck his trousers into his boots before entering a public meeting where he was to stand upon the platform and speak. The reason presumed for such an act was that Greeley wished to be considered as totally careless of appearances, and therefore exhibited himself as negligent of the usual proprieties of dress. The remote assumption was that popular opinion holds a man who is not slovenly to be stuck up, and affecting grandeur. Mr. Greeley was undoubtedly slandered by the tale. But there is a familiar disposition to resent what is called claiming to be better than other people, and consequently a great deal of prostration in the mud and rolling in the mire to show that there is no haughty assumption of cleanliness, which was the spirit of the honorable delegate who engages our attention.

But it might be wise to devote even a moment of the holiday season to the question why an individual who is not one of a majority has not the same right to his opinion as every one of the individuals who make a majority, and why he is "stuck up" in holding to his view if they are merely plain people and modest citizens in holding to theirs. Is it more meek and lowly to profess what you do not believe because others profess to believe it than to say what you do believe? According to a very general rumor, there is a great deal of dishonesty in politics. But if a man thinks honesty to be the

better policy in politics as in trade, why is he affecting grandeur for thinking so, while his neighbor who thinks dishonesty the more politic rule may be considered a modest American? Does love of honesty show a man to be proud and exclusive, with aristocratic tastes, and a preference for the British monarchy? Must he have a hearty relish for ignorance and vanity and brag in order to be distinctively an American?

A man in the street saw a crowd gazing intently at an object high in the air, and asking what it was, was told that it was an ostrich. But after looking intently for some time, he said that it was not an ostrich, for ostriches do not fly high, but he was sure that it was an eagle.

"Indeed!" replied the crowd; "and who are you? Is not the opinion of this crowd of your fellow-citizens good enough for you?"

The man laughed, and answered that no opinion was good enough for him when he saw that it was wrong, and he should not believe the moon to be green cheese if every newspaper in town asserted it. It really seems to be true that if it had been agreed that the sun went round the earth, because that was the general declaration, nobody would ever have been wiser. The Church thought Galileo "stuck up" with blasphemous insolence in saying that he thought differently. It treated him precisely as the man is treated who does what every honest man in the majority does without cavil.

Men and brethren, as Horace Greeley used to say, with his trousers in or out of his boots, why should the opinion of one man or a hundred men be good enough for us if it seems to us false? Why should we lend our voices to swell the chorus that Diana of the Ephesians is great, if we think her small, and no better than she should be? Equal rights is good American doctrine, but it is no less good Christmas doctrine.

THE Enlightened Observer from Europe who is studying American institutions asked the Easy Chair the other day what was meant by the statement that a candidate for a high elective office had opened headquarters in the neighborhood of a nominating convention. The Enlightened Observer said that he had always supposed that such conventions were assemblies which nominated persons whose

public services and personal ability and character had distinguished them among their fellow-citizens, and shown them to be especially fitted for the offices which were to be filled. "Am I mistaken," he asked, "in supposing that to be the theory of your institutions?"

The Easy Chair could not say that he was, and conceded that such was the theory.

"In other words," continued the Enlightened Observer, "a republic secures good government because it intrusts the government not to the chance of birth, which may give to Oliver Cromwell a son Richard, and make the heir of Alexander the Great an Alexander the Little, but because it calls to its great offices of every degree those citizens who have demonstrated their peculiar fitness."

"That is certainly the theory of our republican institutions," returned the Easy Chair.

"Well?" said the Enlightened Observer.

"Well?" echoed the Easy Chair.

"Yes, but why, then, does a candidate open headquarters?"

"Yes, certainly. Why—that is—it is to make himself known."

"But the theory seems to assume that he is known already. Is it that he performs public services at the headquarters, or exhibits there his character and abilities? Is not the time a little limited and the space somewhat inconvenient for such demonstrations? I am at a little loss. I can see that the personal appearance and manners of a candidate might be displayed favorably at a headquarters, and that, in a charming phrase of your country, he might dispense a generous hospitality in a hotel parlor, but how can he display his fitness for a high office in such narrow quarters as headquarters must be? Am I to understand that when Mr. John Jay was selected as a candidate for the Governorship of New York he had repaired previously to the place of nomination and had opened headquarters? Did General Washington pursue a similar course? If the services and character of a candidate have commended him to public favor and designated him as a suitable officer, why is not that enough?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the Easy Chair, "why isn't it? But I am afraid that you have not pursued your enlightened observations quite far enough, or you

would have learned that in this country a kind providence is supposed to help those who help themselves, and that those who expect to have Governorships and Senatorships and other large and highly flavored political morsels offered to them on golden salvers and on bended knees will be seriously disappointed."

"I see," said, courteously, the Enlightened Observer, "that my excellent friend the Easy Chair is pleased to speak in metaphor. If I may penetrate it, he is declaring that great places are to be won like precious prizes, and do not drop into idle hands like fruit overripe. But if I may hold him to the point, is it not the theory of your institutions that it is services and character and ability that win the precious political prizes, and surely such qualities and services cannot be described as idle hands? I agree that providence helps those who help themselves, but who helps himself more than he who helps the entire community? And how does he help the community who opens headquarters to secure a prize for himself? Moreover, have I not heard that office should pursue the man, and not the man the office? Yet what is opening headquarters but pursuing office, as a hound a hare?"

The Easy Chair was obliged to suggest that there was no harm in knowing "the boys," and in showing the affability of a simple citizen "without airs," and making the acquaintance of important political personages, all of which the Enlightened Observer conceded, but still politely insisted that knowing the boys and showing affability and refraining from lofty demeanor did not demonstrate fitness for great place, and was a loss of proper personal dignity that ought not to be required of any one who had really approved himself as a suitable officer. He concluded that he might not have mistaken the theory, but he had certainly not apprehended the practice of our institutions.

"But surely," said the Easy Chair, "'tis but a small price to pay."

"True," said the Enlightened Observer, "it is a very small price; but I had not supposed that in the republic office was sold at any price. I thought that the good Santa Claus of public approval dropped it as a Christmas gift into the stocking of the most deserving. It seems, however, to be rather a raisin in snap-dragon—the prize of the toughest fingers."

Editor's Study.

I.

THE advent of the Christmas season began again to affect the Study with those allegorical influences felt in greater measure or less throughout polite literature at the holiday time. It found itself haunted by a tendency to apologise that became at last irresistible, and it gracefully made a virtue of yielding to inspirations which it could no longer withstand. It drowsed, and almost instantly it perceived with a not wholly unexpected shock of agreeable surprise that its windows were once more looking out on the great public square in the metropolis of the United Sympathies of Altruria. The vast space was thronged with Altrurians of every age and sex, who appeared to be engaged in the celebration of some public rite of unusual solemnity. Not only were the citizens of the metropolis present in festive multitudes, but all the different Sympathies of the republic were represented by deputations of their principal men and women, sent to take part at the capital in a ceremony observed on a varying scale of magnificence throughout the nation. The Study was vaguely aware of the nature and significance of much that was going forward, but it was painfully perplexed as to the exact symbolical value of the whole. From time to time a joyous procession came forward to the centre of the great square through the orderly myriads that gave way on either side without the aid of a policeman's club, and performed what was clearly an Act of Renunciation; when another procession, not apparently so gay or light-hearted, advanced to meet the first, and performed in its turn what was as clearly an Act of Recipience. But what was renounced and what was received, the Study was at a loss to determine, so great was the space traversed by its vision, and so wild and prolonged were the plaudits attending the orations with which the several acts were accomplished. Bursts of minstrelsy, conveniently arranged at different points in the square, drowned the roar of happy human voices, and amidst these floods of harmony the owners of the voices were seen to embrace with tears of rapture. It was a noble and affecting spectacle; it stirred the Study with the profoundest

emotion; but in the absence of a precise interpretation, it lacked the final charm of intelligibility.

In an interval of the ceremony the Study cast its windows eagerly out over the multitude in the hope of seeing some disengaged Altrurian to whom it might appeal for information, and it had no difficulty in discovering, almost at its very threshold, The Christmas Boy.

II.

The Christmas Boy was loaded down like a scapegoat with turkeys and toys, champagne and celery, coal and cranberries, and holiday editions of favorite authors, for the poor; but as there were no poor in Altruria, except at those moments when some Altrurian had reduced himself to destitution by giving everything he had to his neighbor, and had not yet been overwhelmed with benefits himself by the witnesses of his good deeds, the Christmas Boy was in the act of laying down his burden and sitting on it, when the Study recognized him. The Study was quite sure of him, but it felt the need of confirmation at the same time, and it called out, a little tremulously, "Our good boy! Is that you?"

"Yes," said the Christmas Boy, "it's me," and the Study rejoiced in his unimpeachable identity.

The Study said, "You must be rather tired," but the Boy answered, "Oh no. This kind of a load never tires a fellow. Besides, I couldn't get really tired, because I'm only a Tradition, anyway."

"That is true," the Study assented. "But we wanted to ask you a few questions about this affair here, and we thought it might be a little more convenient if you came in and rested while we talked."

"Thank you," said the Boy. "I know what you do to Traditions when you get them up there. And I've got to keep a close watch and catch some fellow down here in an instant of destitution, or I can never get rid of this stuff. But go on with your questions, and I'll answer; and the harder they are the better."

"They won't be hard," said the Study, and it began cautiously, "What day is it?"

"What day?" and the Christmas Boy betrayed all the scorn that an Altrurian

ever allows himself to feel. "Why, Christmas!"

"Of course! But what year?"

"Why, 2091. It's the bicentennial of the International Copyright."

"Oh, exactly! It's the celebration of that great legislative act of Common Honesty."

"No, *not* exactly. It's Solution day."

"Solution day?" the Study repeated, with the meekness of a competitive examiner. "Solution of what?"

"Of the problem that remained to be solved after Congress had legislated common honesty to foreign authors."

"You mean the uncommon dishonesty of the law distinguishing between literary property and other property?"

"Correct! You see, the thing became more ridiculous, more scandalous, as you may say, after the passage of the International Copyright Law, and people began to realize the enormity of the wrong that they had been guilty of."

"Yes; there is nothing that opens one's eyes to the sinfulness of sin like leaving off sinning," the Study could not help noting. "Well! You were saying?"

III.

"After the passage of the International Copyright Law," said the Christmas Boy, "the sense of wrong began to work of itself in the public conscience. The people, when they had got their eyes open to the injustice they had been doing the foreign authors, could not get them shut again to the injustice they were still doing to the native authors. They lost sleep, and were uncomfortable every way. The authors themselves did not have to move; they simply had to lie low, and let the public misery work itself out. The Altrurians had always prided themselves on the equality of all classes and conditions of men before the law, and now they had suddenly become aware that the law actually distinguished against the very best class of citizens: the most industrious, refined, and modest."

"The literary class?" asked the Study, feeling a glow of diffidence suffuse its façade. "Well, perhaps."

"No perhaps about it!" retorted the Christmas Boy. "Here was a class, and the noblest and truest class in the whole republic, who had no lasting claim to the property they had created. All other

kinds of property were fully protected and warranted in perpetuity to the owners; crimes against other property were more unerringly punished, and on the whole more severely punished than crimes against life and honor. Any Altrurian who had cheated another in a horse trade, and come into the possession of a valuable animal which he had not fairly paid for, was presumed to be the owner of it, and if you stole it you got six years in State's prison. The Altrurian who lent his brother money at such ruinous usury that he could not pay it might foreclose his mortgage on his brother's farm, or house, or shop, and become its owner at a half or third of its real value; and the law confirmed him in possession with every safeguard, and he might transmit it to his children and his children's children to the remotest generation. Any number of Altrurians who combined to build a railroad, or to wreck one, were secured in its tenure against all the stockholders they had robbed, and protected in their franchises by the most solemn statutory obligations. The idler who inherited his estates could leave them intact to the drones who bore his name; the gambler who won a hundred thousand dollars on the rise or fall of a fictitious value could build himself a castle in which he and his could be as secure forever as the fabled Englishman in his house."

"We suppose that was right," said the Study. "Property is the corner-stone of civilization. The law cannot inquire how a thing became property."

"That was what all the legal talent in Altruria told us, and that was what we all believed. So we carefully defended every imaginable kind of owner in everything that was his by every imaginable legislative and juridical device. The poor man who had bought a little cottage with the painful savings of a lifetime we defended as faithfully in perpetual possession as the plutocrat who had wrung the money to build his town houses and his country houses, his yachts and his private cars, from the sweat of his mill hands or his miners. We said we would make no distinctions; that all the Altrurians should be equal before the law. But after the passage of the International Copyright Law we found there had always been a little oversight."

"Yes?" said the Study, beginning to be greatly interested, and rousing itself

from a tacit admiration of the Christmas Boy's eloquence. "What was that?"

"Why, we found that there was one class of proprietors who were not only not equal with the others before the law, but who were actually branded with a stamp of inequality, of inferiority, by the law. That was the class of proprietors who *created* their property. You might beg, borrow or steal a thing, and if you did it under the forms of law it was yours and your heirs' and assigns' for ever. You might sell your soul or your honor for it, and it should be inalienably yours. But if you *made* it; if you actually *created* it, *if you gave material form to something out of the ideal world which would never have been here but for you*, then it was *not* yours forever, but only for a certain term of years; and if any one stole it, in whole or in part, the law did not arrest the thief on your complaint, and punish him upon proof of his guilt, but it allowed you to bring suit for damages in a civil action! That was the position of the author before the law of Altruria at the time the famous International Copyright Act was passed in 1891."

The Christmas Boy paused for breath, and the Study observed, "It *was* rather droll."

IV.

"That act of justice," the Christmas Boy proceeded, after running down a tender hen turkey and restoring her to the group of captives from which she had escaped, "rendered the fact of injustice so conspicuous that it became intolerable. Every conscience in Altruria was aroused, and there was a unanimous appeal to the legislature for relief. The Congress elected on this issue passed a bill declaring property in copyrights perpetual, and protecting it from aggression by fine and imprisonment. The constitutionality of the law was questioned, and the first case under it was carried up to the Supreme Court. There the defence urged that there was an essential difference between the property that a man created, and the property that a man earned, or won, or legally stole; that created property was of such a volatile or elusive nature that it could be secured to its owner for a brief term of years only, and protected by such penalties only as left him liable for costs if he failed in a civil suit for damages. It was contended

that he was a public benefactor and must be made to feel it. The court inquired if this contention were not a legal fiction, and upon the admission of the defence that it was a legal fiction, the court ordered the defence to copyright it, like other fictions, under the old law, while it reserved its decision."

"Well, they copyrighted the legal fiction for twenty-eight years, just like a novel, and then they renewed the copyright for another term of fourteen years, after which anybody might appropriate it. But the lawyers who had created this fiction protested against the communization of their property, and the courts were filled with the noise they made about it, and the interests of justice suffered so much that the people began to lose all patience. The agitation involved the whole country, and became a political question again. There was talk of secession and of a dictatorship, but at last the parties came together on a measure proposed by the All-Altruria Committee of Common-Sense, and the measure was made a part of the organic law through the act of Congress and the result of the popular vote on the referendum. The committee discovered, after a good deal of hard thinking and talking, that it was no use to enact perpetual patent or copyright; the people had got used to a limited tenure in this kind of property, and they would never consent to perpetuity. At the same time their sense of right was so outraged by the inferiority of authors to other owners before the law, that something must be done to appease them. The only thing to be done was to make the tenure of created property the norm, and declare every species of property tenable for forty-two years only, whether earned, inherited, begged, borrowed, or (legally) stolen. The notion took immensely. It appealed to the two strongest principles in the nature of the Altrurians: their humor and their piety. It was such a good joke on all the other proprietors that folks could not help laughing. At the same time the churches found authority for it in the Old Testament idea of the year of jubilee, when every Israelite was to start fair with the rest on a new half-century's race of self-interest. So the term of tenure was extended from forty-two to fifty years, in deference to religious sentiment, and the plan worked like a charm.

"Of course there were some disorders

the first time. Fellows got up and rode off other fellows' horses before the other fellows were awake, Jubilee morning, and some ladies moved in on their neighbors before their neighbors could get out of their houses. It was pretty curious to have a man ploughing up your lawn for potatoes before you realized that he was the new owner, and there were some hot words when a lively chap stepped into an old banker's parlor and said he would trouble him for the combination of his safe. But they all remembered that this sort of thing was what the authors had always had to stand, and the day passed without bloodshed. The statute of limited property-hold was more popular than ever, because the majority got the most, and the details of administration that had proved vexatious were overhauled and rectified. The celebration of Solution day was established by law, and now it falls, every fiftieth year, on Christmas, when people are feeling good, anyway."

V.

"And does the new order of things work well?" inquired the Study. "Isn't it contrary to human nature?"

"What is human nature?" demanded the Christmas Boy. "Once it was human nature for men to eat men. Once it was human nature for men to enslave men. Once it was human nature for men to work men to death in mines, and mills, and sweaters' dens. Once it was human nature for men to hold large tracts of land idle while other men were starving. Once it was human nature for men to say to one class of men that they should have a right to their own for forty-two years, while every one else was secured in his own forever. But human nature changes, and now it isn't human nature for men to eat men, enslave men, sweat men; and it's been found out in Altruria that if it is right for one class of men to be limited in the tenure of their property it is right for all."

The Christmas Boy became so heated with argument that the Study almost feared to provoke him farther by saying: "Oh yes, it's right, of course. But you can't legislate righteousness, you know."

"Stuff!" roared the Christmas Boy, in a voice so loud that all the male turkeys in his keeping gobbled wildly. "All the righteousness in the world is legislated

righteousness, and has been ever since the legislation of the Ten Commandments. Now you think of it!"

The Study perceived that the Christmas Boy was an Enemy of Society in disguise. But it preferred not to irritate him until it had got out of him everything it wanted to know. "And do the Altrurians like it, this new arrangement?"

"Well, you watch and see," said the Christmas Boy, and instantly vanished.

There was indeed an extraordinary gladness visible in the myriad faces of the Altrurians as they went and came in rapid processions of renunciation and recipience. It was truly a jubilee. The countenances of those who renounced their property were radiant with the relief from its care; those who assumed it wore a look of solemn responsibility qualified with a benevolence as different as possible from the greed that the Study had always supposed inseparable from the possession of the bounty of providence. In its mystification the Study cast about for some kindly person who would explain the fact, when the Christmas Boy materialized again. He was grinning from ear to ear, and turning hand-springs so that his grin formed a wheel in the air four feet in diameter.

"Where are your turkeys and toys, your champagne and celery, your coal and cranberries, your holiday editions of favorite authors?" demanded the Study, holding its larger curiosity in abeyance for the moment.

"Got them all off on a renouncing millionaire down there before he had time to think. And now he'll have to see that I don't come to want till next Jubilee, and I shall merely have to *work* for my daily bread, not beg for it, bleed for it, lie for it, cheat for it."

"Oh, that's the way, is it?"

"Yes; those that assume the property assume the responsibility, and covenant with the Sympathies to see that those who renounce it share equally with themselves in its enjoyment, if they will work. No man can starve or freeze in Altruria, I tell you."

The Christmas Boy disappeared in a vivid hand-spring; and with a deep sigh the troubled Study awoke, happy to find itself again in the good old familiar world where everybody has a right to his own forever, except the author, who has a right to his own for forty-two years.



Editor's Drawer.

THOSE who are anxious about the fate of Christmas, whether it is not becoming too worldly and too expensive a holiday to be indulged in except by the very poor, mark with pleasure any indications that the true spirit of the day—brotherhood and self-abnegation and charity—is infusing itself into modern society. The sentimental Christmas of thirty years ago could not last; in time the manufactured jollity got to be more tedious and a greater strain on the feelings than any misfortune happening to one's neighbor. Even for a day it was very difficult to buzz about in the cheery manner prescribed, and the reaction put human nature in a bad light. Nor was it much better when gradually the day became one of Great Expectations, and the sweet spirit of it was quenched in worry or soured in disappointment. It began to take on the aspect of a great lottery, in which one class expected to draw in reverse proportion to what it put in, and another class knew that it would only reap as it had sowed. The day, blessed in its origin, and meaningless if there is a grain of selfishness in it, was thus likely to become a sort of Clearing-house of all obligations, and assume a commercial aspect that took the heart out of it—like the enormous receptions for paying social debts which take the place of the old-fashioned hospitality. Everybody knew, meantime, that the spirit

of good-will, the grace of universal sympathy, was really growing in the world, and that it was only our awkwardness that, by striving to cram it all for a year into twenty-four hours, made it seem a little farcical. And everybody knows that when goodness becomes fashionable, goodness is likely to suffer a little. A virtue overdone falls on t'other side. And a holiday that takes on such proportions that the Express companies and the Post-office cannot handle it is in danger of a collapse. In consideration of these things, and because, as has been pointed out year after year, Christmas is becoming a burden, the load of which is looked forward to with apprehension—and back on with nervous prostration—fear has been expressed that the dearest of all holidays in Christian lands would have to go again under a sort of Puritan protest, or into a retreat for rest and purification.

But the Drawer is enabled to announce for the encouragement of the single-minded in this best of all days, at the close of a year which it is best not to characterize, that those who stand upon the social watch-towers in Europe and America begin to see a light—or, it would be better to say, to perceive a spirit—in society which is likely to change many things, and, among others, to work a return of Christian simplicity. As might be expected in these days, the spirit is exhibited in the

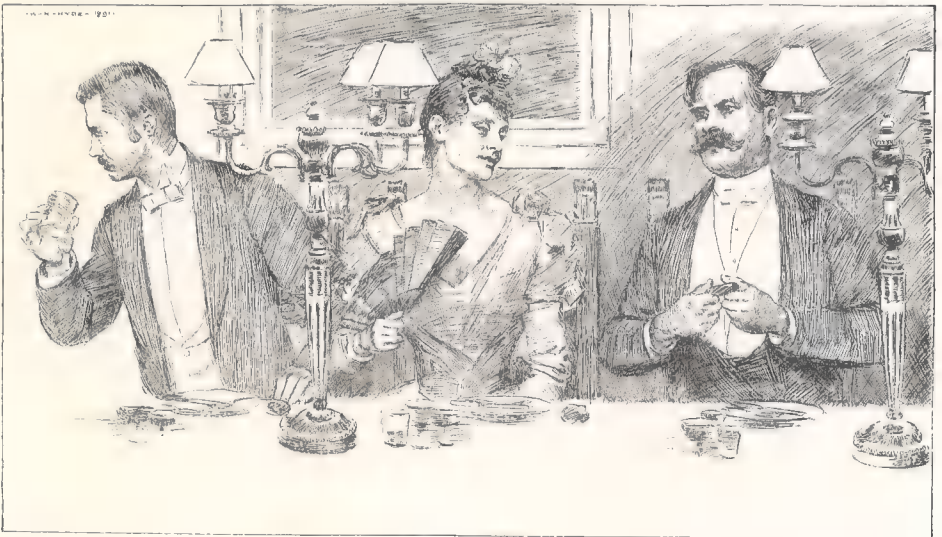
sex which is first at the wedding and last in the hospital ward. And as might have been expected, also, this spirit is shown by the young woman of the period, in whose hands are the issues of the future. If she preserve her present mind long enough, Christmas will become a day that will satisfy every human being, for the purpose of the young woman will pervade it. The tendency of the young woman generally to simplicity, of the American young woman to a certain restraint (at least when abroad), to a deference to her elders, and to tradition, has been noted. The present phenomenon is quite beyond this, and more radical. It is, one may venture to say, an attempt to conform the inner being to the outward simplicity. If one could suspect the young woman of taking up any line not original, it might be guessed that the present fashion (which is bewildering the most worldly men with a new and irresistible fascination) was set by the self-revelations of Marie Bashkirtseff. Very likely, however, it was a new spirit in the world, of which Marie was the first publishing example. Its note is self-analysis, searching, unsparing, leaving no room for the deception of self or of the world. Its leading feature is extreme candor. It is not enough to tell the truth (that has been told before); but one must act and tell the whole truth. One does not put on the shirt front and the standing collar and the knotted cravat of the other sex as a mere form; it is an act of consecration, of rigid, simple come-out-ness into the light of truth. This noble candor will suffer no concealments. She would not have her lover even, still more the general world of men, think she is better, or rather other, than she is. Not that she

would like to appear a man among men, far from that; but she wishes to talk with candor and be talked to candidly, without taking advantage of that false shelter of sex behind which women have been accused of dodging. If she is nothing else, she is sincere, one might say wantonly sincere. And this lucid, candid inner life is reflected in her dress. This is not only simple in its form, in its lines; it is severe. To go into the shop of a European *modiste* is almost to put one's self into a truthful and candid frame of mind. Those leave frivolous ideas behind who enter here. The *modiste* will tell the philosopher that it is now the fashion to be severe; in a word, it is *fâché*. Nothing can go beyond that. And it symbolizes the whole life, its self-examination, earnestness, utmost candor in speech and conduct.

The statesman who is busy about his tariff and his reciprocity, and his endeavor to raise money like potatoes, may little heed and much undervalue this advent of candor into the world as a social force. But the philosopher will make no such mistake. He knows that they who build without woman build in vain, and that she is the great regenerator, as she is the great destroyer. He knows too much to disregard the gravity of any fashionable movement. He knows that there is no power on earth that can prevent the return of the long skirt. And that if the young woman has decided to be severe and candid and frank with herself and in her intercourse with others, we must submit and thank God.

And what a gift to the world is this for the Christmas season! The clear-eyed young woman of the future, always dear and often an anxiety, will this year be an object of enthusiasm.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.



Miss Angelina once confessed to a bosom-friend that she liked dinners, because there was a man on either side of her who couldn't get away.



in front of the fire, and the rivals flank her on either side.

MISS BUDD (*addressing the fire*). "I thought you were never coming as you promised."

MR. TROTTER. "My promises are always kept."

MR. BARLOW. "Did I ever go back on my word?"

[Their eyes meet warningly.]

MISS BUDD. "Christmas eve is so delightful—sometimes."

MR. TROTTER. "It is—now."

MR. BARLOW. "I hope you do not make this the exception."

MISS BUDD (*to Mr. Trotter*). "Yes." (*To Mr. Barlow*). "No."

MR. TROTTER. "Although Barlow is somewhat of a bore."

[Mr. Barlow grins inanely.]

MISS BUDD (*anxious to change the subject*). "A typical Christmas eve to-night—snow, ice, wind."

MR. BARLOW. "Yes; I wonder that Trotter braved the elements."

[Mr. Trotter looks foolish. Miss Budd sighs.]

MR. TROTTER. "Does Barlow make you tired?"

MISS BUDD. "Oh, no, no."

MR. BARLOW. "I wouldn't say that about Trotter. *Cela va.*"

MISS BUDD. "Oh, no, no."

[Sighs again. A momentary silence. Miss Budd holds her hand before her face to shield it from the fire, and then moves back.]

MISS BUDD. "The fire is a little too warm."

[She moves her chair directly beneath the mistletoe. Mr. Trotter and Mr. Barlow perceive the fact at the same moment. Both rise. Just then Miss Budd anticipates the movement, bends forward, and—]



THE BROKEN COMPACT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF TWO FRIENDLY RIVALS.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

TIME: Christmas eve.

PLACE: Library of the Budd mansion. *Enter Mr. Trotter and Mr. Barlow, friendly rivals for Miss Rosalie Budd's hand.*

MR. TROTTER. } "Hollo! I didn't expect
MR. BARLOW. } to see you here."

[Both smile and glance about the room, their eyes lighting at the same moment upon a spray of mistletoe that hangs suspended from the chandelier.]

MR. TROTTER. "That's what I call a shame. It wouldn't do for either of us to take advantage of the mistletoe while the other is here."

MR. BARLOW (*doubtfully*). "No."

MR. TROTTER (*decidedly*). "Well, it wouldn't—*really*."

MR. BARLOW. "So, of course, neither will."

MR. TROTTER. "No—o."

MR. BARLOW. "All right, then. We'll make it a compact."

Enter Miss Rosalie Budd, who stands directly under the green as she greets the pair. Mr. Trotter and Mr. Barlow watch each other furtively.

MISS BUDD. "You two look awfully savage."

MR. TROTTER. "Oh no; Tommy and I are great friends."

MR. BARLOW. "Excellent, indeed."

[Miss Budd takes a seat directly



THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED.

WHO PICKED SYLVIA'S POCKET?

THERE are three kinds of women: 1, those who carry their purses in their hands; 2, those who carry their money loose up their gloves; 3, Sylvia, who carries her money in her purse, and her purse in her pocket. Yet Sylvia has been robbed.

The sum was ten pounds, or thereabouts, which represents poor Sylvia's earnings for six months. Sylvia takes in a journal which gives prizes to readers who can guess what my whole is; in my first is a snow-clad mountain, and my second is used at baccarat; and often the one-pound award has to be divided among thirty successful competitors. But the great half-yearly prize is ten pounds, and Sylvia won it; and now she has lost it, for to-day her pocket was picked.

The theft may have taken place before to-day, it is true, for she got the money a month ago. All she knows for certain is that she missed it to-day for the first time. As, however, she paid for a cup of tea and some cakes yesterday from money she took out of her purse, either the robbery occurred after that, or the scoundrel left her a few coppers, which is exceedingly unlikely. How much he made off with we can only guess to about a shilling, as Sylvia had, in her own words, "broken" the ten pounds.

Fortunately she can calculate "almost exactly" how much of the ten pounds she spent, as she enters her purchases, "or at least most of them," in a diary, though she does not mark down the cost, "because it is so difficult to carry from one page to another." I have gone through this diary with her.

The prize-money reached her on July 2d, and she went shopping next day. "But, of course, by shopping I only mean looking at things, not buying them." Her entries for July 3 are: "bus, paper-knife, gloves, tea, etc., bus." "You see," she says, "I did not even buy an evening paper, so that there were none of those little expenses that run away with so much money." The paper-knife was "the dearest little thing," but so cheap that she remembers buying it entirely because it was such a bargain. It had a daintily carved ivory handle, with a gold band for the owner's name; and she swapped it for her brother's button-hook next day, "so that it really cost me nothing." As for the gloves, that entry is surely a mistake, for she "is so economical in gloves that she seldom has a pair fit to be seen in." Had the entry been "shoes," she would not have wondered so much, as she thought she had bought a pair about that time. Then, tea is only fourpence a pot, and the "etc." must mean cakes, which "are cheaper the more you eat, as you get every fourth one for nothing." The two bus fares are twopence each. "Say, a shilling in all for July 3d."

On July 8th her expenses were even less. The items are, "bus, stationery, x, tea, bus." "So I did not even have cakes. That seems

strange, but it must be all right. The stationery can hardly be counted, as mamma has used part of it, and besides, there is still some of it left. I don't understand what 'x' means. If it was lace I would surely have written 'lace.'" Buses are again fourpence. Total, about tenpence.

July 13th is credited with "bus, Henry's birthday, tea, etc." I am Henry, but my birthday is on July 14th. However, Sylvia can explain. She bought me a present on the 13th and presented it to me next day. It was a wooden frame to hold her photograph in; and "you get them very cheap, because you paint the flowers on them yourself." I reminded Sylvia that she had bought the frame already painted. "Stupid! don't you remember that was because I had put off buying it too long? Notice, too, that there is no bus back. I walked home to save the twopence. How tired I was! I remember that distinctly, because I went into such a quaint little shop and had some strawberries." Total, one shilling and sixpence.

On July 16th Sylvia was again shopping, but the diary merely says: "Regent Street, rain, had to take shelter in a milliner's; bus." The expenses of that day Sylvia calculates at twopence, for "I don't seem to have had anything. I wonder I had the courage to stand in a milliner's shop without buying anything."

"Cab, tea, w, sunshade, tea, bus," are the record for July 21. The cab "must be a mistake for bus, I so seldom take cabs. I don't know what 'w' means. Do you notice that I have written 'tea' twice? Of course in the hurry of making these entries I sometimes write a word twice by mistake; but then, again, I sometimes miss a thing, and so that makes it even. We can't count the sunshade, for it broke next day. Shall we say a shilling?"

On July 24th Sylvia had only "tea, etc., k, gloves, bus." "I must have walked in to town that day, to make up for the cab fare. I can't make out what 'k' stands for. You can see for yourself whether I ever buy gloves. Do you observe that these entries are written in violet? That was the day I bought such a sweet little silver pencil which writes violet. I wonder what has become of it? Well, tea and one bus are all I am sure of for July 24th—say, ninepence."

July 26th has only these entries: "Milly, k, x." "What ever made me write 'k' and 'x,' just as if they were things I had bought? Milly and I had a delightful time. Say, fourpence for buses."

July 28th. "Tea, etc." This tells its own tale.

To-day Sylvia went in to town again (July 29th), and when she took out her purse to pay her bus fare she found herself penniless. The villain had abstracted the purse, taken all its contents, and then slipped it back into her pocket—"which shows how cunning they are." Sylvia calculates that the thief must have gone off with about £9 14s. This is a clear case for the police.

J. M. BARRIE.

HIRAM AND EBENEZER, AND THE CHRISTMAS DINNER THEY DIDN'T GET.



1.—"Hiram, would you like a nice fat shoat for Christmas dinner?"
"Look-a-here. Ebenezer, you know *me*; an' if there's any shoat aroun', jist you lead the way."



2.—"The coast's clear, Hiram; the old man has jist fed 'em. I see him goin' roun' with a tin can."
"Je-whitaker, Ebenezer, you make my mouth water!"



3.—"You ain't a-goin' to burn up the pigsty, be you?"
"Well, I be; it's the only way to get shet of the hog-cholera."
"Ef you do, the ghosts of them dead pigs will haunt you."



4.—"You bounce in that door, Hiram, an' I'll rush in this un, an' we'll grab a shoat apiece an' scoot."

"Say when, Ebenezer!"



5.—Howls, wild howls.



6.—"What's a-matter, husband?"
"Ghosts, Mirandy, ghosts! Them dead an' gone pigs' ghosts jist yelled like they was livin'!"



7.—More howls.



8.—"Well, you *are* a fool, Ebenezer!"
"Fool who? How should I know the man's pigs was loaded?"



9.—"A high old dinner *this* is! I'm reel down sorry, Hiram."
"Sorry won't keep me warm, an' I'm goin' to Florida to spend the rest of this winter; you can stay here an' eat hot shoat!"

A SHABBY TRICK.

THAT was a very shabby trick which Bunting played upon Larkin.

Larkin is a great student of matters which lie outside of the ordinary. One of his fads is a deep interest in "doubles," and I think he has an idea or a theory that every human being is possessed of an exact duplicate somewhere on the earth's surface.

One afternoon Bunting saw Larkin start on a walk which he had reason to believe would last for two or three miles. It was along a street traversed by a cable road. Bunting then conceived the diabolical scheme which I am about to relate, and also proceeded to put it into execution.

Boarding a car, he very soon overtook Larkin. Then, alighting a square ahead, he walked down the street, met Larkin, passed the time of day, and went on.

This was a very simple operation, and of course excited no surprise in Larkin. After Bunting had passed his friend, he boarded the first car he met, and once more overtook him. Alighting as before, a square or thereabouts in front of Larkin, he once more bore down on him.

When he said, "Good-afternoon, Mr. Larkin," and passed on, that gentleman looked somewhat surprised, but said nothing beyond returning the greeting.

Once more out of Larkin's sight, Bunting signalled a passing car, and was soon carried past his strolling friend. Some distance ahead of him he left the car and again walked back so as to meet him.

"Pleasant afternoon," said Bunting to Larkin when they met; and the former would have gone on, but Larkin stopped him, and said,

"Haven't I spoken to you once or twice in the last half-hour?"

"Not that I know of," replied Bunting. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, two men have met me inside of that time, looking for all the world like you. I'd be qualified if it was you who spoke to me the second time. The first time I am not so sure of, for I was thinking."

"That's odd," said Bunting.

"Very. You must have an exact double in this town, and, what is extremely remarkable, he dresses precisely like you, and knows me well enough to call me by name."

"That's very odd. If you see him again I wish you'd let me know, for I would much like to meet my double, if only to see what I look like."

Bunting passed on, and soon repeated his previous performance.

When they met, Larkin actually turned pale; and when Bunting said, "Howdy, Larkin?" the latter grasped a railing for support.

"What—does—this—mean?" he gasped.

"What does what mean?" asked Bunting.

"Your being here again?"

"Well, why shouldn't I be here? I live a few squares beyond."

"But I've met you three times in the last thirty-five minutes!"

"Nonsense, old fellow! I left home only ten minutes ago, and haven't been down-town yet."

"Why, I met you three blocks below, and talked to you about another man I met farther down the street, who looked so much like you he must be your double."

"Did you talk to him, too?" asked Bunting, with a sarcastic accent.

"Said good-afternoon."

"And you thought both of those men were I?"

"I was positive of it."

"Are you still positive?"

"Well, if I am to believe my own senses, yes; but in the face of your statement that you have but just now left home, I am puzzled. It's a most extraordinary psychological phenomenon. I supposed at first that it was your double, but now I am convinced that it is a veritable duplication of your identical self. It's something new in—"

"Larkin, I am afraid you have been drinking. Your imagination has been running riot with you. Let me advise you to swear off. Good-day."

Larkin went on, puzzling his brain over the incident, and in about five minutes he stopped still, for here was Bunting coming toward him with outstretched hand, and the greeting:

"Hello, Larkin! I haven't seen you for a week. How are you, old man?"

But Larkin did not answer. He fell to the pavement in a faint, and was carried into a neighboring drug store.

"Just a slight attack of vertigo, wasn't it?" asked Bunting, when his friend recovered consciousness.

"Bunting," Larkin replied, "I'll have to take your advice and sign the pledge."

"I never advised you to sign the pledge," protested Bunting.

Larkin looked at him, shook his head sorrowfully, and remarked:

"I'll give it up. Take me home."

Bunting is telling the story to his friends, but Larkin hasn't heard it yet, and is still trying to solve the remarkable psychological problem.

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

THE POET'S PRESENT.

A POET hung his stocking o'er the fire,

But Christmas morn showed nothing in or on it.
He hastened then and struck his sounding lyre,
And on its emptiness he wrote a sonnet.

The sonnet penned, he sold it in a week,

And took the pence it brought him with much glee;

Then sought my room, and smiling, thus did speak:

"Behold, my friend, what Santa brought to me."



KNEW WHEN HE WAS WELL OFF.

THE INVALID. "I've made up my mind that I shall never be entirely well again."

FAIR VISITOR. "Oh dear, Cousin George, don't talk so; of course you—"

THE INVALID. "You don't understand me. I mean voluntarily. It is surely ideal to lie here and—and be sympathized with."

A NEW DERIVATION.

THE Drawer is under no obligation to apologize for the sentiment expressed in the following lines, since they come from the pen of a Bostonian. Had they been written by a jealous New-Yorker or cavilling Chicago man the case would have been different. Apart from the sentiment, which is perhaps not strictly in accord with the spirit of "peace and good-

will" now prevailing, it may be said that the quatrain is in every way worthy of the classic shades whence it came, and we congratulate the philologist on the success of his effort.

UNIQUE.

"Pray, your real opinion speak,—
Is not Boston quite unique?"

"I agree with you, of course,—
Unus, one, and *equus*, horse!"

TO MY POCKET AT CHRISTMAS.

By the Financial Head of a Large Family.

I WOULD the year were longer—
 Give it of months a score—
 For then you would be stronger
 In point of golden store,

And at this gladsome season
 I'd not be filled with rue
 That utterly past reason
 Are the demands on you.

The furs for little mother,
 The toys for Anne and George,
 The nickel "bike" for brother,
 You must full soon disgorge.

To these you're surely equal,
 And glad are you to spend
 Your stores—but oh, the sequel!
 Can you its force forefend?

Can you, O treasured pocket,
 Of stringency be free,
 When on my debit docket
 They place their gifts to me?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE IRKSOME PART OF IT.

WILLIE had been thinking deeply all Christmas day, a condition of affairs so unusual with him that his mother questioned him as to the state of his health.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said, a little sadly; "but I was thinking there was one thing about Christmas that I didn't like."

"What is that?"

"You've got to be satisfied with what you get."

A STRONG ATTACHMENT.

MRS. BUNKERTON is very much pleased by her husband's manifest attachment to a gift she gave him last Christmas.

"It is real lovely of him," she said to a friend. "I gave him a box of cigars last Christmas, and, fond as he is of smoking, the dear old fellow hasn't touched them yet."

A SAD COMPLICATION.

"I'll never publish another book anonymously as long as I live," said a poet on Christmas morning.

"Why not?" queried a friend.

"Because I have already received five copies of my own book from my admirers, with the compliments of the season."

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

"I'm nearly always disappointed in the Christmas gifts my husband buys me," confessed Mrs. Dimmick to Mrs. Kickshaw.

"Is that so?"

"Yes. He means well, but he doesn't seem to get me the things I want. I try to appear pleased, of course, but I'd rather have things I care for. I give him hints, but he never seems to catch them."

"Now I never have any trouble like that with Mr. Kickshaw."

"How do you manage it?"

"Easily enough. I buy him for his Christmas present just what I want to have myself, and he gets for me just what he thinks he would like to have, and then we exchange the articles with each other."

CHINESE SECRET SOCIETIES.

NORTH LODGE, Sept. 12.

Editor Harper's Magazine:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a note from Sir Hugh Low, late Resident at Perak, which I beg you to publish.

THE HURST, BOURNEMOUTH, 31st August, 1891.

DEAR MR. BOYLE,—I have seen in this home of my wife's father a copy of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September, in which is your article on Chinese Secret Societies, which I find to contain much interesting information, but there are one or two inaccuracies which I am sure you will take steps to correct, as they do great injustice to my friend Captain Chang Ah Kwi, of Perak, whom you have inadvertently stated to have been tried (presumably before British authorities) on a charge of murder.

As the Magazine is taken in at the Perak Club and other reading-rooms there, this must necessarily give great pain to Captain Ah Kwi and his numerous friends in the Straits Settlements and China. It is true that in the disturbances which preceded the British intervention under Sir Andrew Clarke, in 1874, Captain Ah Kwi was one of the leaders of the Go Kwan faction, as Captain Ah Yam was of the other, or Li Keran party. But their operations against each other were conducted on the principle of open war by large bodies of men.

Long subsequently, on his revisiting his native country of China, an accusation was made against

him before the mandarins in the Canton province, and he was arrested, but triumphantly acquitted of the charge of piracy, which had been alleged against him, and which, it was well known, had been advanced by rivals in the tin-mining business, which he had so extensively conducted in Perak.

Neither Captain Ah Kwi nor Captain Ah Yam, both of whom are at this moment and have long been members of the State Council, was ever arrested on criminal charges where British influence prevailed. Each of them has from the beginning been a strenuous supporter of the settlement of the State of Perak, which has been so successfully carried out under the Governors of the colonies of the Straits Settlements.

Khu-Tan-Tek was, I believe, reprieved on the representation of the distinguished judge Sir Bronson Maxwell, before whom his trial had taken place.

I am quite sure that you will understand my desire that my old friend Ah Kwi's name should be vindicated, and I am equally certain that you will take the necessary steps to bring this about.

Yours sincerely,

HUGH LOW.

The error which Sir Hugh points out is grave. I feel the utmost regret that, by some confusion of my notes, I have made such a false charge against two worthy citizens; and I beg them, through you, to accept this apology.

Yours very truly,

FREDERICK BOYLE.



"BUT SHE H'ONLY PUT 'ER BOT' 'AN'S ON 'ER 'EART."—[See page 170.]

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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No. D.

DE LITTL' MODDER.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

DE h'ol' Zacharie Daoust, w'at was marry wid *la tante* Lisa, 'e say dat de littl' Josephte was de bigges' littl' woman w'at 'e h'ever know, an' dat was my modder.

W'en Mam'zelle Laure was born, an' Madame de Berçy was die two days h'after, dat was for my gran'modder w'at M'sieu' Georges sen'; an' because she was de h'ol' servant an' de h'ol' frien' wid de fam'ly, she go h'up to de *manoir* wid 'er littl' Josephte on 'er h'arm de minute de news of de trouble was come.

So de gran'modder bring h'up dose two babies togedder, an' M'sieu' Georges 'e was glad for 'ave de littl' modder dere for play wid Mam'zelle.

But bymby, after w'ile, Mam'zelle was grow h'up, an' de time come w'en she mus' go h'on de convent, an' w'en she's gone, de gran'modder sen' 'er littl' Josephte for live wid *la tante* Lisa on de village; but h'every summer she go back on de *manoir* for live wid Mam'zelle Laure, an' wait on 'er w'en she's 'ome.

De littl' modder she was grow h'up all dat time too; an' she was grow h'up ver' pretty girl; h'everybody say dat w'at know 'er on dose time, an' I'll t'ink she was keep pretty h'ever sence; but she don' 'ave no *cavalier*, like de h'odder girl—she jus' keep wid 'erself, an' Mam'zelle, an' *la tante*.

Dere was de young Malouin, w'at was de son to de h'ol' Malouin w'at keep de 'otel, an' was de riches' man on Ste. Philomène—'e was bodder 'er plenty, but she jus' 'ate 'eem an' do h'all w'at she can for keep h'out 'es way. Nobody know w'y dat was. But h'all de time *la tante* 'ave *le p'ti' neveu* call' Noël, w'at make 'er de visit h'every year, an' w'en de littl' mod-

der go for live wid 'er, de one visit bring de h'odder visit, an' de nex' visit bring some more, an' *la tante* she laugh, an' she say, "'Ow dat was, Noël, you got so fon' de h'ol' *tante*?" An' 'e laugh, an' de littl' modder she laugh, an' *la tante* she laugh de mos' of h'all, an' so 'e arrive dat de visit h'end on de weddin', an' w'en dat come, Mam'zelle Laure she was glad like de littl' modder 'erself. An' de fadder 'ave save de money, an' 'e buy de littl' farm, an' 'e don' go 'way on de shanty some more.

Soon after dat M'sieu' Georges was got h'ol' ver' fas'; an', widout be sick, 'e was die one day soon h'after Mam'zelle Laure was marry wid de h'English Captain Lawless. An' de Captain 'e lef' de h'army, an' 'eem an' Mam'zelle live on de *manoir*, an' h'everyt'ing look like 'e was go h'on widout no more trouble an' no more change.

De Captain 'e was fine big man, w'at look like de soldier h'all de time, 'cep' w'en 'e laugh wid Mam'zelle; an' 'e 'ave de black 'air w'at curl h'all roun' 'es 'ead, an' dere never was nobody more fon' 'es wife nor 'e was wid Mam'zelle. 'E h'only t'ink for 'er, an' dey was wid h'each odder de 'ole time, on de 'ouse an' de h'outside too, an' de littl' modder was h'always say dey was be togedder like dat so much 'cause no baby never come, an' dat was like dey was h'all 'lone on de worl' by demself.

But de people on de village an' de *habitants* dey don' like de Captain. Dat's not 'cause 'e was h'English; dere was de odder h'English people w'at live on St. Eustache an' Terrebonne; but 'e can' speak on de *habitants* an' de people like dose h'English w'at was h'always live on

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de country, an' 'e never speak de French ver' good; an' dey begin for say 'e was proud; an' dat's de t'ing w'at de people w'at live on de co'ntry 'ate de mos' of h'all. But we don' see dat; 'e was h'al-ways 'ave de kin' word for de littl' mod-der, an' 'e speak wid me, and 'e laugh on my name, Melchior, an' 'e sometime give me de coppers. But de people w'at don' see 'eem, dey say 'e was proud, an' dat was not de trut', but 'e was bad for de Captain h'all de same.

An' dat summer dere was de talk begin, nobody know 'ow, dat de h'Anglish was try to take h'all de farm from de *habitants*, an' dey was wan' for sen' h'all de French people h'out de co'ntry. An' de stranger come from Mon'réal an' from de States, some French an' some h'Anglish, an' on de night de men h'all go down on de *assemblée*. An' de one w'at h'always speak de mos' wid h'every one, an' h'al-ways come for tell de people for go on de *assemblée*, was de young Malouin.

An' de littl' modder, like h'all de res' de women, was not like dat, an' she tell de fadder 'ow de young Malouin was bad on de h'inside, no matter w'at he say, an' she try h'all she can for keep 'eem on de 'ouse. But de young Malouin was make like 'e was big frien' wid 'eem, an' 'e tell de fad-der lies, an' 'e h'always got 'eem on de *assemblée*, an' 'e lend 'eem de money w'at de littl' modder say dey don' wan', an' de fadder 'e give de *hypothèque* on de farm. No matter 'ow 'ard de littl' modder try, de young Malouin was more strong nor 'er, an' de fadder h'always go wid 'eem, an' h'all de trouble come dat way.

H'all dat fall dere was nobody work on de fiel', h'only de women; de men was h'always busy on somet'ing h'else; an' more stranger was come t'rough de co'n-try, an' h'every night de *assemblée* was go h'on, sometime on de 'ouse, sometime on de barn, an' de talk grow more strong, an' never stop. An' dey say 'ow somet'ing will arrive soon, an' 'ow nobody will be poor no more, an' 'ow h'everybody will be boss like de h'Anglish. An' on mos' h'every 'ouse dere was de new gun, or h'else de h'ol' one was fix' h'up.

An' de young Malouin, dey was call' 'eem Captain now, an' h'all de time 'e was never lef' de fadder; an' de littl' modder she don' try no more; she jus' 'ave to wait an' see w'at arrive.

One night de fadder was not come 'ome till de mornin', an' dere 'e fin' de littl'

modder was wait for 'eem, wid 'er face h'all w'ite, an' like she was get h'ol', on dose days an' night w'at go so fas', an' was long like de years too. An' w'en 'e see 'er face like dat, 'e kiss 'er, an' 'e say, "My poor Josephite, dat won' be long time now w'en I'll be wid you like be-fore." An' 'e was so tire' 'e lie down on de bed, an' 'e go for sleep.

But 'e's not sleep ver' good, an' hymby 'e begin for speak somet'ing, an' I'll see de littl' modder get w'ite like she was w'en 'e come on de 'ouse, an' she say, "Melchior, go on de stable an' see ef de 'en was lay some h'eggs"—an' I'll go.

An' dat day w'en 'e begin for get dark, de fadder put on 'es *capot*, an' 'e take down 'es gun, an' 'e not look on de mod-der, an' 'e don' say nodding; but w'en 'e pass on de door, 'e turn roun' an' 'e come back, an' 'e kiss 'er an' me, an' den 'e go.

After w'ile de littl' modder say, "Come, Melchior, 'ere's de supper"; an' den she fix me for bed, an' I'll say de prayer wid 'er, an' de littl' song w'at I'll be h'always say,—

"Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours;
Servez moi de défense;
Prenez soin de mes jours."

An' she cover me h'up on de bed, an' she kiss me an' kiss me, an' tol' me on de mornin', ef she not be dere, for go down on *la tante* Lisa an' wait for 'er, an' she take 'er big blue cloak, an' she go too.

I'll be mos' h'eight year h'ol' den, an' I'll not be 'fraid; I'll jus' go for sleep.

An' w'en I'll sleep, de littl' modder was go so fas' she can on de *manoir*; an' she was not go by de road, but t'rough de fiel', an' 'cause de firs' snow was come she 'ave to run 'long by de fence, an' be'in' de bushes, an' bymby she pass onder de big trees w'at go h'all de way h'up on de front of de 'ouse. An' she h'open de door sof', an' she pass on de 'all widout meet wid nobody, an' she come on de big room, an' dere de Captain an' Mam'zelle Laure was sit on de fire, an' 'e was read to 'er wid de book on 'es 'an'.

De Captain 'e jump h'up, but de littl' modder 'ol' h'up 'er 'an', an' she shut de door, an' she tell dem 'ow de people was come on de *manoir* dat night for get de guns an' de powder w'at dey say de Cap-tain 'ave on de cellar. An' de Captain 'e laugh, an' 'e tell 'er she was de goose for be 'fraid wid dose story; but den she tell 'eem 'ow she know, an' w'at dey say 'bout



“AN’ ’E WAS READ TO ’ER WID DE BOOK ON ’ES ’AN’.”

’eem an’ Mam’zelle, an’ ’ow she was not meet wid h’any of de dogs w’en she come h’up. An’ den de Captain’s face got black an’ ’ard; but w’en Mam’zelle go h’over on ’eem an’ try put ’er ’an’s roun’ ’es neck, ’e pass ’es arm roun’ ’er, like ’e ’ol’ ’er safe, an’ ’es face was sof’ some more, an’ ’e say, “Josephite, you was de brave girl, an’ I’ll t’ank you for come.”

An’ den ’e take Mam’zelle on one side, an’ ’e speak wid ’er long time, an’ she cry, an’ try for get ’eem for change w’at ’e say, an’ de littl’ modder stan’ dere, an’ watch de needle on de clock dat go h’on an’ h’on, an’ ’er ’eart jump h’every time w’en she ’ear de noise h’outside, an’ she make de prayer dat Mam’zelle not be foolish, an’ at de las’ de Captain turn, an’ ’e say: “Josephite, my wife mus’ go h’on Mon’réal to-night. Will you go wid ’er? Sen’ Jacques to me, an’ tell Charles to put de two ’orses on de littl’ wagon.”

But de littl’ modder say: “Dat won’ do, Captain. De road’s not safe. De peo-

ple h’always be h’out now on de nights.” Den she say ’ow ef ’e was trus’ ’er wid Mam’zelle Laure, she ’ave de plan, an’ she tell ’eem w’at dat was.

Den dey h’all go on de bedroom, an’ dere on de dark dey dress Mam’zelle wid de warm clo’es, an’ h’over all dey put de long blue cloak, like de littl’ modder, an’ dey take somet’ing for h’eat, an’ some wine, an’ den de Captain h’open de window ver’ quiet, an’ ’e lif’ Mam’zelle h’out, an’ de littl’ modder she come be’in’; an’ den ’e ’ol’ Mam’zelle to ’eem, an’ ’e say somet’ing, an’ ’e kiss ’er, an’ ’e put ’er ’an’ on de ’an’ of de littl’ modder, an’ ’e say, “Dere, Josephite; you take my life wid you too!” —an’ dey go.

W’en dey got h’off from de ’ouse dey go t’rough de fiel’s for de river, an’ dey don’ say nodding, jus’ ’urry h’all dey wash’able; but on de top of de ’ill dey stop, an’ dey look be’in’, an’ dey see de light on de window of de big room jus’ like ’e was shine before de trouble come—an’ dey go h’on.

Nobody meet wid dem, nobody see dem, but on de road dey can 'ear like de people was pass. W'en dey get on de river de littl' modder lef' Mam'zelle on de bushes, an' she run h'up de bank, an' bymby she come back, an' she 'ave de fadder's canoe. Den she run on de bushes for Mam'zelle, an' she don' reach 'er before dey 'ear de gun go h'off on de *manoir*, an' Mam'zelle she look on de littl' modder an' she go for scream; but she h'only put 'er bot' 'an's on 'er eart an' fall on her knees. But de littl' modder get 'er h'on de canoe bymby, an' cover 'er h'up wid 'er h'own cloak, an' h'every time de gun go, Mam'zelle she shake like dey was 'it 'er. An' h'all dat night dey go down, down, an' on de mornin' dey see de church to Repentigny.

De littl' modder was 'fraid for stay dere, an' w'en de *curé* say 'e can sen' dem on de city, no matter ef dey bot' was sick wid de col' an' de night w'at was pas', dey bot' say dey go, an' before dat night dey was drive on to Mon'réal—an' de littl' modder 'ave keep 'er promis' to de Captain.

She was sick 'erself, an' can' get h'up de next day; but de day h'after she start, an' dat night she go h'on *la tante* Lisa, an' nobody h'ax 'er no question, h'only *la tante* tell 'er de Captain 'e's back on de *manoir*; an' w'en she 'ear dat she start h'off some more, an' she go straight on de *manoir*, widout care ef dey see 'er or ef dey don'.

W'en she was pass on de gate she see de big stone pos' was t'row down, but de snow cover h'up mos' w'at was h'outside. But w'en she pass on de 'ouse, she see de wooden shutter was h'all smash wid de h'axes, an' de front doör was lie h'on de floor, an' dere was jus' de bar nail' 'cross. She crawl onder de bar an' walk t'rough de 'all, an' h'open de door of de big room sof, an' dere was de Captain sit on de fire wid one h'arm tie h'up an' 'es 'ead on 'es 'an'; an' de minute 'e 'ear de door 'e jump h'up, an' w'en 'e see de littl' modder stan' dere, h'all w'ite an' tire wid 'er *voyage*, 'e can' speak, but she say, "Safe!" an' de Captain say, "T'ank God!"

An' de littl' modder see de Captain was change' on dose t'ree days; like 'er, 'e was grow h'ol' wid de trouble w'at was come. 'E don' say nodding, but jus' stir de fire so 'e burn h'up good, an' den 'e make de sign wid 'es good h'arm, an' 'e laugh w'en de littl' modder look on de room—an' dere's no good for tell de story.

H'everyt'ing was smash'an' break h'up;

de table was fix 'cross de window, an' de chair, an' de sofa, an' de cushion, an' de *paillasse*, an' de clo'es from de bed, w'at de Captain was pile on de window an' de door, was all h'over de floor; an' de picture of de h'ol' M'sieu' Georges an' Mam'zelle Laure an' de fam'ly, some was pull down, an' de h'odder w'at was lef' was h'all cut on de face.

An' h'after—de h'ol' Jacques tell 'er 'ow de Captain was sen' de women h'out de 'ouse w'en de people promise' for lef' dem pass, an' den 'ow de Captain an' Charles fight, an' 'e was too h'ol' for do nodding 'cep' load de gun. An' 'ow de Captain was shoot Perreault de blacksmith, an' some h'odders too, an' 'ow 'e was near kill 'eemself h'only for de young Malouin; an' 'ow de young Malouin 'ave 'eem tie h'up, an' dey smash h'everyt'ing before 'es h'eyes, an' 'e sit dere an' 'e don' say nodding an' 'es face never change; an' 'ow dey 'unt for de powder an' de guns, an' don' fin' ver' much. An' den 'ow dey go h'off an' take de Captain on St. Isidore; but 'e get h'out som'ow, an' 'e was jus' get back on de *manoir* dat day, an' 'e fin' h'only 'eem, de h'ol' Jacques, w'at was lef' on de 'ouse.

Den de trouble come fas'; de fadder was 'way h'all de time, an' de camp was make on St. Benoit an' St. Eustache; an' one day *les troupes* was pass on de road from Mon'réal, an' den *la tante* she come an' she try for get de littl' modder for go wid 'er; but de littl' modder she kiss 'er an' she cry, an' she say she was not 'fraid for 'erself, an' ef 'er man come 'e mus' fin' 'er dere.

An' de day h'after *les troupes* pass bad news was come from St. Eustache, an' de littl' modder she take me an' go down on de village, an' h'all de people was do nodding but go h'on de church an' say de prayer an' make de *vœux*, an' w'en de news come dat de h'Anglish was kill h'all *les patriotes* some de people was take h'all dey can carry an' run 'way for 'ide on de woods; an' on de church dey was cry an' say de prayer h'out loud, an' h'only de *curé* was dere for say somet'ing. W'at 'e was say I'll don' know, but de women don' cry no more, an' w'en de dark come, me an' de littl' modder go back 'ome.

An' dat night she don' put me on de bed. She sit on de fire, an' she 'ol' me on 'er knee. An' on de mornin', w'en de light jus' begin, we 'ear de noise like de 'orses on de road, an' w'en dey come on

our 'ouse dey turn in, an' we wait, an' den de knock come on de door, an' de door was h'open, an' dere was de Captain Lawless wid 'es cap on 'es 'an'.

An' 'e 'ol' de door h'open, an' den two soldier come on de 'ouse, an' dey carry somet'ing, an' de Captain don' say nodding, jus' make de sign wid 'es 'ead, an' de soldier move h'over on de bed; an' de Captain stan' dere 'gains' de wall like de man w'at was tire' h'out, an' 'es face was like de face of de h'ol' man.

An' w'en de soldier go h'out 'e shut de door sof', an' come h'over on de littl' modder, an' I'll be 'fraid den', an' I'll 'ide my face on 'er dress, an' I'll 'ear 'eem say, "My poor Josephte, you 'ave save me de living, an' I'll only be h'able for save your dead."

An' den de Captain 'e go h'out, an' we 'ear de sleigh an' de 'orses go h'off slow, slow, down de road, an' bymby h'everything was quiet some more—an' me, an' de littl' modder, was lef' alone.

CANADA'S EL DORADO.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



HERE is on this continent a territory of imperial extent which is one of the Canadian sisterhood of states, and yet of which small account has been taken by those who discuss either the most advantageous relations of trade or that closer intimacy so often referred to as a possibility in the future of our country and its northern neighbor. Although British Columbia is advancing in rank among the provinces of the Dominion by reason of its abundant natural resources, it is not remarkable

that we read and hear little concerning it. The people in it are few, and the knowledge of it is even less in proportion. It is but partially explored, and for what can be learned of it one must catch up information piecemeal from blue-books, the pamphlets of scientists, from tales of adventure, and from the less trustworthy literature composed to attract travellers and settlers.

facts to make a sizable pamphlet of the history of British Columbia. A wandering and imaginative Greek called Juan de Fuca told his people that he had discovered a passage from ocean to ocean between this continent and a great island in the Pacific. Sent there to seize and fortify it, he disappeared—at least from history. This was about 1592. In 1778 Captain Cook roughly surveyed the coast, and in 1792 Captain Vancouver, who as a boy had been with Cook on two voyages, examined the sound between the island and the mainland with great care, hoping to find that it led to the main water system of the interior. He gave to the strait at the entrance the nickname of the Greek, and in the following year received the transfer of authority over the country from the Spanish commissioner Bodega of Quadra, then established there. The two put aside false modesty, and named the great island "the Island of Vancouver and Quadra." At the time the English sailor was there it chanced that he met that hardy old homespun baronet Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who was the first man to cross the continent, making the astonishing journey in a canoe manned by Iroquois Indians. The mainland became known as New Caledonia. It took its present name from the Columbia River, and that, in turn, got its name from the ship *Columbia*, of Boston, Captain Gray, which entered its mouth in 1792, long after the Spaniards had known the stream and called it the Oregon. The rest is quickly told. The region passed into the hands of the fur-traders. Vancouver Island became a crown colony in 1849, and British Columbia followed in 1858.

It would severely strain the slender

They were united in 1866, and joined the Canadian confederation in 1871. Three years later the province exceeded both Manitoba and Prince Edward Island in the value of its exports, and also showed an excess of exports over imports. It has a Lieutenant-Governor and Legislative Assembly, and is represented at Ottawa in accordance with the Canadian system. Its people have been more closely related to ours in business than those of any other province, and they entertain a warmly friendly feeling toward "the States." In the larger cities the Fourth of July is informally but generally observed as a holiday.

British Columbia is of immense size. It is as extensive as the combination of New England, the Middle States and Maryland, the Virginias, the Carolinas, and Georgia, leaving Delaware out. It is larger than Texas, Colorado, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire joined together. Yet it has been all but overlooked by man, and may be said to be an empire with only one wagon road, and that is but a blind artery halting in the middle of the country. But whoever follows this necessarily incomplete survey of what man has found that region to be, and of what his yet puny hands have drawn from it, will dismiss the popular and natural suspicion that it is a wilderness worthy of its present fate. Until the whole globe is banded with steel rails and yields to the plough, we will continue to regard whatever region lies beyond our doors as waste-land, and to fancy that every line of latitude has its own unvarying climatic characteristics. There is an opulent civilization in what we once were taught was "the Great American Desert," and far up at Edmonton, on the Peace River, farming flourishes despite the fact that it is where our school-books located a zone of perpetual snow. Farther along we shall study a country crossed by the same parallels of latitude that dissect inhospitable Labrador, and we shall discover that as great a difference exists between the two shores of the continent on that zone as that which distinguishes California from Massachusetts. Upon the coast of this neglected corner of the world we shall see that a climate like that of England is produced, as England's is, by a warm current in the sea; in the southern half of the interior we shall discover valleys as inviting as those in our

New England; and far north, at Port Simpson, just below the down-reaching claw of our Alaska, we shall find such a climate as Halifax enjoys.

British Columbia has a length of eight hundred miles, and averages four hundred miles in width. To whoever crosses the country it seems the scene of a vast earth-disturbance, over which mountains are scattered without system. In fact, however, the Cordillera belt is there divided into four ranges, the Rockies forming the eastern boundary, then the Gold Range, then the Coast Range, and, last of all, that partially submerged chain whose upraised parts form Vancouver and the other mountainous islands near the mainland in the Pacific. A vast valley flanks the southwestern side of the Rocky Mountains, accompanying them from where they leave our Northwestern States in a wide straight furrow for a distance of seven hundred miles. Such great rivers as the Columbia, the Fraser, the Parsnip, the Kootenay, and the Finlay are encountered in it. While it has a lesser agricultural value than other valleys in the province, its mineral possibilities are considered to be very great, and when, as must be the case, it is made the route of communication between one end of the territory and the other, a vast timber supply will be rendered marketable.

The Gold Range, next to the westward, is not bald, like the Rockies, but, excepting the higher peaks, is timbered with a dense forest growth. Those busiest of all British Columbian explorers, the "prospectors," have found much of this system too difficult even for their pertinacity. But the character of the region is well understood. Here are high plateaus of rolling country, and in the mountains are glaciers and snow fields. Between this system and the Coast Range is what is called the Interior Plateau, averaging one hundred miles in width, and following the trend of that portion of the continent, with an elevation that grows less as the north is approached. This plateau is crossed and followed by valleys that take every direction, and these are the seats of rivers and watercourses. In the southern part of this plateau is the best grazing land in the province, and much fine agricultural country, while in the north, where the climate is more moist, the timber increases, and parts of the land are thought to be convertible into



AN IMPRESSION OF THE SHUSWAP LAKE,
BRITISH COLUMBIA.

farms. Next comes the Coast Range, whose western slopes are enriched by the milder climate of the coast; and beyond lies the remarkably tattered shore of the Pacific, lapped by a sheltered sea, verdant, indented by numberless inlets, which, in turn, are faced by uncounted islands, and receive the discharge of almost as many streams and rivers—a wondrously beautiful region, forested by giant trees, and resorted to by numbers of fish exceeding calculation and belief. Beyond the coast is the bold chain of mountains of which Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte Islands are parts. Here is a vast treasure in that coal which our naval experts have found to be the best on the Pacific coast, and here also are traces of metals, whose value industry has not yet established.

It is a question whether this vast territory has yet 100,000 white inhabitants. Of Indians it has but 20,000, and of Chinese about 8000. It is a vast land of silence, a huge tract slowly changing from the field and pleasure-ground of the fur-trader and sportsman to the quarry of the miner. The Canadian Pacific Railway crosses it, revealing to the immigrant and the globe-trotter an unceasing panorama of grand, wild, and beautiful scenery unequalled on this continent. During a few hours the traveller sees, across the majestic cañon of the Fraser, the neglected remains of the old Cariboo stage road, built under pressure of the gold craze. It demonstrated surprising energy in the

baby colony, for it connected Yale, at the head of short steam navigation on the Fraser, with Barkerville, in the distant Cariboo country, 400 miles away, and it cost half a million dollars. The traveller sees here and there an Indian village or a "mission," and now and then a tiny town; but for the most part his eye scans only the primeval forest, lofty mountains, valleys covered with trees as beasts are with fur, cascades, turbulent streams, and huge sheltered lakes. Except at the stations, he sees few men. Now he notes a group of Chinamen at work on the railway; anon he sees an Indian upon a clumsy perch and searching the Fraser for salmon, or in a canoe paddling toward the gorgeous sunset that confronts the daily west-bound train as it rolls by great Shuswap Lake.

But were the same traveller out of the train, and gifted with the power to make himself ubiquitous, he would still be, for the most part, lonely. Down in the smiling bunch-grass valleys in the south he would see here and there the outfit of a farmer or the herds of a cattle-man. A

burst of noise would astonish him near by, in the Kootenay country, where the new silver mines are being worked, where claims have been taken up by the thousand, and whither a railroad is hastening. Here and there, at points out of sight one from another, he would hear the crash of a lumberman's axe, the report of a hunter's rifle, or the crackle of an Indian's fire. On the Fraser he would find a little town called Yale, and on the coast the streets and ambitious buildings and busy wharves of Vancouver would astonish him. Victoria, across the strait, a town of larger size and remarkable beauty, would give him company, and near Vancouver and Victoria the little cities of New Westminster and Nanaimo (lumber and coal ports respectively) would rise before him. There, close together, he would see more than half the population of the province.

Fancy his isolation as he looked around him in the northern half of the territory, where a few trails lead to fewer posts of the Hudson Bay Company, where the endless forests and multitudinous lakes and streams are cut by but infrequent paddles in the hands of a race that has lost one-third its numerical strength in the last ten years, where the only true homes are within the palisades or the unguarded log cabin of the fur-trading agents, and where the only other white men are either washing sand in the river bars, driving the stages of the only line that penetrates a piece of the country, or are those queer devil-may-care but companionable Davy Crocketts of the day who are guides now and then, hunters half the time, placer-miners when they please, and whatever else there is a call for betweentimes!

A very strange sight that my supposititious traveller would pause long to look at would be the herds of wild horses that defy the Queen, her laws, and her subjects in the Lillooet Valley. There are thousands of them there, and over in the Nicola and Chilcotin country, on either side of the Fraser, north of Washington State. They were originally of good stock, but now they not only defy capture, but eat valuable grass, and spoil every horse turned out to graze. The newspapers aver that the government must soon be called upon to devise means for ridding the valleys of this nuisance. This is one of those sections which promise well for future stock-raising and agricultural operations. There are plenty such. The Nicola Val-

ley has been settled twenty years, and there are many cattle there, on numerous ranches. It is good land, but rather high for grain, and needs irrigation. The snow-fall varies greatly in all these valleys, but in ordinary winters horses and cattle manage well with four to six weeks' feeding. On the upper Kootenay, a valley eight to ten miles wide, ranching began a quarter of a century ago, during the gold excitement. The "cow-men" raise grain for themselves there. This valley is 3000 feet high. The Okanagon Valley is lower, and is only from two to five miles wide, but both are of similar character, of very great length, and are crossed and intersected by branch valleys. The greater part of the Okanagon does not need irrigating. A beautiful country is the Kettle River region, along the boundary between the Columbia and the Okanagon. It is narrow, but flat and smooth on the bottom, and the land is very fine. Bunch-grass covers the hills around it for a distance of from 400 to 500 feet, and there timber begins. It is only in occasional years that the Kettle River Valley needs water. In the Spallumcheen Valley one farmer had 500 acres in grain last summer, and the most modern agricultural machinery is in use there. These are mere notes of a few among almost innumerable valleys that are clothed with bunch-grass, and that often possess the characteristics of beautiful parks. In many, wheat can be and is raised, possibly in most of them. I have notes of the successful growth of peaches, and of the growth of almond-trees to a height of fourteen feet in four years, both in the Okanagon country.

The shooting in these valleys is most alluring to those who are fond of the sport. Caribou, deer, bear, prairie-chicken, and partridges abound in them. In all probability there is no similar extent of country that equals the valley of the Columbia, from which, in the winter of 1888, between six and eight tons of deer-skins were shipped by local traders, the result of legitimate hunting. But the forests and mountains are as they were when the white man first saw them, and though the beaver and sea-otter, the marten, and those foxes whose furs are coveted by the rich, are not as abundant as they once were, the rest of the game is most plentiful. On the Rockies and on the Coast Range the mountain-goat, most difficult of beasts to hunt, and still harder to get,

is abundant yet. The "big-horn," or mountain-sheep, is not so common, but the hunting thereof is usually successful if good guides are obtained. The cougar, the grizzly, and the lynx are all plentiful, and black and brown bears are very numerous. Elk are going the way of the "big-horn" — are preceding that creature, in fact. Pheasants (imported), grouse, quail, and water-fowl are among the feathered game, and the river and lake fishing is such as is not approached in any other part of the Dominion. The province is a sportsman's Eden, but the hunting of big game there is not a venture to be lightly undertaken. It is not alone the distance or the cost that gives one pause, for, after the province is reached, the mountain-climbing is a task that no amount of wealth will lighten. And these are genuine mountains, by-the-way, wearing eternal caps of snow, and equally eternal deceit as to their distances, their heights, and as to all else concerning which a rarefied atmosphere can hocus-pocus a stranger. There is one animal, king of all the beasts, which the most unambitious hunter may chance upon as well as the bravest, and that animal carries a perpetual chip upon its shoulder, and seldom turns from an encounter. It is the grizzly-bear. It is his presence that gives you either zest or pause, as you may decide, in hunting all the others that roam the mountains. Yet, in that hunter's dream-land it is the grizzly that attracts many sportsmen every year.

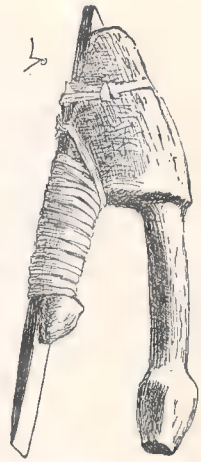
From the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company in Victoria I obtained the list of animals in whose skins that company trades at that station. It makes a formidable catalogue of zoological products, and is as follows: Bears (brown, black, grizzly), beaver, badger, foxes (silver, cross, and red), fishers, martens, minks, lynxes, musk-rat, otter (sea or land), panther, raccoon, wolves (black, gray, and coyote), black-tailed deer, stags (a true stag, growing to the size of an ox, and found on the hills of Vancouver Island), caribou or reindeer, hares, mountain-goat, big-horn (or mountain-sheep), moose (near the Rockies), wood-buffalo (found in the north, not greatly different from the bison, but larger), geese, swans, and duck.

The British Columbian Indians are of such unprepossessing appearance that one hears with comparative equanimity of

their numbering only 20,000 in all, and of their rapid shrinkage, owing principally to the vices of their women. They are, for the most part, canoe Indians, in the interior as well as on the coast, and they are (as one might suppose a nation of tailors would become) short-legged, and with those limbs small and inclined to bow. On the other hand, their exercise with the paddle has given them a disproportionate development of their shoulders and chests,

so that, being too large above and too small below, their appearance is very peculiar. They are fish-eaters the year around; and though some, like the Hydahs upon the coast, have been warlike and turbulent, such is not the reputation of those in the interior. It was the meat-eating Indian who made war a vocation and self-torture a dissipation. The fish-eating Indian kept out of his way. These short squat British Columbian natives are very dark-skinned, and have physiognomies so different from those of the Indians east of the Rockies that the study of their faces has tempted the ethnologists into extraordinary guessing upon their origin, and into a contention which I prefer to avoid. It is not guessing to say that their high cheek-bones and flat faces make them resemble the Chinese. That is true to such a degree that in walking the streets of Victoria, and meeting alternate Chinamen and Siwash, it is not always easy to say which is which, unless one proceeds upon the assumption that if a man looks clean he is apt to be a Chinaman, whereas if he is dirty and ragged he is most likely to be a Siwash.

You will find that seven in ten among the more intelligent British Columbians conclude these Indians to be of Japanese origin. The Japanese current is neighborly to the province, and it has drifted Japanese junks to these shores. When the first traders visited the neighborhood of the mouth of the Columbia they found



THE TSCHUMMUM, OR TOOL USED IN MAKING CANOES.

beeswax in the sand near the vestiges of a wreck, and it is said that one wreck of a junk was met with, and 12,000 pounds of this wax was found on her. Whalers are said to have frequently encountered wrecked and drifting junks in the eastern Pacific, and a local legend has it that in 1834 remnants of a junk with three Japanese and a cargo of pottery were found on the coast south of Cape Flattery. Nothing less than all this should excuse even a rudderless ethnologist for so cruel a reflection upon the Japanese, for these Indians are so far from pretty that all who see them agree with Captain Butler, the traveller, who wrote that "if they are of the Mongolian type, the sooner the Mongolians change their type the better."

The coast Indians are splendid sailors, and their dugouts do not always come off second best in racing with the boats of white men. With a primitive yet ingeniously made tool, like an adze, in the construction of which a blade is tied fast to a bent handle of bone, these natives laboriously pick out the heart of a great cedar log, and shape its outer sides into the form of a boat. When the log is properly hollowed, they fill it with water, and then drop in stones which they have heated in a fire. Thus they steam the boat so that they may spread the sides and fit in the crossbars which keep it strong and preserve its shape. These dugouts are sometimes sixty feet long, and are used for whaling and long voyages in rough seas. They are capable of carrying tons of the salmon or oolachan or herring, of which these people, who live as their fathers did, catch sufficient in a few days for their maintenance throughout a whole year. One gets an idea of the swarms of fish that infest those waters by the knowledge that before nets were used the herring and the oolachan, or candle-fish, were swept into these boats by an implement formed by studding a ten-foot pole with spikes or nails. This was swept among the fish in the water, and the boats were speedily filled with the creatures that were impaled upon the spikes. Salmon, sea-otter, otter, beaver, marten, bear, and deer (or caribou or moose) were and still are the chief resources of most of the Indians. Once they sold the fish and the peltry to the Hudson Bay Company, and ate what parts or surplus they did not sell. Now they work in the canneries or fish for them in summer, and hunt, trap, or

loaf the rest of the time. However, while they still fish and sell furs, and while some are yet as their fathers were, nearly all the coast Indians are semi-civilized. They have at least the white man's clothes and hymns and vices. They have churches; they live in houses; they work in canneries. What little there was that was picturesque about them has vanished only a few degrees faster than their own extinction as a pure race, and they are now a lot of longshoremen. What Mr. Duncan did for them in Metlakahla—especially in housing the families separately—has not been arrived at even in the reservation at Victoria, where one may still see one of the huge low shed-like houses they prefer, ornamented with totem poles, and arranged for eight families, and consequently for a laxity of morals for which no one can hold the white man responsible.

They are a tractable people, and take as kindly to the rudiments of civilization, to work, and to co-operation with the whites as the plains Indian does to tea, tobacco, and whiskey. They are physically but not mentally inferior to the plainsman. They carve bowls and spoons of stone and bone, and their heraldic totem poles are cleverly shapen, however grotesque they may be. They still make them, but they oftener carve little ones for white people, just as they make more silver bracelets for sale than for wear. They are clever at weaving rushes and cedar bark into mats, baskets, floor-cloths, and cargo covers. In a word, they were more prone to work at the outset than most Indians, so that the present longshore career of most of them is not greatly to be wondered at.

To any one who threads the vast silent forests of the interior, or journeys upon the trafficless waterways, or, gun in hand, explores the mountains for game, the infrequency with which Indians are met becomes impressive. The province seems almost unpeopled. The reason is that the majority of the Indians were ever on the coast, where the water yielded food at all times and in plenty. The natives of the interior were not well fed or prosperous when the first white men found them, and since then small-pox, measles, vice, and starvation have thinned them terribly. Their graveyards are a feature of the scenery which all travellers in the province remember. From the railroad they may be seen along the Fraser, each grave

apparently having a shed built over it, and a cross rising from the earth beneath the shed. They had various burial customs, but a majority buried their dead in this way, with queerly carved or painted sticks above them, where the cross now testifies to the work at the "missions." Some Indians marked a man's burial-place with his canoe and his gun; some still box their dead and leave the boxes on top of the earth, while others bury the boxes. Among the southern tribes a man's horse was often killed, and its skin decked the man's grave; while in the far north it was the custom among the Stickeen to slaughter the personal attendants of a chief when he died. The Indians along the Skeena River cremated their dead, and sometimes hung the ashes in boxes to the family totem pole. The Hydahs, the fierce natives of certain of the islands, have given up cremation, but they used to believe that if they did not burn a man's body their enemies would make charms from it. Polygamy flourished on the coast, and monogamy in the interior, but the contrast was due to the difference in the worldly wealth of the Indians. Wives had to be bought and fed, and the woodsmen could only afford one apiece.

To return to their canoes, which most distinguish them. When a dugout is hollowed and steamed, a prow and stern are added of separate wood. The prow is always a work of art, and greatly beautifies the boat. It is in form like the breast, neck, and bill of a bird, but the head is intended to represent that of a savage animal, and is so painted. A mouth is cut into it, ears are carved on it, and eyes are painted on the sides; bands of gay paint are put upon the neck, and the whole exterior of the boat is then painted red or black, with an ornamental line of another color along the edge or gunwale. The sailors sit upon the bottom of the boat, and propel it with paddles. Upon the water these swift vessels, with their fierce heads uplifted before their long slender bodies, appear like great serpents or nondescript marine monsters, yet they are pretty and graceful withal. While still holding aloof from the ethnologists' contention, I yet may add that a bookseller in Victoria came into the possession of a packet of photographs taken by an amateur traveller in the interior of China, and on my first visit to the province, near-

ly four years ago, I found, in looking through these views, several Chinese boats which were strangely and remarkably like the dugouts of the provincial Indians. They were too small in the pictures for it to be possible to decide whether they were built up or dug out, but in general they were of the same external appearance, and each one bore the upraised animal-head prow, shaped and painted like those I could see one block away from the bookseller's shop in Victoria. But such are not the canoes used by the Indians of the interior. From the Kootenay near our border to the Cassiar in the far north, a cigar-shaped canoe seems to be the general native vehicle. These are sometimes made of a sort of scroll of bark, and sometimes they are dugouts made of cotton-wood logs. They are narrower than either the cedar dugouts of the coast or the birch-bark canoes of our Indians, but they are roomy, and fit for the most dangerous and deft work in threading the rapids which everywhere cut up the navigation of the streams of the province into separated reaches. The Rev. Dr. Gordon, in his notes upon a journey in this province, likens these canoes to horse-troughs, but those I saw in the Kootenay country were of the shape of those cigars that are pointed at both ends.

Whether these canoes are like any in Tartary or China or Japan, I do not know. My only quest for special information of that character proved disappointing. One man in a city of British Columbia is said to have studied such matters more deeply and to more purpose than all the others, but those who referred me to him cautioned me that he was eccentric.

"You don't know where these Indians came from, eh?" the *savant* replied to my first question. "Do you know how oyster-shells got on top of the Rocky Mountains? You don't, eh? Well, I know a woman who went to a dentist's yesterday to have eighteen teeth pulled. Do you know why women prefer artificial teeth to those which God has given them? You don't, eh? Why, man, you don't know anything."

While we were—or he was—conversing, a laboring-man who carried a sickle came to the open door, and was asked what he wanted.

"I wish to cut your thistles, sir," said he.

"Thistles?" said the *savant*, disturbed

at the interruption. "— the thistles! We are talking about Indians."

Nevertheless, when the laborer had gone, he had left the subject of thistles uppermost in the *savant's* mind, and the conversation took so erratic a turn that it might well have been introduced haphazard into *Tristram Shandy*.

"About thistles," said the *savant*, laying a gentle hand upon my knee. "Do you know that they are the Scotchmen's totems? Many years ago a Scotchman, sundered from his native land, must needs set up his totem, a thistle, here in this country; and now, sir, the thistle is such a curse that I am haled up twice a year and fined for having them in my yard."

But nearly enough has been here said of the native population. Though the Indians boast dozens of tribal names, and almost every island on the coast and village in the interior seems the home of a separate tribe, they will be found much alike—dirty, greasy, sore-eyed, short-legged, and with their unkempt hair cut squarely off, as if a pot had been upturned over it to guide the operation. The British Columbians do not bother about their tribal divisions, but use the old traders' Chinook terms, and call every male a "siwash" and every woman a "klootchman."

Since the highest Canadian authority upon the subject predicts that the northern half of the Cordilleran ranges will admit of as high a metalliferous development as that of the southern half in our Pacific States, it is important to review what has been done in mining, and what is thought of the future of that industry in the province. It may almost be said that the history of gold-mining there is the history of British Columbia. Victoria, the capital, was a Hudson Bay post established in 1843, and Vancouver, Queen Charlotte's, and the other islands, as well as the mainland, were of interest to only a few white men as parts of a great fur-trading field with a small Indian population. The first nugget of gold was found at what is now called Gold Harbor, on the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands, by an Indian woman, in 1851. A part of it, weighing four or five ounces, was taken by the Indians to Fort Simpson and sold. The Hudson Bay Company, which has done a little in every line of business in its day, sent a brigantine to

the spot, and found a quartz vein traceable eighty feet, and yielding a high percentage of gold. Blasting was begun, and the vessel was loaded with ore; but she was lost on the return voyage. An American vessel, ashore at Esquimaux, near Victoria, was purchased, renamed the *Recovery*, and sent to Gold Harbor with thirty miners, who worked the vein until the vessel was loaded and sent to England. News of the mine travelled, and in another year a small fleet of vessels came up from San Francisco; but the supply was seen to be very limited, and after \$20,000 in all had been taken out, the field was abandoned.

In 1855 gold was found by a Hudson Bay Company's employé at Fort Colville, now in Washington State, near the boundary. Some Thompson River (B. C.) Indians who went to Walla Walla spread a report there that gold, like that discovered at Colville, was to be found in the valley of the Thompson. A party of Canadians and half-breeds went to the region referred to, and found placers nine miles above the mouth of the river. By 1858 the news and the authentication of it stirred the miners of California, and an astonishing invasion of the virgin province began. It is said that in the spring of 1858 more than 20,000 persons reached Victoria from San Francisco by sea, disbanding the little fur-trading post of a few hundred inhabitants into what would even now be called a considerable city; a city of canvas, however. Simultaneously a third as many miners made their way to the new province on land. But the land was covered with mountains and dense forests, the only route to its interior for them was the violent, almost boiling, Fraser River, and there was nothing on which the lives of this horde of men could be sustained. By the end of the year out of nearly 30,000 adventurers only a tenth part remained. Those who did stay worked the river bars of the lower Fraser until in five months they had shipped from Victoria more than half a million dollars' worth of gold. From a historical point of view it is a peculiar coincidence that in 1859, when the attention of the world was thus first attracted to this new country, the charter of the Hudson Bay Company expired, and the territory passed from its control to become like any other crown colony.

In 1860 the gold-miners, seeking the

source of the "flour" gold they found in such abundance in the bed of the river, pursued their search into the heart and almost the centre of that forbidding and unbroken territory. The Quesnel River became the seat of their operations. Two years later came another extraordinary immigration. This was not surprising, for 1500 miners had in one year (1861) taken out \$2,000,000 in gold-dust from certain creeks in what is called the Cariboo District, and one can imagine (if one does not remember) what fabulous tales were based upon this fact. The second stampede was of persons from all over the world, but chiefly from England, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. After that there were new "finds" almost every year, and the miners worked gradually northward until, about 1874, they had travelled through the province, in at one end and out at the other, and were working the tributaries of the Yukon River in the north, beyond the 60th parallel. Mr. Dawson estimates that the total yield of gold between 1858 and 1888 was \$54,108,804; the average number of miners employed each year was 2775, and the average earnings per man per year were \$622.

In his report, published by order of Parliament, Mr. Dawson says that while gold is so generally distributed over the province that scarcely a stream of any importance fails to show at least "colors" of the metal, the principal discoveries clearly indicate that the most important mining districts are in the systems of mountains and high plateaus lying to the southwest of the Rocky Mountains and parallel in direction with them.

This mountain system next to and southwest of the Rockies is called, for convenience, the Gold Range, but it comprises a complex belt "of several more or less distinct and partly overlapping ranges"—the Purcell, Selkirk, and Columbia ranges



THE FIRST OF THE SALMON RUN, FRASER RIVER.

in the south, and in the north the Cariboo, Omineca, and Cassiar ranges. "This series or system constitutes the most important metalliferous belt of the province. The richest gold fields are closely related to it, and discoveries of metalliferous lodes are reported in abundance from all parts of it which have been explored. The deposits already made known are very varied in character, including highly argentiferous galenas and other silver ores and auriferous quartz veins." This same authority asserts that the Gold Range is continued by the Cabinet, Cœur d'Alene, and Bitter Root mountains in our country. While there is no single well-developed gold field as in California, the extent of territory of a character to occasion a hopeful search for gold is greater in the province than in California. The average man of business to whom visitors speak of the mining prospects of the province is apt

to declare that all that has been lacking is the discovery of one grand mine and the enlistment of capital (from the United States, they generally say) to work it. Mr. Dawson speaks to the same point, and incidentally accounts for the retarded development in his statement that one noteworthy difference between practically the entire area of the province and that of the Pacific States has been occasioned by the spread and movement of ice over the province during the glacial period. This produced changes in the distribution of surface materials and directions of drainage, concealed beneath "drifts" the indications to which prospectors farther south are used to trust, and by other means obscured the outcrops of veins which would otherwise be well marked. The dense woods, the broken navigation of the rivers, in detached reaches, the distance from the coast of the richest districts, and the cost of labor supplies and machinery—all these are additional and weighty reasons for the slowness of development. But this was true of the past and is not of the present, at least so far as southern British Columbia is concerned. Railroads are reaching up into it from our country and down from the transcontinental Canadian Railway, and capital, both Canadian and American, is rapidly swelling an already heavy investment in many new and promising mines. Here it is silver-mining that is achieving importance.

Other ores are found in the province. The iron which has been located or worked is principally on the islands—Queen Charlotte, Vancouver, Texada, and the Walker group. Most of the ores are magnetites, and that which alone has been worked—on Texada Island—is of excellent quality. The output of copper from the province is likely soon to become considerable. Masses of it have been found from time to time in various parts of the province—in the Vancouver series of islands, on the mainland coast, and in the interior. Its constant and rich association with silver shows lead to be abundant in the country, but it needs the development of transport facilities to give it value. Platinum is more likely to attain importance as a product in this than in any other part of North America. On the coast the granites are of such quality and occur in such abundance as to lead to the belief that their quarrying will one day be an important source of income, and

there are marbles, sandstones, and ornamental stones of which the same may be said.

One of the most valuable products of the province is coal, the essential in which our Pacific coast States are the poorest. The white man's attention was first attracted to this coal in 1835 by some Indians who brought lumps of it from Vancouver Island to the Hudson Bay post on the mainland, at Milbank Sound. The *Beaver*, the first steamship that stirred the waters of the Pacific, reached the province in 1836, and used coal that was found in outcroppings on the island beach. Thirteen years later the great trading company brought out a Scotch coal-miner to look into the character and extent of the coal find, and he was followed by other miners and the necessary apparatus for prosecuting the inquiry. In the mean time the present chief source of supply at Nanaimo, seventy miles from Victoria and about opposite Vancouver, was discovered, and in 1852 mining was begun in earnest. From the very outset the chief market for the coal was found to be San Francisco.

The original mines are now owned by the Vancouver Coal-mining and Land Company. Near them are the Wellington Mines, which began to be worked in 1871. Both have continued in active operation from their foundation, and with a constantly and rapidly growing output. A third source of supply has very recently been established with local and American capital in what is called the Comox District, back of Baynes Sound, farther north than Nanaimo, on the eastern side of Vancouver Island. These new works are called the Union Mines, and, if the predictions of my informants prove true, will produce an output equal to that of the older Nanaimo collieries combined. In 1884 the coal shipped from Nanaimo amounted to 1000 tons for every day of the year, and in 1889 the total shipment had reached 500,000 tons. As to the character of the coal, I quote again from Mr. Dawson's report on the minerals of British Columbia, published by the Dominion government:

"Rocks of cretaceous age are developed over a considerable area in British Columbia, often in very great thickness, and fuels occur in them in important quantity in at least two

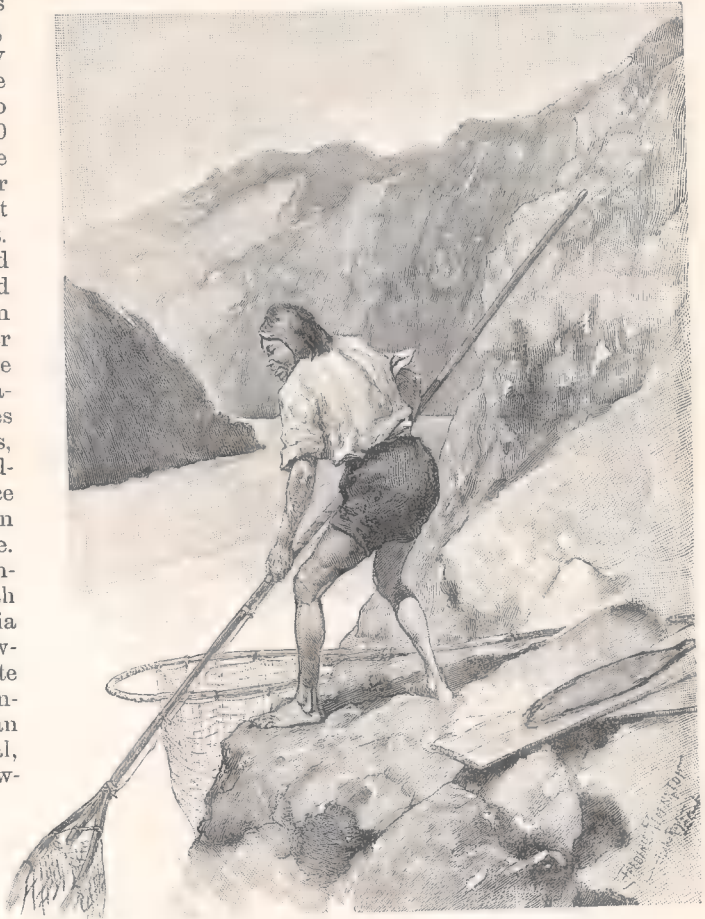
distinct stages, of which the lower and older includes the coal measures of the Queen Charlotte Islands and those of Quatsino Sound on Vancouver Island, with those of Crow Nest Pass in the Rocky Mountains; the upper, the coal measures of Nanaimo and Comox, and probably also those of Squash and other localities. The lower rocks hold both anthracite and bituminous coal in the Queen Charlotte Islands, but elsewhere contain bituminous coal only. The upper have so far been found to yield bituminous coal only. The fuels of the tertiary rocks are, generally speaking, lignites, but include also various fuels intermediate between these and true coals, which in a few places become true bituminous coals."

It is thought to be more than likely that the Comox District may prove far more productive than the Nanaimo region. It is estimated that productive measures underlie at least 300 square miles in the Comox District, exclusive of what may extend beyond the shore. The Nanaimo area is estimated at 200 square miles, and the product is no better than, if it equals, that of the Comox District.

Specimens of good coal have been found on the mainland in the region of the upper Skeena River, on the British Columbia watershed of the Rockies near Crow Nest Pass, and in the country adjacent to the Peace River in the eastern part of the province. Anthracite which compares favorably with that of Pennsylvania has been found at Cowgitz, Queen Charlotte Islands. In 1871 a mining company began work upon this coal, but abandoned it, owing to difficulties that were encountered. It is now believed that these miners did not prove the product to be of an

unprofitable character, and that farther exploration is fully justified by what is known of the field. Of inferior forms of coal there is every indication of an abundance on the mainland of the province. "The tertiary or Laramie coal measures of Puget Sound and Bellingham Bay" (in the United States) "are continuous north of the international boundary, and must underlie nearly 18,000 square miles of the low country about the estuary of the Fraser and in the lower part of its valley." It is quite possible, since the better coals of Nanaimo and Comox are in demand in the San Francisco market, even at their high price and with the duty added, that these lignite fields may be worked for local consumption.

Already the value of the fish caught in the British Columbian waters is estimated



INDIAN SALMON-FISHING IN THE THRASHER.

at five million dollars a year, and yet the industry is rather at its birth than in its infancy. All the waters in and near the province fairly swarm with fish. The rivers teem with them, the straits and fiords and gulfs abound with them, the ocean beyond is freighted with an incalculable weight of living food, which must soon be distributed among the homes of the civilized world. The principal varieties of fish are the salmon, cod, shad, whitefish, bass, flounder, skate, sole, halibut, sturgeon, oolachan, herring, trout, haddock, smelts, anchovies, dog-fish, perch, sardines, oysters, crayfish, shrimps, crabs, and mussels. Of other denizens of the water, the whale, sea-otter, and seal prove rich prey for those who search for them.

The main salmon rivers are the Fraser, Skeena, and Nasse rivers, but the fish also swarm in the inlets into which smaller streams empty. The Nimkish, on Vancouver Island, is also a salmon stream. Setting aside the stories of water so thick with salmon that a man might walk upon their backs, as well as that tale of the stage-coach which was upset by salmon banking themselves against it when it was crossing a fording-place, there still exist absolutely trustworthy accounts of swarms which at their height cause the largest rivers to seem alive with these fish. In such cases the ripple of their back fins frets the entire surface of the stream. I have seen photographs that show the fish in incredible numbers, side by side, like logs in a raft, and I have the word of a responsible man for the statement that he has gotten all the salmon needed for a small camp, day after day, by walking to the edge of a river and jerking the fish out with a common poker.

There are about sixteen canneries on the Fraser, six on the Skeena, three on the Nasse, and three scattered in other waters—River Inlet and Alert Bay. The total canning in 1889 was 414,294 cases, each of 48 one-pound tins. The fish are sold to Europe, Australia, and eastern Canada. The American market takes the Columbia River salmon. A round million of dollars is invested in the vessels, nets, trawls, canneries, oil factories, and freezing and salting stations used in this industry in British Columbia, and about 5500 men are employed. "There is no difficulty in catching the fish," says a local historian, "for in some streams

they are so crowded that they can readily be picked out of the water by hand." However, gill-nets are found to be preferable, and the fish are caught in these, which are stretched across the streams, and handled by men in flat-bottomed boats. The fish are loaded into scows and transported to the canneries, usually frame structures built upon piles close to the shores of the rivers. In the canneries the tins are made, and, as a rule, saw-mills near by produce the wood for the manufacture of the packing-cases. The fish are cleaned, rid of their heads and tails, and then chopped up and loaded into the tins by Chinamen and Indian women. The tins are then boiled, soldered, tested, packed, and shipped away. The industry is rapidly extending, and fresh salmon are now being shipped, frozen, to the markets of eastern America and England. My figures for 1889 (obtained from the *Victoria Times*) are in all likelihood under the mark for the season of 1890. The coast is made ragged by inlets, and into nearly every one a water-course empties. All the larger streams are the haven of salmon in the spawning season, and in time the principal ones will be the bases of canning operations.

The Dominion government has founded a salmon hatchery on the Fraser, above New Westminster. It is under the supervision of Thomas Mowat, Inspector of Fisheries, and millions of small fry are now annually turned into the great river. Whether the unexampled run of 1889 was in any part due to this process cannot be said, but certainly the salmon are not diminishing in numbers. It was feared that the refuse from the canneries would injure the "runs" of live fish, but it is now believed that there is a profit to be derived from treating the refuse for oil and guano, so that it is more likely to be saved than thrown back into the streams in the near future.

The oolachan, or candle-fish, is a valuable product of these waters, chiefly of the Fraser and Nasse rivers. They are said to be delicious when fresh, smoked, or salted, and I have it on the authority of the little pamphlet "British Columbia," handed me by a government official, that "their oil is considered superior to cod-liver oil, or any other fish oil known." It is said that this oil is whitish, and of the consistency of thin lard. It is used as food by the natives, and is an article



THE SALMON CACHE.

of barter between the coast Indians and the tribes of the interior. There is so much of it in a candle-fish of ordinary size that when one of them is dried, it will burn like a candle. It is the custom of the natives on the coast to catch the fish in immense numbers in purse-nets. They then boil them in iron-bottomed bins, straining the product in willow baskets, and running the oil into cedar boxes holding fifteen gallons each. The Nasse River candle-fish are the best. They begin running in March, and continue to come by the million for a period of several weeks.

Codfish are supposed to be very plentiful, and to frequent extensive banks at sea, but these shoals have not been explored or charted by the government, and private enterprise will not attempt the

work. Similar banks off the Alaska coast are already the resorts of California fishermen, who drive a prosperous trade in salting large catches there. The skil, or black cod, formerly known as the "coal-fish," is a splendid deep-water product. These cod weigh from eight to twenty pounds, and used to be caught by the Indians with hook and line. Already white men are driving the Indians out by superior methods. Trawls of three hundred hooks are used, and the fish are found to be plentiful, especially off the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The fish is described as superior to the cod of Newfoundland in both oil and meat. The general market is not yet accustomed to it, but such a ready sale is found for what are caught that the num-

ber of vessels engaged in this fishing increases year by year. It is evident that the catch of skil will soon be an important source of revenue to the province.

Herring are said to be plentiful, but no fleet is yet fitted out for them. Halibut are numerous and common. They are often of very great size. Sturgeon are found in the Fraser, whither they chase the salmon. One weighing 1400 pounds was exhibited in Victoria a few years ago, and those that weigh more than half as much are not unfrequently captured. The following is a report of the yield and value of the fisheries of the province for 1889:

Kind of Fish.	Quantity.	Value.
Salmon in canslbs.	20,122,128	\$2,414,655 36
" freshlbs.	2,187,000	218,700 00
" saltedbbls.	3,749	37,490 00
" smokedlbs.	12,900	2,580 00
Sturgeon, fresh.....	318,600	15,930 00
Halibut, ".....	605,050	30,152 50
Herring, ".....	190,000	9,500 00
" smoked.....	33,000	3,300 00
Oolachans, ".....	82,500	8,250 00
" fresh.....	6,700	1,340 00
" salted.....bbls.	380	3,800 00
Trout, fresh.....lbs.	14,025	1,402 50
Fish, assorted.....	322,725	16,136 25
Smelts, fresh.....	52,100	3,126 00
Rock cod.....	39,250	1,962 50
Skil, salted.....bbls.	1,560	18,720 00
Fooshqua, fresh.....	268,350	13,417 50
Fur seal-skins.....No.	33,570	335,700 00
Hair.....	7,000	5,250 00
Sea-otter skins.....	115	11,500 00
Fish oil.....gals.	141,420	70,710 00
Oysters.....sacks	3,000	5,250 00
Clams.....	3,500	6,125 00
Mussels.....	250	500 00
Crabs.....No.	175,000	5,250 00
Abelones.....boxes	100	500 00
Isinglass.....lbs.	5,000	1,750 00
Estimated fish consumed in province.....		100,000 00
Shrimps, prawns, etc.....		5,000 00
Estimated consumption by Indians—		
Salmon.....		2,732,500 00
Halibut.....		190,000 00
Sturgeon and other fish.....		260,000 00
Fish oils.....		75,000 00
Approximate yield.....		\$6,005,467 61

When it is considered that this is the showing of one of the newest communities on the continent, numbering only the population of what we would call a small city, suffering for want of capital and nearly all that capital brings with it, there is no longer occasion for surprise at the provincial boast that they possess far more extensive and richer fishing-fields than any on the Atlantic coast. Time and enterprise will surely test this assertion, but it is already evident that there is a vast revenue to be wrested from those waters.

I have not spoken of the sealing, which yielded \$236,000 in 1887, and may yet be decided to be exclusively an American

and not a British Columbian source of profit. Nor have I touched upon the extraction of oil from herrings and from dog-fish and whales, all of which are small channels of revenue.

I enjoyed the good fortune to talk at length with a civil engineer of high repute who has explored the greater part of southern British Columbia—at least in so far as its main valleys, waterways, trails, and mountain passes are concerned. Having learned not to place too high a value upon the printed matter put forth in praise of any new country, I was especially pleased to obtain this man's practical impressions concerning the store and quality and kinds of timber the province contains. He said, not to use his own words, that timber is found all the way back from the coast to the Rockies, but it is in its most plentiful and majestic forms on the west slope of those mountains and on the west slope of the Coast Range. The very largest trees are between the Coast Range and the coast. The country between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range is dry by comparison with the parts where the timber thrives best, and, naturally, the forests are inferior. Between the Rockies and the Kootenay River cedar and tamaracks reach six and eight feet in diameter, and attain a height of 200 feet not infrequently. There are two or three kinds of fir and some pines (though not very many) in this region. There is very little leaf-wood, and no hard-wood. Maples are found, to be sure, but they are rather more like bushes than trees to the British Columbian mind. As one moves westward the same timber prevails, but it grows shorter and smaller until the low coast country is reached. There, as has been said, the giant forests occur again. This coast region is largely a flat country, but there are not many miles of it.

To this rule, as here laid down, there are some notable exceptions. One particular tree, called there the bull-pine—it is the pine of Lake Superior and the East—grows to great size all over the province. It is a common thing to find the trunks of these trees measuring four feet in diameter, or nearly thirteen feet in circumference. It is not especially valuable for timber, because it is too sappy. It is short-lived when exposed to the weather, and is therefore not in demand for railroad work; but for the ordinary



THE POTTILATCH.

users to which builders put timber it answers very well.

There is a maple which attains great size at the coast, and which, when dressed, closely resembles bird's-eye-maple. It is called locally the vine-maple. The trees are found with a diameter of two and a half to three feet, but the trunks seldom rise above forty or fifty feet. The wood is crooked. It runs very badly. This, of course, is what gives it the beautiful grain it possesses, and which must, sooner or later, find a ready market for it. There is plenty of hemlock in the province, but it is nothing like so large as that which is found in the East, and its bark is not so thick. Its size renders it serviceable for nothing larger than railway ties, and the trees grow in such inaccessible places, half-way up the mountains, that it is for the most part unprofitable to handle it. The red cedars—the wood of which is consumed in the manufacture of pencils and cigar-boxes—are also small. On the other hand, the white cedar reaches enormous sizes, up to fifteen feet of thickness at the base, very often. It is not at all extraordinary to find these cedars reaching 200 feet above the ground, and one was cut at Port Moody, in clearing the way for the railroad, that had a length of 310 feet. When fire rages in the provincial forests, the wood of these trees is what is consumed, and usually the trunks, hollow and empty, stand grimly in their places after the fire would otherwise have been forgotten. These great tubes are often of such dimensions that men put windows and doors in them and use them for dwellings. In the valleys are immense numbers of poplars of the common and cottonwood species, white birch, alder, willow, and yew trees, but they are not estimated in the forest wealth of the province, because of the expense that marketing them would entail.

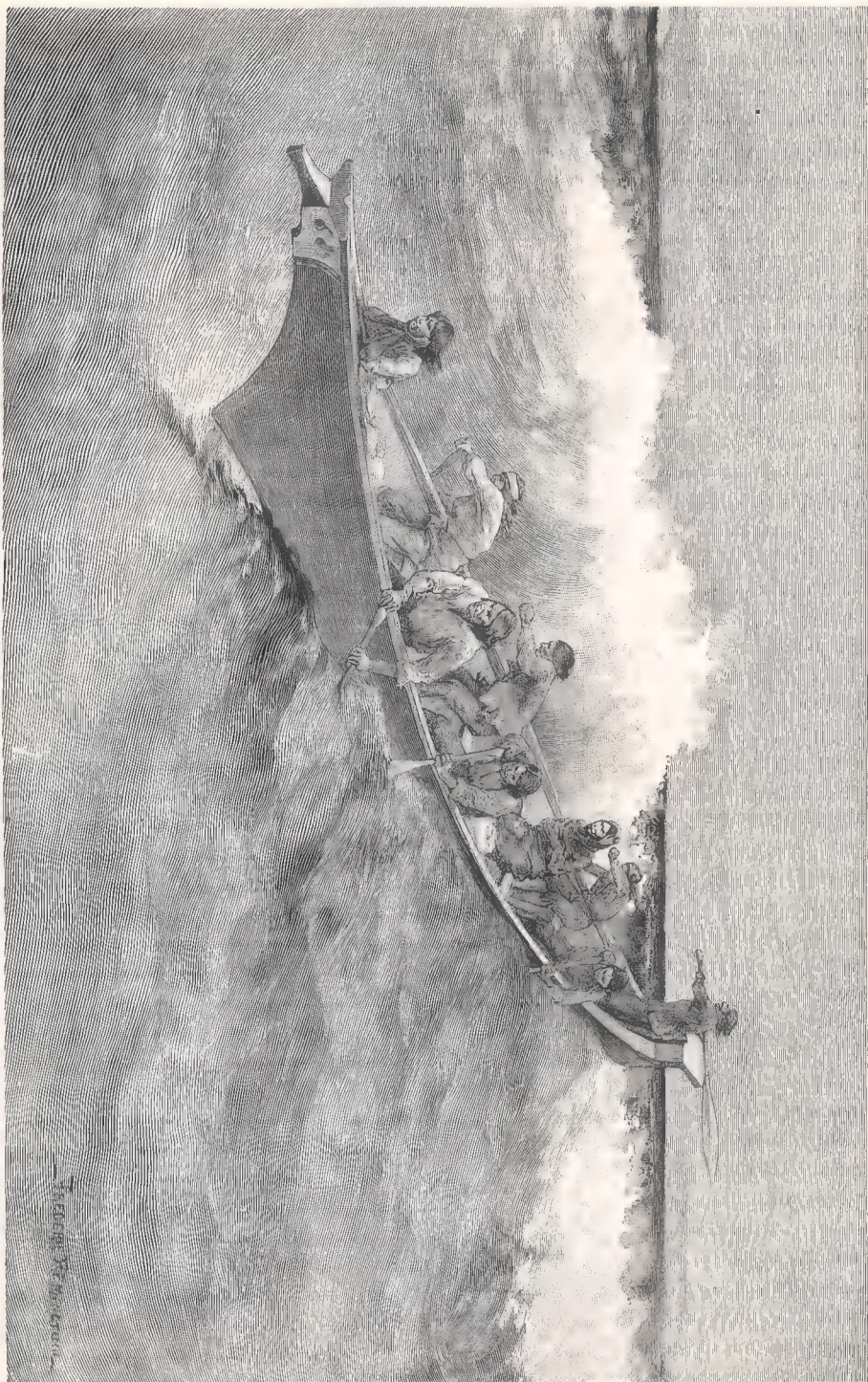
This fact concerning the small timber indicates at once the primitive character of the country, and the vast wealth it possesses in what might be called heroic timber, that is, sufficiently valuable to force its way to market even from out that unopened wilderness. It was the opinion of the engineer to whom I have referred that timber land which does not attract the second glance of a prospector in British Columbia would be considered of the first importance in Maine and New Brunswick. To put it in another way, river-

side timber land which in those countries would fetch fifty dollars the acre solely for its wood, in British Columbia would not be taken up. In time it may be cut, undoubtedly it must be, when new railroads alter its value, and therefore it is impossible even roughly to estimate the value of the provincial forests.

A great business is carried on in the shipment of ninety-foot and one-hundred-foot Douglas fir sticks to the great car-building works of our country and Canada. They are used in the massive bottom frames of palace cars. The only limit that has yet been reached in this industry is not in the size of the logs, but in the capacities of the saw-mills, and in the possibilities of transportation by rail, for these logs require three cars to support their length. Except for the valleys, the whole vast country is enormously rich in this timber, the mountains (excepting the Rockies) being clothed with it from their bases to their tops. Vancouver Island is a heavily and valuably timbered country. It bears the same trees as the mainland, except that it has the oak-tree, and does not possess the tamarack. The Vancouver Island oaks do not exceed two or two and a half feet in diameter. The Douglas fir (our Oregon pine) grows to tremendous proportions, especially on the north end of the island. In the old offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Vancouver are panels of this wood that are thirteen feet across, showing that they came from a tree whose trunk was forty feet in circumference. Tens of thousands of these firs are from eight to ten feet in diameter at the bottom.

Other trees of the province are the great silver-fir, the wood of which is not very valuable; Englemann's spruce, which is very like white spruce, and is very abundant; balsam-spruce, often exceeding two feet in diameter; the yellow or pitch pine; white pine; yellow cypress; crab-apple, occurring as a small tree or shrub; Western birch, common in the Columbia region; paper or canoe birch, found sparingly on Vancouver Island and on the lower Fraser, but in abundance and of large size in the Peace River and upper Fraser regions; dogwood; arbutus; and several minor trees. Among the shrubs which grow in abundance in various districts or all over the province are the following: hazel, red elder, willow, barberry, wild red cherry, blackberry, yellow plum, choke-cherry, raspberry, gooseberry, bearberry, cur-

GOING TO THE POTLATCH—BIG CANOE, NORTHWEST COAST.



rant, and snowberry, mooseberry, bilberry, cranberry, whortleberry, mulberry, and blueberry.

I would have liked to write at length concerning the enterprising cities of the province, but, after all, they may be trusted to make themselves known. It is the region behind them which most interests mankind, and the government has begun, none too promptly, a series of expeditions for exploiting it. As for the cities, the chief among them and the capital, Victoria, has an estimated population of 22,000. Its business district wears a prosperous, solid, and attractive appearance, and its detached dwellings—all of frame, and of the distinctive type which marks the houses of the California towns—are surrounded by gardens. It has a beautiful but inadequate harbor; yet in a few years it will have spread to Esquimault, now less than two miles distant. This is now the seat of a British admiralty station, and has a splendid haven, whose water is of a depth of from six to eight fathoms. At Esquimault are government offices, churches, schools, hotels, stores, a naval "canteen," and a dry-dock 450 feet long, 26 feet deep, and 65 feet wide at its entrance. The electric street railroad of Victoria was extended to Esquimault in the autumn of 1890. Of the climate of Victoria Lord Lorne said, "It is softer and more constant than that of the south of England."

Vancouver, the principal city of the mainland, is slightly smaller than Victoria, but did not begin to displace the forest until 1886. After that every house except one was destroyed by fire. To-day it boasts a hotel comparable in most important respects with any in Canada, many noble business buildings of brick or

stone, good schools, fine churches, a really great area of streets built up with dwellings, and a notable system of wharves, warehouses, etc. The Canadian Pacific Railway terminates here, and so does the line of steamers for China and Japan. The city is picturesquely and healthfully situated on an arm of Burrard Inlet, has gas, water, electric lights, and shows no sign of halting its hitherto rapid growth. Of New Westminster, Nanaimo, Yale, and the still smaller towns, there is not opportunity here for more than naming.

In the original settlements in that territory a peculiar institution occasioned gala times for the red men now and then. This was the "potlatch," a thing to us so foreign, even in the impulse of which it is begotten, that we have no word or phrase to give its meaning. It is a feast and merrymaking at the expense of some man who has earned or saved what he deems considerable wealth, and who desires to distribute every iota of it at once in edibles and drinkables among the people of his tribe or village. He does this because he aspires to a chieftainship, or merely for the credit of a "potlatch"—a high distinction. Indians have been known to throw away such a sum of money that their "potlatch" has been given in a huge shed built for the feast, that hundreds have been both fed and made drunk, and that blankets and ornaments have been distributed in addition to the feast.

The custom has a new significance now. It is the white man who is to enjoy a greater than all previous potlatches in that region. The treasure has been garnered during the ages by time or nature or whatsoever you may call the host, and the province itself is offered as the feast.



AN IDEAL OF THE COAST.



THE SORROW OF ROHAB

BY ARLO BATES.

I

THE foes of Rohab thrust the tongue in cheek,
Smiled in their beards, and muttered each to each;
Fleet messengers went riding north and south
And east and west among the tribes, while bruit
Of rumor ever louder waxed, as plots
Begot and hatched in darkness bolder grew,
And showed themselves in day.

As adders held

In a strong grasp writhe to be free and sting,
The hostile tribes had writhed while Rohab's hand
Held them in clutch of steel; but now at last,
When Rohab left the spear to thirst, the sword
To rust undrawn, and heard no sound more harsh
Than the lute's pleading; now that Lutra's love
To him was all in all, to which mere crown
And throne and people counted naught,—there rose
A hundred murmurs sinister—the stir
And rustle of his foes who knew their time
Had come.

His people called for Rohab. Fear
Fell like the famine's blight. His nobles came
Up to the doors behind which Rohab dwelt
With joy and Lutra, but the lutes within
Mocked at their suit with merry cadences,
Behind the portals barred. The baser sort,
Angered with fright, and losing fear through fear
More great, sang ribald rhymes about their lord
Under his very lattice; and he heard
Only to smile in hearing. "How a wench,"
They carolled shrilly, "takes the conqueror
To be her plaything! What is Rohab now?
Only an ape that capers to delight
A wanton's leisure!" Stinging ribaldry
The king and Lutra laughed at, though the voice
Of all the land's despair was in the song.

Sedition waxed apace; as rustlings run
Foreboding through the forest when the storm
Gathers its force, through all the army stirred
Murmurs of anger; while the stealthy foe
Crept ever nearer.

Then, in wrath was half
Despair, by his sire's beard swore Isak, next
To Rohab's self in place and might, that, life
And honor though it cost, he would have forth
The king, even though he must needs be torn
From Lutra's arms.

"No living man,"
He muttered, "none, might overcome the king;
But she—"

And down the dusky corridors
Forbidden to the foot of man he went,
Still muttering in his beard fiercely,
"But she—!"

II.

The smoke of censers, where heaped ambergris
And myrrh and sandal-wood and cinnamon
Fragrantly smouldered, through the languid air
Crept upward, wavering slowly as it rose
To fans of slave girls, whose fair polished limbs
Glowed through the mists of gauzes roseate.
The pearly fall of fountains, and afar
The sound of distant bells, alone broke through
The luscious stillness of the afternoon.

At Lutra's shell-pink feet great Rohab lay,
His mighty body lapped in silken ease;
While all his soul yearned with love's ecstasies.
One playful finger of her slender hand
Dented his swarthy cheek's rough bronze till white
The pink nail showed, so hard she pressed it in.
Whereat he laughed, and caught the teasing hand,
And kissed it till she laughing drew it back.

Then, to escape the burning of his eyes,
She turned and stretched her arm like a swan's neck
After her lute; a shower of pearl, she ran
Her fingers twinkling down the liquid strings,
And broke into a lay, meeting his glance
With eyes where ever love and laughter welled:—

"Sweetheart, thy lips are touched with flame;
Sweetheart, thy glowing ardor tame:—
Sweetheart, thy love how can I blame,
When I, too, feel its fire,
When all thy fond desire,
Sweetheart, I know the same?

"Sweetheart, thine eyes like rubies glow;
Sweetheart, no more regard me so;—
Sweetheart, I cannot chide thee though,
Since my looks too are burning,
Since I, too, throb with yearning;
Sweetheart, thy pangs I know!



"WHEN THOU AGAIN ART ROHAB."

"Sweetheart, the blood leaps in thy cheek;
 Sweetheart, thy very heart-throbs speak;—
 Sweetheart, to chide I am too weak;
 My heart, so hotly beating,
 Is still thy name repeating;
 Sweetheart, to still it seek!

"Sweetheart, I touch thy brow;
 Sweetheart, I kiss thee now;—
 Sweetheart—"

But Rohab dashed the pleading lute aside,
 And ended all the lay's soft amorousness
 To clasp her in his arms, and kiss her lips
 And brow and bosom. Dearer than his fame
 Or land or people was his love.

The clang
 Of armor and the sound of steps in haste
 Broke through the monarch's dream. A hand in mail
 Tore roughly at the silks of Samarcand
 Which veiled the entrance to that nest of bliss.

Still in each other's arms, but with embrace
 Half loosened in amaze that one should dare
 Invade that paradise, the lovers looked
 With startled eyes as through the portal came
 Isak, doom-bearing; and on Lutra's cheek
 Instinctive presage turned love's blushes pale.
 On Rohab's brow the cloud of mighty wrath
 Swelled black as midnight tempest.

"Wherefore this?"

He cried. "Is Rohab counted now so light
 His servants seek his face unbidden?"

Word

There was not in reply; but Isak's sword
 Hissed in the air, and leaped with burning flash
 Downward on Lutra's neck, as lightning falls
 Upon a lotus. Her fair head, with all
 Its wealth of hair shining and richly brown
 Like melon seeds, its eyes of topaz, lips
 Like twin pomegranate blooms, its cheeks as smooth
 As a flute's note, and all that loveliness
 Had caught the heart of Rohab as a snare
 Tangles the falcon in a coil of death,
 Fell, changed to thing of horror, drenched in blood,
 And beautiful no more.

With cry where rage
 Fought mightily with grief, up Rohab sprang,
 The rubies on his robe outmatched in red
 By blood drops; while his hand sought for his sword,
 But found it not.

"Thine enemies," in taunt
 Cried Isak, "at thy very gates set foot,
 And dallying with his love, swordless is found
 Rohab the mighty! Slay not me, O king.
 Who am a warrior, with a hand perfumed

By playing with thy lady's locks! When thou
Again art Rohab, mine own blade I lend
Till thou avenge this insult on my head.
Now, save thy people!"

All the dancing girls,
Huddled as sheep crowd when the wolf is come,
Clustered around, but dared not speak or cry.
At Rohab's feet the head that had been she
Lay white and staring-eyed, ghastly. The king
Set his teeth hard; his eyes were terrible;
Gray his swart cheeks. An instant as clocks count,
But space how long to their strained souls! he stood
Immovable.

"So be it! Go before."

Without one backward glance to where she lay
Whom he had loved, he followed Isak forth.

III.

As the simoon which rushes frantic forth
To blast and blight; as the fell swooping wave
An earthquake hurls upon the shuddering shore;
As the dread sword in Azrael's awful hand;—
So on his foes fell Rohab. All before
Was pride; behind was shame. Before was strength;
Behind was death. An all-consuming fire
He ravaged; and of twice ten tribes, which bound
Themselves in oath blood-consecrated sword
Nor death should break their bond nor stay their way
Till they had conquered Rohab, not one man
Was left to lift the spear. Festered with blood
Was the wide desert, and the vultures, gorged,
Even the scent of carrion could not stir.

His wrath was like a god's. The leaping flames
Of thirty cities lighted Lutra's ghost
The darksome way it went. Drunken with blood
And mad with rage, the burning lust to kill
And kill and kill devoured his very soul.
Since she was dead, it stung him to the quick
That any dared be yet alive! He slew
And slew and slew, till there were none to slay;
Till trampled in the blood-drenched dust lay prone
The might of all the tribes.

Ever the king
Fought with the meanest, with his warriors fared;
And once, leading himself a band that stole
To fall upon a village unaware,
While in the thicket crouched they, came a girl,
Barefooted and barearmed, a peasant maid,
Singing as day went down a song of love,
Twirling her distaff as with shining eyes
She looked across the plain like one who waits:

"Sings the nightingale to the rose:
'Without thy love I die!
Sweetheart, regard my cry!'

Sings the fountain as it flows:

'O lotus, comfort give;

Sweetheart, for thee I live!

Oh, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, dear,
I love thee, and I wait thee here!

"Sings the cyclamen to the bee:

'In love alone is rest;

Sweetheart, come to my breast.'

Sings the moon on high to the sea:

'I shine for thee alone;

Sweetheart, I am thine own.'

Oh, sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, dear,
I love thee, and I wait thee here!"

And Rohab, cut to heart, drew back his band,
Sparing the village for the sake of her,
And for the song whose murmuring burden brought
The memory of another song too sweet,
Too sad to bear.

Ever at Rohab's side,
Where battle's fiercest eddies swirled and raged,
With plumes of bloody foam and dreadful wrack
Of broken bodies, trampled man and horse,
Tall spear, proud helm, and vaunting blazoned shield
All ownerless despite their boast, Isak
Like an avenging angel fought, with sword
That bulwarked Rohab. Thrice he thrust himself
Between the king and blows that would have slain;
Once and again, watching for treachery,
He gave the warning, saved the king from foes
Disguised like his own guards, and creeping close.
Yet ever Rohab, like one hating life,
Still held his peace, and gave no word of praise.

IV.

So wore it till an end was made of war,
And swords were sheathed for very lack of foes.

Prostrate on earth, Rohab, within his tent,
Sorrowed for Lutra, hearing cries of joy
From all the host, and stir of those who shared
The spoil, and noise of those dividing slaves,
And songs of those who revelled, while each cry
Was as a poisoned dart which stung his soul
With festering wound.

Then came the splendid day
The host gave thanks for victory. The plain
Sparkled with armor like the sunlit sea,
And glowed with colors like a sunset sky.
From every tent-top pennants fluttered gay,
With brave devices wrought in red and gold,
Orange and azure, green and amethyst—
Dragons and monsters, crescents, stars, and all
The arrogant emblaze of heraldry.
Like lithe and glistening water-snakes at play,

That double coil on coil, twist fold on fold,
 In brave array the squadrons wound and wheeled,
 The air all palpitant with beat of drum
 And blare of trumpets, cymbals, horns, and shawms.
 Thicker and richer than the butterflies
 Above the flower-set meads of Gulistan



“WHILE IN THE THICKET CROUCHED THEY, CAME A GIRL, BAREFOOTED AND BAREARMED.”

A thousand banners waving flew, and plumes
 Were as the thistle-down that floats and flies
 Where white wild asses feed by Tigris' bank.

So came the army, marching troop by troop.
 Where Rohab sat in state to judge his foes
 And recompense his heroes.

After shouts
 Which made the banners shake, and joyful noise
 Of countless instruments, there came at last
 A silence. One by one, war-worn and grim,
 Those leaders of the tribes the sword had spared
 In bitter mockery of mercy, heard



"BUT ROHAB HID HIS FACE, AND WEPT—FOR HER."

Their doom of torture with calm front and eyes
 Unquailing, prouder in defeat and shame
 Than even in their days of power and pomp.
 Then one by one the warriors of the king
 Received their meed of richly won rewards
 Of gold or glory, with the word of praise
 From Rohab's lips, most precious boon of all.
 To every troop its tale of spoil was told,
 Loot of the tribes in gold and gear and gems
 And slaves.

Last of the host before the throne
 Knelt Isak.

On him Rohab looked, no word
 Loosing his firm-set lips, while Isak drew
 His sword from scabbard.

"Now, O king," he said,
 "That thou again art Rohab, prince of all
 Who walk under the stars, I keep my vow.
 Take mine own sword and smite."

But Rohab stooped,
 And raised him to his feet; from his own side
 Ungirt the gem-encrusted scabbard.

"Nay,"

He answered, "sword for sword. I give thee mine,
That all men thus may know whom most the king
Delights to honor."

All the circling host
Rent the high heavens with shouting, while the king
With his own hands did on the royal sword
To Isak's thigh.

"Rohab the king," he said,
"Honors thy hardihood, which did not spare
For fear of death or love of self to slay
His dearest, even in his arms, to save
The land. Rohab the king commends thee; gives
Thee highest grace and praise. Rohab the man—"

He paused for one fierce breath, and all the host
Was still, awed by his wrath; but Isak, pale,
Faced him unflinching, though he read his doom
In the king's blazing eyes.

"Rohab the man,"

The bitter words ran on, "cannot forget
How Lutra died. Seek her in paradise,
Where thou hast sent her; say that her lord's woe
Is as his valor, matchless among men,
And not to be assuaged. Rohab the king
Delights to honor thee. Rohab the man
Avenges Lutra's death, and SMITES!"

As fleet

As light the blade that had been Isak's flashed
Downward. Nor Lutra's blood, nor blood of all
The foes of Rohab it had drunk, could glut
Its thirst insatiate as it leaped in greed
To drink its master's.

Then, as Isak's head
Fell as her lovely head had fallen, death
Were not more silent than the awe-struck host.

But Rohab hid his face, and wept—for her.

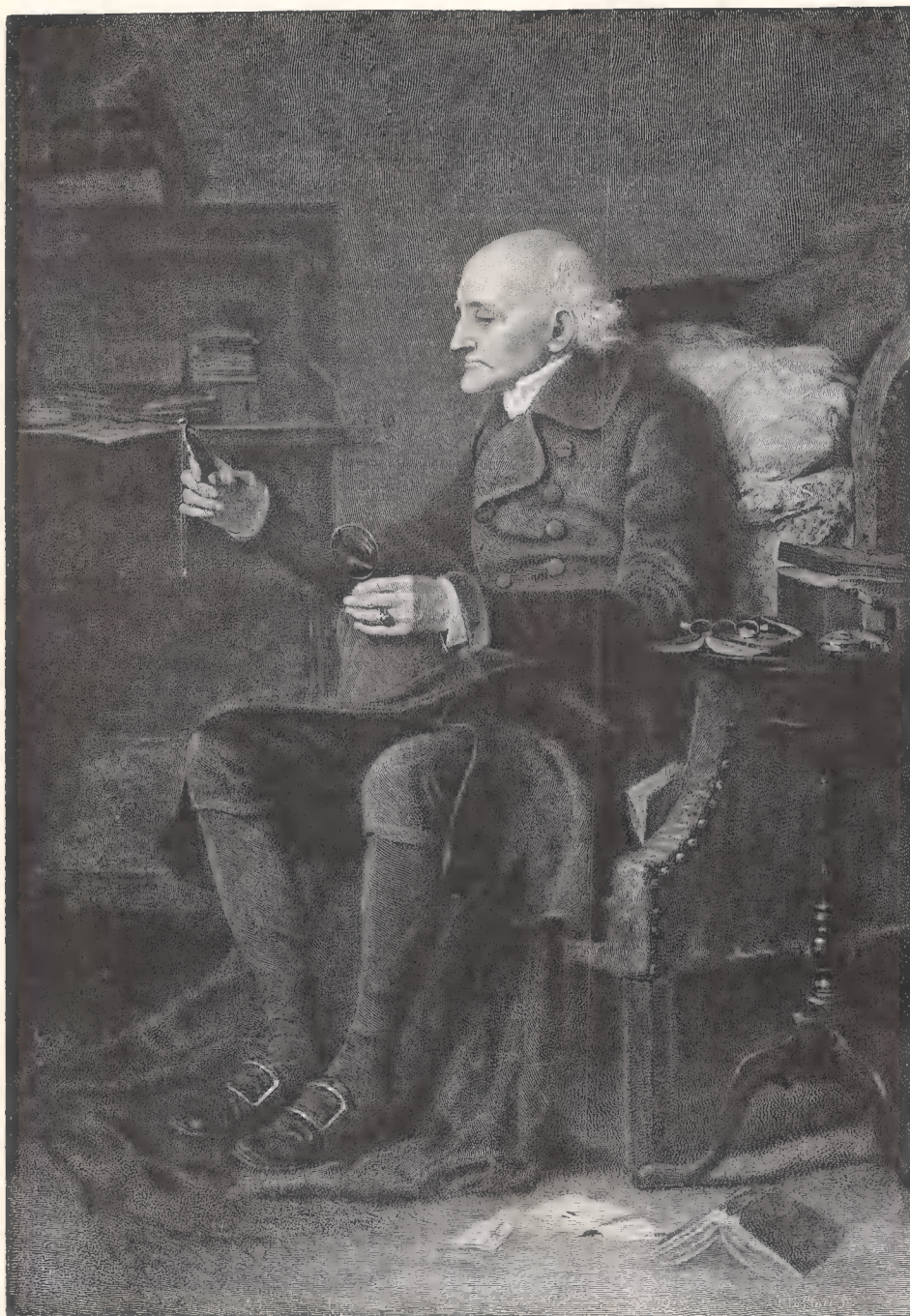
AARON BURR'S CONSPIRACY AND TRIAL.

BY WALTER S. DRYSDALE.

THERE was bitter partisan prejudice against Aaron Burr before his duel at Weehawken with Alexander Hamilton. The fall of the distinguished ex-Secretary at the hand of the Vice-President heated the public mind until it boiled and hissed with indignation; and from being at the head of a victorious party about to control the country for nearly a generation, Burr sank at once, hooted and hounded, to the lowest abyss. Federalists and Anti-Federalists joined in the cry against the doomed man, and vied

with each other in the choice of terms of execration, until the public were disposed to believe nothing too traitorous and too wicked of one invested by popular imagination with every Satanic quality.

When the announcement was made that the fallen chief was equipping a mysterious expedition to carry the Western States out of the Union, the bitter hate against the man kindled up from the ashes, caught at every improbable report, and flamed a hundredfold intenser than ever. Led by the President's proclama-



LAST DAYS OF AARON BURR.

From a painting by Oliver I. Lay, 1859, in possession of the Century Club, New York.

tion, thundering down the Ohio and the Mississippi, the whole country rushed headlong into the conviction that the murderer of Hamilton was a most crafty and dangerous traitor, when he was only a sharp, ruined lawyer, at bay with his countrymen and with his times, seeking at a dash to become the Napoleon of Mexico.

The disposition to make immaculate saints of the comparatively good, and to blacken the moderately bad into demons, has been illustrated in no case more strikingly than in that of Aaron Burr. Bad enough he was, when weighed in exact balances, but, judged by the standard of the day in which he lived, by no means the *bête noire*, that worst and guiltiest of men, that tradition and hasty biography have painted him. A superior military officer, dazzled by the fame of the French Emperor, a little man in stature like himself, and especially of the West, against the Spaniard, he saw no way out of the difficulties which surrounded him so promising as to ride what he esteemed a rising wave into the halls of the Montezumas. Miranda had been petted at Washington and London, and the army of the United States, it was understood, was to have co-operated with the English navy, in certain contingencies, in wresting its American possessions from Spain as the result of his solicitations. Why, then, should not his own government look favorably upon one of its own citizens seeking to compass the same end, in case of Miranda's apprehended failure, or in connection with his success? Had Burr's boats moved down the Ohio in the beginning instead of at the end of 1806, his expedition might have had official countenance and been a splendid success. Had war with Spain been declared, as he expected, after his scheme was in motion, union with the forces at New Orleans, in a rapid move upon Mexico, might have been the pivot of a great and successful war.

Aaron Burr was an ambitious man, specious, scheming, unscrupulous. His tastes were military, and he had only entered upon the law when the condition of the country had removed all chances for advancement in the camp. He had carried with him from the field a soldier's weakened moral convictions, and his contact with professional practice had no ten-

dency to strengthen them. The active temperament of his father predominated over the reflective faculties inherited through his mother. He was strong in his passions, and, missing the control of religious principle, was not restrained from licentiousness by the honor of the Chesterfieldian gentleman, which he made his guiding star. He was patient, tasteful, painstaking, courageous. There was no fatigue in his perseverance. He was calculating, critical, censorious; but his criticisms upon men and measures were seldom large and fair, and his hesitancy to approve of the opinions and methods of his contemporaries was apt to be expressed with bitterness.

While the muscles of his face were trained never to betray his feelings, he was morbidly sensitive and revengeful. His energies were whipped to their highest efforts to show that "little Burr" was the equal and superior of men of larger size and pretensions. His range of knowledge was extensive, and his insight keen. Socially he was a gentleman, with polished, courtly manners. His moral nature was dwarfed, and he excluded everything of a spiritual character from his consideration. He was an eminent practical lawyer, able to serve his client with the law's delays, doublings, and shiftings. He delighted to be seen through a mist, and took trouble to gather mystery about his person, his plans, and his opinions. He was really neither better nor worse than the class to which he belonged; and as a politician, in one of the stormiest periods through which the country has passed, he had most of the traits, not even exaggerated, which mark the smooth, adroit, manipulating manager of a party, such as the State of New York has seen as conspicuously as in Burr's case more than once—men of the same type, who have risen to be candidates for Senators' places, for Governorships, and for even higher positions.

Burr's expedition occurred only three years after the purchase of Louisiana, before the public mind had become accustomed to the disappearance of French officials from the Southwest, and while the Spaniards were haughty and aggressive in the neighborhood of the Gulf. The Scotch-Irish of the West and their descendants intensely hated the Spaniards and French. At the same time the tie between them and the old States of the

East was weak. The toiling emigrant in his log cabin cherished a not unnatural jealousy of the richer and more luxurious people of the seaboard. Frequently the traders upon the river suggested that an alliance with the Spaniards or French, which would secure the free use of the Mississippi and the Gulf, would be of more advantage to the West than a continuance in the Union. This was never a prevalent sentiment, however, national dislike to the people speaking foreign languages more than balancing any danger from this source.

The purchase of Louisiana had left only the Spaniards on the southern border, but they were known to be exciting the Indians against the States, and to be bitterly hostile. In 1806 nothing but the threat of Napoleon, in the spirit of the old family compact, that a war of the United States with Spain would also be a war with France, held back Jefferson's administration from aggression. About then the Spaniards advanced twelve hundred men to Nacogdoches, and Wilkinson, then in command of the United States forces, hurried up six hundred regulars to the Sabine to meet them. In July, 1806, it was believed throughout the country that war with Spain was inevitable. When Aaron Burr took his exploratory trip through the Southwest on the expiration of his Vice-Presidency, he had noted the intensity of the Western feeling against Spain, and had heard the reproaches and complainings of the disaffected Kentuckians against the central government at Washington. Filibustering on the part of citizens had not yet come to be a defined offence, though the government had pronounced against French expeditions into Spanish territory, gathered upon United States soil, and led to invasion by French officers. Miranda had not been allowed by President Adams to approach him, but it was not disguised that when he sailed it was next to certain that if success were probable, he would be supported by both the American army and the British navy. The death of William Pitt at the opening of the year 1806 had broken up this arrangement, and the Miranda expedition to Venezuela, carrying with it the best wishes of the people and of the administration, proved a failure.

It was in July of 1806 that Burr, thoroughly convinced that nothing could pre-

vent war with Spain, bought four hundred thousand acres of land on the Washita, of the Baron Bastrop assignment, for forty thousand dollars, paying down five thousand. Had Burr started on his adventure at the beginning instead of at the close of this year, his movement would likely have been popular beyond precedent, and East and West would have flocked to re-enforce him. There would then have been no chance of misconceiving or misrepresenting the object he had in view. But the crisis passed, and, contrary to his expectation, no war came. The moment was lost, the chance for precipitating war was gone, and his scheme as originally concocted had either to be entirely abandoned or prosecuted very cautiously, with almost every probability of its being misunderstood and thwarted. He persevered in it, without well adapting it to the change of circumstances, made no efforts to guard it at points where it provoked remark and woke suspicion, and pressed on with unwarranted enthusiasm, until his boats grounded in the swamps of the Mississippi, and he was a prisoner, charged with high treason against the United States.

Aaron Burr was no friend of the Constitution of 1787, distrusted the permanence of the Union, and was accustomed to speak disparagingly of the government. But it was a common opinion of the time, boldly expressed by many leading men, that republicanism in America had no future, and would be sure to end in disunion. Burr, admiring Napoleon's decided way of doing things, went further than this, and was in the habit of boasting that with a few hundred men he could throw the entire administration into the Potomac, and make himself Dictator; but in this he did not speak understandingly. On the 3d of November he was charged by Davies, the attorney for the United States, before the court at Frankfort, Kentucky, with having in preparation an enterprise contrary to the laws of the United States; for by this time the country was filled with rumors of some mysterious scheme for military aggression that he was agitating. He denied the charge indignantly, met it promptly and fairly, and gave his word of honor to Henry Clay, who defended him, that the charge was unfounded. Upon his deathbed he declared solemnly that he had never entertained any project for disunit-

ing the States. The country made up its mind, in a paroxysm of alarm, that Burr meditated the rankest treason, and meant to seize the Mississippi Valley and add it to Mexico, to be wrested from the Spaniards in order to create an empire for himself and his daughter, Theodosia. He was, according to rumor, to lead the disunion party, not yet extinct in Kentucky, and dissolve the bond that held West and East to the administration at Washington.

Burr's scheme, shaped after conference with Wilkinson and others, and dependent for success on war with Spain, could never have been altered in details to suit a state of things different from that in which it was first conceived. If war did not occur, he seems to have felt certain of his ability at any time to precipitate hostilities through the commander-in-chief of the army of the Southwest. At the same time his relations with Wilkinson were never so exactly defined as to make reasonable any such dependence upon his old companion at Quebec. Or, if the first matured scheme of the enterprise were at all changed, it must only have been by Burr's amplifying it to dimensions it was not originally intended to assume, and by complicating it where at first it was simple and perhaps practicable. From beginning to end, as it was conducted, the expedition was wild, poorly arranged, and insanely executed.

As the year 1806 was drawing to a close, four good-sized bateaux, rowed by a handful of hardy men, wakened the echoes down the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers. A few were from the Atlantic States, but the majority were sturdy adventurers, whose sharp eye and steady hand had been acquired by a free hunter's life in the West. At the bottoms of the boats lay their rifles; their tanned shoulders were covered with motley shirts; many of them hid their faces under coarse broad-brimmed hats, and many had no hats at all. Now the boats glided with the current, and then the steady pull of the practised rowers caused them to shoot rapidly forward.

On the shores of the river as they advanced were concealed parties from Ohio, Virginia, and Kentucky, ready to pounce upon them. The conspirators reached the mouth of the Cumberland River unmolested. Here they were joined by two boats, the whole party making in all thirteen boats and sixty men. The flotilla

now took in a quick, wiry little commander, whom all recognized as Aaron Burr, the ex-Vice-President of the United States. Harman Blennerhasset, the short-sighted Irish gentleman from whose little island home and at whose bidding the first few boats had cast out into the stream, reported immediately to Burr, and submitted himself and his party to his orders. With Wilkinson and the troops of the United States ready to join with him at New Orleans or in its neighborhood, Burr's expedition of sixty men has an interpretation that, with a little difficulty, may be considered the plan of a sane mind; but Burr moving on Mexico at the head of sixty men, with Wilkinson uncommitted or liable to prove false to his promises, was a madness almost without parallel. At the critical moment the sixty men and their commander stood alone; Wilkinson was not with them.

Not only were the Western States and Territories in commotion to arrest the course of Burr's insignificant flotilla, but Jefferson, who had issued his formidable proclamation on the 27th of November, exposing and denouncing the expedition, was thoroughly alarmed, and was bringing all the resources of the general government to bear against the thirteen boats and sixty backwoodsmen. It was now December. The flotilla had descended to Bayou Pierre, and Natchez was only thirty miles beyond. General Wilkinson was Governor of the new Territory of Louisiana, then only three years in the possession of the United States. Burr had been in communication with Wilkinson; he had talked his expedition thoroughly over with him when, shortly before, visiting the country. Wilkinson, sure of war with Spain, and seeing a grand opportunity in a dash upon Mexico, had probably helped to shape the whole original plan. Their relations were supposed to be sufficiently understood on the setting out upon the expedition, but the mysterious Burr sent forward by a sure hand a full letter in cipher, then more used than now, communicating his intentions. If Wilkinson had completely committed himself to the expedition, which does not appear probable, calmer consideration or the course of events had led him to waver. There was no war with Spain; the government at Washington, which the West had expected to break down, was stronger than ever. To take part with Burr and lead the Unit-

ed States forces against Mexico, even if he were able to attach them to his fortunes, was to prove treacherous to his trust and traitorous to his country with no chances favoring success. The letter in cipher which had been intended to lead Wilkinson to active co-operation, and which in its very terms was taking for granted that Wilkinson needed still further to be influenced, was sent on to President Jefferson with the Governor's interpretation. Burr professed to consider Wilkinson thoroughly committed to him past extrication, while the rough, red-faced soldier in command on the Spanish border felt himself sufficiently free to make a choice between duty to his government and subordination to an adventurer starting without full consultation with him on a hopeless raid against Mexico.

In Louisiana at this precise time there was a small demonstrative French population, dissatisfied with Napoleon's sale of the country west of the Mississippi to the United States. Beyond these were the proud vindictive Spaniards, with whom difficulties were daily occurring, which were universally expected to force the Union into war with Spain, and to open a clear way for some expedition against Mexico. The people of the Western States had recently come out from the excited political canvass which placed Jefferson at the head of the nation convinced of the hopeless weakness of the central government. Jealous of the East, they were familiar with the rumors of revolution and change. Hardy and adventurous, and still nursing the hatred of the dons produced by the closing of the Mississippi upon their commerce, they were eager for incursions into Spanish provinces, and jubilant that one of the foreign nations encamped on the borders of the West had drawn down its flag and withdrawn to its own continent. In the East there was but little confidence in the working of the still untried Constitution, and baffled and broken politicians, soldiers, and civilians were looking beyond the Alleghanies for a new and broad field in which to acquire fame and fortune.

When State and national authorities, however, combined against Burr, the discontented spirits of the West were checked. The dissatisfaction of Kentucky, which had been smouldering among the adopted citizenry and others since the admission of the State into the Union,

blazed up high, and was then, almost in a moment, quenched with the disarming of Burr's flotilla. When the Mississippi militia came upon the handful of boats and their ragged crews at Bayou Pierre, the expedition scattered its sixty misguided men to the winds, and sank in derision on the Mississippi flats. On the 13th of January, 1807, a small Mississippi troop served a warrant of arrest upon Aaron Burr. He entered bail to answer proceedings before a civil court, indignant at the abandonment of Wilkinson, as he termed it, and assured of his ability to show that his scheme involved no treason against his country, but was intended to subserve her best interests. Baffled in every attempt to disentangle his expedition, Burr crossed to Mississippi in a few days, and disappeared in an old broadbrimmed hat, faded yellow pantaloons, and a boatman's out-of-the-elbow jacket.

The whole country East and West, in those days of slow travel and difficult postal communication, was still ringing with the wildest reports of the revolutionary expedition, when Burr, for whose apprehension a reward of two thousand dollars had been offered, was recognized in his strange disguise at a tavern in Alabama. A backwoods lawyer hung upon his track like a hound, had him arrested, and never left him until, on the 26th of March, 1807, after an overland travel of twenty-one toilsome days, he was delivered to the authorities at Richmond. It was Captain, afterwards Major-General, Gaines who, at the head of a file of dragoons from Fort Stoddart, had arrested Burr; and it was Major, afterwards Major-General, Scott who conducted the self-possessed ex-Vice-President before Chief Justice Marshall. Burr had been seized in his rough boatman's dress, and only doffed it when he reached Richmond. The charge immediately brought against him was misdemeanor, and bail was entered for his appearance on the 22d of May, 1807, the Grand Jury in the mean while to investigate the charge of high treason. Blennerhasset and a few others concerned in the flotilla were joined with him in the judicial proceedings. Burr was committed, vehement in his complaint against the administration, and not without reason, for the severe manner in which he had been treated, which would have been inexcusable, he insisted, under the worst military despotism.

The 22d of May, 1807, opened with an intense excitement in the metropolis of Virginia. Throngs pressed into the city from the break of day, from all the neighboring region. Carriages swept along the streets filled with finely dressed ladies and gentlemen with powdered wigs and showy buckles, whipping in from their estates in the adjacent country. Upon the bench with Chief Justice Marshall sat Cyrus Griffin, the judge of the District of Virginia. Calm, dignified, as competent to try the most important case which had as yet presented itself in the American republic as the best judge who had ever worn English ermine, Marshall was then in the very prime of mental and physical vigor, having only passed his fifty-second birthday.

If John Marshall was the great judge of the day, Wirt, on the side of the prosecution, and Luther Martin, on the side of the prisoner, were two of the most skilful lawyers. William Wirt was then about thirty-five, and had been associated by Jefferson with George Hay, the prosecuting attorney, son-in-law of Monroe, as one of the most expert advocates of Virginia. Alexander McRae, the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, acted with them. Hay was shrewd and alert, but scarcely equal to the occasion. McRae was keen, sarcastic, and indefatigable. On Wirt mainly rested the herculean and impossible task of fastening the charge of treason upon the prisoner. Wirt joined to the other ordinary talents of the lawyer a great fulness, ease, and force of declamation, which was apt to carry juries. Burr led on his own side, dressed with his accustomed scrupulous neatness. He brought a cool head, a quick sight, and a moderately fluent tongue to bear adroitly in his own behalf. Joined with him in his defence was Edmund Randolph, an elderly gentleman who had been a leader in the Convention for framing the Constitution, and afterwards the successor of Jefferson as Secretary of State under Washington. He was second cousin to John Randolph of Roanoke, and had resigned his Secretaryship at the capital under serious suspicions. There were also John Wickham, one of the ablest lawyers in Richmond; Baker, a lame lawyer, who, if he depended upon a crutch, had a full compensation for his bodily weakness in a ready wit, a fertile brain, and an exhaust-

less tongue; and Benjamin Botts, the father of John Minor Botts, a man of unconquerable will and fine ability. But Luther Martin, of Maryland, was, next to Burr himself, the bulwark of the alleged conspirator. Versatile, unscrupulous, fond of a vulgar joke, given to extravagant profaneness, and never in better condition than when stimulated by huge draughts of wine or brandy, Luther Martin was esteemed as one of the best lawyers of his time. He, too, had been a member of the Philadelphia Convention from which issued the Constitution, and had come prominently into notice in the impeachment of Judge Chase before the United States Senate, at the close of Burr's chairmanship of that body, when his sharpness, strength, and fitness for conducting a defence gave him a high place in the judgment of Burr. The tilt of the Richmond trial was between Martin and William Wirt. It was the 30th of August before the trial was completed.

The preliminaries of the trial were scarcely over when Burr touched the marrow of the case by requesting the court to instruct the jury that certain classes of evidence must be thrown out. This elicited a long and angry discussion. The charge against Burr was at first only misdemeanor; but the prosecuting attorney, fearing that he might forfeit his bail and disappear, surprised the court on the third day of the trial with the motion that the prisoner should be held for high treason. In the debates on this motion, Botts insisted that to prove treason against Aaron Burr, an actual and not merely an intentional war upon the country must be shown; in which actual war an overt act of treason must have been committed by Burr; which act must have been committed in the district in which he was tried, and must be proved by two witnesses. This was admitted by the court to be a fair statement of the law of the land concerning treason. It was decided, too, by the court that there could be no admission of proof for a treasonable intention until an overt act of treason had been proved.

On the 28th day of May, which was the sixth day of the trial, Luther Martin arrived, and at once took the lead for the defendant. It was plain that the Attorney-General would not be able to secure a commitment on the charge of treason, and that days and months were likely to

be consumed in an endless wrangle over vexed questions. The Chief Justice accordingly interposed the suggestion that the prosecuting attorney should withdraw his motion, and Burr's friends should enter a sufficient bail for his appearance. The amount of bail was doubled, Luther Martin becoming one of the principal sureties, and taking the opportunity to express unlimited confidence in the honesty and patriotism of his client. This was, indeed, saying no more than Andrew Jackson had publicly said for Burr. The trial was thus brought back to the point where on the 26th it had been interrupted by Hay's motion. Wilkinson, upon whose testimony the case was acknowledged very much to depend, had been expected every day, but had not yet appeared; nor was it until the 15th of June that he reached Richmond.

Until his appearance the time was spent in excited dispute among the lawyers. The principal point of debate was a request made by Burr for the legal process known as "*sub poenâ duces tecum*," to be issued by the court to the President of the United States, requiring him to produce Wilkinson's letter of October 21st to the President, and the orders sent by the government to the army and navy from about that time down to the date of Burr's arrest. This was resisted by the prosecution as though it involved personal indignity to the Executive, and was so regarded by Jefferson himself. It was decided by the court that the order should issue. When Wilkinson was placed under examination on the 15th of June, his testimony called forth all the resources of the counsel on both sides. The fierce contest was at its height on the 24th of June, when the Grand Jury, headed by the eccentric John Randolph, came into court, and formally indicted Burr and Blennerhasset for treason and for misdemeanor. Burr was now sent to the city jail. Public feeling, which at first had set decidedly against him, had begun to change, and by this time was flowing in his favor. From the city jail, which was a rough and filthy residence, on complaint being made by his friends, he was transferred to the penitentiary. On the 13th of July the court adjourned until the 3d of August, and at the close of July Burr's only child, his accomplished daughter Theodosia, the wife of a South Carolina planter, joined her father in his

three comfortable rooms in the third story of the prison.

The principal witnesses against Burr were General Eaton and General Wilkinson. The evidence may be summed up in a few words. Burr had been in the habit of talking wildly about the crazy Constitution, and the certainty of the Union expiring in a convulsion. Among most intimate friends, and with others sometimes when more than usually confidential, he had not hesitated to speak, with a military accent, of throwing the administration at Washington into the Potomac. The expedition which he had arranged was meant to seize Spanish territory, out of which a great Pacific empire was to be formed, over which Burr and Theodosia were to reign after the Napoleonic manner in France. Wilkinson was to stand at their right hand, only second to Aaron Burr. His expectation was strong that affairs in the United States would so shape themselves that the Western States and Territories would break loose from the Union, and join their fortunes with the more splendid Mexican Empire. It was possible, in carrying out his plans, that, to obtain the necessary money, New Orleans might be seized and the bank plundered, though this was only dimly revealed as a very natural suspicion through the thick veil in which the adventurer's scheme was necessarily hidden. No state of actual war was shown to have existed in which Burr was guilty of any overt act of treason. No two witnesses showed, nor did any one claim that there ever had been, on the part of Burr any overt act of treason in the district in which the trial was taking place.

Nine days were spent in arguing the inadmissibility of indirect evidence, and in settling the point that a direct act of treason must first of all be proved. When the decision of Judge Marshall was rendered that before any evidence showing intention could be admitted, the fact of treason must be shown in some distinctly treasonable act, the trial was virtually settled. Seldom has such a debate been heard in England or America as that which began on the 20th of August. Wirt, on the part of the prosecution, excelled himself in splendid declamation, while Luther Martin, more than his match in ability, and with the master-position to maintain, tore in shreds the evidence of-

fered, and battered into the finest dust the strongest positions of the prosecution. With a memory singularly retentive, great quickness in perceiving and taking an advantage, and with an immense fertility of resources, he moved steadily upon the intrenchments of the Attorney-General, and the abandon of a convivial man, never absolutely sober, only seemed to bring his faculties more under his control, and to mass his forces for overwhelming victory. His final speech occupied fourteen hours, in which he traversed the whole line of testimony adduced by the prosecution, and showed that no treasonable act of any weight

whatever had been established against the prisoner.

Randolph concluded the debate on the 29th of August. After Luther Martin's torrent of bitter sarcasm and storm of fiery eloquence it was the mere pattering of a summer's shower. Judge Marshall summed up in a decision which required three hours to read, the point of which was that no overt act of treason had been shown against Aaron Burr, and that, accordingly, the jury must acquit him. In accordance with this decision the jury, on the morning of August 30, 1807, returned their verdict of not guilty, and the prisoner was released.

OUR EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IF it were sought to express in one phrase the expectations of those who are planning the Columbian Exposition of 1893 in Chicago, it could best be done by calling it a Venetian spectacle. In all that governs its best effects, as it will burst upon the vision of the multitude, it will suggest Venice. Especially at night will it call to mind what the poetic comprehension conceives that Venice might appear if she were in gala attire, and her beauties, seen under a flood of electric light, were effectively concentrated along two miles of the Adriatic shore.

This is written while nature, still gaudy in autumn raiment, hesitates at the edge of the approaching winter of 1891. Chicago has been visited, the site of the projected Columbian Exposition has been examined, and the men and women who have undertaken to arrange the major details of the great fair have willingly offered their forecasts of the finished work. The labor of preparation is, in point of time, still a year from that appointed stage of completion when, in October, 1892, the Columbian anniversary is to be celebrated with several days of pageantry and festivity. After that seven months will be consumed in storing the buildings with exhibits; and then, in May, 1893, the great fair will be opened to the inspection of the world.

Even in New York, where there has been keen disappointment over the failure to secure the fair, it is at this writing evident that the shrewdest business men

have come to regard the projected exposition as likely to prove a complete triumph of American enterprise and skill. Not all who feel compelled to sink an already weakening local prejudice beneath national pride are even now willing to predict artistic and material success for Chicago's undertaking. But it is in Wall Street that is heard the first note of confidence in the success of the undertaking, and it is scarcely necessary to say that in Wall Street the finer and more delicate aspects of the case are not likely to receive recognition, particularly in those bulletins in which financiers seek to convince their correspondents that we are on the eve of three years of prosperity. The basis and reasoning in these bulletins are that the movement and sale of our enormous food products will bring about the first year's prosperity; that next will occur a year distinguished by great railroad extension, to be paid for out of the first year's transportation earnings; and that there will then follow a year given over to the profitable task of entertaining the foreign visitors to the World's Fair.

Following this hopeful financial view, there is a growing belief that the exposition will not fail from an artistic point of view. The broad and liberal spirit which led its projectors to seek the aid of the most distinguished architects of the country is reassuring to those who have doubted whether our fair would vindicate American taste at the same time that it would display our wealth and progress.

The manner in which the architects are encouraged to work for the fair is quite as remarkable, and quite as potent in destroying borrowed concern. After ten men of admitted excellence have been selected from all over the country, to each has been paid an honorarium of ten thousand dollars. It is truly a royal way to insure hearty co-operation and the best work of the best men. All have been treated alike, and all are enabled to fortify themselves by special study here and abroad for the work they are undertaking. The note thus sounded in the most influential circles outside of the business world is in harmony with the chord that has been struck in Wall Street. There will not long remain among well-informed persons a trace of the former belief that Chicago will too strongly impress her individuality upon the fair, or of the dying doubt that it will be fully and grandly national in its aims and accomplishments.

Once again the peculiar manner in which American affairs are influenced by public opinion is in this matter made evident. Amid the clamor attending the competition among large cities which wished to possess the fair many angry and rude aspersions have been cast upon Chicago's fitness for the honor to which she aspired. It is now evident that in a considerable degree the triumphs of the managers of the exhibition are due to the rancor that preceded and even followed the selection of Chicago as the exposition city. These shrewd officials may be in some measure unconscious of the fact, yet, in many remarks and arguments, they make it evident to me that in taking hold of the gigantic enterprise they bind themselves to disappoint their rivals. They are resolved to prove false the prediction that Chicago would belittle her opportunity by seeking to make only local capital, and would shock the cultivated taste of the nation by producing a crude and clumsy fair, lacking those elegances and luxurious attributes of ornament and finish which rendered the last Paris Exposition the wonder of the civilized world. I am not likely to be contradicted if I assert that the unkindly comparisons into which the Paris Fair of 1889 was constantly forced resulted in the establishment of the Parisian standard as the model that Chicago was to surpass at all hazards. To say this is

to ascribe to Chicago qualities of which any city might be proud, for in her conduct she has shown that true and wholesome pride which is never found apart from modesty, and with these traits she has exhibited a clear consciousness of her strength to repress every weakness with which she has been unfairly credited.

At the moment when this is being prepared for the press, the greater part of the fair tract in Jackson Park is one-third enclosed by the waters of Lake Michigan and two-thirds by a tall fence six miles in length. Within that enclosure is to be witnessed a scene of extraordinary activity. Close at hand, as one approaches the site from the city, the second story of the Woman's Building already rises above the greenery, and as far as the eye can comprehend the scene the view is dotted with other white forests and thickets of new timber, marking the foundations and framework of the great buildings that the Commissioners are to erect as the nucleus and glory of the fair. Even through the disorder of such a field, wherein thousands of laborers and carpenters are at work, and where the surface of the ground is receiving no care, it is apparent that the site is well chosen, and that the grounds are capable of conversion into the unique and really extraordinary park of palaces which the managers have planned.

It was a marsh when work upon it was begun, a sopping combination of low lands, water, and hummocks; but the once uncertain beach is already a beautiful slope of neatly ordered stonework edged with sand, and capped by a broad and elegant esplanade of white concrete, forming as noble a water-side way as can be pictured by the mind. Beyond this costly promenade the field is divided into promontories and islands, among which have been led beautiful sheets of water, in the form of lagoons, canals, basins, and straits. It is the water of the Great Lakes, and has the translucent quality of pure crystal.

This, it must be remembered, is the character of the site for the ten or eleven principal buildings to be erected by the Commission in what is now the distant part of Jackson Park. But adjoining this is the older portion of the park, long ago in use as a finished part of the superb park system of Chicago. A large pond embellishes this section, and upon

the undulating ground around the pool are meadows, groves, and winding roads. This land is to form the site of the buildings of those foreign governments that are to participate in the exposition. Mexico has already selected the foremost plat close against the new domain upon which the exposition builders are now busy. The two sections are to be thrown together, the great pond is to be connected with the lagoon system of the fair ground, and the finished site will include both grounds.

Standing upon the broad, trim, artificial beach beside the blue and green expanse of Lake Michigan, I found it difficult to free what I saw from what, after a week's study of the official plans, I knew must soon take the place of the disorder around me. After such a study, and with some of the officials of the exposition discussing the future in my hearing, it was easy to enjoy a prophetic view of the great park as it would appear after the exposition opened—almost as easy to comprehend and far more interesting than the actual scene. Already the unfinished model of a modern cruiser lay before me at the edge of Lake Michigan, and afar off the foundations of the almost fairy-like Casino Pier fretted the surface of the great lake. I fancied myself on a barge approaching the gaudy wharf, with its red-roofed refreshment houses and its graceful tower above them. The mind's eye showed the pier joining the long expanse of artificial beach at a point in front of a beautiful emerald lagoon that lay between the palace of agriculture and the almost inconceivably vast building for Manufactures and Liberal Arts. Rising from the lagoon was the colossal yet graceful figure of Columbia, seen through the spaces in an impressive line of separate granite columns, whose capitals will bear figures displaying the arms of the States.

The great building showed a general tone of darkened ivory or slightly smoked meerschaum, an effect produced by the "staff" or stucco composition with which the exterior walls are to be covered. All the exterior walls of all the buildings will be of this material, and the buildings themselves will therefore be rather architectural models than durable structures. Wherever great arches support heavy roofs or span wide openings between walls, the trusses will be of iron, but in

most cases the walls or frames will be of timber.

But though the general tone in this prophetic view of the buildings is that of enriched ivory, each view of every structure presents a more or less brilliant array of colors, the differing hues being seen wherever the walls are broken, as in the arcades, porticos, corridors, pavilions, and galleries, which relieve and ornament most of the edifices. For instance, while still looking down the lagoon that is ornamented by the St. Gaudens *chef-d'œuvre* of statues and columns, the eye is taken captive by the brilliant golden dome of the Administration Building. Statuary, banners, gorgeous panels, medallions, and colonnades, all harmoniously blended, make this the most striking and one of the most admired of the works of the architects. Robert M. Hunt, of New York, is its designer.

The beautiful waters of the system of lagoons pass every one of the main buildings, and all but surround some of them. On their surfaces all the palaces will be reflected, and at night the water will duplicate the full brilliancy of this, the second of the world's expositions which electricity has rendered viewable after dark. The water itself, by-the-way, will be shot with brilliant light by scores of electric lamps placed in its depths. A hundred gondolas brought from Venice will loaf luxuriously along these liquid avenues, to be distanced contemptuously by a myriad of swift launches. Their motions on the water's surface will but weakly imitate the fast-gliding artificial denizens of the deep which skilled electricians plan to send hither and thither by means of delicate machinery urged by power stored in the bodies of the toys. At night, when the eyes of these submarine monsters and beauties are lighted by electricity, they will add a strange feature to the general spectacle.

Beside the gorgeous Administration Building, on the one hand, is the Machinery Hall, designed by Messrs. Peabody and Stearns, of Boston. It is a beautiful and imposing palace, and is connected artistically with the building for agriculture by means of a colonnade surrounding one end of a great canal. Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White, of New York, designed the Agricultural Building. These two great houses for agriculture and machinery are each above 800 feet long, and

the Machinery Building has an annex 550 feet in length, so that the roofs of these two buildings and their connections cover an unbroken length of 2400 feet. The Machinery Building will be constructed as if three great railway depots or train sheds were placed side by side, and it is the purpose of the Columbian Corporation to sell these parts for such uses after the fair closes. The managers expect to realize a salvage of at least three million dollars on the material used in the various structures, and they boast that they have already saved a million dollars on what was considered a careful preliminary estimate of the cost of the buildings.

But to return to the view. Down the canal that half divides these buildings, the Electricity and Mining houses are reached. The Electrical Building (designed by Van Brunt and Howe, of Kansas City) is most unique, and besides being decorated by many towers, has a grand entrance that rises a story higher than the rest of the building, and that, when illuminated at night, will seem ablaze with light as if it were a colossal lantern. Beyond this building is the principal lagoon, from whose surface rises what is known as the Wooded Island. This island is many acres in extent, and is designed to remain bare of everything except flowers, trees, and paths, in order that it may furnish throughout the exposition a cool and alluring retreat for tired visitors.

Behind this great lagoon are the Transportation, Horticultural, and Woman's buildings, at the further end is the Illinois Building, and on the side between the lagoon and Lake Michigan are the Fisheries and United States Government buildings, all costly, extensive, and elaborate examples of the skill of the most gifted American architects. One building that has not yet been mentioned receives, perhaps, the highest praise. It is the Art Building, and will stand beyond the lake that is now in the old part of Jackson Park. Its designer is Mr. Atwood, of New York.

Beyond the Art Building, in the older part of Jackson Park, and gathered amid its groves and around its picturesque lake, are to be the seats of the foreign governments that participate in the fair. The domes and the towers of these still undetermined buildings will doubtless reach

far down what is called Midway Plaisance, a parkway connecting Washington and Jackson parks. Down this plaisance, now a broad bowery boulevard, will also be gathered many of the lesser attractions of the fair, not all of them wholly disconnected with private enterprise or the showman's profession.

Thus has been arranged the greatest of world's expositions. The field laid out embraces 640 acres, and 400 acres adjoining this are available if needed. The floor space already provided for is equal to 400 acres, or more, it is said, than the entire ground utilized in any other exposition. The park is seven miles from the Chicago City Hall, but it is to be connected with the city by all of the great steam railroads that enter Chicago, by the cable-car lines and stages, by the lake boats, and by an elevated railway now nearly constructed. Within the exposition ground connection between all the points of interest may be had both by land and water—by donkey-back, jinrikisha, 'bus, gondola, launch or skiff, and, perhaps, by a marvellous overhead travelling sidewalk. A trial bit of this is now undergoing construction by its sponsor in order to demonstrate its feasibility.

Apparently the entire distribution of leadership and command has been characterized by as liberal a spirit as that which led Mr. D. H. Burnham, of Chicago, the Chief of the Bureau of Construction, to cluster the architectural genius of the country around him as he did. The architects in question are: Robert M. Hunt, of New York; W. L. B. Jenny, of Chicago; McKim, Mead, and White, of New York; Adler and Sullivan, of Chicago; George B. Post, of New York; Henry Ives Cobb, of Chicago; Burling and Whitehouse, of Chicago; Peabody and Stearns, of Boston; S. S. Beman, of Chicago; and Van Brunt and Howe, of Kansas City.

In the same spirit and toward the same end of conducting a thoroughly national enterprise, Director-General George R. Davis has divided his work into fifteen branches, constituted each branch a department, and then sought men of national fame and acknowledged ability to take charge of these divisions. The Bureau of Agriculture has been put in the hands of Mr. W. I. Buchanan, a remarkable organizer and student of the interests of the agricultural class, and hero of the famous

Sioux City Corn Palace Exhibition. His plans for the agricultural exhibit are exceedingly broad, and are perfected to the minutest detail, so that the Western men at least feel certain that his will be as complete a display as can possibly be made.

The Department of Ethnology is in charge of Professor F. W. Putnam, of Harvard, who has sent to South America naval and military officers, many of whom are specialists outside of their professions, and whose business it will be to scour South America to secure a representative exhibit. The past and present methods of living in every South American country are to be illustrated realistically by models provided by the gentlemen who have selected the objects after consulting well-informed persons from those countries. The representation of lake dwellings from Venezuela is spoken of as likely to be more marvellous than the examples of the same study that will be sent here from Europe. The results from Patagonia, Alaska, Greenland, Finland, and Iceland will all be notable. The bureau has in Africa an officer of the navy who is in correspondence with Tippu-Tib for fifteen pygmies.

The Department of Fish and Fisheries is in charge of Captain J. W. Collins, of the United States Commission. He will exhibit an aquarium stocked with both salt and fresh water fish, and will present casts of all the known species of fish, together with a valuable presentation of the fauna and flora of the ocean. He will also exhibit the different modes of and appliances for fishing, both ancient and modern. Either here or elsewhere in the fair will be given graphic expositions of the work at the seal-fisheries of Alaska.

The Department of Mines and Mining is in charge of Mr. F. J. V. Skiff, of Colorado, a man thoroughly familiar with the mining business, who proposes to have the department illustrated by working-mines if possible. This is the first international exhibition in which a separate building has been provided for this industry.

The Department of Liberal Arts, comprehending a greater variety of exhibits than any other department, is in charge of Professor S. H. Peabody. It was offered to Professor John Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, but he was unable to accept the trust. The Department of

Machinery is in charge of Mr. L. W. Robinson, who was first assistant in charge of the Machinery Hall at the Philadelphia Exposition. The Columbian Fair will gain distinction from having at its service steam of the power of twenty-four thousand horses. It is said that the greatest of the engines which will be shown will dwarf the great Corliss machine exhibited in Philadelphia in 1876.

The Department of Publicity and Promotion is under the chieftainship of Major Moses P. Handy, of Virginia. There was never such a department in any other exposition. There have been press bureaus, but the press work of this exposition is simply a branch of the work of promotion which is carried on both at home and abroad, and, as elaborated by Major Handy, is so formidable that his mailing department alone ranks by the bulk of its business with some of the most important second-class post-offices of the country.

The Department of Fine Arts is in charge of Mr. Halsey C. Ives, of Missouri, who built up the great art school in St. Louis. He is now abroad, visiting every country in Europe, talking with artists, inspecting famed galleries, and arranging for the exhibition of pictures by loan and otherwise. While in Paris Major Handy met M. Prust, who had charge of the art department of the Paris Exposition, and who gave his word that France, which can contribute so much toward a successful art display, will do its best for this one. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen and Sir Henry Wood, Secretary of the Royal Society of Art, assured Major Handy that England does not propose to be eclipsed. The English artists now realize, that which the French years ago discovered, that America has become the greatest and most profitable field for the disposal of the best products of the Old World studios.

In addition to the half-million-dollar Art Building on the fair grounds, it is proposed, aside from the exposition entirely, to build in Chicago a noble and permanent art palace. The money has been raised, and those concerned in the project hope to secure for the new museum many of the finest works exhibited at the exposition.

Mr. James W. Allison, of Ohio, is in charge of the Department of Manufactures. He is noted for having conducted in Cincinnati the most successful local exposition in this country. His depart-

ment and the departments of Ethnology and the Liberal Arts will exhibit in the huge Palace of Manufactures.

In view of the extraordinary competition among the great electrical combinations, it was a delicate and difficult task to secure for chief of the Electrical Department a person not connected with any interest, yet acceptable to all. Professor J. P. Barrett, of Nevada, was selected, and the highest hopes are based on the exhibition he will arrange. Mr. Thomas A. Edison is greatly interested in this department, and will aid the work in it in other ways than by contributing to it his newest marvel, upon the completion of which he is engaged. It is promised that the electrical theatre and ballet in Vienna will form part of our exposition. That is a marvellous showing of the service that can be rendered to the theatrical profession by electricity, especially in the production of scenic and spectacular effects.

The Department of Horticulture is in charge of Professor J. M. Samuels, of Kentucky; and that of Floriculture is headed by Mr. John Thorpe, of New York. Already the growth of plants for the great exhibition is under way in a house on the Midway Plaisance. Ten acres on Wooded Island will be planted with flowers, and the entire out-door display will include wild and aquatic flowers as well as the cultivated varieties. The government exhibits will be uncommonly fine, and are to be in charge of officers appointed by the President. The naval display, aboard a brick model of a cruiser, will be exceptionally fine—the exhibition being shown in the space which on a real ship would be given up to machinery and arms. The Post-office Department exhibit will show the progress of the postal system, especially in the methods of transporting and distributing mail. It will include an illustrated history of our postage-stamps. England will send illustrations of her postal department in connection with the working of the postal telegraph system. Mr. Willard A. Smith, Chief of the Bureau of Transportation, will make a collection demonstrating the development of the methods of traffic and travel from the use of the goat-cart and the dugout to that of the hotel car and transatlantic flyers of to-day. Mr. Walker Fearn, of Louisiana, head of the Department of For-

eign Affairs, was our Minister to Greece under President Cleveland. His bureau will grow more and more useful and busy as it follows and directs the plans of the foreign governments that will join in the display.

Uncommon interest has from the beginning of the work been attracted to the Woman's Department, the most notable feature of the great fair. It was fortunately placed under the charge of Mrs. Potter Palmer. She is a society leader in Chicago, where it is proudly boasted that she would grace any court. She is the possessor of great wealth, and was wholly unacquainted with public affairs before she undertook this charge, and yet she has taken hold of the Woman's Department as of something by the conduct of which she may crown her life, and in doing so has shown the most marked executive ability. In choosing a plan for its building, the Woman's Department has copied one of the most admirable designs made for the exposition. The architect who drew the design is Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston. Mrs. Palmer has planned a treasury of objects illustrative of woman's work. The exhibit will embrace a model kitchen, a modern crèche, a kindergarten and hospital with trained nurses, a notable exhibition of books written by women, periodicals edited and published by women, and, most interesting of all, the mechanical inventions by women. It is curious to read in Western papers that Mrs. Palmer is of Southern birth and the wife of a Democrat. The reason for so unexpected a reference to a lady lies in the fact that originally it had been charged that the Columbian Exposition was to be a partisan Republican institution. It is unnecessary to further the discussion here. The chiefs of the two governing bodies—the National and State directories—are men of both parties, and the work of planning and perfecting the exposition has avowedly and apparently been apportioned to men chosen for their experience and ability, regardless of their political faith. The long list of officials composing both the national committee and the Illinois organization has been printed many times. The president of the government commission is Senator Thomas W. Palmer, of Michigan; the secretary is Mr. John T. Dickinson, of Texas; and the Director-General, by far the most active man on either board, is General George

R. Davis, of Illinois. The president of the local or Illinois delegation is Mr. William T. Baker, who is also president of the Chicago Board of Trade; Mr. Thomas B. Bryan is vice-president of the Illinois organization, for which the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth is solicitor-general and secretary; the treasurer is Anthony F. Seeberger; and the auditor is William K. Ackerman.

Over in what has long been an important part of Jackson Park, on the lake front, but nearer to the city than where the greater buildings are to be located, is the ground set apart for the headquarters of foreign countries. Exposition officials are in the habit of calculating that the other countries of the globe will add about three millions of dollars to the amount expended at the fair. If the foreigners spend three millions, and the various States of the Union lay out five millions, as they are expected to do, the total expenditure for the fair will amount to about twenty-six millions of dollars.

It is evident that there will be massed together in the foreign quarter a very gaudy, impressive, and unfamiliar jumble of picturesque and peculiar structures, contrasting strangely with the stately group of huge palaces on the main grounds. We know that with part of Mexico's three-fourths of a million of dollars she will erect a fac-simile of an Aztec palace; Guatemala will put up, out of her \$120,000, a model of a palace that distinguishes her ruined city of Antigua; Colombia, which has appropriated \$100,000, will reproduce her splendid capitol; Ecuador, which has allotted \$125,000 for all her expenses, will again show, as she did in Paris, a copy of her Temple of the Sun; Brazil will make a magnificent contribution, at a cost of at least half a million of dollars. Around the beautiful palace which she will erect will be gathered lesser buildings illustrative of the habits and industries of her people—huts with native inhabitants, a sugar-mill, and coffee planter's outfit. Glimpses of the rubber industry will be among the additional exhibits. Brazil's most famous band will be sent here also, perhaps to compete with the band of the Coldstream Guards of England, and certainly to blend its melody with that of the great orchestra which Theodore Thomas is to lead, and with the music of the thousands of choral singers to be trained by Professor

Tomlins. Almost all the South American countries, even the smallest, and even the colonial islands off the Atlantic coast, have signified their intention to present themselves at the fair.

At this date, a year from the celebration of the Columbus festival, it is becoming more and more apparent that what seemed to be an unwarranted liberality in the projected extent of the fair grounds will still leave the Commission hampered for room. The battle will be to economize space, and already skirmishes to protect the necessary beauty spots, like Wooded Island, are of daily occurrence. The Europeans, who never held an exposition covering half the area of this one, are insisting upon allotments that would have been out of the question at Paris or Vienna. England and Germany, for instance, will not be satisfied with less than 120,000 square feet of ground. It is the enthusiasm of their commissioners which leads to this demand, and they assert that the same hearty interest in our fair will result in the grandest exhibitions their countries have ever made. It is perfectly apparent that France will not ask a jot less than these neighbors. England's main building will be a reproduction of some notable manor-house, like Hatfield (Lord Salisbury's country place), or Sandringham perhaps. The idea will be to illustrate typical English architecture. A model English garden will be attached to the great house, and a fine feature of the building will be a spacious hall filled with armor and hung with pictures, and to be used for receptions and ceremonial purposes. England will appropriate £27,000 for her use at the exposition. Herr Wermuth, the German commissioner, who came to Chicago in September last with Sir Henry Wood of England, was less explicit with regard to Germany's intentions. He said he thought his nation would select for its headquarters some typical ancient German building; and he added, after speaking enthusiastically of the exposition grounds and buildings, that ours would be the grandest fair ever held, and that Germany would do its share toward the achievement of that degree of success.

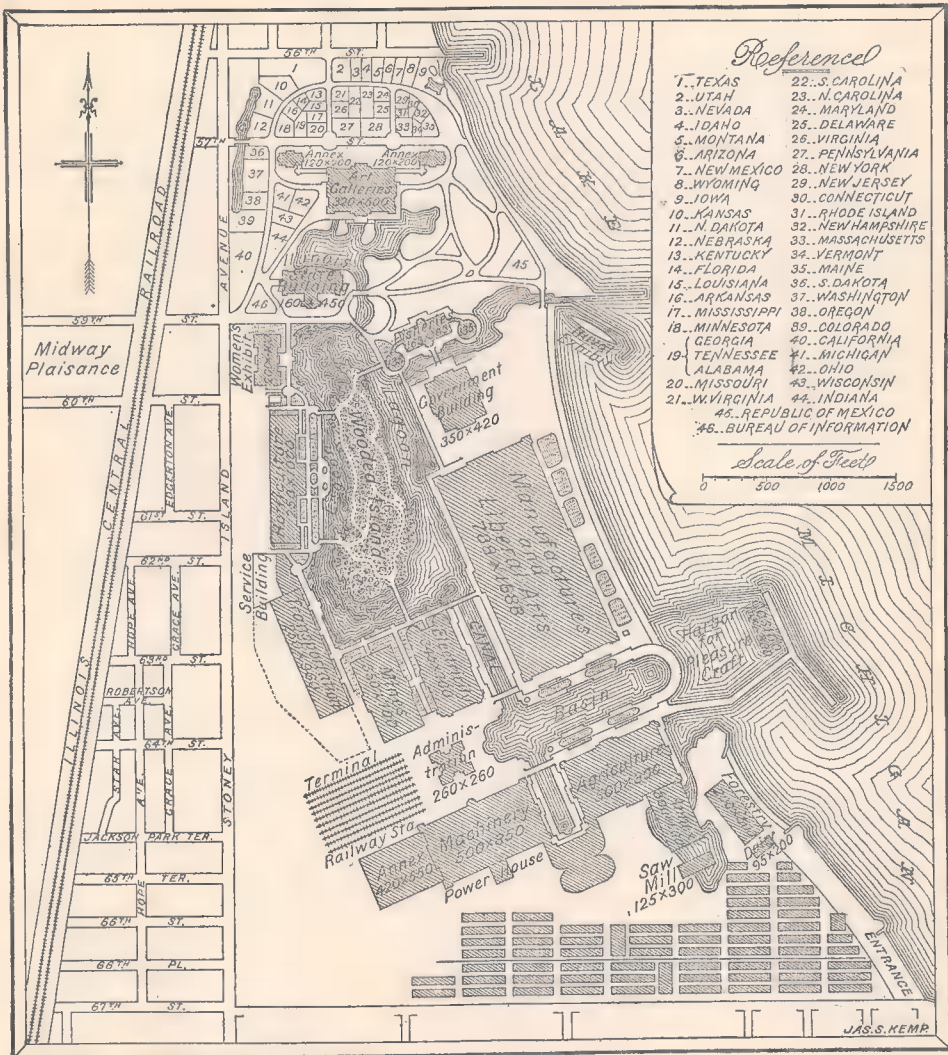
It is too early to discuss more fully the part that the foreign governments will take in the exposition. This is peculiarly disappointing, because there seems no doubt that many great countries will

surpass all their former efforts at international exhibitions. Major Moses P. Handy, one of the commissioners who went abroad last winter, says that their errand proved most wise and fruitful. It was thought advisable for some of the officials of the fair to put themselves in evidence in the old countries to answer questions, and to induce the more tardy governments to move toward participation in the display. In most cases it was only necessary to see the heads of such governments, but in Switzerland the rule was reversed, and there popular sympathy with the project needed to be aroused by public meetings. Switzerland was nearer to having done nothing than any other country, but owing to the formal visit of the commissioners the ancient republic is now earnestly interested in making a praiseworthy appearance at Chicago. In the other cases the rule was to see the chiefs of each government, and to urge that a more than perfunctory interest be taken in the project. In Sweden and Denmark the kings were seen, but in the majority of the countries visited our ministers presented the visitors to the foreign ministers of each court, and by these statesmen the Americans were introduced to those cabinet officials in whose departments the matter came. The leading statesmen of England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia were thus induced to interest themselves in our fair. In each country great success attended the visit of the commissioners.

It is known that there will be sent from India all that is needed to picture life in an East Indian village. Turkey, reluctant to bear the expense herself, has authorized private individuals to construct a realistic reproduction of a Turkish street, probably of shops, and showing not only the wares peculiar to the country, but her mechanics, artisans, and professional entertainers. Egypt will show a more complete and picturesque reflex of the life of her people than that which was demonstrated by the famous Rue de Caire in the Paris Exposition. This exhibit will also take the form of a street. It will be four hundred feet long, and lined with shops, cafés, dwellings, and amusement halls. It will be peopled with donkey-drivers, Egyptian serving-maids, dancing-girls, jugglers, merchants, women, and children. Japan

will spend half a million dollars in reproducing what is most picturesque and effective in her architecture and in scenes from her home life; while China, exhibiting with governmental sanction for the first time, will add a notable feature of the fair. Persia also promises what will prove a glistening drop in the colossal bucket. It is whispered that from many of these foreign countries royalty itself will come in numbers and consequence greater than ever distinguished any universal exhibition since the last effort of imperial France. A dozen kingly and princely visitors are talked of as our possible guests. All and more—or none at all—may come. No one can speak one whit more positively upon the subject. It is even possible that some of the things that are here set down as fixed and certain attractions of the exposition will be changed or omitted. It is certain that a host of inviting features not yet known even to the managers will be added to those here set forth. Allowance should be made by the reader for the uncertainties of so long a look ahead.

Our Territories are nerved to make the most of their opportunity by uniting in a combined exhibit under one roof, though perhaps Utah may make a separate exhibition. The most important Territorial contributions will be in the line of mining and mineralogy, but this may not be the most generally interesting. The Territorial delegates will meet this exposition of wonders at the wonder capital in the spirit that is to produce its most amazing results. Mr. Richard Mansfield White, who is a son of the late Richard Grant White, told me when he was in Chicago as commissioner from New Mexico that his Territory will endeavor to emphasize the fact that its capital, Santa Fe, and not San Augustine, Florida, is the oldest city in the country. He says that "when the conquistadores entered New Mexico they found in Santa Fe a city already existent, and already so ancient as to have been for hundreds of years a town of the Aztecs, or Toltecs, or whatever people we like to call those who had a civilization of their own centuries before Europeans touched their soil." The so-called palace of Santa Fe is the work of this misty past, and Mr. White hopes to bring part of it to Chicago and the exposition. Mr. White himself is an ideal exponent of the manhood which domi-



PLAN OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

nates the regions that have not yet reached the dignity of Statehood. He was revelling in the luxury of full evening dress in the palatial Auditorium Hotel, and might easily have been mistaken for a pampered child of the stagnant East, but five minutes' conversation with him brought out the fact that, though born in New York, he had been for twelve years in the Apache country, fifty miles from a railroad, a pioneer at first, and now a leader among the white men there. He calls himself a Western man, and acknowledges stronger ties in the robust West than those by which birth binds him to the metropolis.

An astonishing feature of the Columbian Exposition will be one of the palaces grouped in the heart of the fair grounds. It is the Manufactures Building, designed by Mr. George Post, of New York. It will bear the same relation to this exposition as the Eiffel Tower did to that of Paris in 1889; and, indeed, its possible use as a vantage-point from which to see the fair grounds has terminated in the negative the discussion for and against the construction in Chicago of a rival to the great tower of Paris. This greatest of all the exposition buildings, and of the buildings of the world, will present to Lake Michigan a façade of such a length as to

suggest the wall of a city, yet it is so admirably designed, so light and graceful in its effect upon the vision, that its true extent can only be comprehended when its dimensions are expressed in figures and by comparisons. It is one-third of a mile long, and to compass it round about is to walk a mile. The roof of it is 1688 by 788 feet, and the span of the dome, the largest ever attempted, is 388 feet. The roof is 230 feet from the ground, and the building has 40 acres of ground-floor. Two of the vast machinery halls of the Paris Exposition could be wheeled through it, and the Auditorium, the building of which Chicago is most proud, could be pushed under this great roof, tower and all.

But, without any question, the most amazing exhibit at the Fair will be Chicago itself. It will interest every class of visitors. It will offer a tonic and exhilarant to the frivolous, and a subject for profound study to the thoughtful. Let those who go there like it or not, there it will be found—a vast, throbbing, roaring combination of humanity, machinery, and masonry. It is so new that a tree which figured in an Indian massacre, at a border fort that marked the city's beginning, is still standing—a far from ancient-looking object—in the smoke-burdened atmosphere of myriad factories, in the presence of 1,200,000 inhabitants, and in the shadow of an aggregation of buildings taller than the average European ever conceived the Tower of Babel to be. Admire Chicago or criticise it as they may, it will stand to awe and to confuse the men of our own as well as of foreign cities. Young it will be found, but not infantile, for it will display the most palpable monuments of a consummate civilization. It will show a magnificent park system not anywhere excelled, mile upon mile and line upon line of boulevards, magnificent in themselves, and bordered by homes which only vast wealth widely distributed can maintain. It will display splendid public schools, libraries, hospitals, storehouses, galleries, and theatres; hotels unequalled elsewhere on the globe; factories whose workmen could populate towns, and whose products are as familiar in Europe and Canada as in Illinois. But it suffices those who love Chicago best to think that in the preparation she has made for the exposition in 1893 she has recognized the

fact that Chicago is to be only one exhibit, and that the aim of the exposition is to reveal the progress of the United States first, and of the world afterward.

Chicago's financial part in the preparation for the exposition should be clear to every one, as it is a matter of public record; but the people of that city assert that they are misunderstood and misrepresented. All the citizens appear to be agreed upon one explanation of the situation, and it is a very simple story. At the outset 28,000 persons subscribed \$6,000,000. This was to be collected in instalments, and more than \$3,000,000 has been collected. Conditionally upon \$3,000,000 being collected, the Illinois Legislature authorized the city to issue bonds for a farther contribution of \$5,000,000 to the enterprise. The \$6,000,000 that were subscribed and the additional \$5,000,000 from the municipality constitute \$11,000,000, or \$1,000,000 more than the city agreed to put up. When the bonds for the \$5,000,000 are issued, there will be \$3,000,000 of the citizens' subscription fund to collect.

Now as to the national participation in the enterprise. The government appropriation of \$1,500,000 has not been touched by the local corporation. It has no more to do with this money than it has with whatever sum Connecticut or Indiana may set apart for defraying the cost of their individual State exhibits. The Federal government appropriation is being used to meet the expenses of the National Commission and for the construction of the government buildings. But there will be made upon Congress a demand for a loan of \$5,000,000, to be secured to the nation out of the gate receipts of the exposition. It is asserted that the necessity for this sum was brought about by the National Commission, which so enlarged the classification lists of exhibits as to greatly widen the projected scope of the exposition, and to make \$10,000,000 inadequate for the purpose. This National Commission is a supervisory body, representing all the States and the country at large, and placed over the local corporation in authority. The National Commission has recognized its responsibility, and has promised to co-operate with the local corporation in asking for this loan. The request, therefore, will come to the government from its own representatives.



IN THE STADTPARK, VIENNA.

POPULAR LIFE IN THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN CAPITALS.

BY WILHELM SINGER.

DO you envy the man who, on arriving in a large city, registers, classifies, and records in his head all the impressions he has received; investigates carefully the museums, the water supply, the markets, the canals, and the sewers, and becomes a peripatetic "annual report" of the kind which municipal governments issue?

In the eyes of such profound students the frivolous pleasure-seeker will find little favor. The latter may be endowed with but slight profundity, but he keeps his eyes open and his nose in the air while he saunters through the streets, delighting in all that is picturesque, as a connoisseur

enjoys the flavor of fine wine. He views the public monuments only *en passant* as something to look at. In the show-windows of the publishers he takes special note of the books with piquant titles and striking illustrations. He cannot resist the attraction of a green garden, or a jolly company, or a good restaurant. He likes to drift with the human current, and life in the midst of the people is to him a source of inexhaustible pleasure.

The writer of these lines willingly—and, if you like, penitently—confesses that he belongs to this class of harmless loafers, who are in danger of being accounted mere unliterary curiosity-hunters, because they only put down that which they have seen and heard, and don't care a button for legends or anything which already has been beautifully described by others. To unite into a mosaic the frivolous, genial, and jovial phases of popular life is the object of the present article, and the author has no higher ambition than to draw by his harmless levity a smile of satisfaction from his reader.

Few are the travellers who do not recall with pleasure their sojourn in Vienna



TYPE OF VIENNOISE.

—provided they did not get mixed up in the social and political quarrels which, for the moment, are threatening to injure the ancient reputation of the Viennese for genial good-nature, but surrendered themselves without reserve to the delightful impressions of the city and its characteristic folk-life. The Viennese folk-life is easily understood. The chief factors are—or were at least formerly—a mixture of naïve careless gayety, an impetuous, sanguine temperament, love of song, fun, and laughter, and appreciation of a good bumper. Those who boast of belonging to the upper classes have, to be sure, donned the stiff uniform of European social etiquette, but in moments of overflowing vitality the Viennese characteris-

tics will yet victoriously assert themselves. Of the very highest class I am not now speaking, for its members constitute a separate and distinct caste, with habits and customs of their own, which the Viennese snob (for this variety is also extant) finds enviable and worthy of imitation.

It is amazing what a number of experiences a man can get through within a single day in Vienna. The native rises early, because he does not go to bed late. If he be a bachelor, his first visit is to a restaurant. Only a few Viennese cafés are permitted (as they are in Paris) to take possession of the sidewalk with chairs and tables. Whoever is desirous to drink his coffee in the open air will find a friendly reception in the City Park (Stadtpark), in the vicinity of the small "Kurhaus," in the shadow of trees and with fragrant flowers round about him; and he will, moreover, find a pleasant pastime in watching the groups at the neighboring tables.

The Stadtpark is a small, well-tended garden, in whose arbors devotees of the *dolce far niente*, old pensioners (and young ones too, for that matter), enthusiasts reading a love romance, or on the lookout for one, idle away their time, listening to the song of the birds and the sirens. For it is a fact that Cupid also gets up early in the morning in Vienna, and at quite an unseasonable hour one may catch glimpses of loving couples under the leafy crowns which shade statues of artists, or a sculptured fountain, with the perpetual plash of water.

Those who are fond of museums may take an inventory of the Ambrose collection in the Belvedere, and admire the Theseus who, in the midst of the charming Volksgarten, slays the Minotaur for the edification of the peaceful newspaper-reading citizen. We prefer first to take a drive in a fiacre through the Ringstrasse, with its splendid display of monumental buildings, and then to make a little excursion into the country. The Viennese cabmen have the reputation of being the best whips in the world. In speed and skilful driving they are, indeed, not easily excelled. Their cabs are light and kept in good repair; their horses are racers of a very respectable sort. The driver cultivates a certain elegance, in accordance with his station. He does not, as in many other cities, wear a uniform, but mostly a jacket, tight-fitting trousers, a shirt with



AT KAHLENBERG.

tall starched collar, and on his head either a small felt hat with a feather in it, or a straight-brimmed, excessively shiny cylinder, known in popular parlance as a *Stösser*.

Scarcely any city in the world has so charming an environment as the Austrian capital. Its seal and its sentinel is the ancient wooded Kahlenberg, with its villas and monasteries. From the city to the Kahlenberg is a short drive in a fiacre. It is also possible to go by boat. An inclined railway runs to the top of the mountain, from which one may enjoy a delightful view of the wide-spreading city, girdled by the Danube. An incomparable adornment is the extensive Wiener

Wald (Vienna Forest). Wherever one turns he is likely to strike a picturesque corner where jolly pleasure-seekers rejoice in God's creation. Around the primitive tables, in the neighborhood of which industrious hens are frequently seen scraping up a scanty living, sit gay Viennese men and women drinking the native wine, mixed with soda-water (known in local parlance as a *Gespritzter*), and munching the national "rolls." The demands for modern improvements are, to be sure, beginning to assert themselves here and there, in the erection of pretentious hotels in Swiss style; but, for all that, the little cozy inns are not yet extinct, with their verandas and projecting



OVER THE NEW WINE.

balconies, wreathed in vines and ivy, beneath which it is so pleasant to sit, and, oblivious of the world and its problems, gaze out upon the trees nodding in the wind, and whispering their ineffably home-like melody. The connoisseur of good Austrian wine will find a hospitable welcome under the arbors of the famous monastery Klosterneuburg. Probably he will be tempted to tarry there longer than is good for him, for he will not easily find an environment more conducive to conviviality than the prospect from the summit of the cloister, especially when the sun is beginning to sink beneath the distant horizon, and the ghostly shades of night spread over the wide landscape.

The hour for dining is between three and four o'clock, and does not conform to the custom in other cities. In some hotels an attempt has been made to domesticate the *table d'hôte*, but the prejudice of the Viennese in this particular is not to be overcome. His independence in the choice of his viands, and his predilections in reference to the composition of his prandial circle, amount to obstinacy.

He clings to his fixed, habitual table companions as he clings to his religion. There are hotels and taverns where for a long series of years the same people have dined daily at the same tables. Each has his own glass, his own pipe, and his tastes and habits are known and respected both by landlord and waiters. These "fixed guests" (*Stammgäste*) get always the best portions; they are most attentively waited upon, and constitute a kind of hereditary bibulous aristocracy. It is almost impossible for a stranger to be admitted to any of the so-called *Stammtische* without the permission of the company. The fixed or habitual guests are mostly married citizens of Vienna who like to spend their evenings at a tavern. As slender and modest youths these free-masons of the eating and drinking fraternity first took their seats at these tables; but with the lapse of years they have grown stout and gray and highly respectable; and there they now sit, listening to all sorts of anecdotes, even the hoariest, and relating the same kind. The *Stammtische* are a less frequent institu-

tion in the larger hostleries, conducted according to the pattern of the great and fashionable restaurants on the Continent; but they yet flourish in the small smoky taverns which the Viennese call *Beisel*. This is, to be sure, a derogatory term, but is used in its present significance as a pet name. The *Beisels* are mostly situated in out-of-the-way streets, hidden away in hallways and upper stories, where in the period of police persecution (now long since forgotten) the citizen could withdraw from the too curious scrutiny of the vigilant guardians of order.

The excellent Viennese beer halls are, in a certain sense, in spite of all their simplicity, the *salons* of the *bourgeoisie*. No one will object to their cheapness. In these places, barring a certain number which have furnished a gathering-

fingers of his despotic chief, and who in the evening, when weariness prematurely closes his eyes, is more frequently aroused from his sweet slumber by a well-applied box on the ear than by the beneficent fee of a customer. He, too, wears, like his superiors, the swallow-tail, whose cleanness, to be sure, is not always beyond question. Only in the last months of his apprenticeship does the youngster betray an aspiration toward elegance; for he is then soon to enter upon the second stage of his development as a dish carrier, and his art, which will then demand a low-cut waistcoat and neatly parted hair, is a very advanced one. The Viennese waiter who has been promoted to this point, when he is competent to receive orders from the bill of fare, knows how to build up with mathematical exactness a



VIENNESE WAITERS.

place for stupid political malcontents, one is apt to meet some of the most prominent and cultivated people of Vienna, and one is often surprised to hear conversation concerning literature, art, and science. Here one has furthermore a chance to observe a notable phenomenon, viz., the Viennese waiter in all the stages of his development. First, the small and clever beer apprentice, who carries a bouquet of large and small glasses in his red, toil-worn hands, and dodges about among the little tables with express-train velocity, whose hair-fashion is often disarranged by the energetic intrusion of the

perfect tower of dishes, in the distribution of which from table to table he evinces the most extraordinary dexterity and skill.

The third stage of development is represented by the head waiter (*Zahlkellner*), who cultivates a certain ease of manner and *embonpoint*; who will condescend to wait only upon the most distinguished *habitués*; who, moreover, receives the money and the larger tips, while the dish-carriers and beer apprentices must content themselves with more modest fees. The generalissimo of the beer restaurant is the superintendent or business manager.



VIENNESE FIACRE.

He has divested himself of that badge of servitude, the swallow-tail, and he is also above accepting fees.

Besides the tower of St. Stephen's Church, with its pinnacle looming against the sky, the Prater is the pride of the genuine Viennese. To be sure, the ancient simplicity which formerly manifested itself in respect for unspoiled and unimproved nature, only here and there interrupted by some picturesque barracks, is now no longer to be found in the Prater. The demands of a great city have also penetrated into this pleasure-ground, and have there found modern expression in paved roads, railway bridges, and ships with mechanical contrivances in the way of engines, etc. Besides, the World Exhibition of 1873 subjected the democratic part of the natural garden—the so-called Wurstel-Prater—to a transformation which the old local patriots have never ceased to lament. To this day lies in the Prater, like a gigantic turtle, the rotunda of the exposition building.

The Prater ought not to be compared to the Hyde Park of London or the showy Bois de Boulogne. The Prater is some-

thing apart by itself, in spite of the aristocratic tone which has been imparted to it by the Constantine Hill, which was laid out in imitation of the Paris Cascade, surrounded by a lake and adorned with a restaurant. For what constitutes the chief charm of the Prater is its ancient groups of trees, which yet remain unmolested, and a certain primitive grandeur in the *tout ensemble* which rebels against all attempts at transformation. A part of the great park, which is traversed by a wide avenue of chestnut-trees, is known as the Nobel-Prater. Here private equipages and nimble fiacres are continually parading. The plain citizen, sitting before the three coffee-houses (so called because hardly any coffee, but almost exclusively beer and wine are drunk there), contemplates with delight the display of luxury in the carriages, while the magnificent Austrian military music is ringing in his ears.

Of the popularity of this military music one may form an idea any day when, about noon, a military band marches up toward the Imperial Palace, in order to play at the relief of the sentries. Whoever has sound



legs marches bravely along with the band. There is the Vienna loafer, with his hair parted on his temples, his hands in his trousers pockets, his patched felt hat perched on the side of his head, a long Virginia cigar in his mouth, and a bright necktie with flying ends. There, too, are the witty, impudent apprentice, the plain citizen, who happens just to be going the same way, and the slender gazelle of a laundry girl, with a yoke on her back, and her hands gracefully resting on her hips. Here we meet also the numerous train of the unemployed, who run along as if electrified by the spirited tunes of the horn-blowers, the stirring noise of the triangles, the drum-beat, the clash of the cymbals. But let us return to our Prater.

Whoever does not care to sit idle and let the sun shine into his face will take a seat at one of the tables in the coffee-houses and sip the good light Vienna beer, while listening to operatic arias and Vienna waltzes. From this coign of vantage he may in spring, and particularly on the 1st of May, behold, passing in review before him, everything that Vienna has to show of rank, distinction, wealth, beauty, and also of false glit-



CAFÉ CONCERT IN THE PRATER.

ter and sham. Here he may also observe the affectionate reverence of the Viennese for the Emperor and the Empress. The latter they hold to be the noblest of women, and they express their admiration for her distinguished bearing by the most enthusiastic homage. The archdukes, each with his special court, are also likely to pass here. The members of the



PROMENADE IN THE PRATER.

Austrian imperial house wear almost always uniforms, even though they may, like Archduke Rainer, devote themselves in an enlightened manner to art and scientific study.

From this same post of observation the Viennese has also a chance to philosophize concerning the aristocracy, who have now become useless, and therefore unjustly enjoy their privileges, but who, nevertheless, yet form a world by themselves, and consume a certain annual revenue, whether it be their own or borrowed from somebody else. Their principal occupation consists in getting up horse-races, gambling, and riding. They are most elegant in their attire, and display a kind of physical chivalrousness, which impels the snob and the *parvenu* to make

themselves ridiculous by caricatured imitations, and awake in them a certain respect—shall I say?—or, at least, an unconfessed consciousness of the distance which separates them from the aristocrat—or “gavaliere,” as they style him.

Furthermore, we find in this Vanity Fair the rich banker who has been knighted, and who strives to attract attention by luxury and excessive display. We shall encounter wealthy manufacturers too, and merchants with heavy watch chains and broad rings, and at their sides their usually well-fed and buxom wives. Actors with smooth-shaven faces pass also in review, and over-dressed actresses, who assume the most absurd attitudes in their carriages, betraying a high-nosed consciousness of being known to all the

world. Lastly, the ephemeral beauties of Vienna seize this opportunity to show themselves.

In fine, the Nobel-Prater, in spite of its Viennese character, bears the stamp peculiar to the gathering-place of the *classes dirigeantes* in all large cities. Characteristic of Vienna in a far higher degree is the Wurstel-Prater, the gathering-place of those whom Richard Wagner would call the less cultured, and unhappily also the less prosperous classes. We will pass by the buxom servant-maids who here, upon the green grass under the old trees, receive the court of military Don Juans (from the corporal down), while the children with noisy laughter play their innocent games. Such scenes are to be found in all cities. Neither will we linger in the company of the flea-trainers, bearded women, red-nosed prophets, faded somnambulists, female ser-

pent-charmers, and lion-tamers in threadbare velvet, women with fish tails, ladies with hairy necks and a mustache which would not ill become a drum-major—all these belong to the international brotherhood of roving jugglers who are distributed over the entire earth. Nor are we inclined to place the theatre in the Wurstel-Prater in the first rank of Viennese "specialties," although plays are there performed which deal in a language perfectly well adapted to the mode of thought of the lower strata of the Viennese population.

What particularly deserves consideration as a distinctly Viennese feature is, for instance, the swings in which girls with glowing cheeks and a wild grace of motion shout and scream merrily, while stalwart fellows in shirt sleeves, urged on by their encouraging cries, hurl them high into the air. The spirited, fleet-footed dance



SHOWS IN THE WURSTEL-PRATER.

on the green, under the open sky, deserves to be seen, for here all types, in all sorts of costumes (only none that are elegant), form a picturesque *tout ensemble*. So also it is entertaining to hear the ladies' bands in the restaurants play Viennese tunes. It is advisable, however, in order to gain an insight into the harmless and genial manifestations of the Viennese popular character, to take a seat under the leafy roof of the chestnuts in certain

"delicatessen," or a breaded veal-cutlet (Wiener Schnitzel) procured from the waiter, or a couple of small sausages with vinegar (of the kind which in Vienna are called Frankfurters, and in Frankfurt Wieners), constitute too frugal a meal according to his notion. He may insinuate, too, that the dishes presented excel more by the generous abundance of their quantity than by the fineness of art displayed in their preparation. Granted.

But just in this simplicity there is an inexpressible charm to the native, who has brought with him as spice a generous dose of health, good cheer, pleasure in living, and, above all, a good appetite, and has the faculty to laugh heartily at a stupid witticism. He bravely admires the jugglers on the stage in their faded tights, and he is particularly well disposed toward the musicians who perform the Viennese yodel, or melodious Viennese ballads in soft and soothing strains. If the

old Viennese, to boot, has consumed his fair share of excellent beer, then he is filled with a blissful sense of oblivion of all the world, which finds vent in the saying, "Sell my coat: I am in heaven."

"Get up, doctor. It's time." With this call we are aroused from our dreams, for in Vienna every man who wields a pen is styled doctor, even though he really be one. Accordingly the doctor dresses himself rapidly, locks his trunk, distributes fees right and left, mounts a fiacre, and at full speed he is driven to the Danube Canal, where a slender ship awaits him, already overloaded with people and luggage. Don't worry about that. The voyage to Pesth is not to be made upon this tiny craft. Her destiny is only to convey us to the large Danube, where a spacious steamer, with a well-furnished saloon, offers us a friendly reception. One feels, at being transferred from the small to the large steamer, like a man who exchanges a tight-fitting dress-



A FEMALE ORCHESTRA.

parts of the park, and participate in the lively drama which is there being enacted. To be sure, one must, in order to comprehend the pleasure of an old Viennese in these scenes, try to share sympathetically his old Viennese sentiment. A stranger is not unlikely to find fault with the large-flowered and not always immaculate table-cloths, the not altogether stainless napkins, the plain and often bent forks and spoons, ascribing all their shortcomings to a defective sense of comfort. He will conclude, perhaps, that a little sausage and cheese from a dealer in



VIEW OF BUDA.

coat for an easy lounging coat, or a pair of tight boots for a pair of soft slippers. One is not likely to wait long before finding pleasant company, if one is content with simple conversation about things which, to be sure, are not vitally interesting, but yet interesting enough to kill time with. Some of the passengers begin at once to play cards, and do not stop until they are summoned to a meal. We had the opportunity to make the voyage to Buda-Pesth in the company of a troop of Viennese actors, with their manager, famous both in Germany and Austria.

The affected posing of these people, aiming to attract attention, was extremely amusing. With a certain instinctive skill they selected the places which could best serve as a setting for their unnatural attitudes, while the old manager walked up and down upon the deck with his lieutenant. If he had been the captain he could not have looked about him with a more anxious air of responsibility, as if we were sailing upon the stormy ocean, and not upon the beautiful blue Danube, which, by-the-way, is always green. It flows calmly through the midst of flat country, and occasionally through a wooded landscape, from which, now and then, a ruin upon a hill-top or a straw-thatched village emerges. After a sail of about two hours, the ancient royal city of Pressburg,

with its picturesque castle, glides into view, like a beautiful transformation scene in a theatre. Later the fortress of Komorn attracts some attention. Then the ship ploughs its way onward between meadows, fruitful fields, and irregular banks, on which, occasionally, some straw-thatched cottages are scattered. Then come, perhaps, a little church (before which a flock of geese and a couple of jolly little pigs), some playful children in primitive toilet, a peasant in wide linen trousers with a broad hat on his head, or a peasant woman with picturesque head-dress and a figure in the style of Rubens. Then one has to kill time smoking, chatting, sleeping, as the German poet Nicholas Lenan (who was of Hungarian descent) has remarked in one of his poems. But when evening comes the monotony of the landscape vanishes, to be replaced by charming and, in part, romantic scenery. From a hill in the distance rises upon its many pillars the dome of the Gran cathedral, which, as the steamer presses forward, constantly presents itself to the people on board in new shapes, until, like a scene in a fairy tale, it vanishes behind a cloudy veil.

Parallel with the river runs the railway, upon which trains are constantly hurrying by. Nor should Wischegrad be forgotten, which in solemn majesty mirrors itself in the current. With the

change in the landscape the character of the passengers, who are becoming more and more numerous, also changes. Large, well-fed Hungarian figures, in braided coats and top-boots, with yellow complexions and dark mustaches, predominate. A band of gypsies come on board, and in order not to make the trip at their own expense, but rather to profit by it, they begin to fiddle to us one piece after the other, with a truly stirring *verve*. When the water in the Danube is high, the steamer arrives in Buda-Pesth by daylight, otherwise the journey is prolonged until the artificial light has begun its im-

Attila. Now the ship has come to a full stop. On the pier stand, sure enough, the committee of reception. The porters yell in wild confusion; the band of gypsies strike up the national hymn with its rousing rhythm. Yes, we are in Buda-Pesth. *Eljen! Eljen!*

Like all large cities, Buda-Pesth has beautiful hotels, on which we need waste no words. When we arrive in a strange town we do not go in search of those things which it has in common with other municipalities, but we look for those things which are distinct and peculiar. We will then take advantage of the beau-



GYPSY MUSICIANS.

potent competition with the starry sky, and the landscape melts away in shadowy outlines. We arrived in the evening.

With increasing garishness the rows of gas lamps dazzled our eyes, and with every moment the noise of the city became more audible. The steam-whistle sounded. Great commotion among the passengers, who stood laden down with travelling bags, boxes, and packages. Now we are passing under an enormous suspension-bridge, and land in the heart of the town. Our troop of actors crowd about their manager, who, knowing that an ovation is in store for him, strikes an attitude worthy, at the very least, of an

tiful evening not to visit the National Theatre, where the Hungarian language is used (which, unhappily, we don't understand), or the New Opera, which strives to compete with the opera-houses of other cities, but to enter a Hungarian restaurant in the court-yard of a house, where some dusty oleanders form a sort of garden, covered with an awning. Peculiar, wondrously appetizing odors of the kitchen greet our nostrils, for we are here on the classical soil of the Hungarian "gulyas," which the Viennese pronounce "gollasch," and the Hungarians "gulyasch."

What is, then, a "gulyas"? Meat

roasted in a peppery onion sauce. But what a stupid definition that is! It is like saying that an opera by Mozart is a combination of sounds. One thing, however, is beyond dispute—if there is a Hungarian heaven, “gulyas” is sure to be eaten there. “Gulyas,” then, is a concoction of onions, pork, meats of all sorts, and paprika (red Hungarian pepper). But who can praise in fitting language its savoriness? Who can describe with adequate eloquence the blood-and-marrow-penetrating strength of the paprika, this boasted national product? Who can praise sufficiently the pungent pepper with which the “gulyas” is seasoned in such abundant measure that the stranger who eats it feels something dissolve inside of him? Stars dance before his eyes, and the perspiration breaks out upon his brow. But this excessive pungency is tempered and enriched by the potatoes cooked into a mealy liquid and the little dumplings known as “nokerln.” In “gulyas,” as in music, there are infinite variations possible, but the key-note is always the paprika. With the “gulyas,” one or more bottles of fiery Hungarian wine are drunk. Ho, ho! Hungarian brother! *Eljen!*

As an accompaniment to “gulyas” and paprika belongs gypsy music. One of the many bands, whose chief is a local celebrity, installs itself in a corner of the room. In foreign countries one sees gypsies of questionable origin. Often they are Bohemians, or even Germans (in Hungary they are called *Schwoooh*), who in meretricious huzzar costumes exhibit themselves to their guests. But in Buda-Pesth such playing at gypsies would not be practicable. Here the brown, brawny fellows, with their shrewd, deep, dark eyes, and their mustaches, show themselves in all their native picturesqueness. Their clothes present a mixture of peculiarly Hungarian and European costumes; on their heads they wear small round hats with turned-up brims. The men play without notes, and it is asserted that the



TYPE OF HONGROISE.

majority of them do not know one note from another, but play by ear, if not to say by instinct. The leader of the band plays the first violin, turning constantly with nervous alertness to the right and to the left, and the others simply accompany his melody with all sorts of variations. An important rôle belongs in every gypsy band to the cymbal-player, who with two little hammers beats a kind of big zither. According as the leader with nervous, almost convulsive motions belabors his fiddle, the others file away after him, until they work themselves up, just as he does, into a musical delirium. Long-drawn, plaintive, melancholy, sighing tunes alternate with sudden, unbridled bursts of joy. Like the clever psychologist that he is, the leader of the gypsies instantly picks out some quiet patrician in the audience, to whom he addresses the music. Boldly he places himself in front of him, sticks his



A HUNGARIAN MAGNATE.

fiddle almost into his face, and performs first tearful tunes, which make the listener gaze with a serious intentness into space; then the gypsy accelerates the tempo until he reaches the delirium, which kindles such an intoxicating ecstasy in the patrician that, with a half-smothered "Jai!" he grabs his head. When the playing is at an end he says not a word, but pulls from his big leather purse a bank-note of considerable value, and spitting on the back of it, pastes it on the gypsy's forehead. Not so quiet is the scene when the whole company have been wrought into ecstasy; then some one present is apt to tear a bill of a high denomination in two, give one half to the gypsy and stick the other half into his pocket, surrendering it only when the gypsies have given the company their fill of music. Frequently a struggle for existence arises between the musicians and the carousers. It has happened many

a time that the gypsies, when they have earned money enough, have vanished one by one just as the company had been seized with a desire to dance. To guard against this contingency each one of the band had to pull off one boot and keep the other, playing with one foot bare. The confiscated boots were flung into the cellar, and only surrendered when the dance and jollification were at an end. This ingenious procedure does not express, perhaps, a high degree of mutual confidence; but practical and effective it is, which is, after all, the main consideration.

He whose sleep is not disturbed by fantastic dreams and reminiscences of the previous night is apt to wake up in the morning in a good humor for exploring a town of fascinating beauty and romantic charm. From whatever side one contemplates the twin city, divided but not separated by the broad current of the Danube, it affords a most delightful spectacle. If one looks from Pesth toward Ofen a view is presented of the royal castle, situated upon a hill, surrounded by a girdle of houses, shaded by green trees. It is flanked on one side by that mighty sentinel the high-crested Blocksberg, and upon the other by the Schwabenberg, the villa region in Anwinkel, where a refreshing spring leaps out of a black sow's head sculptured in the rock.

If, however, you take the inclined railway as far as the plateau, not far from the royal castle, then you will from this elevated station see Pesth spread out like a fan, with its quays and its new streets, which during the last twenty years have given evidence of a marvellous progress. For we have known the old Pesth, with its narrow and crooked streets, which from an architectural point of view were anything but imposing. Where formerly mostly small, squatty houses jostled each other, expands now the Pesth Boulevard, the Radial or Andrassy Street, with the Grand Opera at one end, and with long rows of houses and villas, built in all kinds of styles, extending all the way to the City Forest (*Stadtwäldchen*). The latter is a gem of a public garden, which, however, were worthy of less modest dimensions. Where formerly stood dancing-halls surrounded by board fences are now seen lofty apartment-houses; street cars rush by, and none of the modern improvements applicable in large cities are

wanting here. A wise government, conducted during the last fourteen years almost entirely by the iron hand of Herr von Tisza, does everything possible to heighten the splendor of the capital. The city now even permits itself the luxury of raising statues to its great men, as, for instance, to the organizer Szechenyi, to whom Buda-Pesth, among other things, owes its connection by the great suspension-bridge. There is also a statue of the

parliament buildings, and churches (one of which had no sooner been completed than it tumbled down, and has not since been re-erected) which vividly impress the image of Pesth upon our memory, but it is its fairest and most imposing adornment—the broad, majestic Danube, upon whose bosom the large, heavily laden ships and passenger steamers of all sizes are the jewels. During our promenade along the quay, in the company of some



DANCING THE CZARDAS.

eminent statesman Deak, which, however, from an artistic point of view, has been subjected to severe criticism, because the great legislator appears altogether too enormous in the big chair in which he is seated. The contrary is true of the slender statue of the noble poet Petöfi, who looks as if he wanted to run away from his pedestal.

It is not, however, the statues, museums,

highly ornamental Hungarians and fascinating ladies, we cast a glance upon the animated Danube, with the picturesque Ofen in the background. We feel the caress of the soft breeze and the Southern sunshine, which induce a wanton sense of well-being, light-heartedness, and delight in living, of which we have never been so conscious in any other city.



MARGARET ISLAND, BUDA-PESTH.

Old Homer makes the people of Phæakia say:

"Daily our joy is the feast and the dance and the zither,
Frequent change of attire, the quickening bath,
and sweet slumber."

Homer might have said the same of the Hungarians. But to account for these qualities by a study of their ethnic psychology would lead us too far. As mere idle observers we shall have to fall back upon our personal experience in asserting that people in Hungary take no end of comfort in mere material existence; and we have often wondered why exiled mon-

archs and persons who have given up ambition and the struggle for wealth do not prefer Buda-Pesth as a residence to the larger and noisier cities. For surely Buda-Pesth is a hospitable place. At all events, among the good old Hungarian race hospitality is a chivalrous virtue, which scarcely anywhere else is practised with the same heartiness and vigor; though here, as elsewhere, a part of the younger generation appears to be degenerate.

Buda-Pesth has also a sufficiency of intellectual life. We need only mention the fact that a man of genius and a thoroughly modern spirit like Moritz Yokai has his residence here. The city has, moreover, its universities, academies, and conservatories, and lies by no means beyond the currents of the world's intellectual intercourse. The latter, to be sure, are perceptible only in slight ripples, and the wearisome clamor and quarrelling of the philosophical and literary cliques find so far only a feeble echo in the Hungarian capital.

The eminent works of the world's celebrities are offered for sale; people read French novels, even the spiciest and most exaggerated, written by authors who regard themselves as great classics, because they find among their contemporaries, perhaps, none greater than themselves. One is, accordingly, not in danger of intellectual starvation in Buda-Pesth. But, on the other hand, material existence could not easily be richer, more lavish, and fuller of enjoyment.

Buda-Pesth boasts an advantage over nearly all other large cities in the possession of wonderful medicinal springs. In

Ofen, not far from the castle, we catch sight of the very comfortably arranged bathing establishment, where for very little money we may have a bath in water welling forth warm from the bowels of the earth.

Ladies and gentlemen, a fig for the so-called civilization! It forces all the world into its own uniform, and robs the nations of their peculiarities. With sincere regret we see in Buda-Pesth cylinder hats, dress-coats, and the long trousers, hiding the shape of the leg and destructive of all poetry, taking the place of the chivalrous Hungarian costume. What is the reason that the Magyars now appear only on great holidays (as on St. Stephen's day) in their shining *czismen* (cavalry boots), tight-fitting, richly braided breeches, flying fur-trimmed dolmans, and round *kalpaks* (hats), in which a plume gallantly points toward the sky? Why do we not see them more frequently in this costume on horseback? For they are capital horsemen, and seem with their steeds to form one single creature. Why do they no more carry their curved swords at their sides? If a Maria Theresa were to come to Hungary to-day she would, perhaps, find the same chivalrous spirit, but hidden away under claw-hammer coats and white neckties, as in the *blasé* audience of a first night at the opera. It would be a pity to lose the magnificent figure of the portly, broad-shouldered, well-fed Hungarian, whose round skull is covered with thick dark hair, whose half-shrewd, half-challenging eyes, shaded by bushy brows, express so much self-confidence, who wears above his necktie a narrow strip of beard, which frames his yellowish face, but whose chief mark of distinction is a defiant mustache, both of whose ends (by means of a kind of indestructible beard wax) have been made stiff and pointed, so that they stand out like two bayonets. For such a Hungarian, as he proudly strides along, flourishing his silver-headed cane, is, in truth, a lord of creation. By his genius for governing he asserts his supremacy over all other races resident in Hungary. Almost every Hungarian is an excellent orator, and as such no less fond of striking images and similes quietly presented than of that grand, kindling eloquence for which the Hungarian language is peculiarly well adapted, when the audience feel their flesh creep, clench their fists, and burst into frenzied shouts

of *Eljen!* Are we never more to see those bold election agents ride on their smart horses around the carriage of the recently elected member of Parliament, who stands up bareheaded, bowing in all directions? Are we henceforth to admire the Hungarian costume, with the richly colored, braided *burnus*, reaching almost to the earth, only on the persons of pompous janitors? Why can you not keep your picturesque attire, which constitutes the charm of your city? Do not lose yourselves in the general European indistinctness. We could more easily put up with the loss of the proud Magyar who promptly knocked down every one who ventured ever so slightly to step on his toes, but who with sweet quiescence finds it perfectly natural to have his fellow-men, of the lower classes, sentenced to twenty-five lashes, administered by a functionary in national costume with a waxed mustache. These five-and-twenty lashes have played no inconsiderable rôle in the popular education in Hungary.

No man is without his foibles, and it will therefore surprise no one to learn that the Hungarian also has some. A worthless minority of agitators, who through gambling and carousing have been reduced to poverty, and through violence hope to get on the top again, have even a good many. In the Hungarian women we purposely overlook any that may exist, for, without palaver, the Hungarian women are among the most beautiful in the world. They are not languishing, diaphanous creatures, composed of cobwebs and the odor of musk, with a sickly pallor or a hectic flush in their cheeks. No; erect and straight as a candle, hearty and vigorous to the core, the rare pictures of good health and abounding vitality. They are gifted with small feet, full arms, plump hands with tapering fingers, and wear long braids. The sun has spread a reddish-golden tint or a darker tone over the complexion. The Hungarian woman is not a beauty of classical contour, nor does she perhaps frequently present a riddle to the psychologist, and ethereal poets will scarcely find a theme in her for hypersentimental reveries. She is rather the vigorous embodiment of primeval womanhood.

As her exterior, so her whole character is enchantingly fresh and positive. She likes to eat well, is fond of a drop of wine, takes naturally to swimming, dancing,

gymnastics, and has not the least objection to being admired. Although not specially inclined to sentimental effusiveness, in one sense of the term, she may, in moments of love and passion, give a profoundly stirring expression to her emotions; she may clothe her sentiment in words of enrapturing *naïveté*, drawn from the depths of the national temperament, if it does not find utterance in the all-expressive "jai," whispered in the acme of ecstasy, accompanied by an ineffably blissful glance. This is true of the so-called girls of the people no less than of women of the higher classes, for grace and beauty know no difference between high and low, and often bestow upon a poor, barefooted, short-skirted peasant girl (with her face framed in a kerchief tied under the chin) the same enchanting form, the same graceful walk, the same magically attractive glance, as upon her more favored sister.

Perhaps it would now be in order to visit the casino of nobles, and listen there to political conversations, so as to become competent to estimate at its worth the important social and national mission of the nobility. Perhaps, too, we ought to pay our respects to all the national celebrities. We might also have paid a visit to the Parliament, and heard ancient revolutionists accuse the Prime Minister of all sorts of crimes, which accusations the Prime Minister receives with a quiet chuckle. We preferred, however, to saunter on the quay, and with delighted eyes to observe the sun-bathed fruits and melons in the market-place. The picturesque, many-colored confusion of buxom peasant girls, heaps of fruit, fragrant canteleups, bargaining and gesticulating customers, formed a sensuous symphony of colors, voices, and perfumes which was extremely effective. Our next preference was to take a stroll through Königsgasse, and let the turmoil of carriages, carts, peddlers, barefooted servant-girls, children, beggars, loafers, street dirt, small merchandise, and open omnibuses driving to the Stadtwäldchen defile before us. These omnibuses were probably once upon a time fresh as to color, and their leather upholstery uncracked. It was a perfect salad of men, horses, and conveyances—of persons and things—which crowded upon our view. Particularly we observed with pleasure the Hungarian peasant, with his tall shiny top-boots, his wide canvas

breeches, short cloth jacket, round hat, and, of course, an enormous mustache. He is not to be confounded with the Slovak, whose whole toilet consists of a coarse canvas shirt, and whose small eyes and upturned nose form an easily recognizable contrast to the features of the Hungarian type. We take an interest, too, in the gypsy, the expression of whose face alternates between a sly appreciation of his own advantage and well-acted humility. We watch the porters, often nude to the girdle, whose language is richly spiced with curses. Especially pleased we were at the sight of the beautiful peasant girl, with her short bunchy skirt, the embroidered bodice, the silk kerchief about her head, and a coy good-nature in her face. No end of services were offered us by the many peddlers and hucksters and other street characters in shabby, threadbare, and ragged clothes. And as we happen to be in a mood for confession, then let us just as well add that we are so hardened as not even to repent having fallen into "the Blue Cat." Yes, not to mince matters, into "the Blue Cat!" "The Blue Cat" is a low-ceiled, smoky place in the Königsgasse, where one drinks beer, and, leaning back in his seat with a cigar between his lips, gazes at a stage where, in a German jargon (which, by our soul, we did not always understand), songs were sung by ballad-singers, and where Hungarian girls in bold rhythms performed Hungarian folk-songs, which, unhappily, we were unable to translate into our language, but which, judging by the rapture, the hullabaloo, the enthusiastic *Eljen* and applause with which they were greeted by the audience, must have been extremely moving. Youthful representatives of the so-called aristocracy often come in a state of blissful intoxication to "the Blue Cat" for the purpose of making scandal. In a corner of the room sit a couple, full of an ardent desire to tell each other something which nobody else need know anything about, touching the perennial theme of love in its introductory stage.

In another place we witnessed a genuine Hungarian "czardas," which is danced in the highest as in the lowest circles, with the same passion and with the same inventiveness in the sequence and accumulation of *nuances* of exciting motion. For a "czardas" two young people are required—a young man and a girl of robust physique—and a gypsy band. If the

youth and the maiden are in love with each other, the "czardas" will be the more passionate, attractive, and fascinating. If they are not in love with each other, but dance only for the sake of dancing, it makes little difference, for the "czardas" is itself volcanic passion expressed in hops, leaps, and gestures. The gypsies play at first with measured rhythm. The dancers, who ought to wear the Hungarian costume, stand *vis-à-vis*, with their arms akimbo, and make short *chassez* motions with their legs, while gazing steadily into each other's eyes. So far one might call the dance a slightly peppered minuet. But soon the storm breaks loose. The gypsies change their rhythm. All the instruments give a sudden wail, as if quivering in the intervals between electric shocks; the action of the limbs becomes more rapid, with bolder *chassez* movements. The youth raises now one, now the other hand to his head, dances toward the girl, who roguishly tries to escape him, but again approaches him and again slips away, until, after a great deal of such playful teasing, she permits him to put his arm about her waist and to swing her about in a ring. Nothing can be more charming than this *allegro* which intervenes between the *andante* of the beginning and the bacchantic fury which is to follow. The music of the gypsies begins to rage, and infuses a wild glow into the excited blood of the dancers. Now the legs fairly twinkle as they fly to the right and to the left; the feet touch the floor, now with the heel and now with the toe, the cheeks burn, and the eyes are wide open. With the enraptured cry "Jai!" the youth grabs his head like a drunken man, while the girl, like a sylph, skips before him. The music fairly lashes them; the excited spectators burst into tremendous shouts of "Eljen!" until the dancers seize each other by the shoulders and spin about in a wild whirl.

And now to thee, thou small paradise, fair Margareten Insel, last in order of sequence, but not last in our affection! From the great quay in the middle of the city commodious steamers carry merry pleasure-seekers to the large green island in the Danube, adorned with old trees, shrubbery, and groves. Even if the Margareten Insel were only as nature made it—grass-grown, wooded, and cooled by soft breezes, having, moreover, an abundance of retired spots, where one might pleasant-

ly kill the time in sweet reveries, or with a dear friend discuss the affairs of the heart, while the waves of the Danube murmured mysteriously at our feet—it would still be a delightful bit of earth, which fancy might without effort populate with figures in the style of Watteau. But, at the instigation of the Archduke Joseph, ingenious man has transformed the island into a river-girt sanatorium, in which a large bathing establishment and a *Kur-saal* have been erected; and moreover a tramway has been laid, which runs the entire length of the island, and hospitable pavilions have been built, which afford pleasant shelter to promenaders. On the Margareten Insel one sees the beautiful women of Pesth walking about, refreshed by a recent bath, in bright costumes, laughing and merry, listening to the music. All day long the steamers carry passengers to and from the city. In a happy mood the stranger contemplates this ever-changing picture.

With the coming of evening the visit to the Margareten Insel culminates. The restaurants on the island are crowded with people. Under the ancient trees, whose branches gently creak and groan in the evening breeze, and whose crowns nod with mysterious confidence, heads of families, with their ever-hungry progeny, take their places at the small tables, which are lighted with torches. A romanticist may take offence at this desecration of the poetry of the place through prosaic nourishment; but the people of Pesth are not troubled with that kind of sentimentality. The waiters bring very respectable portions of highly seasoned food—chicken swimming in peppered cream sauce, veal in a sauce of cream and paprika (*Pörkelt*), and finally the classical "gulyas"—all to accompaniment of gypsy music.

Many a one will, perhaps, come to the conclusion that we have indulged in too much enthusiasm in our description of Buda-Pesth. Quite possible. The unfavorable sides of this city may have impressed others more than they did us. To be sure, much that is worthy of censure has not escaped our attention. But then it was not our intention to set up as a critic; nor do these cursory sketches make any pretense of including the entire life of the city. Wherever anything struck our fancy we simply put our photographing apparatus in order, in the hope of obtaining a fairly felicitous picture.

THE NEO-CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

BY THE VICOMTE EUGÈNE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.

IN the masterly study which he has just published on the religious state of France, M. Taine arrives at the following conclusions: during the past few years there has been a renewal of zeal and activity in the clergy, in the religious congregations, and in the flock of the faithful; the ascendancy of the Catholic faith has increased within these limited groups, while it has diminished in the popular masses of the towns and of the rural districts, which, by an insensible and slow reaction, are in course of becoming once more pagan.

The conclusions of the eminent historian may be accepted as being temporarily exact, so far as concerns the bulk of the French nation; but they leave out of the question the intellectual *élite* of the young generations, the nucleus of high culture wherein the directing ideas of the future are being elaborated—the writers, the professors, the students, the cultivated people in general who take an interest in philosophical speculations. This intellectual *élite* is at present passing through a very curious crisis of thought, the symptoms of which are not easy to discern. Let us endeavor to resume them, with the aid of some of the books that throw light upon the workings of the contemporary conscience. For the past year this subject of investigation has been on the order of the day in the newspapers and reviews; and hardly a week passes without bringing some new publications wherein young philosophers make an examination of their ideas. A writer already of repute, M. Édouard Rod, has recently presented to us a general exposition entitled "The Moral Ideas of the Present Time" (*Les Idées morales du Temps présent*), wherein he studies a state of mind which another writer, M. Lasserre, calls "The Christian Crisis" (*La Crise chrétienne*), and which a third writer, M. Pouilhan, names "The New Mysticism" (*Le nouveau Mysticisme*). All these authors are agreed in affirming that a period has just closed with the decline of the principal influences which French thought used to obey, and that a new period is beginning under the empire of other influences that are still confused. Before ascertaining in what this meta-

morphosis consists, let us first of all call to mind what the French freethinker was during the preceding phase.

In the first half of this century the French freethinker was, above all things, Voltairian. He had added scarcely anything to the ironical negations of the eighteenth century. For that matter, religious incredulity in the freethinker was merely one of the aspects of the revolutionary instinct, and formed part of his political opinions; he pursued with the same hatred God, kings, and priests, because these words symbolized the abhorred vestiges of the Old Régime. The philosophy of the French middle classes of those days finds its most exact expression in the songs of Béranger and in the poems of the old age of Victor Hugo. Mockery had been the arm most successfully employed by the philosophers of the eighteenth century in demolishing faith, and there remained in consequence a tendency to ridicule all who seriously accepted religious practices. How strong is the sentiment of ridicule in France is well known. Human respect, in the sense which the catechism gives to this expression, is a purely French weakness. The firmest believers required, then, considerable courage to manifest their convictions by outward signs and to brave the smiles of the indifferent.

After 1848, at the close of a brief awakening of religious idealism, the simultaneous progress of all the sciences increased unbelief, but modified its nature in cultivated persons. At that epoch the scientific spirit monopolized the prime forces of thought, and took the place of the literary spirit; by a necessary consequence, the negation of religious ideas ceased to be a rhetorical exercise, and assumed an eminently scientific and much more serious character. The discoveries of the physical sciences caused the triumph of a purely mechanical conception of the universe; the new impetus of the historical and philological sciences seemed to ruin forever the authority of legends and ancient texts. The results of German criticism penetrated into France, and completed the destructive work of the eighteenth century by changing the method of attack. M. Renan adapted this new

arm to the requirements of our national mind, and vulgarized it by ridding it of the heavy apparatus of German erudition. In one of M. Renan's books, published recently, but written in the days of his youth, "The Future of Science" (*L'Avenir de la Science*), we are enabled to grasp the new and very sincere faith which served the most distinguished men of his generation in lieu of religion—the faith in science as being susceptible of indefinite progress, capable of satisfying the intelligence by expounding the universe to it, and of alone procuring the happiness of men by satisfying all their material and moral needs. This faith animated those who were about to become the masters of French thought, M. Littré and M. Taine; it was corroborated by influences from outside, and especially from England, with the works of Spencer and of Stuart Mill, and with the theories of Darwin, to which France gave extreme conclusions that the English philosopher had not allowed himself to entertain. The famous book of Draper, *The Conflicts of Science and of Religion*, would resume exactly enough the state of mind of intellectual circles at the end of the second empire and the beginning of the third republic.

The doctrines of some mighty masters and their scientific faith had slowly sunk into the average intellects, in the university, in the influential press, and in all the centres of ideas. In proportion as they reached lower intellectual strata, these doctrines lost the studious serenity which they had maintained on the heights, and at the same time they combined with the still vigorous tradition of Voltairianism, and with the spirit of opposition to the clerical empire, and later to the monarchical assemblies which essayed to restore the throne and the altar. When the men who had been brought up in this current of thought arrived in power, about 1880, they neglected nothing in order to realize in the republic the ideal of their youth; they imposed the heaviest sacrifices upon the state for the purposes of popular education, with the conviction that they were at last going to annihilate Christianity, and convert the whole nation to the new religion of science. Indeed, it may be said that within the past six years science has become the official religion of the French government. The adversaries of this government have refused to

see in its policy anything but a system of absurd vexations; this, however, is a too depreciatory view to take of an effort which originated in serious convictions, at any rate amongst the adepts of the new faith; history will doubtless assimilate their vain attempt to that of the Emperor Julian, the honest and blind philosopher who tried to check the development of Christianity.

Thus, in the years that have elapsed since 1880, the religious sentiment seemed to have received a mortal stroke. Outside of the group of militant Catholics, and they were in a very small minority in the professions wherein is formed the thought that directs the public mind, everything seemed to have conspired against this sentiment—the official action of the legal power, the old Voltairianism of the middle classes, the scientific disdain of the studios, the coarse naturalism of the literary men. We might well have supposed that the generation which was submitted to this decisive test would be definitely emancipated from all religious preoccupation. It is precisely the contrary which has come to pass.

While all the conscious forces of the intelligence were working to destroy the religious want in young souls, historical circumstances were conspiring in the opposite direction, and unconsciously preparing those souls for an irresistible renaissance of the eternal want.

The French children who were born just before 1870 grew up in an atmosphere of patriotic mourning and amidst the discouragement of defeat. National life, such as it became reconstituted after that terrible shock, revealed to them on all sides nothing but abortive hopes, paltry struggles of interest, and a society without any other hierarchy but that of money, and without other principle or ideal than the pursuit of material enjoyment. Literature, which is the dominant passion in most young minds when college days are over, reflected those same tendencies; it was dejected or vile, and distressed the heart by its artistic dryness, or disgusted it by its trivial realism. Science itself, that science which for a quarter of a century had been the principal nourishment of free minds, and the only lofty aspiration of the new governing classes, began to appear to many what it is in reality, namely, a means and not an end; its prestige declined, and its in-

fallibility was questioned. Then there happened, what always happens at all epochs of great expansion of knowledge: at the first moment this irradiation of light seems to brighten the whole horizon, and man believes himself to be freed forever from the gloom wherein he was feeling his way darkly; but soon the impatient spirits spring further forward, beyond the luminous zone; the magnified horizon retires before their eyes, and the gloom grows there once more, thicker than ever. Above all, it was clear from too evident social symptoms that if science can satisfy some very distinguished minds, it can do nothing to moralize and discipline societies; criminal statistics loudly proclaimed this inefficacy.

Finally it was perceived that scientific criticism, conducted with all liberty and sincerity, had insensibly produced effects very different from those which its official protectors expected. It had acted like a too powerful mine, which blows up the miner's rampart at the same time as the enemy's columns. For a hundred years after the destruction of the religious and political dogmas of the past, France had lived as best she could on some few fragile dogmas, which had in their turn been consecrated by a naïve superstition; these dogmas were the principles of 1789—the almightiness of reason, the efficacy of absolute liberty, the sovereignty of the people—in a word, the whole *credo* of the Revolution. In truth, the champions of the past had not ceased to attack the principles that took the place of their own; but these old-fashioned attacks merely fortified the faith of the people in the new gospel. In order to shake that faith, it was necessary that human reason, proclaimed infallible, should turn its arms against itself; the fortress would have to be dismantled by those whose mission it was to defend it. And that is what happened. Scientific criticism, after having ruined old dogmatism, finally took it into its head that it was its business to verify afresh, and when once started upon this path, it made as short work of the Revolutionary legend as of the monarchical one, and showed itself as pitiless for the rights of man as it had been for the rights of God. The restrictions of theologians as to the liberty and the native goodness of the human creature have been confirmed and soon surpassed by the decisions of independent science. M. Taine was the

first to take charge of the grand liquidation. This redoubtable thinking machine was sufficient to pulverize the whole frail edifice that had been laboriously built up within a century; and as this man, this thinking machine, M. Taine, is venerable by reason of his austere love of truth, as his honest and mighty genius is justly the pride of our race and of our time, his action upon contemporary intellects has had incalculable effects. The breach which he opened has been widened by many others. At the present time, for independent and reflective minds, the new dogmatism is still more difficult to accept than the old; and this latter destruction having made a clean sweep of all certain notions, these minds have sunk into absolute emptiness.

All these causes combined sufficiently explain the nihilism and pessimism which invaded the souls of the young during the past ten years. At the very moment when the politicians, after having shaped society to their mind, were celebrating the definite emancipation of man by science and the conquests of the Revolution, all the philosophical and literary productions of the young generations manifested gloomy despair. They replied to the official apotheoses by a unanimous confession of impotence, scepticism, and premature lassitude. Clear-sighted boys analyzed life with vigor and a precision unknown to their predecessors; having analyzed it, they found it bad; they turned away from life with fear and horror. We are now witnessing this singular phenomenon: while our material civilization is multiplying its prodigies, and placing at the disposal of man all the forces of nature, while that civilization is increasing tenfold the intensity of life in a society where life offers enjoyments only to the leisured and cultured classes, behold we hear sounding on the peaks of intelligence a great cry of discouragement: "Beware of deceitful nature, fear life, emancipate yourself from life!"

This cry was uttered first by the masters of contemporary thought, a Schopenhauer, a Taine, a Tolstoi; below them thousands of humbler voices repeat it in chorus. According to each one's turn of mind, the new philosophy assumed shades different in appearance—Buddhist nirvana, atheistic nihilism, mystic asceticism; but all these theories proceed from the same sentiment, and all these doctrines

may be reduced to the same formula. "Let us depreciate life, let us escape from its snares." Rationalists, sceptics, atheists, the minds that are most emancipated from religious beliefs, return by a different route to the state of thought of an Indian yogui, of an Egyptian anchorite of the second century, or of a scholastic monk of the eleventh century, with the only difference that they do not make the demon intervene. They denounce in the same terms as of old the pitfalls of nature, of the flesh, and of life. And as the most terrible of these pitfalls is love, and as love is the creator and the triumphal sign of life, it is love that the monks of science attack with most obstinacy, tearing from it the amiable veil with which humanity has been pleased to adorn it, and leaving it only its animal character; they lay bare its original uncleanness and proclaim its duplicity. If we look closely into the matter we can see that this philosophical conspiracy against love is gaining ground every day, even in frivolous and gallant Paris; we find the traces of it in French imaginative literature, and in the bitter irony of the emancipated stage.

I have mentioned the name of Tolstôï. He is incontestably the writer who has had most influence upon the moral tendencies of the young generation. All the young people whom you question on this subject make the same answer. I need not once more dwell upon the analysis of Tolstôï's ideas; they are as well known in America as they are in France. The Russian author has had the same rapid fortune all over the world, because he came at a psychological moment. When I undertook to translate and make known his works in France, I did not anticipate that they would be appreciated outside the limits of a small literary circle. All the experts told me that the Latin genius would prove refractory to the conceptions of this Slav. They were reckoning without taking into account a phenomenon which has become more and more apparent during the past few years, and which will characterize in history the curious epoch in which we are living. In the cultivated classes the ethnic differences are becoming effaced; the particular genius of each race loses every day somewhat of its individual physiognomy, and gives place to a universal genius which is sensibly the same for all intelligences within the civilized world. This result is due to our

modern cosmopolitanism, to the facility of relations, and to the general emancipation of minds. The uniformity of modern dress is merely the exterior sign of the uniformity that is being created in minds. The world already experienced one of these periods of fusion in the first centuries of our era. In spite of the diversity of races and idioms in the Roman Empire, superior thought lived on the same stock of ideas at Rome, at Antioch, at Alexandria, and at Salonica, from the Gauls to the Euphrates. Rome in creating political unity had amalgamated minds. In our own times unity of civilization is accomplishing the same work with still greater force and rapidity. This work will doubtless be completed in the next century. It is visible that a mysterious hand is equalizing the ground for some great building, the foundations of which will then become discernible. At the present moment all that we can see is a sad pile of ruins, from which the new spirit is with difficulty emerging. The thought of Count Tolstôï will have been one of the principal stimulants of this new spirit.

He was, indeed, well prepared to catch the ear of his contemporaries who could write in his religious confession: "I have lived in this world fifty-five years. With the exception of fourteen or fifteen years of childhood, I lived for thirty-five years a nihilist in the proper sense of the term; not a socialist and a revolutionist according to the perverted sense that usage has given to the word, but nihilist—that is to say, *empty of all faith*." Having conceived a horror of this emptiness, Tolstôï sought to fill it up. Throughout his great novels and philosophical works we can now follow and measure the evolution of this magnificent thought, just as we can follow in the firmament the parabola of a brilliant meteor. During the past forty years it has been reflected in the successive souls of a character which under different names is one and the same. Each of these souls fixes a moment of the evolution. In the author's first youth, Olénine, in the *Cossacks*, has a taste for life, and feels the joy of it; he proclaims life to be good in its simplest and most natural manifestations. Later, the heroes of *War and Peace* and of *Anna Karénine* steal away from this seduction of life, and rise above it, in order the better to examine it and seek its hidden meaning. Nev-

ertheless, they still accept life, admire the mystery of it, and comprehend it in all its aspects, with its necessary complexity. Little by little we see dawn in Lévine—the character in which Tolstoï has most completely incarnated himself—a lurking distrust of life. And in proportion as this personage is transformed in later works, such as the *Popular Tales*, *The Death of Ivan Ilitch*, etc., he no longer admits the multiple and luxuriant forms of life, but tries to limit it, and recognizes the legitimacy of it only in the humblest creatures, in the primary beings, like the Russian peasant. Finally, the *Sonate à Kreutzer* shows him entirely disgusted with life, and pronouncing against it an absolute condemnation. He would like to smother life, and dry it up in its well-spring, which is love. He no longer tolerates the realities of life, but takes refuge in an abstract ideal.

Contemporary youth has found its image in this blurred mirror. Certainly we should find very few young Frenchmen disposed to follow Tolstoï in the exaggerations of his old age, and to the extreme conclusions of his ruthless logic. But most young Frenchmen applaud his vigorous sarcasms against the falsehoods of civilization and against the roguery of human reason; and most of them feel, as he does, the need of discovering outside of themselves some reason to live, and with the greatest readiness they countersign that page of his confessions where Tolstoï has spoken for all of them: "I lost faith early in life. I lived for a while, like all the world, on the vanities of life. I practised literature, and, like the others, I taught that which I did not know. Then the Sphinx set to pursuing me, crueler than ever. 'Guess my riddle, or I will devour you.' Human science explained nothing to me. To my eternal question—the only question of importance—'Why do I live?' science replied by teaching me other things of which I take no heed. With science the only thing to be done was to join the time-honored chorus of the sages, Solomon, Socrates, Çakya-Mouni, and Schopenhauer, and repeat after them, Life is an absurd evil. At last I had the idea of seeing how the immense majority of men live, those men who do not, as we of the self-styled superior classes, give themselves up to the speculations of thought, but toil and suffer, and are yet tranquil and well-informed as to the aim

of life. I understood that we must live like this multitude, and return to its simple faith. But my reason could not accommodate itself to the corrupt teaching which the church imparts to the simple, and then I set about studying this teaching more closely, and separating the elements of superstition from the elements of truth."

I have quoted this passage because it defines as exactly as possible the state of soul of those who are called neo-christians. The appellation is a bad one, having been created without reflection for the requirements of journalism; however, we cannot but be content with it, seeing that it has now been sanctioned by common usage. Let us examine in detail some of the symptoms of this state of soul, such as has existed in France during the past two or three years.

One of the first symptoms is a sympathetic curiosity for religious questions and for that whole order of ideas which the elder generations set aside with contempt as old wives' tales. In the new laws revealed by the sciences of mind and of nature, the young French thinkers are disposed to look for that which can confirm the ancient intuitions of theology, and to continue under other names the traditions wherein the wisdom of the past has been concentrated. It is not long since it would have raised a smile in the French high schools if anybody had invoked the authority of Saint Thomas Aquinas in order to corroborate a fact of experimental psychology. Nowadays such comparisons are welcomed, and make men reflect. The movement in this direction grows stronger in proportion with the reaction against the philosophic ideas of the eighteenth century. The professors who are most eagerly listened to are those who, like MM. Brunetière and Faguet, battle with a sort of irritation against the spirit of the eighteenth century, and not unfrequently go back to Christian sources in order to support their independent conclusions.

These tendencies have changed the mutual relations of the students in all the French high schools. The majority, who have no fixed beliefs, show a quite new toleration and kindly feeling towards the openly Catholic minority. These latter no longer need courage in order to affirm their faith and to practise it. On the contrary, by a characteristic reaction, it is the antiquated sarcasms of Voltairianism that are nowadays received with smiles and

shrugging of the shoulders; disrespectful attacks upon religion irritate the young Frenchmen of the present day as something old-fashioned, and as an evidence of bad taste and weak-mindedness. It is a considerable sign in France when ridicule changes its object, and passes from one camp to the other. The humor of opposition natural to youth has some share in this change of attitude. When the government was clerical, the young men thought it their bounden duty to be sacrilegious; since the government has taken to ill-treating the Church, the young men have conceived a liking for the victim.

We must also take into account the religious side of that sentiment which now for some time past has taken the first place in hearts and minds; I mean socialism. Here, again, the influence of the Russian novelists, together with the great current of pity which they have brought into literature, has played a preponderating rôle. The "religion of human suffering" has made numerous adepts; for want of a more definite faith many hearts have sought refuge there. Men's minds were thus prepared to be beset by that social question which historical circumstances were about to bring to the front, and which at the present moment takes precedence over all other problems in Europe. French young men are, for the most part, indifferent and sceptical in political matters. The passions which inflamed their predecessors do not touch them; but, on the other hand, they are almost all socialists, if we understand by that word a sympathy, more or less reasoned and more or less active, for the actual efforts of the working classes. This infatuation has indeed become so general in France that it would be astonishing if we did not find the young men in the vanguard. The claims of the working classes are in direct opposition to the individualist principles of the revolutionary and philosophical catechism. Modern history goes to the institutions of the past to look for the type by which it tends to reorganize itself. Like the rest of the world, our young observers are struck by so unexpected a reaction, and they are none the less struck when they see the Church returning to the primitive evangelical tradition, and taking its share of direction in the movement that is carrying nations with it. The bold initiative of the prelates of England and

America—of Cardinals Gibbons, Ireland, and Manning—gave the signal. The pastors and some groups of parishioners in the continental churches of Germany, Switzerland, and France followed, timidly at first, and then with increasing resolution. Finally Rome spoke, and the last encyclic of Leo XIII. showed clearly towards which side its sympathies would henceforward incline. This very remarkable evolution is contributing to bring together in one common aspiration the believers and the freethinkers, whose only resolve is the good of the people. The adhesion of the French clergy to the republican régime has done away with the last prejudices that remained. This adhesion is confirmed every day by new instances, and the clergy is thus resuming its place in the life of the nation, whereas formerly it seemed to have shut itself up outside of that life. The sectarians and the old politicians look with alarm upon this change of attitude, but the young patriots applaud so desirable a reconciliation.

In literature these new-comers declare themselves disgusted with naturalism and scandalized by dilettanteism. They require their writers to have seriousness and moral inspiration. They have a marked taste for what is nowadays called "symbolism," that is to say, a form of art which, although painting reality, is constantly bringing reality once more into communication with the mystery of the universe. And as the models of this kind have been given by the mystic authors of the great epochs of faith, we see unbelieving men of letters who read with delight and praise above all things the *Imitation of Christ* and the writings of Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint François de Sales.

Does this mean that these thirsters after spiritual life justify literally the appellation of neo-christians which has been given to them? Not at all, if we attach to the term any idea of a formal return to orthodoxy. Their reason still revolts too strongly against the rigidity of dogma. The religion of science in which they have grown up retains the strongest hold upon their intelligence; and in spite of the deceptions which I have mentioned, they cannot make up their mind to abjure it. As long as they cannot see the possibility of fully conciliating their scientific conception of the universe and of man with the teaching of the Church, they will

repudiate the latter. They make desperate efforts to invent a religious and a moral ideal on the margin of the traditional doctrine. Extreme and unbalanced minds seek this ideal in spiritism; others wait patiently, with the hope that dogma will become transformed, and lend itself to the interpretations of science; the majority let themselves be rocked in the lap of a vague mysticism. They flutter around faith like iron filings around a magnet, secretly attracted by it, and yet not strongly enough to adhere firmly to it.

If proofs are needed of the very general movement which I am attempting to characterize, all that we have to do is to open the books of the observers mentioned in the beginning of this study. These observers are not open to suspicions, for they all remain intrenched in their independent positions outside of the pale of revealed religion, but nevertheless they are unanimous in affirming the violence of the new current. M. Rod, in his *Moral Ideas of the Present Time*, reduces all these ideas to a curve, which he makes out to start from M. Renan and the "negative minds," and to end in the "positive minds," such as Tolstoi and his French interpreters. He concludes as follows: "No great clear-sightedness is required in order to perceive that this positive current has gained in volume and force by as much as the negative current has lost. It began feebly; ten years ago it was scarcely perceptible, and those sagacious people who prefer to read the future rather than the present predicted, not without some show of reason, the approach of a new era in which humanity would throw away its two old crutches, morality and religion, and would advance with a light step in the path of free thought beneath the sunshine of science. And, behold, facts are now giving the lie most flagrantly to these augurs. Many ideas and beliefs which might have been thought to have fallen definitively into disfavor and almost into ridicule are resuming their old place, so that the cult of the ideal, formerly banished as absurd, is coming to life again in new forms, and the young men of the present day are beginning once more to celebrate morality and religion with the same enthusiasm as the young men of 1848 showed in celebrating science and freethinking."

M. Pouilhan, a philosopher of the positivist school, brings us identical testimony

in his *New Mysticism*. He qualifies in severe terms the period whence we are issuing. "Intellectual and Moral Anarchy," such is the title of the chapter which he devotes to the subject. He shows that this anarchy ought to engender a reaction, and that the reaction is already commencing. "At the present time," he writes, "we are witnessing the formation of a new spirit—I mean a new general way of considering man and the universe—a logical *ensemble* of ideas, beliefs, and sentiments; and this spirit, which is still far from having its definitive form, seems destined to differ notably from the spirit that preceded it, and even, as might be expected, to be directly opposed to it in certain respects. . . . The scientific spirit, the religious spirit, pity for suffering, the sentiment of justice, social mysticism, the attraction of mysterious facts which we begin to see developing, a gentle need of universal harmony—such are the principal elements out of which the new spirit is composed."

The most instructive testimony for us is that of M. Lasserre, the author of *The Christian Crisis*. M. Lasserre is a young student, and he attempts to express the sentiments of his comrades. In the very beginning of his book he is careful to take up his position as a resolute free-thinker, and he insists upon his unbelief with the somewhat boastful warmth of his years. This point being established, he proceeds to draw up a merciless act of accusation against all the political, social, and philosophical ideas of the revolutionary cycle. *A Hundred Years' Dream* is the title under which he judges and condemns the intellectual inheritance of the Revolution. We should need to quote every page of the book in order to show the bitterness of this criticism and the complete rupture between the young men of to-day and the liberalism of the preceding generations. "A fermentation, regrettable according to some, but none the less incontestable, is taking place in the majority of thinking heads. We have arrived at the expiration of a lease. The intellectual edifice in which we have been living for the past forty years no longer pleases us. The solutions that used to satisfy now disgust us, and those which once filled us with enthusiasm are withering before our eyes. This movement, real and profound as I believe, is destined perhaps to seriously

transform our conception of the universe, but the meaning and the future of which we cannot venture to predict without laying ourselves open to the charge of thoughtlessness. I do not pretend that faith is to be the last word of a crisis which is only just beginning. I cannot say. Any affirmation on this score would be premature. The best thing that we can do is to seek without prejudice what germs and what possibilities of true Christianity are really hidden in the moral growth that we are witnessing. But I know well that this crisis has only two possible issues, Christianity and paganism, to use a term which we shall need to explain. . . . During the past fourteen centuries there has not been expressed in Europe a single idea that can be comprehended and appreciated without taking into account its relation with the Gospel. . . . Science will not be, as some have maintained, the supreme form and the total and definitive manifestation of the religious sentiment. The kind of scientific faith whose glorious confession M. Renan formulated forty years ago is now approaching its decline. Certainly science is not losing courage. Science has not come to a standstill; it works with the mighty regularity of a public service; but it no longer recruits enthusiastic partisans outside of the circle of its adepts; it has ceased to speak to men's hearts, and it will soon speak no longer to their imaginations. . . . The present crisis is merely the very simple protestation of young and healthy consciences against the artificial régime which the last-comers of the preceding generation ardently advocate, although they affect an indifferent air. These young consciences feel something living and palpitating within them that bursts the bonds of science in which men have sought to imprison them entirely."

I might multiply these quotations, and borrow others from works of a similar nature which appear every week, and bear witness to the rapid metamorphosis of the young generations. In order to complete the demonstration it would be necessary to record the counterpart of these appeals to the future, and to note the cries of terror that may be heard in the crumbling edifice. The writers who are devoted to the cause of the revolutionary and anti-religious programme utter bitter lamentations, and predict the end of time.

Indeed, the expression of their astonishment is sometimes as comic as the horror of a hen who has hatched ducklings.

Doubtless these subterranean slippings of the French soil can with difficulty be perceived by foreigners. Indeed, if foreigners content themselves with listening to the rumors of Paris and taking a superficial view of France, if they derive their information from the artificial literature of the boulevard, from the noisy rehashes of the newspapers, and from the antiquated speeches of the politicians, they may well believe that nothing has changed. But if they would take the trouble to live with the professors and the students, to read serious publications, to follow the lectures of the Sorbonne, and sit on the benches of the schools of law and of medicine, they would at once discern the silent labor that is going on within the brain of the nation, in the intellectual centre whence the influences of the future will start.

To resume my essay, I would say that the young men of independent and cultivated thought are still for the most part refractory to any positive religion, but their prejudices against the religious idea have disappeared, and they sometimes even go to the point of declared sympathy. The sense of the eternal mystery has returned to their souls. That which most strongly dominates these young intellects is the instinct of the relation between things and the deep roots that the real has in the invisible, in other words, the sentiment of solidarity between men, the need of being associated in that universal human vibration which is the latent electricity of the moral world. In the new generations we notice the reappearance of one of the essential elements of the French race, namely, the collective and fraternal soul—democracy, as it is called nowadays—of the old Celtic and Gaulish stock, the soul of the forests and the mists, early oppressed by the hard Roman discipline, by the limiting and hierarchic spirit of these Latins who came from a country of rocks and clear skies. The local genius recovered courage when the Germans came, and found food appropriate to its temperament in the gospel of the fishers of Galilee. Since then the soil of France has been the field of a perpetual battle between the two tendencies. The Roman spirit triumphed in the exterior organization of French society, fash-

ioned the civil administration and the ecclesiastical organization, and inspired the great constructors of France, Philippe le Bel, Louis XI., Richelieu, Louis XIV., Napoleon. But below them the anterior soul revealed its persistency by the most opposite manifestations, such as the communes, the crusades, the monastic orders, and the revolutionists of all creeds. It produced indifferently a Peter the Hermit, a Saint Vincent de Paul, a Mirabeau, or a Saint-Simon and his disciples. This soul is once more cropping out. Everything announces the rising of the old sap. Everything is changing. Politicians, philosophers, writers, poets—all the dominations which have been accepted for a century past are shaken in their foundations; the new-comers escape from their grasp.

What will come of this gestation? I have here undertaken an objective study of the present moment; I will not incur the ridicule of venturing upon prophecy. Some believe that the neo-christians, as they are called with derision rather than with exactness, will simply become once more ordinary Christians, and return to the fold of the Church unconditionally. Others are of opinion that the full and complete reconciliation can only be accomplished by mutual concessions and by the abandonment or the transformation of such dogmas as are most disturbing for the scientific mind. The dreamers and the enthusiasts hope for a complement of Messianic revelation, and await the divine message which will answer the new wants of the human conscience. For my part, I am very much struck by an idea which I have come across in M. Boutmy's excellent work on the religious state of America. According to the learned professor, the North American is more and more indifferent to disputes about dogma, while at the same time he demands of religion more and more moral nourishment and social discipline. M. Boutmy attributes these effects to the intensity of the struggle for life in a very young, very laborious, and very individualistic society. The individual has all the more need of spiritual support in proportion as he feels himself more isolated in the battle of life, while he has the less leisure for theological subtleties as all his faculties are absorbed in this battle. French democracy is evidently tending to model

itself on the conditions of American life; the same causes will perhaps produce the same effects; the coming generations of France, less tormented by the scholastic genius, will pay little heed to what there may be at the bottom of a dogma, and will not look at the shape of the vase which will pour out for them the indispensable moral remedy.

Whatever may be the effective results of the neo-christian crisis, they will require a long time to come to a head; and when the religious idea has conquered the cultivated classes, it will have to reconquer by a slow process of infiltration the people at large, whom M. Taine has shown us returning to paganism. Popular beliefs have persisted obstinately beneath the unbelief of higher spheres, and yielded only gradually to the preaching of incredulity. They will be born again with the same slowness, as a consequence of preaching in the opposite sense. But once more I must confine myself to observation, and not allow myself to indulge in predictions as to the future. We are in presence of a nebula which is forming and wandering in the celestial space. The Creator alone knows the hour and the place which he has marked for the condensation of this nebula into a star, and for giving it the solidity and brightness of an organized world.

However imperfect and vague the nebula may be, men of good will prefer it to the gloom from which we are issuing. They are of opinion that the search after the ideal is a great sign of the raising up of France, where everything was on the point of sinking into gross realism, both characters and minds, both public morality and the intellectual productions. Those who have been the artisans of the present movement have the right to think that they have not lost their day's work; and since the writer of these pages has been often mocked for the modest part which he has taken in the movement, may he be here allowed to claim openly his share. He believes to-day that he has rendered his country a service in making known this renovation of the French conscience to the reflective minds of the New World, to the many friends of France who, from the other side of the ocean, are watching with sympathetic interest everything that can maintain and increase moral force in the fatherland of Lafayette and Rochambeau.

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

Farce.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERTS.

Mrs. Roberts, looking in upon her husband from the door of the library in their apartment at Hotel Beltingham: "Well, you've got rid of him, Edward."

Roberts: "Yes, at last, thank Heaven!" He continues writing at his table, without looking up, as he answers his wife. "But I thought he never would go, at one time. He isn't a bad kind of fellow, for an Englishman, and if I hadn't been so busy with this paper, I shouldn't have minded his staying. Of course he was nationally English, but personally he was rather nice. Still it was a terrible interruption, just at this moment."

Mrs. Roberts: "Why didn't you hint to him, somehow, to go away?"

Roberts: "Well, I couldn't do that, you know. I really liked him. He was so very amiable."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, his being amiable is no excuse. You're amiable yourself, Edward — too amiable, if anything. I don't call it amiable to take up almost a full hour of your precious time. I should think any one who came in and saw how busy you were, now, would go away if he had a heart of stone. No, I can't believe he was truly amiable; and I must really do something to protect you from these constant interruptions. How do you think I'd better do it?"

Roberts, writing: "Do what?"

Mrs. Roberts, sinking into a chair, and folding her hands in her lap: "Protect you from these interruptions."

Roberts, writing: "Protect *who*?"

Mrs. Roberts: "You, Edward. My heart bleeds for you, to see you so driven with your work, and then people coming in and sitting down, and talking to you. I must stop it."

Roberts, writing: "Oh, yes. Stop what?"

Mrs. Roberts: "These perfectly killing interruptions. I should think you would go crazy."

Roberts, writing: "Who?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Why you, you poor

thing. I think it's worse than cruelty to animals."

Roberts, writing: "Worse than cruelty to animals. Worse — Why what nonsense is this you've made me write, Agnes?" He looks up at her in a daze. "What do you want, Agnes? And do state it succinctly, my dear!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Why, I didn't know but you'd asked him to stay to lunch."

Roberts, writing again: "No; I didn't really feel that I could give the time. I should have liked to do so, and I suppose it was rather shabby not to. It was the least he could have expected." He continues writing. "But I've done the next best thing. I've given him a letter of introduction to Uncle Philip, and he will glut him with all kinds of hospitality when he gets to New York."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes." After a moment. "Do you think it was quite right, Edward?"

Roberts, looking up: "Right? What right?"

Mrs. Roberts: "To put him off on your uncle, if you didn't like him yourself?"

Roberts: "But I *did* like him. I liked him as well as it's possible to like any Englishman, on short notice. You have to know an Englishman several days before you're sure you like him; but this one was really very pleasant, and I told Uncle Philip he would probably find him so, unless I was greatly deceived. But now, Agnes, you must really let me go on—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Surely, Edward, you didn't put that into a letter of introduction?"

Roberts, laughing: "That I would have to leave open for him to read? Well, I'm not quite so bad as *that*, Agnes. I wrote a letter to Uncle Philip, to go through the post, and I told him that as soon as he got through the crust of a rather insular manner, and a most unaccountable enthusiasm for Americans, I'd no doubt he'd find my Englishman charming. You couldn't suppose I'd put all that in a letter of introduction?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Of course not. But you know you *are* so absent-minded, my dear, and I couldn't help being a little afraid—"

Roberts: "Your fears come too late, my dear. The Englishman is gone, and both the letters with him. Now you must let me finish this—"

Mrs. Roberts, rising to her feet in amazement: "Both the letters with him?"

Roberts: "Yes: I knew he would pass the letter-box on the corner, and I asked him to drop Uncle Philip's letter in it."

Mrs. Roberts: "Wasn't that rather peculiar, Edward?"

Roberts, with vexation: "Peculiar? No! What was peculiar about it?"

The Voices, in the anteroom, without, of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Campbell:—

He: "In the library? Well, we'll just push right in on them."

She: "And Mrs. Roberts is there too?"

Roberts: "Oh, good heavens! Go out, Agnes, and stop them! Take them into the parlor a moment, do, till I get this—"

Mrs. Roberts: "You *know* I can't do that, Edward!" To Mrs. Campbell, at the door: "Ah! Come in, Amy! I'm so glad to see you." The ladies kiss, and Campbell follows his wife in.

II.

MR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL; THE ROBERTSES.

Campbell: "And so is Roberts; but he doesn't look it. Hope I don't interrupt you, Roberts, as people say when they know they do."

Roberts, who has pushed away his writing, and risen to greet the intruders with forced gayety: "How do you do, Amy? No; I was just getting to the end of my morning's work, Willis."

Campbell: "Well, it'll do you good to break off before you reach the very tip, then. Keep you from having that tired feeling, you know. What you need is a little dynamite to blast you out of your chair, here, every morning at half past twelve. If you keep on writing close up to lunch, you'll spoil your digestion."

Roberts: "Well, I sha'n't *this* morning. I've had an Englishman here for the last hour, and I feel as if I could digest almost anything."

Mrs. Campbell: "Why, it must have been *your* Englishman, then, whom we

met at the corner, as we came here! There, Willis! I told you it was an Englishman!"

Campbell: "I couldn't believe it: he was so confoundedly agreeable, and he had so much of that English brogue, when he spoke, that I thought he must be a New-Yorker."

Mrs. Roberts: "Why, how came he to talk with you?"

Campbell: "Well, he was hanging round a telegraph pole, trying to post a letter in the fire-alarm box. He said he'd been asked to post it by a gentleman who had told him there was a letter-box at the first corner, and the fire-alarm looked like it. I had to take him by the elbow, and steer him across the street to the green box on the lamp post. He didn't seem to like the way it opened its mouth at the top like a dying frog, but he risked his letter in it, anyway."

Mrs. Roberts: "There, Edward!"

Campbell: "Hello! Where does Roberts come in?" Mrs. Roberts maintains a reproachful silence, and Campbell turns to Roberts: "Look here, Roberts, what have you been doing? It wasn't *you* who gave that poor young Englishman that letter to post?"

Roberts, trying to put a bold face upon it: "Nonsense! Certainly I did. I had given him a letter of introduction to Uncle Philip—he thinks he may go on to New York to-night, by the boat—and I asked him to post the letter I wrote to advise Uncle Philip of his coming. That's all."

Mrs. Roberts: "Of course it was all right. But it seemed a little odd when Edward first told me."

Campbell: "Did you make your uncle the usual little confidences about the introducee, in your letter of advice?"

Roberts: "I told him I knew he would like him after he had got through his insular manner."

Campbell: "And then you got him to post the letter! Well, it *was* something like seething the kid in its mother's milk, Agnes."

Mrs. Campbell: "What a disgusting idea! Mr. Roberts, don't mind him! He isn't *worth* it. His one idea is to tease."

Roberts: "I see what you mean, Campbell. But of course he couldn't know what was in it, and it seemed very simple and natural to get him to drop it in the box."

Campbell: "It was simple, and it was very natural. A less absent-minded man's wife might have told him it wasn't exactly delicate, even if the fellow couldn't have known what was in it."

Mrs. Campbell: "And in *you* it would have been indelicate; but with Mr. Roberts it's a very different thing."

Campbell: "Oh yes; I know! Absent-mindedness. Well, Roberts, you'll get yourself into an awful mess with your absent-mindedness some day. How do you know he didn't know what was in the letter to your uncle?"

Roberts, with some scorn: "Why, simply because I sealed it before I gave it to him."

Campbell: "And did you seal the letter of introduction?"

Roberts: "Of course not!"

Campbell: "Oh, you didn't! Then how do you know that you didn't seal up the letter of introduction, and give him the letter of advice to carry with him?"

Roberts: "Because I *know* I didn't."

Campbell: Oh, *that's* no reason! Now be careful. Would you swear you didn't? Suppose you were on the witness stand!"

Mrs. Campbell: "No, don't suppose it, Mr. Roberts. Don't suppose anything of the kind."

Campbell, without regarding her: "This sort of thing is done every day. People are always getting letters mixed, and shuffling them into the wrong envelopes. Amy did something of the kind herself down at the Shore, last summer, and nearly broke off the engagement between young Welling and Miss Greenway. And if she hadn't been the most sensible kind of a girl, Amy *would* have done it, too. And as it was, I had to do some of the tallest lying this side of the Pacific slope. Perfect *sequoias*—made our place, down there, look like the Yosemite Park, when those fables began to tower up."

Mrs. Campbell, faltering: "It's true, Agnes. I told you about it, you remember."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, I know. But that doesn't prove that Edward—"

Campbell: "Oh, doesn't it! If Amy, who has her few wits always about her, could do such a thing, it stands to reason that Roberts, whose multitudinous mind is always off somewhere else when it's wanted, would do it nine times out of ten. Think how absent-minded he is! Re-

member how he got aboard the sleeping-car that night, and went prying round in all the berths to find you?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Don't be offensive, Willis!"

Campbell: "I'm simply veracious! And then think how he left his watch in his room, and thought poor old Bemis was a garroter that had taken it from him, and ran after him on the Common, and grabbed Bemis's watch from him, and nearly killed him. And then his going to meet a cook that he'd never seen at the Albany depot, and getting into that scrape with Mrs. McIlheny."

Mrs. Roberts: "That was *my* fault, Willis. I sent him; and I ought to have remembered that he'd never seen the cook."

Campbell: "Oh! And what ought Roberts to have remembered? I tell you, he's put that Englishman's letter of introduction into the sealed envelope, and the letter of advice into the open one, beyond the shadow of a doubt."

Roberts, with rising alarm: "Oh, pshaw! You know you don't think so, Willis."

Campbell: "Think so? I know it! Where was he sitting?"

Roberts: "Where you are now."

Campbell: "In this chair? When you wrote the letters, which did you finish first?"

Roberts: "The letter of introduction, I think."

Campbell: "You think! He can't even remember *that*! Well, can you remember which you *gave* him first?"

Roberts: "No, I can't; but it must have been the letter of introduc—"

Campbell: "Did you put both letters in their envelopes before you gave them to him, or did you hand him first one and then the other?"

Roberts: "I'm sure I can't say! But my impression is—"

Campbell, waving his conjecture scornfully aside: "Agnes, you see how thoroughly mixed up he is."

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, and you've mixed him up. I declare—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, Willis."

Campbell: "Oh, very well, then! If I've mixed him up, I'll let him unmix himself. Then he can't complain. If he didn't blunder with the letters, I suppose my merely *asking* him won't create the fact. I didn't make him do it."

Mrs. Campbell: "And he didn't do it."

Campbell: "He ought to know."

Mrs. Roberts: "And you *do* know, don't you, Edward?"

Roberts: "Why, of course. But anything's possible. And now that Willis has suggested it, why, I can't take my oath—"

Campbell, to the ladies: "You see!"

Roberts: "What—what can I do, Willis? The mere supposition of such a thing—"

Campbell: "Oh, I don't know. Go after the Englishman, I suppose, and try to run him down before he reads your letter of advice." He bursts into a loud, unfeeling laugh, while Roberts begins to walk the floor in agitation. "Can you recall any of the expressions you used? Perhaps they weren't so bad."

Roberts, pausing and rubbing his forehead: "I think I can. I told Uncle Phil not to mind his insular manner; that he was necessarily offensive as an Englishman; but that he seemed to have a great many good qualities, and was quite American in some of his feelings and ideas, and had an enthusiasm for us worthy of a better cause. I said I had only met him once, but I had no doubt he would prove worthy of any kindness that was shown him."

Campbell: "Patronizing and insulting to the last degree! Well, you've done it, Roberts!"

Roberts: "I know—I see! But I didn't mean to be offensive. The fact is, I wrote very hastily; I wanted to get rid of him; my mind was half on my article, here—"

Campbell: "And it was in the same divided condition when you put the letters into their envelopes! What could you expect?"

Roberts: "Look here, Willis! Couldn't you—"

Campbell: "Oh, no! This isn't a thing that I can interfere in. If it were a case for ground-and-lofty lying, you might call me in; but where it's principally *tact* that's needed, I'd better leave it to you, my dear fellow." He claps Roberts on the shoulder, and breaks down in another laugh.

Mrs. Campbell: "Now look here, Willis! This is perfectly outrageous. You haven't the slightest proof in the world that Mr. Roberts has mixed the letters, and it's just your wicked teasing that makes you say he has. If you have any

feeling at all, you will stop. I think it's gone beyond a joke."

Mrs. Roberts: "And I do, too, Amy. Of course I think Edward was wrong to send the man to his uncle just to get rid of him; but that's no reason Willis should torment him so."

Roberts: "No, no! There's only too great reason to suppose he's right. Good heavens! What shall I do about it?"

Campbell: "Well, if I might venture a little suggestion without being denounced as a heartless reprobate—"

Roberts: "I haven't denounced you, Willis!"

Campbell: "My wife and sister have in your interest, and just when I had thought how to help you out."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, how, Willis?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Tell it, instantly, Willis!"

Campbell: "You'd better look him up at his hotel, and pretend you thought you gave the wrong address on the letter to your uncle."

Roberts: "That's all very well, but I don't know where he's stopping."

Campbell: "Well, that does rather cut the ground from under us." A ring at the door is heard. "Ah, there he is now, coming back to have it out with Roberts. He's read that letter of advice, and he wants to know what it means. We must go, Roberts. I'm sorry to leave you in this fix, but—"

III.

BELLA; THE CAMPBELLS; THE ROBERTSES.

Bella, the maid, coming in with a card for Roberts: "The elevator boy brought it up. The gentleman is waiting below, sir."

Roberts, glancing at the card: "Merciful powers! Willis is right! It is the man himself!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, Edward, what do you suppose he wants? But don't be alarmed, dearest! I don't agree with Willis in his pessimistic views. I know you can easily explain it."

Campbell: "Oh, *can* he? Well, I think I'll just wait, then, and hear his explanation."

Mrs. Campbell: "Willis! You must advise him what to do. You must invent some plan."

Campbell: "Thank you! I don't deny that I'm pretty ingenious, and all that; but what you want here is the invention



"EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON WHAT KIND OF HUMOR HE'S IN."

of a Thomas A. Edison. Nothing short of it will ever get Roberts out of *this* scrape."

Roberts, trying to pluck up courage: "But I deny that there *is* any scrape. The whole affair is purely hypothetical. There's nothing in the world to prove that I've mixed up the letters, and I deny that I did. The man has simply come back because he's forgotten something, or wishes to make some little inquiry, or—"

Campbell: "Then why don't you have him up at once, instead of letting him cool his heels down there in your front hall? Have him up! It's uncivil to keep him waiting."

Mrs. Roberts: "No, no." To the maid: "Stop, Bella! No, Willis; we must provide for contingencies. I think Edward is perfectly right, and I know he didn't mix the letters up; but oughtn't we to guard against any chance, Willis?"

Campbell: "I should say you ought. And you'd better ring for a policeman to do it. He's an awfully athletic-looking fellow. Those Englishmen often are."

Mrs. Roberts: "Then, Bella, you must tell the boy to say that Mr. Roberts has just gone out; and that Mrs. Roberts is very sorry—"

Roberts: "No, Agnes, that won't do, my dear. I can't allow that. If I've done this thing, I must face the consequences."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, that's what I say. We must provide for contingencies."

Campbell: "He may want to fight you, Roberts, like McIlheny, you know, when you asked his wife whether she was a cook."

Mrs. Campbell: "Everything depends upon what kind of humor he's in, of course."

Mrs. Roberts: "Of course. If he's very—boisterous, you mustn't have anything to say to him; but if he's pleasant, or if he's merely cold, or hurt, in his manner, why, I suppose you must ask him to lunch. And Willis and Amy can stay, and help make it go off."

Campbell: "Oh, thank you, Agnes! The Roberts family seems to have a gift for patronizing offensiveness; I don't mind it myself, but if I was an Englishman that Roberts had told to his face that he was nationally detestable—"

Roberts: "Told to his face?"

Campbell: "It's the same thing—it would take a good deal more than lunch

to pacify *me*. I should want *dinner*, and not merely a *family* dinner, a snap-shot, accidental thing, but a regular formal affair, with the best people asked, and the chance of other invitations. The least *you* can do, Roberts, is to send for this Englishman's baggage, and make him stay a fortnight with you."

Mrs. Roberts: "I *had* thought of that, Willis."

Campbell: "You *said*—*lunch*."

Mrs. Roberts: "But our flat is so small, and the children are in the guest-chamber—"

Campbell: "And in the mean time, the Englishman is waiting below in the select society of the janitor."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, my goodness, I forgot all about him!"

Roberts: "Yes. We *must* have him up at once, and then act accordingly."

Campbell: "Oh, yes; you mustn't give yourself away. If you don't *happen* to have mixed the letters up, you don't want to begin apologizing. You will have to judge from his manner."

Roberts: "But he was so extremely flattering, so very enthusiastic about us, I'm afraid we can't tell from his manner."

Campbell: "You must draw him out, specifically. Did you ask him how he liked America?"

Roberts: "No; I was ashamed to ask him when he told me he had just arrived this morning."

Campbell: "Well, then, Amy can ask him. She isn't ashamed to ask anything. And if he begins to abuse us, up hill and down dale—"

Mrs. Campbell: "He had better *not* abuse us! I shouldn't allow it."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, yes, Amy; bear anything! We *must* try to pacify him somehow."

Campbell: "And Roberts had better go out, and meet him in that anteroom of yours—it's as *dark* as a pocket—and make him take off his overcoat—he mustn't allow any refusal—and then kind of linger behind him a moment after you've received him at the door here, and search his overcoat pockets. Very probably he's put the letter into one of them."

Mrs. Roberts: "Do you think that would be very nice, Willis?"

Campbell: "Well, I don't know: about as nice as having Amy truckle to his abuse of the country."

Mrs. Campbell: "It isn't at all the same thing."

Campbell: "It's exactly the same thing." A ring at the door summons Bella away. "He's getting impatient. Well, I shouldn't like to be kept waiting so long myself."

Bella, returning: "It's the gentleman below, ma'am. The boy says he'd like to know if you got his card."

Campbell: "I thought so. You must let him come up, or you must send word that you're not at home. You can't prolong the suspense indefinitely."

Mrs. Campbell: "No, Agnes, you can't, really!"

Roberts: "We must decide, my dear!"

Mrs. Roberts, desperately: "Well, then, tell the janitor to send him up, Bella!" As Bella goes: "And we haven't thought at all how we shall act!"

Campbell: "Well, I know *one* thing: if Roberts lets his knees knock together, *so as to be heard*, I won't stand it. I'll leave the house. It'll be *too* disgraceful. Courage, Roberts! I wouldn't miss seeing how you'll carry this thing off for any money! I know you're a perfect moral hero on all ordinary occasions, but in a predicament like this I don't envy you. And the worst of it is, that if the fellow's a gentleman—and he looked like one, in the English way—you won't be able to judge from his acts how he feels! You'll have to grope your way in the dark, and—There he is!" A ring is heard. "Now let's all look unconcerned, as if we were not expecting any one. Amy, you be turning over those photographic views of the White Mountains, in your pretty, careless way. Agnes, you be examining some object with the microscope. Here, Roberts, you sit down to your writing again. And I'll be tuning up the family phonograph. That'll give him an idea of a cultivated Boston family, at home with itself, and at peace with the whole human family. And we must all be extremely deferential and—complimentary—so's to take the bad taste of Roberts's letter out of his mouth." Campbell delivers these instructions in a rapid whisper. As Bella opens the door to admit the stranger to the anteroom, he continues in a loud, didactic voice: "As you very justly observed, in our present uncertainty as to whether the peculiar parallel markings of the planet Mars are marine canals, or merely magic-lantern displays

of the Martians to attract the attention of the telescope man on Boston Common—"

Bella, announcing the Englishman at the library door: "Mr. Westgate."

IV.

MR. WESTGATE; THE CAMPBELLS; THE ROBERTSES.

Westgate, to *Roberts:* "Ah, I beg your pardon! It's really very ridiculous, and I'm quite ashamed to trouble you again, Mr. Roberts. Your letter—"

Roberts, coming eagerly forward: "Oh, I'm so glad to see you again, Mr. Westgate. You're just in time for lunch; and I hope you can sit down with us. Mrs. Roberts, Mr. Westgate. My wife hadn't the pleasure of—ah—meeting you before, I think. Let me take your overcoat. You'll find it very hot in our American houses, I'm afraid."

Westgate: "Oh, not at all! I'm sure I shall like it. I should so like to see one of your furnaces! But I only came back a moment to show you a little mistake—if it is a mistake—"

Mrs. Roberts, eagerly: "I'm so sorry we've only steam heat, and can't show you a furnace; but you'll find it quite hot; and you *must* take off your coat."

Westgate: "Why, you're very good, I'm sure. But only for a moment."

Roberts: "Allow me!" He possesses himself of Westgate's hat and coat, and rushes out into the anteroom with them.

Mrs. Roberts: "Let me introduce you to my sister, Mrs. Campbell; and my brother, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Westgate." Westgate bows to the lady, and then shakes hands with Campbell.

Westgate: "Ah! how do you do? I'd no idea—I'm very glad to meet you, I'm sure. I don't know what I should have done with the letter Mr. Roberts intrusted to me—"

Campbell: "Oh, that was nothing. I saw that you were on the point of doing something desperate, and I just stepped in. There's nothing I like better than saving human life; and as I've often tried to post my wife's letters in the fire-alarm box, at two o'clock in the morning, and never succeeded yet, I had a fellow-feeling for you."

Westgate: "H'm! Yes! You see your post-boxes are so very different to ours—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, your London post-boxes are simply delightful! They're

just *like* posts—fat ones; and they take in whole packages. But—I hope you *like* America, Mr. Westgate!”

Mrs. Roberts: “Yes, we are always so glad when your countrymen—”

Campbell: “We aim to please.”

Westgate: “Well, I can’t say I like your post-boxes, exactly.”

Mrs. Campbell: “Oh, neither do we!”

Westgate: “And I’d always heard you had clear winter weather. I’ve never seen it more overcast at home.”

Mrs. Roberts: “That is true. It’s going to snow, I think. I’m afraid you won’t like our snow!”

Campbell: “Well, perhaps, we might have some with the chill off.”

Westgate, regarding him fixedly for a moment: “Ow! Ah! I see! Very good! Ah, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! And—ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha!—you meant, *coming home from the club*! I hadn’t understood your American humor, at first. I fancy there’s no hope of any good Samaritan to show you to the post-box at two o’clock in the morning hour! Ah, ha, ha!”

Mrs. Roberts: “I’ve been scolding my husband for troubling you with that letter, Mr. Westgate!”

Westgate: “No, really? But I always heard the American ladies were so amiable, you know.”

Mrs. Campbell: “Oh, we *are*, Mr. Westgate! But we have to maintain discipline in the family, you know.”

Westgate: “Of course. But”—to Campbell—“what did you mean exactly, by having snow with the chill off? Such a delightful expression.”

Campbell: “Well, I don’t know. Some sort of joke, I suppose.”

Westgate: “I was sure you did! Ah, ha, ha! Your countrymen are so delightfully humorous—so funny, you know. You know we think you’re *such* fun.”

Campbell: “Do you think so? I don’t think we’re half so funny as Englishmen.”

Mrs. Campbell: “We think you’re *twice* as funny as we are, Mr. Westgate.”

Westgate: “Ow, but really, now!”

Mrs. Campbell: “I don’t know how we should have done without your Mr. Gilbert.”

Westgate: “But isn’t he rather exaggerated? I *much* prefer your Joshua Billings. And your after-dinner speakers! Mr. Depew, for instance!”

Mrs. Roberts: “But the Prince of Wales, you know.”

Westgate: “Ow! Do you regard him as a humorist? He says some neat things, occasionally. But your California humor, now: we’ve nothing like *that*, you know!”

Mrs. Campbell: “I’m afraid you will make my husband intolerably conceited.”

Westgate: “Really? Is Mr.—ah—Campbell, a Californian? How very delightful! And is that peculiar dialect used by your California writers spoken in the cities? I should so much like to hear it. I don’t think we ever quite get the right accent in reading it.”

Campbell: “You’d hear it everywhere in California. I’m a little out of practice now, myself; I speak Bostonese, at present; but I recollect very well how the ladies in San Francisco used to say, ‘Well, I got the dead wood onto you, that time,’ and ‘How’re you makin’ it, pard?’ and ‘You bet,’ and ‘You git!’ You mean that sort of thing?”

Westgate: “Exactly. How delightful! So very picturesque, you know. So imaginative!”

Campbell: “Yes, I suppose there’s more imagination to the acre in California than you’ll find anywhere else in the United States.”

Mrs. Campbell: “And more modesty, Mr. Westgate; more unconscious merit.”

Campbell: “Well, I shouldn’t like to boast before a foreigner. There’s Chicago. And for a real, unadulterated diffidence, a shrinking, deprecatory little misgiving as to the existence of the outside universe, I think Mr. Westgate will find that Boston takes the cake. In California people don’t *know* they’re modest, but in Boston they *do*. That’s the difference.”

Mrs. Roberts: “I hope Mr. Westgate will stay with us long enough to find out that everything you say is a wicked slander, Willis. Why must you rush off to New York at once, Mr. Westgate?”

Westgate: “You’re very good, I’m sure. But I’m afraid— Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!” To Campbell: “That was a very amusing expression of yours! Imagination to the acre! As if it were some kind of crop! Very good! Capital! Ah, ha, ha! And would you be kind enough to explain that expression, ‘take the cake’?”

Campbell: “Oh, it comes from the cake walk, you know.”



"I ALWAYS HEARD THE AMERICAN LADIES WERE SO AMIABLE."

Westgate : "Ow!"

Campbell : "Yes. Where the darkies try to see which can put on the most style in a kind of walk-round, and there's a cake up for a prize, and the greatest swell takes it."

Westgate : "How very amusing!"

Campbell : "Amusing? It's more fun than a goat!"

Mrs. Campbell : "Willis!"

Westgate : "Oh, but really! Don't stop him! It's quite what I came to America for—those delightful expressions! I don't know why you're all so shy of using them when you come over! We get them in print, but we seldom hear them."

Campbell : "You should go to a ladies'

lunch here! You wouldn't hear anything else."

Westgate: "Ow! And just what is a ladies' lunch?"

Campbell: "It's the social entertainment of the future. The race is running to girls so, in Massachusetts, that they've got to having these lunches without asking men, so as to see how it will feel when there are no men to ask. Often it's merely a hen feed, where they would like to have men if they could get them; just as a stag dinner is a good time that women would like to come to if they could. Sometimes it's a virtue, sometimes it's a necessity. But it's always a joke."

Mrs. Roberts: "You mustn't believe him, Mr. Westgate. He's never been at a ladies' lunch, and he doesn't know how charming they are."

Westgate: "Yes, I understand gentlemen are not asked. But—ah, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!—that was a very droll expression of Mr. Campbell's about a goat. More—more amusing than a goat, I think it was. Will you ladies kindly tell me why a goat should be considered so very amusing? You see I'm beginning to be afraid I can't trust Mr. Campbell."

Mrs. Roberts: "I'm afraid you must, in this case. I'm sure we don't know why a goat should be more entertaining than any other animal."

Westgate: "Ow! Then you're not *all* humorists, over here? We get that idea, you know. We think you're such *jokers*. But really, you know, I think that some people who do that kind of thing, you know, and have Americans a great deal, don't see the point of their jokes at all times; or not *at once*. Your humor is so different to ours, you know. I've often had the meaning of an American joke occur to me some time after, you know, when I've had leisure to think it out. Still, it *is* very amusing."

Mrs. Campbell: "But *we* think the English humor so refined—so high-bred."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, yes! Your jokes bear the stamp of such an old civilization, my husband says."

Campbell: "So polished with use."

Westgate: "Ah, well! I don't know about that, you know. There may be something in it. But I'm inclined to think— Ah, ha, ha, ha! Very good! Excellent! I didn't catch your meaning, at first. *Used so often!* I see! Ha, ha, ha! You ought to come over to us, Mr. Camp-

bell. We've a great many charming Americans; but most of them are quite like ourselves."

Campbell: "Is it so bad as that?"

Westgate: "Yes; it's really quite vexing, you know. So very tiresome."

Mrs. Roberts: "I hope Mr. Westgate will stay with us long enough to see that we've something besides humor, in Boston, at least. You must let us send to the hotel for your trunk—boxes, I *should* say."

Westgate: "Ow no! Ow no! I *much* prefer *trunk*."

Mrs. Campbell: "And *we* prefer *boxes*."

Westgate: "No, really?"

Mrs. Roberts: "You must be our guest long enough at least to see something of Boston. Mr. Roberts will take you to the Art Club Exhibition."

Westgate: "You're really very good. But I'd really no idea— I only came back a moment on account of a little mistake I think Mr. Roberts made in the let—"

Mrs. Roberts, hastily: "We think Boston is quite an art centre, now. Amy, I want Mr. Westgate to see the little Monet in the p— drawing-room."

Westgate: "Oh, *do* say parlor! I think it's so much nicer. And without the *u*, please."

Mrs. Campbell: "I see you're determined to be pleased with everything American, Mr. Westgate, and I'm sure you'll like this Monet."

Westgate: "But I beg your pardon! Isn't he French?"

Campbell: "All the American pictures we buy are by Frenchmen."

Mrs. Campbell: "But *we* much prefer English pictures, Mr. Westgate. You have so much more technique than the French, so much more *school*. I adore Tadema, myself."

Westgate: "But—yes—ah—I think he's Dutch, though?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, as Mr. Campbell was saying, *our* paintings are all by Frenchmen—all that we buy. If you will come with me, Mr. Westgate—"

V.

MRS. ROBERTS; CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Roberts: "What in the world has happened to Edward?"

Campbell: "He can't have been searching the man's coat pockets all this time.

Perhaps he's cut open the lining. Or he's found the wrong letter, and has gone off and hid somewhere." Roberts shows himself at the door. "No; there he is now. I didn't know but he'd committed suicide. Well, Roberts! Come in, old fellow! The coast is clear, for the moment!" Roberts advances spectrally into the room. "What's the matter?"

VI.

ROBERTS; MRS. ROBERTS;
CAMPBELL.

They all speak throughout the scene in hoarse whispers, and from time to time the voices of Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Westgate penetrate to them from the drawing-room.

Roberts: "Is he gone?"

Mrs. Roberts: "'Sh! No. He's in the parlor, with Amy. She's showing him the pictures. He couldn't go without his hat and overcoat, you know."

Roberts: "Yes. I didn't think of that."

Campbell: "'Sh! Have you been through his clothes? 'Sh!'"

Roberts: "No; I hadn't the courage."

Campbell: "'Sh! Then where have you been? 'Sh!'"

Roberts: "Sitting out there in the anteroom."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, poor Edward! 'Sh! Did you listen! He still seems very amiable. 'Sh! I don't think he's angry about anything. I don't believe you've made any serious mistake."

Campbell: "Unless he's—'sh!—dissembling. They're awfully double-faced fellows, Englishmen are. 'Sh! I think he's dissembling. 'Sh!'"

Mrs. Roberts: "'Sh! Nonsense, Willis! He says you made some mistake with the letter; but—"

Campbell: "'Sh! Of course you mixed them! He's just lying low. You'd better keep out of his way, Roberts. 'Sh!'"

Westgate, without: "Then I suppose you've quite a large school of resident artists in Boston?"



"THAT WAS A VERY DROLL EXPRESSION OF MR. CAMPBELL'S ABOUT A GOAT."

Mrs. Campbell, without: "Well, no. But we've a very large school of *non-resident* Boston artists. Our painters all have to go to New York to get a living."

Westgate, without: "Ow! Then I suppose New York is the artistic centre of your country?"

Mrs. Campbell, without: "Not at all. We have the critics here."

Westgate, without: "Then you consider criticism more essential than painting in an artistic centre?"



"THERE HE IS!"

Campbell: "'Sh! He's getting sarcastic. He's tuning up for you, Roberts. He's tearing off the mask of amiability. Better get out into the anteroom again, Roberts. Agnes can say you were too sick to come to lunch, and we can carry it off somehow. Oh, but—hello! She's asked him to let her send for his boxes—such a delightful expression!—and come and stay with you. I think you'd better be suddenly called out of town. There's no other way for it!"

Roberts, with a tremendous effort of moral heroism: "No; I must stay and face it out. It would be cowardly to shirk it."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, Edward, what courage you *do* have! But what will you say to him? Willis, *can't* you think of something for Edward to say? You know he's never good on the spur of the moment, and you *are*. 'Sh!'"

Campbell: "'Sh! Don't say anything

at all, till he opens up. But keep treating him beautifully, and then he'll see that Roberts *couldn't* have meant anything by those insulting and patronizing expressions. He'll think it's just our Yankee awkwardness and vulgarity."

Mrs. Roberts, willingly accepting the suggestion: "Yes, just our Yankee awkwardness and vulgarity. I know he'll excuse it, Edward. You mustn't be alarmed. Remember how much *real* courage you always have!"

Roberts: "I can't let him excuse it on that ground. No; I must grapple with it frankly."

Campbell: "All right! Only let him grapple first. Don't give yourself away."

Mrs. Roberts: "'Sh! They're coming back. 'Sh!'"

Campbell: "'Sh! Now, Roberts, brace up. 'Sh! Be a man! Be an American! And deny everything!'"

VII.

THE ROBERTSES; CAMPBELL; MRS.
CAMPBELL with WESTGATE.

Westgate: "Your Monet is beautiful, Mrs. Roberts. You know, I think you Americans are so much more open-minded than we are, and you take up with the new things so much sooner. I don't think the impressionists are to the fore with us yet."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, but I can't allow you to say anything against England, Mr. Westgate!"

Mrs. Campbell: "No, indeed; you would find no sympathizers in that, Mr. Westgate."

Campbell: "We gamble on the mother country every time, here in Boston, at least, and in New York you'll feel as if you'd just got back to London."

Westgate: "Well, you know, I should be rather sorry to do that. I came over to see Americans."

Campbell: "Well, you're barking up the wrong tree."

Westgate: "Barking up—What a delightful expression! Would you mind saying— Ah, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Very good! I see! You mean in stripping the bark off for the birch canoes, I suppose. These figurative phrases are so vigorous. And you have so many of them. I've heard Americans use some of them at home. Do you suppose that expression originated with your Indians, perhaps?"

Campbell: "No; they originated the expression, Good Indians, dead Indians. But if you have a fancy for these expressions, Roberts, here, can fill you up with a lot of them."

Roberts: "Yes—that is—I do hope you can spend a few days with us before you push on to New York."

Westgate: "Why, you're very good, I'm sure. But that reminds me of the letter of introduc—"

Campbell: "You stay on here, and Roberts will paint the town red for you."

Mrs. Roberts: "You must allow us to send for your boxes."

Mrs. Campbell: "Your luggage—yes."

Westgate: "Ow, but I'd so much rather you'd say *baggage*! I've had it sent to the railway—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Station? That doesn't the least matter."

Westgate: "Ow, but it does! I'd so much rather say *deepo*, as you do."

Roberts: "We can get it perfectly well, if you'll give us your transfer—"

Campbell: "Don't say *checks*, Roberts! There must be some *English* word!"

Westgate: "No, really; I must go on to New York. My plans are all made. But on my return from the West I shall be most happy to remember your kindness. I've only ventured to trouble Mr. Roberts in regard to the mistake he seems to have made with—"

Roberts: "I beg you won't suppose—"

Mrs. Roberts, at the same time: "You mustn't regard it, indeed, Mr. Westgate!"

Mrs. Campbell, at the same time: "Mr. Roberts is so absent-minded!"

Campbell, at the same time: "Roberts is all absence of mind!"

Westgate: "Ha, ha, ha! But you know— Ah, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! I see! Capital! Oh, excellent. *English* word for checks! Excellent. Ah—would you be good enough to say just what you mean by painting a place red?"

Campbell: "Roberts will show you, if you'll only stay!"

Westgate: "It's quite impossible, now, at all events." To Roberts: "But the letter you kindly gave me to your uncle—"

Roberts: "Yes—yes—"

Mrs. Roberts: "You'll like Uncle Philip so much! And he'll appreciate the favor Edward's done him in sending—"

Mrs. Campbell, at the same time: "He's so fond of the English!"

Campbell, at the same time: "And he's right on to Roberts's jokes. They're always at it together. Back and forth, all the time. If Roberts has put up any little job, Uncle Phil will catch on like lightning."

Westgate: "Oh, what extremely delightful expressions! I'm sure I sha'n't remember the half of them! But this letter—do you really think—" He takes it from his pocket.

Roberts: "Yes—yes. I'm quite certain he'll—"

Mrs. Roberts, at the same time: "Oh, yes, indeed! My husband was with him so much at one time! They're almost of the same age."

Westgate: "Oh, indeed! I fancied an old gentleman! Then you think that he'll understand—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Uncle Philip understands Mr. Roberts and all his ways per-

fectly. They have such fun when they're together."

Mrs. Roberts, at the same time: "It doesn't matter what Edward has written, he'll take it just in the right way."

Campbell, at the same time: "Yes, he'll know it's some kind of a joke."

Westgate: "Well, you know, I thought perhaps myself it was one of your pieces of American humor."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, it *was*, Mr. Westgate, I assure you it was! Just one of our pieces of American humor—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, indeed; you can depend upon that, Mr. Westgate!"

Westgate: "Ah well! If it had been Mr. Campbell, here, I should have felt sure of it. But I couldn't be quite so certain that Mr. Roberts—"

Campbell: "Oh, when it comes to joking, Americans are all alike. Roberts is a little more alike than the rest of us; that's all. So's Uncle Philip, for that matter. He'd take it right even if Roberts hadn't written anything at all."

Westgate: "But that's just what Mr. Roberts has done!"

All the others: "What!"

Westgate, handing the envelope to Roberts, who finds it empty, and passes it to his wife, who in turn hands it silently to Mrs. Campbell: "Of course I wished to read the kind things you'd said of me, as soon as possible, and I was greatly surprised to find no letter in this envelope. I wasn't sure whether you intended me simply to present the envelope to your uncle, or whether— At all events, I decided I'd better come and ask."

Campbell, who has possessed himself of the envelope: "Why, look here, Roberts! You put both letters in that sealed envelope I kept Mr. Westgate from posting in the fire-alarm box."

Roberts: "Why, so I must! Really, Mr. Westgate, I don't know what to say!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, Edward, I don't know what you *will* say!"

Campbell: "Roberts, you're incorrigible! When *will* you give up this habit of practical joking? Really, old fellow, you ought to stop it. You and Uncle Phil have kept it up long enough. And I think you owe Mr. Westgate an apology. The joke's on Uncle Phil, of course; but you ought to see that it's rather embarrassing to Mr. Westgate to find himself the bearer of an empty envelope instead of a letter of introduction. Come, now,

you must explain; and we'll all apologize for you." Roberts waits with a foolish face of deprecation, turning to horror, at the suggestion of an explanation. "Come! You owe it to yourself, as a joker."

Westgate, amiably: "Ow, now! Not at all. No apologies. I shouldn't be able to forgive myself if I couldn't allow a man his joke. But I *should* like an explanation, you know. Your humor is so *very* different to ours, and I don't believe any one at home, if I said you had given me an empty envelope to carry to your uncle, *could* feel the spirit of it. And these things are so tiresome, you know, when they happen to fall flat. I hope you won't think me too importunate if I say I should like to know just where the laugh comes in on a thing of that kind?"

Campbell: "Out with it, Roberts!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Don't you think— Oh, I'm sure you'll spoil it, Edward!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Don't you think you'd better leave it to Uncle Philip?"

Campbell: "Well, that's an inspiration, Amy. Leave it to Uncle Phil, Roberts!"

Roberts, with a deep sigh of relief: "Yes, that will be best. My Uncle Philip will tell you, if you don't mind."

Bella, at the door: "Lunch is served, Mrs. Roberts."

Mrs. Roberts, gayly: "I'm going to lead the way, with Mr. Westgate. Edward, bring Amy. And, Willis, you can—"

Campbell: "Oh, come, now! None of your little unconscious jokes, Agnes! I won't stand it from my own sister."

Westgate: "Ow! Do the American ladies often make jokes without knowing it, Mrs. Roberts?" To Campbell: "But what is just the point of— Ow, I see! Very good! Ha, ha, ha! And shall we have some distinctively American dishes, Mrs. Roberts? You know I'm so very, very curious about your chowder, and doughnuts, and maple syrup, and buckwheat cakes, and corn-dodgers, and hoe-downs. Such delightful names. They really make one's mouth water." He goes out with Mrs. Roberts.

Campbell, lingering and detaining his wife and Roberts. "Roberts, can't you dance a hoe-cake for him? You ought to do it on your knees, you miserable sinner!"

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY HORATIO BRIDGE.

First Paper.

I.

A BOY on going to college sixty or seventy years ago went under conditions so different from those of to-day that to appreciate the situation one must revert to the old stage-coach as, in the early morning, it passed from house to house, the driver blowing his horn to summon the passengers, and the family coming out to give their farewells, and such cautions as would overwhelm with mortification a young fellow of the present day. In such a case, if a pretty sister made one of the family group, it would add materially to the interest felt in the new-comer. There may be as much susceptibility in the collegian of the present time, but we had a rather more naïve way of showing it. The stage-coach gave better opportunities for travellers to become acquainted with each other than are afforded by the modern railway car. Some old men will recollect the mail-stage formerly plying between Boston and Brunswick (Maine), drawn by four strong, spirited horses, and bowling along at the average speed of ten miles an hour. The exhilarating pace, the smooth roads, and the juxtaposition of the insiders tended, in a high degree, to the promotion of enjoyment and good-fellowship which might ripen into lasting friendship.

Among the passengers in one of these coaches in the summer of 1821 were Franklin Pierce, Jonathan Cilley, Alfred Mason, and Nathaniel Hawthorne—the last-named from Salem, the others from New Hampshire. Pierce had already spent his Freshman year at Bowdoin College, which institution his companions were on their way to enter.

This chance association was the beginning of a life-long friendship between Pierce, Cilley, and Hawthorne; and it led to Mason and Hawthorne becoming chums. There was no great congeniality between the two roommates, owing partly to their joining rival societies, but more to the dissimilarity in their tastes and habits. Both, however, were well-bred and amiable, and they lived together harmoniously for two years.

A slight acquaintance with Mason led me to call at their rooms, and there I

first met Hawthorne. He interested me greatly at once, and a friendship then began which for the forty-three years of his subsequent life was never for a moment chilled by indifference nor clouded by doubt.

Hawthorne was a slender lad, having a massive head, with dark, brilliant, and most expressive eyes, heavy eyebrows, and a profusion of dark hair. For his appearance at that time the inquirer must rely wholly upon the testimony of friends, for, I think, no portrait of him as a lad is extant. On one occasion, in our Senior year, the class wished to have their profiles cut in silhouette by a wandering artist of the scissors, and interchanged by all the thirty-eight. Hawthorne disapproved the proposed plan, and steadily refused to go into the Class Golgotha, as he styled the dismal collection. I joined him in this freak, and so our places were left vacant. I now regret the whim, since even a moderately correct outline of his features as a lad would at this day be interesting.

Hawthorne's figure was somewhat singular, owing to his carrying his head a little on one side; but his walk was square and firm, and his manner self-respecting and reserved. A fashionable boy of the present day might have seen something to amuse him in the new student's appearance; but had he indicated this, he would have rued it, for Hawthorne's clear appreciation of the social proprieties and his great physical courage would have made it as unsafe to treat him with discourtesy then as at any later time.

Though quiet and most amiable, he had great pluck and determination. I remember that in one of our convivial meetings we had the laugh upon him for some cause, an occurrence so rare that the bantering was carried too far. After bearing it awhile, Hawthorne singled out the one among us who had the reputation of being the best pugilist, and in a few words quietly told him that he would not permit the rallying to go farther. His bearing was so resolute, and there was so much of danger in his eye, that no one afterwards alluded to the offensive subject in his presence. This characteristic was notably

displayed several years later, when a lady incited him to quarrel with one of his best friends on account of a groundless pique of hers. He went to Washington for the purpose of challenging the gentleman, and though ample explanations were made, showing that his friend had behaved with entire honor, it was with difficulty that Pierce and Cilley, who were his advisers, could persuade him to be satisfied without a fight. The lady had appealed to him to redress her fancied wrongs, and he was too chivalrous to decline the service.

Hawthorne, with rare strength of character, had yet a gentleness and unselfishness which endeared him greatly to his friends. He was a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and he was always manly, cool, self-poised, and brave. He was neither morose nor sentimental; and though taciturn, was invariably cheerful with his chosen friends; and there was much more of fun and frolic in his disposition than his published writings indicate.

He dedicated but two of his books to friends—*Our Old Home* to President Pierce, in 1863; and *The Snow Image* to myself, in 1850.

In the preface to the last he gives some pleasant glimpses of his college life, which present a better picture of his lighter occupations than can be found elsewhere; and it may be interesting to the admirers of his writings to have some of the statements in the following extract from that preface amplified and explained by one who was familiar with the scenes and incidents to which he refers.

In that dedication he says:

"Be all that as it may, there can be no question of the propriety of my inscribing this volume of earlier and later stories to you, and pausing here a few moments to speak of them as friend speaks to friend, still being cautious, however, that the public and the critics shall overhear nothing which we care about concealing. On you, if on no other person, I am entitled to rely to sustain the position of my Dedicatee. If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came, but while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin, or shooting pigeons or gray squirrels in the woods, or bat-fowling in the summer twilight, or catching trout in that

shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again—two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it would have been the worse for us—still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction. And a fiction-monger he became in due season. But was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public as in my case? I sat down by the way-side of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprang up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity. And there, perhaps, I should be sitting at this moment, with the moss on the imprisoning tree trunks, and the yellow leaves of more than a score of autumns piled above me, if it had not been for you. For it was through your interposition—and that, moreover, unknown to himself—that your early friend was brought before the public somewhat more prominently than theretofore in the first volume of *Twice-told Tales*. Not a publisher in America, I presume, would have thought well enough of my forgotten or never-noticed stories to risk the expense of print and paper; nor do I say this with any purpose of casting odium on the respectable fraternity of booksellers for their blindness to my wonderful merit. To confess the truth, I doubted of the public recognition quite as much as they could do. So much the more generous was your confidence; and knowing as I do that it was founded on old friendship rather than cold criticism, I value it only the more for that.

"So now, when I turn back upon my path, lighted by a transitory gleam of public favor, to pick up a few articles which were left out of my former collections, I take pleasure in making them the memorial of our very long and unbroken connection."

II.

In our time the college grounds and the land adjoining included a great area of pine forest, with blueberry bushes and other shrubs for its undergrowth, and with foot-paths running deviously for miles under the shady trees, where, in their season, squirrels and wild-pigeons might be found in sufficient numbers to afford good sport. The woodland gave a charmingly secluded retreat, and imparted a classic aspect to the otherwise tame scenery of the Brunswick Plains. Unhappily, in later years a public road was made between the campus and the quiet old graveyard, and a street was opened

on another side, so that the grove has been sadly circumscribed. I am sorry to add that many of those "tall academic pines" have been cut down, leaving only their stumps to tell of their former existence and their destruction. The beauty of these woods made such an impression upon Longfellow's poetical mind that, fifty years later, in addressing the few remaining members of our class, he thus apostrophizes the woods he so well remembered:

"Ye groves of pine,
That once were mine, but are no longer mine."

In our day one could wander for miles through this forest without meeting a person (except a stray student or two), or hearing a sound, other than the occasional chatter of a squirrel, the song of a bird, or the sighing of the wind through the branches overhead.

By crossing the road leading to Bath, a town six miles away, one came into another division of the pine woods, where the sandy soil was not so level, and through which ran that "shadowy little stream," which, after traversing the main street of the village and skirting the small elevation near Professor Cleveland's house, made its way to the river a mile or so below the falls of the Androscoggin.

In this brook we often fished for the small trout that were to be found there; but the main charm of those outings was in the indolent loitering along the low banks of the little stream, listening to its murmur or to the whispering of the overhanging pines.

There was one favorite spot in a little ravine where a copious spring of clear cold water gushed out from the sandy bank, and joined the larger stream. This was the Paradise Spring, which deserves much more than its present celebrity for the absolute purity of its waters. Of late years the brook has been better known as a favorite haunt of the great romance-writer, and it is now often called the Hawthorne Brook.

Another locality, above the bridge, afforded an occasional stroll through the fields and by the river. There, in spring, we used to linger for hours to watch the giant pine logs (for there were giants in those days) from the far-off forests, floating by hundreds in the stream until they came to the falls, then, balancing for a moment on the brink, they plunged into

the foamy pool below. Those who have seen such huge tree trunks, each possessing a certain individuality, approach in groups or singly, and disappear, will understand why it was so fascinating to "watch the great logs as they tumbled along the current."

The Androscoggin River, one of the largest in New England, bounds the village on the north, while on the opposite side, and two or three miles distant, lies Maquoit Bay (an inlet of the beautiful Casco Bay), which afforded a genuine marine view, vulgarized though it was by the dilapidated wharf and the two or three melancholy sloops that plied between this point and Portland, laden with lumber and firewood. A trip in one of these coasters is said to have inspired a high officer of the college with the beneficent idea of writing a book of *Songs for Sailors*. Though the little volume fell still-born from the press, a few copies escaped, and gave occasion for great fun to the irreverent youngsters, who parodied it without mercy. I can only rescue for a brief hour from oblivion the initial stanza of the book, and here offer it as a "specimen brick":

"All you who would be seamen
Must bear a valiant heart,
And when you come upon the sea
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted
In hail, rain, wind, or snow;
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow."

In the process of time it was my fortune to "come upon the sea"; and although on several occasions (notably in the *Portsmouth*, beating round Cape Horn, and, again, when the *Saratoga* was dismasted in a blinding snow-storm off the coast of New Hampshire) I experienced the full force of "hail, rain, wind, and snow," I should take shame to myself for not recalling, then and there, those appropriate and inspiring lines.

To this little bay within a bay we occasionally resorted, but the tiresome walk over the sandy road deprived the excursions of half their pleasure.

The bay and the rapid river gave to the flat region adjacent to the college its only picturesque features. Of these Longfellow wrote:

"Thou river, widening through the meadows
green
To the vast sea, so near, and yet unseen!"

Another of our favorite strolls was in a sparsely settled street by the river-side. There, after tea, Hawthorne and I often walked, silent or conversing, according to the humor of the hour. These rambles sometimes ended at the unpainted cottage of an old fortune-teller, who from the tea grounds in a cracked cup, or from a soiled pack of cards, evoked our respective destinies. She always gave us brilliant futures, in which the most attractive of the promised gifts were abundance of gold and great wealth of wives. Lovely beings these wives of destiny were sure to be; some of whom the old crone prophesied would be "dark-complected" and others "light-complected," but all surpassingly beautiful. These blessings and more she predicted for so small a silver coin that, though we were her best patrons, our modest stock of pocket-money was not inconveniently diminished by her fees.

We were fully repaid for the outlay by the fun of the hour, but, to the discredit of the prophetess, it must be said that the gold never came to us, but to each a very happy marriage, without the dangerous procession of blondes and brunettes. And it was an added tie between us that each had the highest appreciation of the many excellent qualities of his friend's wife.

A few years since I revisited the spot where the sibyl once had lived, but, alas, only to find that her house was gone, and that a railway track had usurped its former site.

In our long evening walks, especially when discussing the probable future of each, Hawthorne was less reserved than at other times. On such occasions I always foretold his success if he should choose literature as a career. He listened without assenting, but, as he told me in after-life, he was cheered and strengthened in his subsequent career by my enthusiastic faith in his literary powers.

The professors and students all acknowledged his superiority in Latin and English composition, yet to me he insisted that he could never bring himself into accord with the general reading public, nor make himself sufficiently understood by it to gain anything more than a beggarly support as an author. It was this distrust of being rightfully appreciated that for so many years prevented him

from taking that rank among the foremost writers of America which scholars and critics now accord to him.

III.

One of Hawthorne's most intimate friends was our classmate and my chum, William Hale, of Dover, afterwards a merchant of high standing and sterling integrity.

Another classmate and friend was Stephen Longfellow, a lad of great wit and natural genius, but lacking the studious habits of his younger brother, Henry, he gained no high rank in college, nor afterwards in the legal profession.

For myself it may be permissible to add that after practising law for a few years I embarked in a "great enterprise," as Americans would call it, to wit, the building a mill-dam across the Kennebec River, with the hope of seeing many mills and factories thereon, and of gathering in the gold predicted by the faithless old fortune-teller. The adventure turned out disastrously, for, after completing the work at a cost three times as great as the original estimate, a fresher—higher, of course, "than was ever before known"—swept away the dam and the mills, cut a new channel for the river, swallowed up our paternal mansion and grounds near by, and ruined me financially. I entered the navy as paymaster, and after sixteen years' service was made Paymaster-General of the navy, which office I held for fifteen years, including the whole period of the civil war.

Franklin Pierce, in the class next above ours, had many friends in our own, including Hawthorne, Cilley, and myself. These friends and others Pierce always remembered, even when occupying the highest place in the nation, and burdened with its cares and responsibilities.

Indeed he seemed to have much satisfaction in promoting the welfare and advancement of his college friends. To Hawthorne he gave the most lucrative foreign office in his gift, and I take pleasure in acknowledging that soon after his inauguration he, unsolicited, directed my recall from a foreign station, and appointed me to the highest place in my corps. I have reason to know that he never regretted his friendly course in either case.

In person he was slender, of medium height, with fair complexion and light hair, erect, with a military bearing, ac-

tive, and always bright and cheerful. In character he was impulsive, not rash; generous, not lavish; chivalric, courteous, manly, and warm-hearted; and he was one of the most popular students in the whole college.

Pierce's classmate Calvin E. Stowe was a man of mark in college, and was universally esteemed and respected. He was an untiring student and a deeply religious man, yet full of wit and quaint humor, which he strove to subordinate to his graver thoughts, that he might the better qualify himself for the important lifework in which he so eminently excelled.

Stowe, though usually calm and unruffled, did on rare occasions show that the old Adam in his nature could be provoked to wrath. In my Freshman year, prompted by the spirit of good-natured mischief, I blackened my face one night, and assuming the air of deference befitting a colored messenger-boy, I entered Stowe's room holding out a letter. He was deeply engaged with a book, but he rose to receive the letter, remarking, "Oh, it is from Mr. —," at the same time taking out a piece of money to pay me for my trouble. This unexpected boon so upset my gravity that I laughed outright. Stowe was first surprised, then provoked, by my impertinence, and he seized the tongs and cried, "You black rascal!" Whereupon I beat a hasty retreat, closing the door behind me just in time to escape the tongs which came clashing against my guardian shield.

I think that Stowe did not suspect me, for we never spoke of the silly prank for more than fifty years. But after that long interval, having received a kind message from him, asking me not to pass through Hartford without calling, I went to see him, and we had a pleasant talk about old times. Then I made my tardy confession, to which Mrs. Stowe was an amused listener, and she seemed to enjoy hearing this proof of her husband's ebullition of temper in his early manhood, which I thought it safe to divulge after the lapse of so many years.

IV.

As to his social life in Brunswick, it may be said that Hawthorne, coming as he did from a family of exceptionally reclusive habits, gained there his first practical knowledge of the world. It was not

strange, therefore, that in his personal relations he formed few intimacies, and rarely sought the friendship of others. Reserve was a prominent trait in his character, but it was the reserve of self-respect, not of pride or timidity. He discouraged advances in a negative way, and gave his confidence only to a few.

College friendships then as now were greatly influenced by association in the different literary societies. There were two of these at Bowdoin, the Peucinian and its young rival the Athenæan. Several of the professors and most of the conservative students belonged to the first, while "Young Bowdoin" was more strongly attracted to the other.

The poet Longfellow was a Peucinian, and his elder brother an Athenæan. For that reason Hawthorne was better acquainted with Stephen than with Henry, but the college relations of the poet and the romance-writer were always kindly, and led to a strong friendship in later life.

Hawthorne was not studious in the general acceptance of the term, but he devoted much time to miscellaneous reading. His facility for acquiring knowledge would with little labor have placed him in the front rank of his class. As it was, he took much greater interest in the humanities than in the more abstruse branches of the prescribed course. Mathematics and metaphysics as studies he disliked and neglected, to his frequent discredit in the recitation-room; but the languages were attractive and pleasant. Especially did he like the Latin, which he wrote with great ease and purity. In the other studies of the curriculum he stood hardly above mediocrity, and in declamation he was literally *nowhere*. He never declaimed in the old chapel, as the students were required to do on Wednesdays. Fines and admonitions were alike powerless. He would not declaim. To this peculiarity is to be attributed his failure to have a part assigned him in the Commencement exercises on graduation, though his rank, No. 18 in a class of thirty-eight, would otherwise have entitled him to one.

He told me that when twelve or thirteen years old, on some occasion in play hours, he went upon a stage in the school-room to declaim. Some larger boys ridiculed him and pulled him down, which so mortified and enraged him that he was

inspired with a lasting aversion to any future effort in that direction. Nor did he attempt to speak in public until many years afterwards, when, as United States Consul at Liverpool, he made a speech at a civic dinner, of which he wrote me an amusing account. He was more exultant at his success on that occasion than he ever seemed to be for the authorship of the *Scarlet Letter*.

In the literary aspirations of his collegiate life poetry had apparently no place. Yet some small poems of his—written before entering college, and still resting in my memory—showed, as I thought, considerable merit. Since, however, he refrained from writing verses afterwards, one can only conjecture what his success would have been had he made poetry instead of prose the vehicle for his fancies. Apropos to this subject, I remember that on a moonlight evening Hawthorne and I were leaning over the railing of the bridge just below the falls, listening to the falling water and enjoying the beauties of the scene, when I recited some passages from the colloquy between Lorenzo and Jessica in the *Merchant of Venice*. Then Hawthorne, in his deep musical tones, responded with the following verses, which he said he had written before coming to college:

"We are beneath the dark blue sky,
And the moon is shining bright.
Oh, what can lift the soul so high
As the glow of a summer night,
When all the gay are hushed to sleep,
And they who mourn forget to weep
Beneath that gentle light?"

"Is there no holier, happier land
Among those distant spheres
Where we may meet that shadow band,
The dead of other years,
Where all the day the moonbeams rest,
And where at length the souls are blest
Of those who dwell in tears?"

"Oh, if the happy ever leave
The bowers of bliss on high
To cheer the hearts of those who grieve,
And wipe the tear-drop dry,
It is when moonlight sheds its ray,
More pure and beautiful than day,
And earth is like the sky."

I preserved the lines, and a few years since gave a copy to Mr. Lathrop, who published them in his able and interesting *Study of Hawthorne*.

I remember also another little poem of Hawthorne's, which I wrote down soon

after hearing it, but the manuscript was lost. It ran thus:

"The ocean hath its silent caves,
Dark, quiet, and alone;
Though there be fury on the waves,
Beneath them there is none.

"The awful spirits of the deep
Hold their communion there,
And there are those for whom we weep—
The young, the brave, the fair.

"The earth hath guilt, the earth hath care,
Unquiet are its graves.

* * * * *

"Calnly the wearied seamen rest
Beneath their own blue sea;
The ocean's solitudes are blest,
For there is purity."

This is all I can recollect of the little poem, if, indeed, there was any more, except the forgotten lines of the third verse.

At one time Hawthorne recited to me the following, supposed to have been found written over the entrance to a hermit's cave. He did not acknowledge the authorship, but the lines are so characteristic that I have always thought he wrote them:

"He saw mankind with vice encrusted;
He saw that honor's sword was rusted,
That they were still deceived who trusted
In love or friend,
And hither came, with man disgusted,
His life to end."

V.

Hawthorne, previous to entering college, lived in great seclusion with his mother and two sisters at their home in Salem. In two or three flying visits, made him by invitation after our graduation, I saw no evidence of narrow circumstances in their environment. I was charmed with the quiet and refined manners of Mrs. Hawthorne, and with the pleasant and ladylike bearing of her younger daughter. The elder daughter, who Hawthorne often said had more genius than himself, I never saw until after his death.

The family occupied the old home of Mrs. Hawthorne's father, their moderate income being sufficient for their comfortable support, but not for the son's college expenses. These had been defrayed by his maternal uncle, Robert Manning, who supplied him with means to spend as liberally as any of his companions.

In a corner of the present campus stood "Ward's Tavern" when I first went to Brunswick. Its owner had recently died,

and he was succeeded by his daughter, a maiden of perhaps thirty years, affable, good-looking, and always ready to give moderate credit for the little suppers and other comforts that students might desire. Her house was the scene of many social gatherings; but at some later period it disappeared, and the grass of the college grounds now conceals the site of that once most convenient inn. There, often more than elsewhere, Hawthorne indulged in the usual convivialities of the period; but his sedate aspect and quiet manners prevented the appearance of any excess, even within the limited circle of his intimate associates. The customary pastimes included card-playing and wine-drinking, in which he joined his friends through good fellowship; but he rarely exceeded the bounds of moderation—never losing more money than he could readily pay, and never imbibing enough to expose himself to remark. He could drink a great deal of wine without being apparently affected by it. Neither in his college days nor afterwards did I ever know him to be perceptibly under the influence of stimulants, though we were associated in many convivial scenes. I will add that from the first moment of our acquaintance I never knew him to utter an unmanly sentiment or to do a mean or unkind act.

In our last term, after the parts for the Commencement exercises had been assigned, it appeared that fourteen of the thirty-eight graduates of the year were not to have the privilege of "speaking in public on the stage," though their degree of A.B. was nevertheless to be conferred. This rear-guard rallied, and formed "The Navy Club," so called for some occult reason. It comprised among its members a future Congressman, another who in the course of time became a Reverend D.D., Hawthorne, and, of course, the writer.

Of the officers elected, the D.D. was made Commodore, Hawthorne was Commander, myself Boatswain, and the most fun-loving of the party was designated Chaplain. Every one had a title from Captain to Cook.

The weekly suppers at Miss Ward's were very jolly; and some of the class who, by reason of superior standing as scholars, were not entitled to membership would fain have joined in the merry sessions of the club, but they were not admitted.

The nightly meetings of Commencement week ended this drama, as well as many others of more grave import.

The river near by gave its name to a loo club of five members. One died early, but not until he had achieved political fame of a high order; another was afterwards a wealthy and respected merchant; a third became a physician and settled in the West, where he was held in high regard until he died, thirty years ago. Hawthorne and the writer were the other members of the Androscoggin Club, which existed about two years. The stakes played for were, of course, small, but the golden hours then lost were not included in the account.

The cost of living was very moderate, and one fared satisfactorily for a sum that would now seem inadequate and even mean. Two dollars a week was the highest charge for table board, and most of the students paid but a dollar and a half. Hawthorne and the writer usually lived at the same boarding-house, and were quite contented with the fare. The incidental expenses of college were small, but even such of the rooms as were uncarpeted and uncurtained were not cheerless, for wood was abundant at a dollar a cord. The one comparatively larger item of expense (excepting books and stationery) was that of the "midnight oil," which was brought from a village "store," and burned in brass or japanned lamps. After so long an interval—especially as gas and electric light have come into use—no harm can come from divulging the secret that certain students had extra lamp-fillers that had never known oil. And these were carried in broad daylight across the campus, full of some other liquid more quickly and pleasantly consumed.

Maine had not then enacted the laws which have given her such creditable prominence as the pioneer in the cause of temperance. At that time, too, it was the universal custom for country stores to sell "wines and liquors" as well as "dry-goods and groceries."

Hawthorne engaged in the usual college sports, but with no great zest. Baseball and foot-ball interested him little, though he occasionally joined in the rough-and-tumble games. He did not like running or jumping, but walking was his favorite exercise; in that he was untiring. Sometimes he went out shoot-

ing, though he did not claim to be a crack shot. I never saw him on horseback, but frequently of a Saturday we drove in the "chaise," or in the wagon of that day, he never wishing to hold the reins.

VI.

Although Hawthorne while a collegian rarely sought or accepted the acquaintance of the young ladies of the village, he had a high appreciation of the sex. An early marriage, however, did not enter into his plans of life. The evidence of this fact is among my papers, and runs thus:

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, *November 14th, 1824.*

If Nathaniel Hathorne is neither a married man nor a widower on the fourteenth day of November, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-six, I bind myself upon my honor to pay the said Hathorne a barrel of the best old Madeira wine.

Witness my hand and seal.

JOHNATHAN CILLEY.

[J. C.]

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, *Nov. 14, 1824.*

If I am a married man or a widower on the fourteenth day of November, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-six, I bind myself upon my honor to pay Johnathan Cilley a barrel of the best old Madeira wine.

Witness my hand and seal.

NATHANIEL HATHORNE.

[N. H.]

This instrument shall be delivered to Horatio Bridge, and if Hathorne is married within the time specified, he shall transmit the intelligence to him immediately, and the bet—whoever shall lose it—shall be paid within a month after the expiration of the time.

JOHNATHAN CILLEY.

NATHANIEL HATHORNE.

This very formal agreement was enclosed in a closely sealed package, endorsed in Hawthorne's writing, thus:

"Mr. Horatio Bridge is requested to take charge of this paper, and not to open it until the fifteenth day of November, 1836, unless by the joint request of Cilley and Hathorne."

On the designated day I broke the seals, and notified Cilley that he had lost the wager. He admitted the loss, and, after the delay of a year or more, was making arrangements for its payment and a meeting to taste the wine, when his tragic death in the duel with Graves settled the account.

Many years ago Hawthorne requested me to burn the letters he had written me in his youth and early manhood. On reading them over I found them full of passages of beauty, and of details of his own plans and purposes, hopes and disappointments. They were, however, too free in their expressions about persons and things to be safely trusted to the chances of life, and all his early letters were destroyed. Many of these were signed "Oberon," and others the familiar "Hathorne" or "Hath."

While in college, and for some years afterwards, he spelled his name without the *w*. On first seeing the improved signature, I wrote him that it was suggestive of a fat legacy, to which he replied that he had been blessed with no such luck, though he would gladly take every letter in the alphabet for a thousand dollars each. He added that in tracing the genealogy of his family he had found that some of his ancestors used the *w*, and he had merely resumed it.

Later, he sometimes took the signature of "L'Aubépine," which name he adopted temporarily, in accordance with the whim of a queer Frenchman who spent a month with us in my bachelor home in Maine, as described in the *American Note-Books*, vol. i., page 49. There Hawthorne says: "He has Frenchified all our names, calling B—, Monsieur Du Pont; myself, M. de L'Aubépine; and himself, M. de Berger; and all Knights of the Round Table."

There was a musical society at Bowdoin, though not many of the students were instrumental performers. Longfellow played the flute, but Hawthorne was notably deficient in musical talent. Like Charles Lamb, he might have said, "The gods have made me most unmusical."

Of the college faculty only Professor Packard survived at the time of our class semicentennial, and he died in 1884.

Thirteen of the thirty-eight graduates of the class at the time of that reunion were living, eleven of whom were present.

But three of the thirteen graduates survive at the present writing, in 1891.

Before separating we all agreed to interchange our photographs. In making the exchange, Longfellow wrote to me thus:

CAMB., Dec'r 12, 1875.

MY DEAR BRIDGE,—I have just had the pleasure of receiving your photograph. It is so good, it could hardly be better. I wish the one I send you in return were as good. But that is wishing that I were a handsome man, six feet high, and we all know the vanity of human wishes.

I was very glad that you and Mrs. Bridge were not disappointed in Songo River and its neighborhood. If "Long Pond" were called Loch Long, it would be a beautiful lake. This and Sebago are country cousins to the Westmoreland lakes in England, quite as lovely, but wanting a little more culture and good society.

I often think with great pleasure of our meeting at Brunswick. There was less sadness about it than I had thought there would be. The present always contrives to crowd out the past and the future.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Bridge,
Always yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The whole letter is copied because, while speaking of the class reunion, the poet incidentally gives his estimate of Sebago Lake, on the borders of which Hawthorne spent a year of his lonely boyhood, and to which locality he refers when he says, "It was there I first got my cursed habit of solitude."

Hawthorne visited Brunswick but once to meet his old associates. It was in 1852, fifty years after the founding of the college. In that year, while cruising in the Pacific, I received a letter from him, in which he says:

"I meant to have told you all about my visit to Brunswick at the recent semicentennial celebration, but the letter has already grown to too great length. It was rather a dreary affair. Only eight of our classmates were present, and they were a set of dismal old fellows, whose heads looked as if they had been out in a pretty copious shower of snow. The whole intermediate quarter of a century vanished, and it seemed to me as if

they had undergone a miserable transformation in the course of a single night, especially as I myself felt just about as young as when I graduated. They flattered me with the assurance that time had touched me tenderly, but, alas, they were each a mirror in which I beheld the reflection of my own age. I did not arrive there until the public exercises were nearly over, and very luckily too, for my praises had been sounded by orator and poet, and of course my blushes would have been quite oppressive."

In a desultory and inartistic way I have thus endeavored to throw some additional light upon Hawthorne's college life and his surroundings at that period. At the risk of repetition, I will add that his most marked characteristics were independence of thought and action, absolute truthfulness, loyalty to friends, abhorrence of debt, great physical as well as moral courage, and a high and delicate sense of honor.

He shrank habitually from the exhibition of his own secret opinions, and was careful to avoid infringement upon the rights of others, while thoroughly conscious of his own.

On closing our college association we mutually pledged our friendship and exchanged parting gifts. Hawthorne's to me was a watch seal of his father's, gold with a carnelian stone, of the shape and fashion of ninety years ago. I have treasured it carefully, and have provided that it shall go to his son at my decease.

Of my own intimacy with Hawthorne I have hitherto said little, having been content with the mention made of it by my friend in his published writings; and I trust it will not be thought presumptuous that I have jotted down here some reminiscences that incidentally show our strong friendship, while rounding out the story of his college life.

A FOURTH-CLASS APPOINTMENT.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

I.

THE post-office at Penniville was at the foot of the long hill, up which Main Street climbed a little way and then stopped, as though to take breath and look back upon itself. After that the street melted into a country road, which wandered between the fields and down the

other side of the hill to a half-dozen houses, which were occupied only a few months of the year, when the summer visitors invaded the Penniville quiet. The houses along Main Street stood close together in a friendly way, and ignored as much as possible those scattered on the other side of the hill.

Penniville acknowledged that the summer residents had a certain value, but it looked down upon them as one does look down upon merely useful things; it found some slow amusement in their "airs," and it was rather interested, too, in talking over the various extravagances of the people who lived in those handsome houses, especially their waste, as well as taste, in groceries. Penniville knew all about their tastes, because Johnny Dace kept the grocery store, and freely imparted all he knew of the habits of the summer visitors—the queer things they ate and drank, and the strange viands that came in bottles. "Little green berries like," said Mr. Dace, "salt as your pork bar'l. I tasted of 'em once. And no end of stuff and nonsense besides."

But, really, Penniville cared very little for the summer residents, and the summer residents cared less for Penniville. The village was small—forty houses, perhaps, besides the tavern—called by those who "put on airs" the hotel—for the occasional drummers that visited the place with sewing-machines or gum boots; and for the travelling photographer, with his enlarged crayon heads; and the dentist, who came twice a year. The houses were built on very much the same plan—a story and a half high, with an entry, which was narrow, and generally so dark that one could not see the pattern of the oil-cloth; but that was an advantage when the oil-cloth was shabby; and a shed, at right angles to the kitchen. All the best rooms had the same cold, shut-up smell, perhaps because the narrow windows were not often opened, owing to a tendency to stick, which sometimes kept them shut from one house-cleaning time to another. There were rooms only on one side of the entry; a parlor, a dining-room, and a kitchen. Most of the families used their kitchen as a dining-room, and that gave them an extra sitting-room.

It was the custom in Penniville to keep the parlor closed, except perhaps for the sewing society or for a funeral; but, all the same, it was furnished with the best the household possessed. It generally boasted a centre table, on which, standing on a woolly mat, there was apt to be a majestic lamp, which awaited an occasion important enough to be lighted—an occasion so long in coming that the oil was

thick and yellow in the red or green glass bowl.

There was, however, one house on Main Street which had a peculiarity of its own, and gained thereby a certain importance. This was Mrs. Gedge's little old gray house, to which a small square building of one room was attached by means of the wood-shed. As for the house, it was like everybody else's, but that single square room, over the outer door of which was a weather-beaten sign, "U. S. Post-office," distinguished it and its occupants from all the rest of the world. The office was quite at the foot of the hill, before the open green of the common. The street bent a little to come close up to its door, so that the stage-driver could hand in his mail-bag without leaving his seat; that done, the road bent back, and curved off along the bank of the creek, crossed a shaking wooden bridge, and disappeared behind the shoulder of another hill.

Within, this small building at once confessed its purpose; for it was the partition stretching across one side of the room, with rows of pigeon-holes and a delivery window, which conferred distinction upon Mrs. Gedge and her daughter Amanda. Besides the pigeon-holes there were a counter and some shelves, which held immemorial green pasteboard boxes, whose corners were strengthened by having strips of linen pasted neatly along each angle; there was writing-paper in these boxes, pale pink or yellow, with faint blue rulings, or perhaps a picture in the corner of each sheet. There were pencils, too, and bottles of red and blue ink, and of course the sober black as well, but that was less popular. There was a very small show-case on the counter, in which were tarnished bits of jewelry, pasted upon yellowing cards; and there were scent bottles, and two transparent drawing-slates. The contents of the case had been so long familiar that no one ever thought of purchasing them. Standing on the scratched and dim glass top of the case were three jars of candy, which held red kisses and white, little hard gumdrops, and fat black sticks of licorice. There were two or three posters on the walls, of country fairs, or of the travelling bell-ringers—one as recent as within two years.

In the middle of the room was a small air-tight stove, with a chair beside it. "I would have more chairs if it was mine,

this post-office," said Mrs. Gedge; "but it's a place for business, not for sociality; so the Government don't provide chairs, and it ain't for me to seem to criticise by bringing in any of my own."

Mrs. Gedge and Amanda had lived in Pennville all their lives, and in the social life of Main Street had held their unassailable position; but since these pigeon-holes had been put into the small detached room which once held Adam Gedge's cobbler's bench (twenty-five years ago now)—since then, Mrs. Gedge and Amanda had grown vastly more important. They were the custodians of the United States mail; they were intrusted with public moneys; they had mysterious communications with Washington; it was reported, although carefully not asserted by either mother or daughter, that they had had a letter from the President! The consciousness of their obligations and responsibility clothed them as with a uniform. Amanda Gedge carried her tall angular form with a precision suited to the parade-ground, and walked with a military tread. Mrs. Gedge had been known to put an end to a political discussion which had begun around the stove while she was sorting the mail, on the ground that she was "connected with the administration, and it was not right, to her mind, for her to be present when it was criticised. So, if they pleased, they could step outside and talk about it." Lord Salisbury could have no better excuse for refusing to discuss the Queen's speech.

That was eight years ago, when she was able to sort the letters herself, and hand them out of the little window set in the middle of the pigeon-holes, and so could not help overhearing the comments upon the weather, or the church, or, once in four years, the politics of the nation. But now that pleasant and important task was over; instead, she sat all day long behind the partition, with her crutches beside her, and her knitting in her crippled old hands, while Amanda took her place at the delivery window. Amanda was a trifle deaf, and when in her official position, very much absorbed by her duties, so that she did not often notice the discussions which might be carried on in the open space about the stove, which space, Mrs. Gedge admitted, belonged to the Public. Then, too, although Amanda appreciated her position, her deepest thought was always for her mother, and

she was not so apt to reflect upon what was due to herself as to think anxiously of Mrs. Gedge's health, or to plan small pleasures for the frail old woman. Amanda reproached herself for this sometimes—generally on those days rendered important by the arrival of a large envelope post-marked Washington—and she was apt to think sternly of the duty of the patriot to his government, and remind herself of Spartan instances and heroic sacrifices. It was all pathetically genuine. Amanda's severe bosom had thrilled with the purest patriotism when, twenty-four years ago, her father had enlisted. With him had gone Willie Boyce. Willie had come home a year later, too sick to give much thought to his old sweetheart, only able to grope wearily through a few months of wretched living, with his mind fastened on his own sufferings.

But Adam Gedge had never come home. Amanda did not know her father's grave, but Willie's was over on the hill. It seemed to belong to Amanda, for the young man's family had moved away from Pennville, and left him to her. More than that, the poem on the gray slate head-stone of the dead soldier had been the one great achievement of Mrs. Gedge—she had composed it, but it only; genius had never burned again. Amanda passed her lover's grave every Sunday on her way to church, and she was able, once a week at least, to steal time from her duties for a half-hour with Willie. Perhaps because she sometimes felt that her father's death had been the price of the post-office appointment, which had come to Mrs. Gedge in '63, Amanda was a little more gentle with the Public than was her mother. Official life, Mrs. Gedge had been heard to complain, did sometimes make one seem severe. And yet so little had greatness really hardened her heart, so patient was she with the well-meaning Public, that she had several times illustrated the paternal side of government by small indulgences, such as delaying the mail-bag for a letter which she knew was being written by a slow but anxious correspondent; and as for stamps, the number that she gave away each quarter to customers who had left their purses at home, and who, when they did remember their penny debts, were always silenced with magnanimous refusals to recognize such paltry obligation—those stamps, or rather the deficiencies caused by such govern-

mental condescension, gave Amanda many arithmetical difficulties, and lessened their already slender income. But neither Mrs. Gedge nor Amanda begrudged that; they liked to be kind to the Public, they said to each other. Their inconvenience was *noblesse oblige*, and to hold back the wheels of government was but the consideration of the powerful for the weak.

Yet such is the ingratitude of that capricious body which they so indulged that there had been more than one irritated protest heard in the open space before the delivery window. To be sure, such protests had always been beneath notice; they had come from the summer residents.

"You can't expect anything else of such people, Amanda," said Mrs. Gedge, comforting her daughter, whose elderly face was flushed, and whose eyes glittered with tears.

"Well, I must say it was unreasonable," Amanda agreed. "Mr. Hamilton knows that we have to consider the Public, but he says *he's* the Public—and only here six weeks in the summer! I told him, said I: 'Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Dace wanted to send off some collars she'd been making for her daughter, and I knew she only had a stitch to put in them. If I'd sent the mail-bag down by the morning stage those collars wouldn't have been in it, and Mary Dace wouldn't have got them in time for Sunday. So I kept back the bag, and coaxed Olly to take it down on the evening stage.' Well, Mr. Hamilton was just as unreasonable!"

"You shouldn't argue with those people, Mandy," objected Mrs. Gedge. "The Government is the only thing you've got to consider. If Mr. Hamilton don't like the way the Government serves him—well, let him carry his letters himself!"

"And it was nothing but a paper that was delayed, anyhow," Amanda explained for the third time.

Mrs. Gedge pulled her knitted shawl comfortably around her shoulders. "Of course we do sell more stamps when they are here—the summer people—but they are so fussy and overbearing, even to us, that I don't think they are worth the money they bring in. I declare, I believe they think Penniville belongs to them."

The sense of greatness, however, will sustain one under small irritations, and so these annoyances did not really disturb the peaceful life in the gray house next

door to the post-office. All that summer, which was tremulous with the excitement of the great campaign which was to come, Mrs. Gedge sat tranquilly behind the pigeon-holes with her knitting; or, when it was too damp to be wheeled through the shed to the post-office, had her chair pushed beside the kitchen window, so that she could see the stage drawn up to the door for the mail-bag, and watch the Public come and go. The kitchen was such a pleasant room that save for the anxiety of feeling that Amanda was bearing alone the burden of official responsibility, Mrs. Gedge would have enjoyed her days there. When it began to grow cool in September, Amanda potted her geraniums and put them on the shelves in one of the south windows, where they flourished so finely that one did not have to touch the vigorous leaves to notice their faint musky scent. Amanda kept the stove bright with a cheerful glitter of polish, and the worn "two-ply" in the centre of the well-scrubbed boards gave a hint of comfortable color underfoot. There were bookshelves hanging over a little table, which had a crazy patchwork cover; the shelves held only the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*, and one or two such faithful friends; but scarcity of books left more room for the few ornaments which Mrs. Gedge had long loved, and which Amanda revered because she had known them in her childhood. A whale's tooth and a bunch of wax grapes and some shells are not awe-inspiring perhaps, but no age or familiarity can rob them of beauty or dignity if they have ever worn it to childish eyes. There was a small flag in a china vase on the top shelf, and there was a chromo of General Grant over the pantry door. The most striking expression of the love of country, however, was the shed door, which opened on the square grass-plot between the house and the post-office. That shed door was a trial to Mrs. Gedge.

Adam, the night before he marched away, had, in the fervor of his patriotism, run over to the paint shop, and begged from Silas Goodrich three pots of paint, and then, while Amanda and Willie Boyce stood and watched him, Adam had painted the door in alternate stripes of red, white, and blue. At first Mrs. Gedge was proud of it, and was careful, as the paint began to flake a little, to have it renewed. But a sentiment can hardly be expected to

live for twenty years; and a half-dozen times in the last ten years she said she would have the door painted a nice drab, but Amanda's non-acquiescence—it was never more positive than this—still kept the colors of the Union bright.

"You know you didn't see him paint it, mother. You were upstairs. But I saw him," she said, her mild brown eyes vague with memory.

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Gedge assented, growing reminiscent. "I was upstairs sitting on the cowhide trunk, crying. You know I wanted him to take his things in your grandfather Beed's cowhide trunk, and he said he couldn't take a trunk. My, how I cried when he said he couldn't take a trunk! It seemed so poor, and I didn't give up asking him to do it until the last minute. And oh, how I felt, seeing him go without a trunk! It was a presentiment, child. You were too young—only eighteen—to feel it as I did. You didn't cry."

Amanda's eyes blurred at the thought of her mother's grief. "No, I didn't cry in those days," she said. "I didn't seem to have time to cry. I just followed poppa round and round, and I saw him paint the door. But you were always a pretty crier, mother."

"Willie Boyce stood there beside you, too," Mrs. Gedge went on. "I can see him to this day. He wasn't pretty, Willie wasn't, but that never seemed to make any difference to you. Poor Willie! He was buried with his folks; that must have been a comfort to him. Many's the time I've wondered whether he knows that I wrote the poem on his tombstone. It would please poor Willie."

But that mention of Willie Boyce turned Amanda silent. She said she must run over to the office, and left her mother wondering why the child never would talk about her beau, and so again the question of the painting of the shed door fell into abeyance. "Though, being a flag, as it were," Mrs. Gedge insisted to herself, as she sat before the winking embers of the stove, "it does seem to bring our position in the office right into our private life."

Mrs. Gedge had once heard some one laugh at the door, and say it was "funny"; but she preferred to think her objection to it was based upon the intrusion of her public responsibilities into the privacy of her well-earned leisure.

II.

By October of that year even Pennville had stirred in its satisfied indifference, and was hearing the voice of the nation instructing and suggesting and contradicting itself. The voting population listened, with a sort of slow amusement and wonder, to the men who came to tell them that their party had outlived its usefulness, and to entreat them to "save the country." They were, to be sure, really concerned when they heard how great had been the extravagance of that party, and how reduced was the wealth of the country per capita. If it had been the wealth of each man it would have been different; but the wealth per capita! It had an ominous sound.

In all these years Pennville had never been so near holding political opinions. It was really very interesting. Even Mrs. Gedge said that if it was true—the things that were said about the party in power—she hoped Government would turn them out; but she regretted the indiscretion afterwards.

"It isn't for us to express an opinion, child," she told Amanda; "though, of course, they are anxious to know what we think."

Amanda made some vague reply. She was less interested than usual in her own greatness. These October days brought the anniversary of Willie Boyce's death, and her mind kept wandering to that mound over on the hill-side. She remembered, with a wonderfully pitiful love, his weary indifference to her in the weeks that he lay dying. "Willie was sick," she said to herself many times, and never thought of being hurt; it only made her love him more. But no doubt her abstraction made her less careful about the letters; she dropped one on the floor at the mid-day distribution, and did not notice it until evening. She then slipped a shawl over her head and ran across to Mr. Goodrich's with it.

"It's fortunate it wasn't for that Hamilton man," Mrs. Gedge asserted, rather contemptuously; "he'd have made a fuss about it, you can better believe."

As for Silas Goodrich, anything so important as the arrival of a letter made the delay of an hour or a day a very small matter; it had come, and that was all he cared about. He never dreamed of finding fault.

The next day was the day that Willie

Boyce had died, and in the afternoon Amanda went up to the graveyard with a wreath of immortelles, which she had dyed pink and blue and vivid green. She leaned it upon the slate head-stone, and then knelt down, and with her handkerchief carefully wiped a piece of glass which was set into the slate to cover a faded tintype of a consumptive young man in a soldier's uniform. Amanda looked at the picture long and wistfully. Some day, when she had saved the money, she was to pay ten dollars and have a crayon copy made. She had decided to do that a dozen years ago, when a travelling "picture man," passing through the village, suggested it to her. Ten dollars is not a large sum to save in twelve years, and it had several times been reached, but just as the last dollar or dime was added to the little fund, there was always some call for it. Her mother needed a wheeled chair, or a new cooking-stove must be bought, or the reshingling of the roof was absolutely necessary; and so the cold closed parlor of Mrs. Gedge's house was still without a crayon.

Amanda, still kneeling, picked away some dead leaves of the myrtle on the mound, and then scraped a flake of lichen from the inscription. She knew the lines by heart, but she always read them over with unflinching pride for her mother as well as for Willie. "William P. Boyce," it ran, "died for his country," and then the date, and the verse which Mrs. Gedge had composed:

"Oh, traveller, whoever you may be,
Take warning and advice by he
Who lies beneath this tomb.
He went to war and died,
And now in paradise is glorified.
Mourned by his friends."

"Mourned by his friends," Amanda repeated; then, a curious blush creeping into her thin cheeks, she stooped and kissed his name. After that, she went home. She was very silent that evening, and her mother was full of small devices to cheer her. She told her how Mr. Hamilton's John had come down to see whether a letter he expected in the noon mail might not have been overlooked.

"He said that Mr. Hamilton expected it yesterday. I told him no, of course it hadn't been overlooked. Such a time about a letter! Well, he's gone anyway, Mr. Hamilton has. I wonder he didn't stay over until to-morrow to get his letter."

Mrs. Gedge did not mind the severity of her sarcasm if only 'Mandy would cheer up a little. ("My goodness, and her beau dead nearly twenty-five years!")

"Yes," she proceeded, "he got a telegraph—a man on a horse brought it—and then I saw him driving off like a crazy man. Those summer people have no sort of consideration for their beasts; he made those horses fly."

Amanda looked uneasy. "I don't think I could have missed his letter," she said; "but I guess I'll just run over and give a look into the bag. Don't you remember that time Mrs. Ainn's letter stuck in the bag?"

She took a lamp, shielding its clear flame with a large bony hand as she walked through the draughty shed to the post-office. The mail-bag, lean and empty, hung on two hooks, awaiting the morning letters. Amanda put her hand in, and felt all around. "Of course there's no letter," she said to herself, indignantly. "It's just as mother says, they do fuss so!" She stopped to see that the fire was quite out in the stove, and then, with the droll, severe smile, with which she always tried to check levity unsuited to the place, she opened one of the candy jars and abstracted two gumdrops. "There! I guess mother and I can have one; they're getting stale." And as they had been purchased in June, Mrs. Gedge accepted the extravagance and indulgence with but little protest.

Afterwards, looking back upon it, that evening seemed to Amanda Gedge wonderfully pleasant. She set the table and made the toast and tea, and her mother told her she might get out a tumbler of gooseberry jam as a treat; after the dishes were washed, they sat down by the stove, and while Amanda mended her stockings, Mrs. Gedge talked. These two quiet women found their lives very interesting. First, of course, was the consciousness of their own importance, which naturally suggested much conversation. Then, too, they had all their past to talk about, which, to be sure, had had its sorrows. Little Charles, who died when Amanda was ten years old; Willie Boyce, though it was only Mrs. Gedge who talked of him; and the soldier-cobbler, whose grave had never been tended by wife or daughter, but which, somewhere in the South, was marked "unknown." They could speak, too, of the loss, soon after the war, of Mrs.

Gedge's \$4300, and the reason why Amanda thought her mother should not apply for a pension. "Government gave us our position, and we ought to be content." And Mrs. Gedge acquiesced, and said that a pension would make her feel like a beggar, *anyway*; but not needing it, being in the Government, it would make her feel like a thief. Then they could talk of the geraniums; their looks as compared to last year, or the year before, or many years before; and the frost; and how long the tub of butter was going to last. Yes, life was very interesting.

The next morning it rained, and was too damp for Mrs. Gedge to go through the shed, so she settled herself at the kitchen window for a long day's knitting. The stage came swinging and creaking down the hill, and the four horses, sleek and steaming with the rain, stood, with much pawing and jangling of traces, in front of the post-office, while the young red-faced driver, knocking with the handle of his whip on the off wheel, called out: "Good-mornin', 'Mandy. Mail ready?"

A moment later Mrs. Gedge saw Amanda hurry out with the still lean bag in her arms, and hand it up to Olly Clough to put under his feet on the toe-board. Olly flourished his whip, nodded, and went jolting over the bridge, and disappeared behind the hill. Mrs. Gedge could not imagine why Amanda should stand there bareheaded, her gaunt shoulders covered only with a little square blue-check shawl, apparently forgetful of the rain. She scratched the glass with her knitting-needles to attract her daughter's attention, but Amanda did not seem to hear her, although she turned slowly and went back into the office. It was certainly ten minutes later before she came through the shed into the kitchen.



"AMANDA WENT PLODDING DOWN THE CARRIAGE ROAD."

"Why, what kept you, child?" demanded Mrs. Gedge, whose curiosity never flagged concerning small happenings. She began her question before the door was fairly opened, and she raised her voice because Amanda did not hear very well, even when in the same room with the speaker.

"Mother," said Amanda, "look at *that*!" She held up a letter as she spoke.

Mrs. Gedge stretched out her hand for it eagerly, and then stopped to put on her glasses, so that she might, holding it at arm's-length, read the address. "'Arthur Hamilton, Esq.,' " she read, "'Penniville, Pennsylvania.' Well, child—but how did it come this time of day? Oh, it was in the bag yesterday, after all?"

Amanda was quite pale; she pushed back a lock of hair from her high bleak forehead. "Mother, do you know, that came day before yesterday. That's the letter he was inquiring after. It got shoved into one of the low pigeon-holes. My goodness, mother!"

This burst of excitement really alarmed Mrs. Gedge. "Why, child, you needn't be so put out. He ain't in town. And I don't know as I'd send it up to his house anyhow. If he gets it when he comes home, he'll know it's been delayed, and then he'll fuss about it. I don't believe I'd send it, 'Mandy.'"

"Oh, mother, I don't hardly think that would do," Amanda said. "You know the Government—"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," Mrs. Gedge assented, reluctantly. "Course I wouldn't do it if it was anybody else. But that man! and he's gone now anyhow, and probably he's found out what was in the letter by this time, so he hasn't really any need of it; and, you know, he's had no experience; he don't understand how a mistake could be made. Well, I don't see myself, 'Mandy, how you could get that letter into one of those pigeon-holes. There, it isn't any matter, child. Send it up with his noon mail."

"No; I must take it," said Amanda, firmly. "I'll have to bundle you up, mother, and wheel you into the office. It'll take me an hour to go and come, and the office can't be shut up all that time."

Mrs. Gedge did not half like it, she said; it was not right for the Government to wait on Mr. Hamilton by carrying him his letters; it was trouble enough to sort them out, she declared; but nevertheless she permitted Amanda to push her wheeled chair through the shed, and took her place on the official side of the pigeon-holes, in easy reach of the stamp drawer and the letter scales. If anybody wanted gumdrops or writing-paper they would have to help themselves, and bring her the change.

Amanda put on her overshoes, which she, like the rest of Penniville, called "gums," and wrapped her shawl tightly around her shoulders, bringing the ends under her arms, and tying them behind her. She put over that a rusty black cloak which had been a rubber water-proof, but was thin now, and skinny, and soaked up more rain than it shed. She wore a hat with a blue *baré* veil tied around

its depressed-looking crown. Her large freckled face was still pale, and her anxious eyes looked out from a forehead that was creased with troubled lines. Clutched tightly in the hand which held her skirts very well up out of the mud, was Mr. Hamilton's letter.

It had rained since before dawn, and the branches of the sycamores and lindens had given up almost all those few yellow leaves to which they had clung since the last frost. The ground on the foot-paths was covered with them, and the streaming air was heavy with the dank aromatic scent of autumn. The wheel ruts were full of running yellow water. Amanda picked her way carefully, but her Congress gaiters were soaked above her overshoes, and even the white stockings on her lean ankles were splashed. She was glad it had not rained yesterday, she said to herself; and then she thought of the wreath of immortelles, and hoped the colors wouldn't run. She sighed as she remembered the tintype set into the slate head-stone under the piece of glass which to-day must be so spattered with rain that the young soldier in his uniform could not be seen. How beautiful it would be to have the black and white crayon! Amanda knew just where it was going to hang on the parlor wall, and she had a plan about a cross of purple immortelles to place above it.

By the time Mr. Hamilton's house was in sight, Amanda had gone through an abstruse calculation as to how long it would take her, putting aside five cents a week, to save up the three dollars and eighty cents which the required sum still lacked, granting that nothing else came up to claim her hoard. This calculation seemed to bring the crayon nearer, and cheered her, in spite of the rain and the burden upon her conscience. She hurried up the driveway to the front door, which was opened by John himself.

"Oh, John," said the postmistress, out of breath and embarrassed, yet holding her gaunt shoulders proudly, and ignoring the way in which her hair, lanky with rain, had blown into her eyes—"John, this letter was—overlooked. You may give it to Mr. Hamilton."

John took the letter curiously. "Well, now, when did it come?" He paused to examine it closely. "Yes, it's postmarked Washington. Why, Miss Gedge, it's the one he was lookin' for two days ago. They

had to telegraph him to come on. Lord! he kicked like a steer about postal delays. 'Postal delays,' says he. Obligated to you for bringin' it, miss."

Amanda did not reply; she was gathering her skirts up under her water-proof again, and shaking open her umbrella.

"You might 'a' saved yourself," John protested, politely; "he's fetched up in Washington by this time; so the letter ain't needed, as you might say."

Amanda nodded, and went plodding down the carriage road, her tall body leaning against the wind that twisted the water-proof around her ankles and beat her umbrella over sidewise; the blue barége veil hung wet and straight over one shoulder. A cold misgiving fastened itself upon her heart. "Postal delays." And Mr. Hamilton was in Washington. Suppose he should find fault—suppose it should reach the Government? Not but what the intimacy of their relations with the Government would make an explanation simple enough; but yet it was not pleasant to think that Mr. Hamilton might speak to the President in some unkind way of her mother. She wished the President could know how they revered him. She had never begrudged her father and Willie Boyce to her country; she wished, if Mr. Hamilton did say anything, that the President might understand all that; but of course he could not. Probably Mr. Hamilton would not think to mention it, even if *he* knew it, and—Amanda tried to be just even to Mr. Hamilton—it was pretty plain that he did not know of it, seeing that he was "so unreasonable and fault-finding, which he couldn't be if he understood." Amanda felt that it was a Christian duty to be charitable to Mr. Hamilton.

The wind suddenly twisted her umbrella, and her face was wet with rain; and then something warm went rolling down her cheek. She had not known that she was crying.

III.

When Amanda had put on some dry clothing she hurried into the office, for there was much to do before the arrival of the noon stage. What with her work, and listening to Mrs. Gedge's minute account of what had happened in her absence, she had no time before the mail arrived to tell her mother of her anxieties. It was surprising how much there was to hear, and Amanda listened to every word

with close attention. Sally Goodrich had come in for two stamps, and her five-cent piece had rolled down in that crack by the stove; but she—Mrs. Gedge—had said, "Never mind, Sally, you can have them just as well"; for it was raining, as Amanda knew, and she really could not send Sally Goodrich at her age—she was fifty-one, if she was a day—back in the rain, just for four cents; besides, the five cents was really in the post-office, and if the floor should ever be raised, they'd get it. Mrs. Gedge, having been silent for an hour, talked in a steady, cheerful stream, broken only by Amanda's little interjections of surprise and interest.

But after dinner, which the noon delivery of the mail made sometimes as late as one o'clock, Amanda could not help saying that she wished that letter belonged to anybody else than that Mr. Hamilton.

"Oh, you take it too much to heart, child," Mrs. Gedge reassured her. "Why, 'Manda, he's only a summer person; he'll go away, and we won't see or hear of him till next summer, nor his sister either. They're a pair of old maids, the two of 'em," said Mrs. Gedge, with a chuckle, her bright black eyes snapping with good-natured impatience.

"Well, mother, maybe that's so," said Amanda, doubtfully; "but Mr. Hamilton's John took the letter, and he seemed to think Mr. Hamilton was dreadfully put out about it. He said that he *kicked*. I suppose he meant that he stamped his foot. Just think, mother, stamped his foot!"

Mrs. Gedge gave her cap strings a jerk. "Well, what if he did? It shows he's a very bad-tempered man, that's all."

"Yes; only—he's in Washington, mother."

Mrs. Gedge did not seem to understand for a moment, and then she suddenly looked concerned. "Well, now, Amanda, how could you overlook that letter? Dear me, child, I don't see how you did it. Why, if he's in Washington, he might say something to the Government. I tell you, I wouldn't like that, Amanda."

Amanda sighed, and shook her head. "If there was any excuse," she said; "but there isn't. It was—it was the 28th of October, mother, *you* know—the day before the—29th—and I was sort of dull. Well, I suppose I couldn't write that to Washington?"

"It's a very good excuse," cried Mrs. Gedge. "I'd like them to know just

what excuse we have, if he *should* say anything—but I don't believe he will, 'Mandy—I'd like them to know we didn't mean to be neglectful."

The kitchen had grown dark with rain and early dusk, and a chill had crept into the air in spite of the fire in the stove. Perhaps it was only the vague fear that was hanging over Amanda Gedge, but she stopped talking to put some more wood into the stove, and said it was cold.

"Well, now, 'Mandy, I'll tell you what would be a good thing; better than writing," Mrs. Gedge declared. "*Send a present.*"

"To Mr. Hunter?" said Amanda. Mr. Hunter was the gentleman who signed the occasional communications from Washington, and to whom they submitted their quarterly accounts.

"I meant the President," said Mrs. Gedge, doubtfully, "but I don't know but what Mr. Hunter would be better. Then, if Mr. Hamilton should presume to find fault, Mr. Hunter would know that our intentions were all right."

"Oh, mother, I *don't* know," Amanda demurred. "Maybe we'd better not do anything. Maybe he won't complain."

But Mrs. Gedge was positive. "No; a present is friendly, and he's probably a busy man, being in a big post-office; so if he has a present from us, it will be easier for him to keep us in mind as being friendly."

"Well, mother, you're right, I guess. And yet it seems sort of queer, don't you think? And what could you send him?"

"Oh, I've thought of that!" cried Mrs. Gedge. "We can send word by Olly Clough to his friend at Mercer to buy an album—a blue velvet album like Sally Goodrich's, with those steel trimmings and clasps."

Amanda was moved at the prospect, but suddenly her face fell. "Mother, that cost \$9 95," she said.

Mrs. Gedge was dismayed. "Perhaps we needn't get such an expensive one?"

"No; if we get any, it ought to be a handsome one," Amanda said, sadly. "Well, mother, you can maybe begin to make the toast for tea, and I'll run over to the office and see if we've got the money to spare."

Mrs. Gedge was quite cheerful by that time, and she chatted merrily all the evening of Mr. Hunter, and his surprise and pleasure at being remembered by

humble officers of that Government to which he himself rendered more important but not more loyal service.

"Why, child," Mrs. Gedge said, suddenly, in the middle of tea, putting down the cup she had just raised to her lips—"why, 'Mandy, suppose I was to write a poem, and send with it?"

Ever since Willie Boyce died, Mrs. Gedge had meant to write another poem, but there had been no occasion great enough to inspire her.

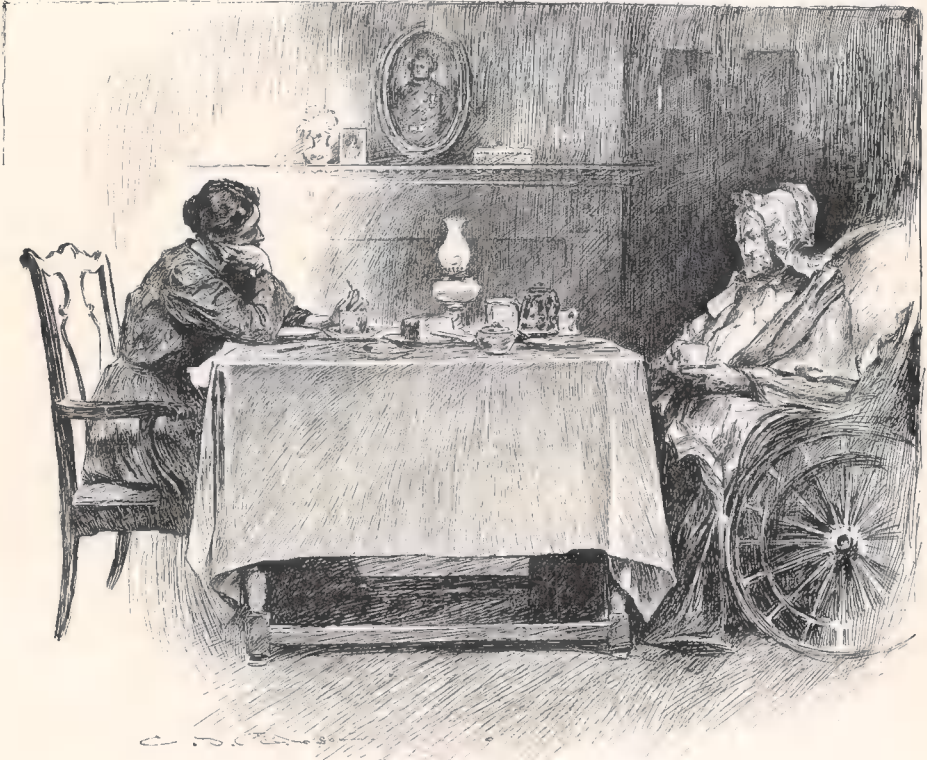
"Well, now, that is a good idea," Amanda answered, proudly. "It would be real pretty to send a poem with the present."

And for the rest of the meal Mrs. Gedge tried excitedly to find words that rhymed with Hunter, which, however, were so scarce that she turned to "album," which was a little more successful, although, as she said to her daughter, "dumb" and "come" rhymed well enough, but she did not just see what words she could get in along the line. Amanda tried to help her mother, but she sighed once or twice as she heard the rain on the kitchen roof, and thought of the tintype under the misty glass.

The commission was given Olly the next morning. He was to tell his friend, who was, Olly said, "a travelling commission merchant," to be certain the very next time he came out from Mercer to Penniville to bring a blue album. If he could find one that had two flags crossed on the clasp, like Sally's, he was to get it, surely, even if it cost a quarter more. He was to try, however, to find one just as good as Sally's for, maybe, a dollar less. Olly was so hopeful that his friend could economize that Mrs. Gedge checked him.

"It isn't the money, Olly, that you consider when you're getting a present for a friend; it's the album, and it must be the best. It must be as good as Sally's."

After that there were many days of expectation, for no one could tell when Olly's friend would arrive with just what was wanted. In Mrs. Gedge's mind the reason for the present had faded in the excitement of the present itself. It had been easier to forget the reason because Mr. Hamilton had not come home. Indeed when, flushed with triumph, on the Wednesday following the second Tuesday in November, John came into



"WHY, CHILD."

the post-office for the paper, he volunteered the information that very likely Miss Hamilton would close the house, and join her brother in Washington.

"We'll be there this winter," said John, with an important air, "though of course we won't get to work before the 4th of March."

This news that Mr. Hamilton might not return was a relief to Mrs. Gedge, but still more so to Amanda. She seemed to breathe more freely, for ever since John's betrayal of his master's temper, she had dreaded a scene with Mr. Hamilton in the post-office. "I'd put him out with my own hands," she had thought, "rather than have mother worried." But the danger was averted, and in her thankfulness Amanda was reconciled to what she had come to think was really a very unnecessary expenditure of money, for Olly's friend would probably not be able to return any change from the \$9 95 which had been intrusted him.

It was not until well into December

that the friend "got around" to Pennville. When he did, it was a great day at the post-office. He came on the noon stage, and brought a large package with him. Olly handed in the mail-bag at the same time; but no one could think of that until the package had been opened, and the album, covered with rich bright blue plush, very soft and deep, and indented with oxidized clasps, had been displayed and admired. Every one who called for a possible letter was quite willing to wait a half-hour until the excited representatives of the Government were able to attend to their duties. This willingness spoke much for the good nature of the Public, as well as for its patience, for neither Mrs. Gedge nor Amanda confided the purpose of the album. It was "a gift," they said, and with that the admiring if inconvenienced Public was forced to be content. It was curious, where their official relations were concerned, to see the reticence of these two simple women, who had not a secret of their own.

Their reserve was perhaps the most striking indication of their pride of office.

The people who had not received any mail lingered longest, kicking their steaming boots against the little ledge about the stove, and waiting, as though in the hope that a relenting after-thought on the part of the postmistress might create a letter. But when the last disappointed correspondent went tramping out into the snow, the mother and daughter gave themselves up to the contemplation of their treasure. They took it back into the kitchen, and placed it with almost reverent care down on the crazy patch-work cover of the table; then they touched the plush to see how soft it was, and studied the pattern on the clasps, and counted the pages. It was a most exciting, a most exhausting afternoon.

Sally Goodrich came in at dusk to have a look at the album. She was a little condescending at first, but its magnificence overpowered her, and she honestly confessed that it was far handsomer than hers. She said that she presumed the person it was for would be real pleased. But her tentative assertion could not flatter the mother or daughter into giving her the information she desired. They were impatient to be alone, that they might compose the letter which was to accompany the gift.

They did not get at that until after tea, and when they did, Mrs. Gedge could not easily resign the idea of poetry; but Hunter was not a name that charmed the Muse.

"'Oh, traveller,'" Mrs. Gedge began, "'whoever you may be—' I could use as much as that of Willie's poem, 'Mandy? Dear! I do hate to be put out just by a name. I suppose I needn't put it at the end of a line, but it seems to come that way in my mind. Hum—hum—hum—Mr. Hunter!'"

They struggled over this with patient earnestness before turning to the soberer prose of a letter; but when, by half past nine, it was at last composed, Mrs. Gedge went to bed, weary and happy, appalled at the lateness of the hour, and charging Amanda to be careful of the album. Amanda dutifully tucked it up in its box, under a sheet of tissue-paper, as tenderly as though it were a baby. It lay on the table at Mrs. Gedge's bedside, and when Amanda got up the next morning at half past five to make the fire, she found her mother awake, her eyes, under the full

ruffle of her nightcap, bright with excitement, and anxious for a look at the beautiful book before she arose.

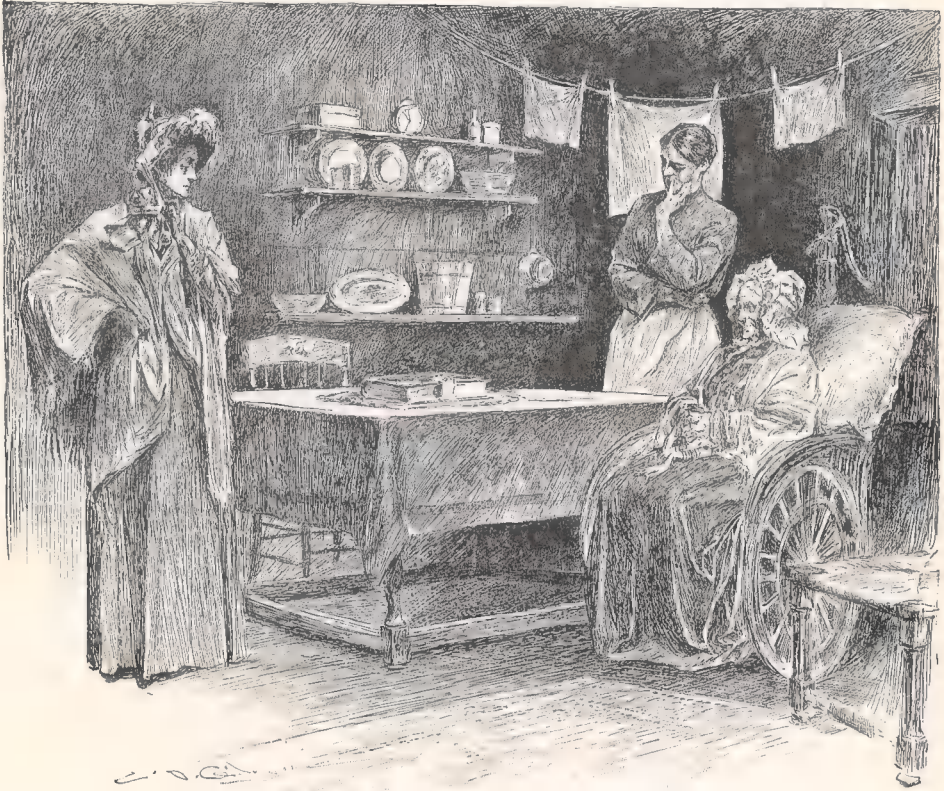
"I can't wait till I get up, child," she said.

It was hard to part with the album by the noon stage, but it had to go, and the letter, prim, and full of respectful assurances of regard, went with it. How the thoughts of the contented donors followed it along each step of its journey! Mrs. Gedge was concerned about the weather; she said that she hoped the snow wouldn't drift badly on the hill road; Amanda would remember how Olly's father's stage had upset on the hill road in that great storm? In an accident like that an express package could so easily be lost, she said, anxiously. She and Amanda calculated the exact moment that it would reach Washington, and the earliest date when an acknowledgment could be looked for.

By this time—mid-December—Mrs. Gedge had quite forgotten Mr. Hamilton. Her life had too many pleasant and interesting things in it to allow her to think about a bad-tempered man, who was nothing but a summer visitor anyhow. Amanda did not so readily forget her fear, and then, too, the tintype up on the hill-side and the vacant spot on the parlor wall were constant reminders that propitiation had been necessary. Mrs. Gedge did not acknowledge this for a moment; their gift had been simply a pleasant courtesy to an equal, for were they not both officers of the same great and beneficent Government? That Mr. Hunter's acknowledgment seemed long in coming could not alter that fact; very likely he was away, or maybe there was sickness in his family, as Amanda had more than once suggested. But it was certainly long in coming, for the 1st of January found Mr. Hunter's manners still at fault.

But although the post-office had forgotten Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hamilton, now that the immediate excitement of the second Tuesday of November was over—Mr. Hamilton remembered the post-office.

"I tell you, Philip," he said, as one evening he and a friend sat smoking over their wine after dinner—"I tell you the Post-office Department of this country needs a tremendous shaking up. Yes, sir; heads have got to fall. I have a summer house in that little place Penni-



"SALLY GOODRICH CAME IN AT DUSK."

ville, you know, up in the hills? and for all practical purposes there is no post-office there; outrageous carelessness and endless inconvenience. But I intend to do my part to secure a proper postal service to my native land."

"At least during the summer," commented the other man. But Mr. Hamilton ignored the sarcasm.

"There's a good fellow, a good hustling fellow, that I mean to have put there. William Sprague—you remember? He was my substitute; he has a ball in his leg now that belongs to me. I'm going to speak to —, and have that job given to him. I've always meant to do something for him."

"Ah, how I respect a philanthropist!" said the friend; "and how just it is that because he was your substitute in the war the nation should reward him! And yet I thought that civil service reform was alluded to in your Convention? Correct me if I am wrong."

"Oh, go to thunder!" answered the other, laughing, and knocking his cigar ashes off against his wineglass. "My young friend, we've been out in the cold for twenty years, and we don't propose to keep away from the fire to split the straws of ethics. You may back that statement with large money."

"Is that the excuse you will give to the present incumbent when you tip him or her out? It will have all the merit of truth."

"Look here, my noble reformer," protested the other man, "I advise you to take off your kid gloves; these ideas of yours are too darned fine for our humble capital; yes, sir; they'll do for Boston, and I'm sure we are grateful that the chaste bosom of the Boston mugwump should have thrilled for us because of our highly moral principles; but, my dear fellow, *now* we've come down to business, in spite of our principles. We are a good deal more honest than the people you



"WILLIAM SPRAGUE—YOU REMEMBER?"

helped us put out, there's no doubt of that; but we're human. This may surprise you, as you reflect upon our virtues, but we admit it—human. And how shall we dispose of the present incumbents in Pen-niville?" He rose, with a jolly, rollicking laugh, straightening his shoulders, and lifting his handsome head. "Why, Lord bless you! offensive partisanship, to be sure. Seriously, they are hopelessly inefficient; a couple of old maids, who hold back the mail-bags, lose a man's letters, or deliver them a week after they've arrived. Why, look here; here's an instance: That letter from the Secretary about that Cincinnati matter was overlooked three days. Thank the Lord! Beardsley had the sense to telegraph; he knew the Secretary had written. Now, you know, that would have cost me more than it is agreeable to contemplate. I swear it *was* offensive partisanship. Deliberate injury to a political opponent—if Beardsley hadn't had the sense to telegraph!" He laughed, and then struck the younger man good-naturedly on the shoulder. "See here, Shore, don't, by the fineness of your theories, make yourself unfit for practical life. Remember what we've got to deal with; be as good as you can, but, for the very sake of your theories, don't be too good. Doesn't the Bible say somewhere, don't be righteous overmuch? Well, a printed notice of that ought to be sent around to the mugwumps."

IV.

"It does seem," Mrs. Gedge said, when towards the end of January no acknowledgment had come from Mr. Hunter—"it does seem as though something had happened to that album."

"Well, mother, Olly saw it safe into the express office; it must have got to Washington, anyhow."

"You don't suppose," Mrs. Gedge queried, in a troubled voice—"you don't think he could have thought it was out of the way, two ladies sending him a present? It was in our official capacity, Amanda; I hope I know better than to do it in any other way."

"My, mother! of course he understands it," Amanda assured her. "It's just as I say, sickness in his family, or something has put it out of his mind. We'll hear soon. Now don't you worry; it was a nice gift, and will look pretty on his centre table—you can be sure of that."

They had followed the album so closely with their fancy that they knew quite well how it looked. Mrs. Gedge had even said that she hoped his wife was not a foolish young thing, who would know no more than to put other books on top of it, and crush the plush. Poor Amanda began to dread the coming of the mail-bag, for each day there was always the same hesitating question: "I suppose you didn't hear to-day, 'Mandy? I somehow didn't look for a letter to-day?"

"No, mother, not to-day," and then some little excuse: "He would have had to write on Monday to reach us by this mail, and Monday's a real inconvenient day;" or, "Very likely he's put off writing till the end of the week;" or, "It's the first of the month, and you know how busy the Post-office is; very likely he's real driven with his accounts."

They had terrible misgivings sometimes that the neighbors mistrusted to whom they had sent the album, and that no notice had been taken of the gift. But reflection always reassured them. "They *couldn't* know it. Olly saw the direction, but he don't know who Mr. Hunter is, and Olly is the only person who could tell. My Mandy, I couldn't bear to have anybody know!" The very thought of such humiliation sent the blood stinging into Mrs. Gedge's faded cheeks.

But day by day Mrs. Gedge's assurance that "of course it was all right; course she didn't really care; she knew in her position how hard it was for some folks to write letters"—day by day such assurances grew more evidently forced in their cheerfulness, and when at last the 1st of February passed, and the usual official communication from Washington failed to bring with it any personal communication, Amanda said to herself that she couldn't stand it. They had written to the express office, and learned that the package had been received and delivered, so they could not even have the comfort of thinking that it was lost.

Amanda's high forehead gathered new wrinkles in those bleak winter days; the suspense wore upon her mother as the weeks passed, and anxiety gnawed at her heart. Sometimes she thought of writing to Mr. Hunter, imploring him, for her mother's sake, to just say that he had received the present; but how could she deceive her mother, or have a secret from her?

Amanda was coming home from sewing society, and stopped on the bridge to look into the water and think. Some uncertain hesitating flakes were wandering through the gray air, marking the hurrying stream with fine white touches, and then fading into its blackness. Amanda was very low in her mind; it was the way people came into the world, she thought—just for a moment, and then, gone! "To heaven," Amanda added. But heaven did not seem very near or real when she

reflected that her mother was failing. "It's been a hard winter for her, so much cold," she tried to comfort herself. "Why, if she could only just forget the album, I believe she'd be as well as ever. Oh, my goodness, that album!"

The water came racing down the wide shallow bed of the creek, leaping with tumultuous ripples over the larger stones, and sending a faint continuous jar along the worn hand-rail of the bridge, nicked and whittled by each generation of Pen-niville boys. It was freezing, and the ice curved in and out along the curving shore in clear snowy lines, like wonderful onyx or agate bands. The branch of a maple, dipping into the water, had encased its twigs in a fringe of icicles that jangled as they rose and fell on the current. The cold dusk and the vague uncertain snow seemed to Amanda the embodiment of disappointment. She plucked a splinter of wood from the rail on which she leaned, and dropped it into the creek, watching it swirl on the black water and go hurrying under the bridge, and then she went slowly home. She had made up her mind to tell her mother that she believed Mr. Hunter was dead. She felt sure that this would be a sort of comfort to Mrs. Gedge, and Amanda felt willing to mourn Mr. Hunter, if his demise would excuse his carelessness towards her mother.

She did not propose this solution of the puzzle until the next morning, and then Mrs. Gedge's concern about the Sixth Auditor of the Treasury was almost as alarming as her previous suspense, so that Amanda, with a desperate feeling of not knowing in which direction to turn next, made haste to qualify her suggestion, or even take it back altogether.

The wind was high and cold that day, but the sun shone, and feeling so much the shock of the suggestion concerning Mr. Hunter, Mrs. Gedge said she believed she would not get up; she said the glare of the sun on the snowy roof of the post-office hurt her eyes, and she'd rather lie in bed.

Amanda's heavy heart grew still heavier. "Mother's failing," she said to herself. "I guess he's well, mother," she assured her. "It was real foolish for me to think he wasn't. Why, they'd have sent *us* word if anything had happened to him, of course. I don't know what I was thinking of."

"Well, then, why don't we hear from the album?"

But Amanda had nothing better to say than, "Well, now, I guess we will, real soon."

"You don't think anybody thinks anything, do you, 'Mandy? You never let on to anybody—Sally Goodrich or anybody—that it was for Mr. Hunter, and he hasn't written?"

"No, mother; no, indeed. There isn't a person that guesses. Nobody but Olly saw the address, and he don't know who Mr. Hunter is; he don't know but what he's a relation."

There were no demonstrations of affection between these two; it would not have occurred to Amanda to kiss her mother, but she took her little blue check shawl from about her own shoulders and laid it over Mrs. Gedge's feet. "I'll be over from the office as soon as ever I can," she said. She hurried so in sorting the mail that she was not so much as usual on the lookout for a Washington letter, when, suddenly, she found it in her hand. Amanda's heart seemed to come up in her throat; she stopped sorting the mail to hold the letter tight in her trembling fingers. It had come! Her mother would feel better and get up for dinner. In the confusion of her thankfulness the impulse of prayer spoke in her heart, but she had no words except, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name—oh, my, but I'm glad!—Thy kingdom come—"

"Here's a bundle for you, 'Mandy," said Olly. "I clean forgot to leave it when I hove in the bag."

She opened the delivery window and took the package, but she was too joyfully excited to notice it. She had begun to put the mail into the pigeon-holes with one hand, holding the precious letter tightly in the other; she pushed the bundle a little to one side. "It's some blanks, I guess," she thought. It seemed to Amanda that Sally Goodrich was never so long in getting her purse out from the deep pocket of her petticoat to pay for the sheet of writing-paper she had purchased; nor was Mr. Thyme, who kept the tavern, ever so insistent that it was time for inquiries about summer board, and he didn't see why there weren't no letters for him.

Amanda was smiling with happiness, in spite of being thus delayed, when it

struck her that the package was a present from Mr. Hunter. Oh, this was almost too much relief and joy! When at last the Public had gone, she seized the bundle and the letter, and ran through the shed, the red, white, and blue door banging after her with great clatter of the latch; but Amanda could not pause to close it. Oh, the agitation and joy of these two women! The rush of forgiveness for having had so many days of waiting, the joyous excitement of imagining Mr. Hunter's gratitude, and the wonder and awe of the accompanying package.

"I hope he didn't feel under any obligation to give us a present, kind as it is in him. Open the letter first, and see what he says. Hurry, child!"

Amanda's fingers blundered with the envelope, and she read in a breathless way. Mrs. Gedge sat up in bed, and pushed the wide ruffle of her nightcap back, so that nothing might escape her delighted eyes.

"Mr. Hunter desires to acknowledge the receipt of a package from Mrs. Gedge, as per letter, for which he begs to express his thanks. He regrets that he must herewith return the package, his position precluding the acceptance of gifts."

Mrs. Gedge leaned back on her pillows, with pitiful fright and bewilderment in her face. "Mandy, it's our album," she said. "Oh, 'Mandy!" Her cheeks seemed to hollow in, and her chin shook. "'Mandy, it's our album!" she whispered.

Amanda Gedge stood paralyzed. "Why," she stammered—"why, mother; why, wait! It must be all right. Oh, mumma, don't cry!" But Amanda was crying herself. "I think he's friendly; let me read it again. Now listen, mother: he begs to express his thanks—*begs*, mother. Oh, I'm sure he's friendly. He regrets—that means he is very sorry; regret means that, mother; and it's his position, the letter says, that makes him return it. And—and he tells the person who wrote it for him to send his thanks, mother. You see, he's so busy, he can't even write himself."

Amanda had never seen a letter in the third person, so this explanation was natural, and it seemed reasonable, too.

But the shock was too much for Mrs.

Gedge to be able at once to reason. She turned her worn old face on the pillow, and whimpered like a child. "Take it away," she said, feebly, and Amanda carried the album into the kitchen. She was so excited and so frightened because of her mother, and so angry that her mother's gift should have been rejected, that the quiet woman touched the only note of passion that had ever come into her life. She put the album down on the table with something like violence, and then gave it a shove with her bony hands, and said something under her breath. It was nothing more than "*You!*" but Amanda understood the spirit of the Third Commandment as she never in her placid life had understood it before. After that she went back to her mother.

It was several days before Mrs. Gedge could look calmly at the album, or consider the letter reasonably, but little by little she began to say that it was "all right," and she believed that Mr. Hunter was friendly. "It's his position, 'Mandy,'" she explained again and again. "He couldn't help sending it back; he said so."

Meantime March was blown into April; it had been a hard month for Mrs. Gedge, with the excitement about the album and the constant changes in the temperature. But Mrs. Gedge was not the only person who found the season trying. William Sprague said to Mr. Hamilton, who dropped in in the friendliest way to see him one day at his news-stand in Mercer—he told Mr. Hamilton that he felt that old wound in his leg in such weather; why, he believed that he could foretell a storm as much as three days before it came, and he said he didn't know but what he'd offer his services to the Weather Bureau in Washington; and then he laughed, and said he believed it would be an easy lay, if Mr. Hamilton would excuse him talking that way. Mr. Hamilton would not let him talk about excusing himself, he was so pleasant, and he said that he thought William would be the better for a change; and then he said a dozen words that left William Sprague aghast with pleasure.

"And I'm to be ready the last of April, sir? Well, there's not much to do. I'll sell out here, and pack up my duds. I haven't many, now my poor wife's dead and gone. I auctioned off most of the furniture; didn't need it, you know."

William Sprague's face was red with

excitement. He was a short, stout man, with kindly, twinkling blue eyes and a grizzled rough red beard. He wore a G. A. R. badge, and walked with a limp and roll; he was stiff with rheumatism, but was never too crippled or too hurried to stop to do a kindness—pick up a fallen child and comfort it with a penny, or walk an extra mile to do a favor for a friend. And yet his friends were apt to say he was contrary, and cite as an instance his long feud with McCormick, his rival on the next block—a warfare waged with the greatest bitterness on Sprague's side, and furnishing much pleasant interest to those not concerned in it.

"William was like to kill him till McCormick got the fever, and then, darn him! he up and nursed him for six weeks. But they're good enemies again now."

William Sprague liked to do a kindness, but it is a question whether he could do a kindness if it were expected of him. "I won't be drov'," said William; and he never was.

"I'll feel bad to leave some of my friends," he told Mr. Hamilton; "but I'm obliged to you, I'm obliged to you, sir. There's nothing I'd like better than to run a post-office. You can count on my vote when you're runnin' for President. Take a paper, Mr. Hamilton; take a *Herald*." He folded a paper and thrust it into the hand of his patron. "No, sir, no, sir; not a cent. I guess I can give you a paper; and a good Democratic organ, sir."

He laughed, and so did Mr. Hamilton, accepting the present with gracious politeness, and lifting his hat slightly as he said:

"Much obliged, Sprague! Well, good-morning. I shall expect to see you settled when I get down to my country house in June." Then he stooped and patted Jimmy, William's rusty little Scotch terrier, and went away.

William was, as Mr. Hamilton said, a capable, efficient man. He went to work to settle up the affairs of his news-stand in a methodical and businesslike manner. He drove a sharp bargain with the man who bought him out, and cleared ten dollars by the sale of odds and ends about his small premises.

"I'd meant to pitch 'em into the ash bar'l," he confided to one of his cronies, "but of course I didn't tell him so. I said I was going to pack 'em up and take 'em

along, and of course that made him hot for 'em." He winked and chuckled, and then whistled to a newsboy across the street, and tossed a quarter to him. "Sonny, if you'll bring in a dozen of the fellows to-night, I'll give you a treat."

And he did. "He come down handsome," the boys said, afterwards, with ice-cream—two kinds—and three doughnuts apiece.

The days went slowly to William Sprague, waiting for his appointment, but they passed with placid haste to Mrs. Gedge. She had grown reconciled to her own explanation about the album.

"It wouldn't have been proper, 'Mandy, for him to accept it. I can see that now. And, 'Mandy, I don't know but what—I thought of it last night, lying awake—I don't know but what we did wrong about that blotter. You know, the blotter with ribbons that Sally Goodrich gave us for the office? 'Mandy, it wasn't proper to receive presents in our position."

If only the acceptance had not dated back two years, it would have given Mrs. Gedge the most exquisite pleasure to have returned that blotter.

V.

April was very lovely among the hills. The sunshine, threaded sometimes by sudden showers, and chased by cloud shadows and soft warm winds, lay like a smile upon the meadows. The lilac buds opened like green stars, and had that faint, indefinable fragrance which the later purple blossoms exaggerate almost into coarseness. The creeks were high, and the whirling brown waters shook the wooden bridges in a threatening way; the red buds of the maples dipped into the flood, and strained and tugged at their stems to be off on its turbulent freedom; all the world was full of joyous life and yet greater promise, for, except the wind-flowers and arbutus, there were not many blossoms.

Amanda Gedge went up to the burying-ground on the hill to brush away the sheltering dead leaves on the mound, and plant a root of lilies-of-the-valley. The sky was softly blue and the sun was warm upon the slope, and although it was indiscreet for a person who was nearly fifty and rheumatic, Amanda, after she had performed her little office of love, spread out her shawl, and sat down on the grass to meditate. Something must be done about

the tintype; of course she could not think of the crayon for a year or two yet; but the bit of glass here on the slate head-stone was so spotted with mildew within that no amount of polishing on the outside could make it possible for her to see Willie's face. Now if she could get that glass off and clean it well? The thought of holding the tintype in her hand after all these years gave her a strange thrill. It was like touching the mysteries of the other world! She would get Silas Goodrich to set it again, for Silas added the profession of glazier to that of painter, plumber, and horse-doctor to the village of Pennville. The doing this for Willie gave Amanda Gedge a curious happiness—the sort of happiness a woman has who plans a little surprise for her husband's comfort. It was, she said to herself, with that elderly smile which was always balanced by a frown—it was as though she had thought of making Willie a nice pair of muffettees, or something like that. She smoothed the grass where, under the sheltering dead leaves, it had whitened to a silky smoothness, and she hoped the lily root would grow. Willie had loved flowers, except toward the end; then, one September day when she carried him a bunch of glowing salvia, he had turned fretfully away, and told her not to bother.

"Willie was so sick," she said to herself, remembering, but remembering only his pain, not his slight. She always said good-by to him when she had to leave him here alone on the hill-side. Amanda knew that Willie was in heaven, but somehow he seemed here too, under the leaning piece of slate and the bleached winter grass.

When she got back to the post-office, a little tired, but full of the peace of the calm sweet day, her mother had a dozen small and pleasant happenings to tell her. And Amanda listened to everything with keen interest and sympathy, and then confided her plan about the glass, to which Mrs. Gedge cordially assented, although she thought to herself that it certainly was strange for 'Mandy to be so faithful to Willie, after all these years. She did not believe, feeling the way she did, that 'Mandy would ever marry; it was a pity for a girl to be an old maid! Well, she liked to have 'Mandy faithful to her beau. "But," said Mrs. Gedge to herself, "my! what would she have done if she'd been

left like me, if she takes on so, and Willie only her beau?"

It was too dark to knit, but she saw Amanda, who was sorting the mail, put aside an official letter, and she was eager to see it. "Do make haste, 'Mandy," she said. "My, I wonder if they are going to make any change in the stamps! I don't want to seem to criticise, but they're not pretty—the stamps."

Amanda looked over her shoulder to caution her mother not to speak so loud; the Public must not know that the officers of the Government were dissatisfied with anything the Government might do. She took time to hand her mother the letter; for, though Mrs. Gedge could not read it in the fading light by the window, and Amanda had both lamps to assist her in sorting the mail, she knew that it was a satisfaction to her mother even to hold it in her crippled old hands. But when her public duties had been discharged, Amanda made haste to open the envelope.

"I can't stop to talk," she said, with her official smile, to two or three women who were waiting to gossip in the twilight, "because I must attend to some Washington business;" and, properly impressed, the ladies were satisfied to talk to each other.

"Read it, child, read it," said her mother, sticking her knitting-needles into her little ivory sheaths.

"MADAM,—It is deemed for the best interests of the service that a change be made in the post-office at Pennville. Your resignation will therefore be accepted, to take effect on the 1st day of May.

Yours truly, ———."

The name that followed Amanda did not know.

"Why, I don't understand," interrupted Mrs. Gedge. "Why, what does it mean?"

Amanda stared at her mother in a bewildered way. She grew suddenly faint, and sat down.

"But I don't understand," Mrs. Gedge repeated.

"Mother, don't; they'll hear!" Amanda interrupted in a strange, whispering voice.

Mrs. Gedge looked up at her in a sort of terror. "'Mandy!"

But, without a word, Amanda wrapped her shawl tightly about the little, old,

shrinking figure, and with a swift motion opened the side door into the shed.

"I'm going to wheel mother into the house," she called out to the women who were standing by the counter.

Her voice was husky, and there was the swift precision of agitation in her manner, which they noticed and commented on. They said they supposed that Amanda Gedge was getting real worried about her mother, and no wonder, either. They waited a good while, hoping that Amanda would come back; but as she did not, they said it was lucky they were there, for Mrs. Dace came hurrying in to buy a stamp, and there was a good deal of giggling and chattering about being the postmistress, for, rather than bother 'Mandy, they went behind the pigeon-holes themselves, and, in the most obliging way in the world, opened the stamp-box and received Mrs. Dace's two pennies just as well as 'Mandy herself could have done. And then, laughing and making fun, as they expressed it, they went off into the twilight, leaving the old post-office in dusky quiet, with the door standing hospitably open.

It was nine o'clock before Amanda Gedge came back. She closed the door, turned the lamps down low, and dropped into a chair, her head resting in her hands. She went all over the last three hours: her mother's bewilderment and terror; the shock to her pride, which seemed to be, Amanda had thought, watching the old face wither and whiten—which seemed to be her life; then the struggle to understand, and at last the rally of courage with which Mrs. Gedge cried out suddenly that *she* knew what the letter meant! The relief of her own insight was, for a moment, almost too great for words. "The good of the service!" she said, with a gasp. "For our good, 'Mandy. Oh! don't you see? It's just consideration! They think I'm old for such hard work. That's it; I know it is. It's kindness! But, 'Mandy, child, you go right over to the post-office and write to the President. You tell him I'm not too old to work for him. He thinks I am, 'Mandy—you can see that from the letter—and he gives me the chance to resign; but you say I'm obliged, but it isn't necessary. Oh! don't let him think I don't appreciate it, but tell him I couldn't think of it. Why, 'Mandy, you tell him I couldn't desert the Government after these twenty-five years!

You tell him, child! And explain how much you are able to do, now you are older; you know you were so young when we got the position; they've forgotten that you're older now." She looked up at her daughter, and actually laughed with relief. "My, it did give me a start! But you see what it means?"

"Oh yes," Amanda assured her; "why, of course." But she said to herself: "I *don't* know, I *don't* know. Maybe she's right. But we won't resign, anyhow. We won't do it!" And then she reassured her again in that brief, repressed way that never knew the relief of a caress. "Never you mind, mother; it's all right."

But this confidence had not come at once; there had been a dreadful hour of pain to Mrs. Gedge; and now Amanda, sitting alone in the dark post-office, put the explanation aside and faced the facts.

"They will 'accept' mother's resignation. It's Mr. Hamilton did it. Oh, that man! Well, we won't resign; that's all there is to it. We won't resign. I'll write and tell the President so, and very likely we'll never hear anything more about it. But, 'tenner rate, *we won't resign*." She would never forgive Mr. Hamilton, she was sure of that. The shock to her mother—Amanda's shoulders shook with sobs, as she sat there, her head on her knees, swaying to and fro with misery. "Oh, if I only hadn't lost his letter!" she said, again and again. "It's my fault; it's all my fault, not mother's. I'll tell the President that."

But she must not waste her time; she must explain that her mother was much obliged, but she did not care to avail herself of the consideration of the great and beneficent Government which she had the honor and privilege of serving. This for her mother's eyes to read, and then came her own self-accusation, and certainly there was no hesitation in the writing of that letter. The words were burning in the elderly woman's heart. "Oh," she said to herself, "even if they did mean it kindly, as she says, it may kill mumma!"

She sobbed as she wrote, but when the letter had been sent, and a day or two passed without any further communication from Washington, Amanda was happier than she had thought she could be while this cruel uncertainty was hanging over her. Mrs. Gedge began to gather an immense amount of comfort and pride

from this expression of the consideration of the government. She told Amanda that she really wished the Public knew of it. She didn't want to be proud, she said, but it was gratifying, and she almost wished Sally Goodrich knew it. Amanda's feeling was so decidedly against this confidence that Mrs. Gedge reluctantly gave it up. "Yes, you're right," she said; "we're not like ordinary people; we can't tell our affairs." And Amanda was quick to say that was just how she felt. Her mother's innocent importance cut her to the heart; for although no answer had come from Washington, Amanda Gedge found herself counting the days until the 1st of May. She did not know why, she only felt that something was going to happen.

But those soft spring days brightened Mrs. Gedge wonderfully—the days and the quiet of her mind; for, not hearing from the President, the shock of the letter she had at first so grievously misunderstood faded from her memory. Amanda could not help feeling that such forgetfulness was a sign of weakness, and she went about with a heavy heart. The second week in April Mrs. Gedge said that although she felt better, she believed she'd not go over to the post-office for a few days; the being wheeled over made her bones ache, and she guessed she'd just as lief stay in the kitchen, she said. But of course she kept an eye on the post-office, and saw the stage come rumbling up at noon, and watched the off horse pawing restlessly, while Olly handed the mail-bag to Amanda. There was a man on the box-seat at Olly's side who roused her curiosity a good deal; and when her daughter came in to get dinner, she asked 'Mandy if she had noticed him.

"He was real pleasant-looking, 'Mandy," she said, as her daughter pushed her chair up to the table; "real pleasant, but big; though he ain't to blame for that. Who do you think he can be? He had a little dog sitting up beside him, like a little deacon! I like to see a man friendly with a dog. He isn't the sewing-machine man; maybe he's a dentist?"

"Or a book agent," suggested Amanda. "I like book agents, they have so much conversation. Sometimes I think, really, if I'd the money, I'd buy one of their books, they do talk so nice about them."

"He looked real hard at the shed

door," Mrs. Gedge commented. "I guess he never saw a shed door painted just so. I don't know but what we'd better change it, 'Mandy?'"

"I guess he thought it was nice, mother," objected the other, gently.

"Well, anyway, when Mr. Thyme comes down for the mail, child, you be sure and ask who he is. It's far too early for a summer boarder."

It was very pleasant to have such a new and interesting topic of conversation. William Sprague, "cleaning himself up" before a small mirror in the office at the tavern, had no idea how much pleasure his advent had given. William's coming to Pennville thus early was simply because his important happiness demanded some kind of action. The day that Mrs. Gedge had been notified that her resignation would be accepted, a communication had come to William Sprague, showing the reverse side of that letter, which, as Mrs. Gedge expressed it, "she had misunderstood." He read it for sheer pleasure a dozen times a day, and each day that wonderful and delightful 1st of May seemed further off; he packed his trunk at once, and when he had had a week of inconvenience in unpacking and repacking whenever he wanted anything, it occurred to him that the best thing he could do would be to take Jimmy and go to Pennville at once, and while waiting for the desired date become acquainted with his constituents, so to speak.

"It's two weeks before I go into office," he told his friends, "but I'll be learning the ways of the place and the people, so as to get a good grip on the work."

He was as full of enthusiasm and of plans for reform in what he knew nothing about, as Mr. Hamilton himself might have been. He took it for granted, after the manner of all new brooms, that everything in Pennville was in the most shocking condition of neglect and dilapidation. Yes, the sooner he got there and looked about him, and investigated the poor, feeble, inefficient workings of the post-office, the better. And so, with only the delay of carting his trunk to the station, William Sprague hurried off to his new life. He was glad when the journey in the cars was over, and, whistling to Jimmy to follow him, he could clamber up on the stage, and take the box-seat with Olly Clough, and then go swinging and creak-

ing along the hilly roads towards Pennville.

William Sprague did not tell Olly who he was; he did not mean to betray his greatness all at once; he preferred the sensation of coming to his kingdom in disguise. He was very gracious, though; he complimented the country that stretched before him in terms which intimated a friendly desire to overlook any mistakes on the part of the Creator; he thought the houses looked comfortable, he said, and the barns quite a size; he admitted that it had rained considerable, apparently, but he felt that it did good, after all, a big spring rain; it did good, and he would not find fault. By-and-by he approached the subject of Pennville.

"Pretty place?"

Olly looked vacant, and said he did not know. "I 'ain't thought about its being purty," said Olly.

"Large population?" Mr. Sprague inquired.

"Well, sizable," Olly answered.

William Sprague cleared his throat and seemed much interested in the off leader. "Good mare that? Yes? Haw—hum—the post-office, now"—this with striking indifference—"quite a job to run it?"

Olly stuck out his lips to hide a satisfied smile. "Yes, she's fair—she's fair. You don't see none better 'an her in the city?"

William answered briefly, but it was some time before he could woo Olly from the subject of the mare, and when he at last asked again his question about the post-office, the stage-driver was plainly not interested.

"Well, I never heard 'Mandy complain," he said.

"'Mandy?"

"'Mandy and her mother keep it; been there since the war."

"Well!" said William, much interested.

"What are they goin' to do?"

"Huh?" Olly inquired. "Do?"

"Why," said William, with some modesty, "when the change is made. You know the other party is in now; they're puttin' in their men."

Olly's low chuckle came as though jolted out of him. "Well, I guess they won't put anybody in our post-office over 'Mandy and her mother." He paused to point out silently the green expanse of the valley below them. Olly thought it was good farming land himself, but the summer visitors always made a fuss about

it, and so he had learned to point it out to any passenger on the box-seat.

"Pretty good, pretty good," said William, graciously, watching a cloud shadow chase across a meadow and up the sloping fields to the woods; "yes, I must say that's pretty fair for these parts."

They rumbled along for nearly a mile without a word, for William Sprague felt suddenly depressed and uncomfortable, when Olly broke out:

"Why, look a-here. They 'ain't got a cent, 'Mandy and her mother; ef they weren't in the office they'd be on the town. Talk about puttin' of people in over 'Mandy and the old lady, I guess they'd wish they wasn't put in. I guess they'd be considerable put out!" Olly laughed at this joke several times during the next hour. "Put in, put out," he repeated, and chuckled.

But William Sprague shrugged his shoulders, and frowned in a troubled way. "There!" said he to himself, "I am sorry for the women, but it ain't for me to say anything. I'll do my duty, that's all I'm here for. The women ain't my business. But it's queer they haven't told this young man about the change. I should think they'd tell him, sure; him carrying the mail."

He had no inclination now to disclose his identity to Olly, whose ignorance puzzled him, and even irritated him a little too. But he was quite good-natured again and full of interest and excitement by the time they turned into Main Street and drew up at the post-office. He looked about curiously while Olly handed in the mail, and whispered that that red, white, and blue door showed a good spirit. He would not call until he had gone to the tavern and cleaned up, he said to himself. That done, and a comfortable dinner disposed of, he put on his broad-brimmed felt hat that had a gold cord around it which fastened with a slip in front, and went, with something of a roll and a limp, and with Jimmy close at his heels, down to the office.

It was three o'clock, and Main Street was quite deserted; the door of the post-office was partly open, and a puff of wind showed its official interior. It showed him also a tall angular woman standing behind the counter; her back was towards him, for she was trying to fit one of the pasteboard boxes into its niche without wrenching its feeble joints. At his step

she turned with rather a pleased look. ("He hasn't a bag, only a dog," Amanda said to herself; "what can he be?")

"Good-afternoon," said William Sprague, taking off his hat, and then putting it carefully on his head again. "How do you do, ma'am?"

"Good-afternoon," returned Amanda, politely. "Fine day, sir."

"Well, yes, it is, it is," William conceded, pleasantly.

"Are you stopping in town, sir?" inquired the postmistress: she was not surprised that he had called at the office. What more important or pleasant place was there? Amanda was always gracious, if a little formal, to people who came to pay their respects. She patted Jimmy's head as he stood on his hind legs and sniffed at the counter. The little dog's patient brown eyes were not unlike Amanda's own.

"Well," said William, blankly, "I am; yes. I—I—"

"On business, I presume. What is your line?" said Amanda, wishing to be agreeable. "Are you in the dentistry business?"

"I feel as if I was having teeth pulled," reflected the new postmaster; but he only said, "Well, no; I can't say that I am. Not dentistry—exactly. No. I—I came down to call, ma'am, on you. You are Mrs. Gedge, I suppose? I understand you run this office?"

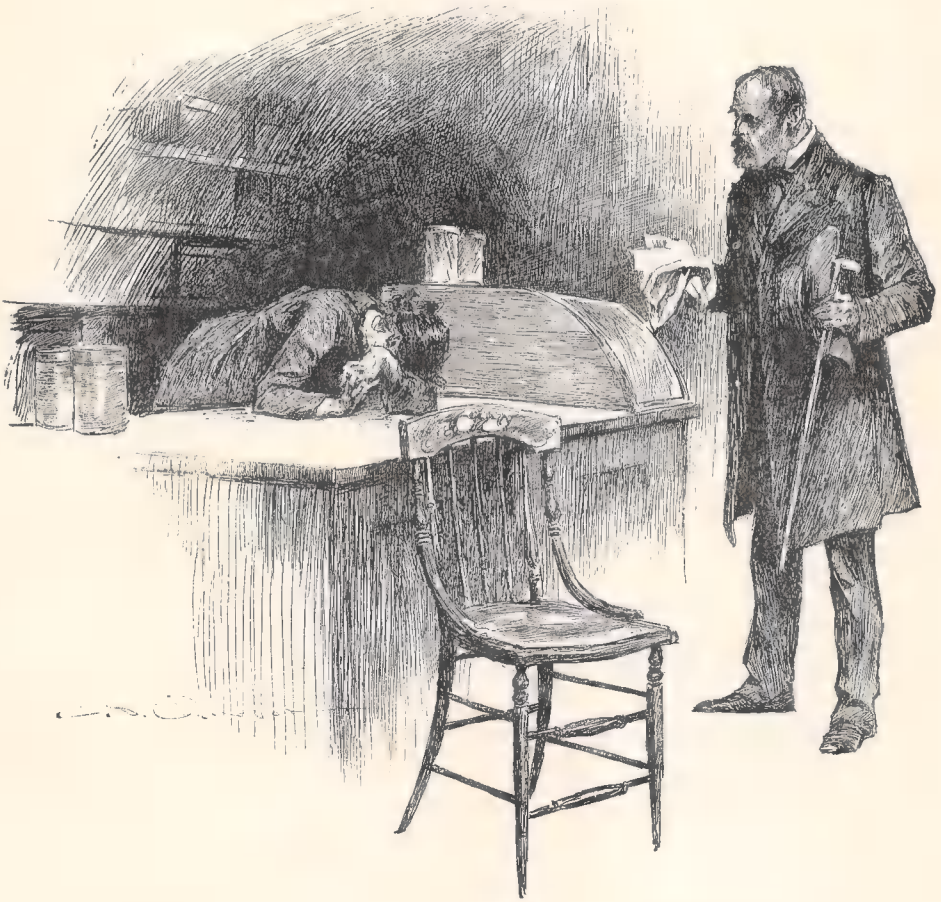
Amanda Gedge felt a sudden contraction about her heart. "The post-office belongs to mother," she said, faintly. She did not know why, but the numb and hidden terror of the past weeks seemed to seize her.

"Yes, just so; so I understood," said William Sprague. "Well, perhaps you weren't looking for me before the 1st, but I thought I'd come; I thought I'd get to know the place, ma'am."

William took off his hat and wiped his forehead. He wished he had a bit of stick and his knife, then he would not have to look at her, he thought; the slow whitening of her face, the movement of her dry lips as she tried to speak and could not, her hands, clutching the edge of the counter until the knuckles were white, and her changed voice, were terrible. It was like seeing some poor dumb creature tortured.

"What—what? I don't know—I don't know—what you mean."

"Well, I've been put in here, you



"OH, GO—GO—"

know," William said, bending over to pull Jimmy's ears, so that he need not look at her; "and I came along now to Penniville because I thought, perhaps, you'd—I've no experience, and I thought—" He began to stammer with pity; her rigid face and wide, terror-stricken brown eyes confused him. "I hope you are well, and your ma too," he ended, weakly.

"You will kill mother," said Amanda.

"Ma'am?"

"You will kill her if you turn her out of her post-office."

William Sprague shuffled his feet noisily on the floor; then he took off his hat and seemed to scan it critically. "I ain't responsible, Miss Gedge; I was sent here. The department decided to make a change, I suppose, and I was sent here."

"You must go away," Amanda said; her voice broke, and she could not say anything more.

William's eyes glistened. "This is the cussedest business I was ever in," he said, under his breath. "Poor girl! Poor thing!" He felt something roll down his cheek, and that helped him to be angry. "Well," he said, sternly; "this ain't your affair, nor mine. I'm sent. I can't help it. I'm to be in on the first day of May. I'll go away *till* then. I'd just as lief as not clear out till the first of the month, if it will oblige you any; honest, I would."

"Don't you understand?" Amanda explained, with that same monotonous pain in her voice. "I don't want you to come back. Mother's been here twenty-five years. If she was put out, she would die. She would be on the town; but the worst

thing to her, the thing that would kill mother, would be to be put out. Oh, go away! You can come back when she dies—yes, you can come back then. Oh, go—go—” Amanda stopped; she dropped her head upon the counter and sobbed aloud.

William wiped his brow and sighed.

Amanda lifted her large face, working with tears. “Mother’s been here twenty-five years,” she repeated—“twenty-five years.”

William Sprague stamped across the post-office and back. “Well, ma’am, I’m sorry; I don’t mind saying I’m sorry. I—I—I’m damned sorry! But I don’t see what I can do about it? If I wasn’t here, somebody else would be. And—well, I’m put here, and it’s my duty to stay where I’m put.”

“Mother’s done her duty,” said Amanda, feebly.

“I ain’t a-questionin’ that, of course,” William assured her quickly. “She’s all right, of course. But the party has changed, you know. The Democrats are in. Now you and your mother ain’t Democrats, so—out you go!”

“What!” cried Amanda, looking at him with sudden hope—“not Democrats? Why, if that’s the reason, we’ll be Democrats! I’ll write and tell the President so. Why, we’d just as lief be Democrats, sir. Won’t you tell the President so?”

“My Lord!” said William Sprague.

“I’ll write to the President. Oh, if that’s all, it will be all right. If they had only told us that, we’d have changed in November.”

“Well, ma’am,” interposed William, wearily, “I guess I’ll go up to the hotel and rest a bit, and maybe we can talk it over later in the evening. I’ll come in and set awhile, and we’ll talk it over, and you’ll see.” William was actually fatigued with the hopelessness of the situation.

“No; mother would wonder,” Amanda answered. “I—I will be out, walking down by the bridge, and if you’ll be there, I’ll explain; I’ll tell you why we can’t leave, and you’ll understand.”

VI.

That meeting at the bridge was productive of nothing but the need of another talk, and after it William reflected that he must not leave Pennville until Amanda understood and was reconciled

to his return on the 1st of May, so he settled comfortably down at the tavern. Of course by this time Mrs. Gedge was the only person in the village who did not understand the situation, but everybody united to conceal it from her.

Mr. Sprague was so sympathetic in spite of his quiet determination to “have the place” that he was not greatly disliked, as might have been supposed. He was the unwilling tool of circumstances; he could not—that was very clear—he could not help himself; “for,” as he explained a dozen times a day—“for, if I didn’t come, somebody else would, and it would be just as bad on ‘Mandy.’” William had adopted the customs of the village at once, and called everybody by their first names.

More than a week slipped by in this bickering; to Amanda it was only a long daze of terror; to the new postmaster it was pitiful but interesting. He was as kind as possible to Amanda on every occasion; he bought a very hideous little blue glass dish in the shape of a shell, and presented it to her; he even fetched her a bunch of wild flowers—London-pride and dog’s-tooth-violet and Quaker-ladies. Amanda took them listlessly. She explained to her mother that the gentleman who was stopping up at the tavern—“that little red man you saw on the stage, who comes to the office ‘most every day with his dog”—he had given her the presents, she said.

Mrs. Gedge revived with this new interest like some poor faded flower that looks up for a moment in the rain. “Why, child,” she said, her black eyes fairly snapping with pleasure, “you’ve got a beau! I think you might ask him into the parlor some time, ‘Mandy, to see me.”

William Sprague made this same suggestion. “I’d like to see your ma, ‘Mandy; course I won’t say a word to her, but I’d just like to see how the land lays.”

And so Amanda had no choice but to arrange a meeting. “Will you come in this afternoon?” she said; and Mr. Sprague assented at once.

Mrs. Gedge, when she heard that he was coming, was filled with excited hospitality. She made her daughter wheel her into the parlor. “He’ll be here in an hour or two, child,” she said, “so you just get to work and dust up. Open the shutters first. Now, come, be spry! Dear! if I had my legs!” Almost with irritation she watched Amanda moving slowly

about with the duster, in heavy silence. Amanda was not excited. "It's like a girl," Mrs. Gedge thought. "They take their beaux for granted, and won't make a speck of effort for 'em! But 'Mandy ain't as young as she was; she ought to take pains." When the shutters were opened, she felt a pang as she saw a strip of sunshine stretching across the red and blue roses of the carpet. "It will fade it," she thought; "but there! if 'Mandy takes him, I guess he can buy her a new carpet one of these days."

The dreary order of the room was really perfect; there was nothing to be done except to wait impatiently for the arrival of the caller. An hour before he was expected, Mrs. Gedge put on her best cap; it was almost new, for she had only worn it once since Amanda made it four years ago; then she shook out the folds of a clean handkerchief, and drew Amanda's blue plaid shawl about her shoulders. Then a happy thought struck her. "'Mandy, I believe that those black mitts of mine are in that old cigar box, in the right-hand corner, back, of my top drawer. Do look, 'Mandy. There, child, hurry! My, you ain't fast, are you?"

Amanda found the ancient black silk mitts, and then wheeled her mother's chair upon the braided mat before the empty fireplace, just as William Sprague lifted the knocker on the front door. It was so long since that door had been opened that the key would not turn in the lock, and Amanda, in an embarrassed voice, was obliged to call out to Mr. Sprague would he please go round to the kitchen door, and come in that way? This was mortifying; but the occasion was too great and too agreeable for mortifications to be long remembered; and Mr. Sprague certainly did not seem put out by it, Mrs. Gedge said afterwards.

He found the little crippled old woman sitting up very straight in her chair, with her mitts crossed carefully in front of her, and the ruffle of her cap fairly quivering with pleasure. The sunshine had crept round to the west window, and the lilac bushes kept most of it from the carpet, and, free from that anxiety, Mrs. Gedge could give herself up to the opportunity of the moment.

"Praise to the face is open disgrace," she said, smiling and nodding, in answer to Mr. Sprague's remark that Miss 'Mandy seemed real smart, housekeeping

and running a post-office too—"Praise to the face is open disgrace, but I must say the child is capable. She's a real smart girl, sir."

Amanda stood with a stony face behind her mother's chair. As William said "*post-office*," she looked up, and her tired eyes besought him with a quick terror; he nodded, reassuringly.

"I should think, now, Mrs. Gedge," he began, "you and Miss 'Mandy would be about tired of the office, you've been there so long; honest, I would."

Mrs. Gedge was really very condescending, but she could not allow any such talk as that; she smiled primly, and her voice was less friendly. "No, sir," she said; "in our position we cannot think of ourselves. We are glad, 'Mandy and me, to be in the service, and I'm sure we couldn't be so unworthy as to think of being tired. Besides that," she ended, trying to be less severe, "'Mandy really takes a good deal off me. 'Mandy's real capable."

"But you've been here a good while," William insisted, anxiously; he was not making his point as he had hoped to; he looked about the room in a shifting, embarrassed way; he wished he had not come.

"Yes; 'Mandy was only eighteen," returned Mrs. Gedge, cheerfully; "'twas a good bit ago, but 'Mandy has kept her looks. There, child, you needn't poke my shoulder. I guess your mother can say that. You've been a real good girl, 'Mandy, too. Well, now, sir, how do you like Penniville?"

William found this much more comfortable ground, even though Mrs. Gedge, in the most delicate way in the world, said that she understood he was a widower, and of course it was lonely for him in a strange place like Penniville, and she hoped he'd come often to see her and 'Mandy.

"You'll always be real welcome, sir," she assured him. "In our position we haven't much time, we are so occupied with duties, but, I'm sure, we'll be glad to do anything we can for you," she ended, with friendly patronage. "Won't we, 'Mandy?"

"Yes, mother," said Amanda, faintly.

Mrs. Gedge made a little inpatient cluck between her teeth; it was real silly for Amanda to be so shy, she thought. She had enjoyed this visit very much, but she was tired when at last her guest said

good by. As for William Sprague, he went away with a very sober face.

It was only a few days now until the change must be made. Amanda had altered so that Mrs. Gedge would have been alarmed but for this delightful interest of the beau. Not that she named Mr. Sprague thus to Amanda; she only asked every conceivable question about him; but she nursed her little hope in silence, with small chuckles when she was alone, and with knowing looks and nods when the neighbors came in to gossip. She was too interested and pleased with this very personal happiness to notice any constraint in the talk of Sally Goodrich, or Mrs. Dace, or any one else; but there was constraint. All the village joined Amanda in shielding Mrs. Gedge as long as possible from the dreadful knowledge that threatened her.

The 1st of May was on Monday. On Thursday Amanda, her face set in haggard silence, went up to the graveyard. She had decided to tell her mother the next morning. There was nothing to hope for now; her frantic appeals to the department had only been answered by a brief assurance of her mother's inefficiency. Once, before that assurance came, she lay awake all night to plan a visit to Washington. She could take some of Mrs. Gedge's one hundred dollars out of the bank and go. She would make some excuse to her mother, so that she should not guess the humiliating truth. Yes, she would see the President; she would tell him. But the very next day came that brief, decided answer from Washington that left her nothing to hope from the government.

William Sprague, stolidly, but with the kindest pity in his twinkling, anxious eyes, assured her that there was nothing to hope for from anywhere else. She felt no resentment towards William; she believed him implicitly when he told her it was not his fault. No, he could not help it; he had been sent, as he said.

She would go and sit by Willie awhile, she said, as she toiled wearily up the hill, and plan what she should do when the check from Washington ceased to come. There was a hundred dollars in the bank at Mercer, from which Mrs. Gedge received four dollars and fifty cents a year; that was all. They owned their house, but it was of no value save as a shelter. No one would buy or rent

it. Everybody had a house of his own—everybody except Mr. Sprague, and he had at once announced his determination to live in the tavern, that being cheaper and more comfortable than housekeeping for a single man. Amanda could sew, but who would give her work? All the women in Penniville did their own sewing, and Mrs. Dace helped them with the rare occurrence of a new dress. She could go up to the tavern and help Mrs. Thyme in the summer season; but at two dollars a week for twelve weeks—at the very most twelve weeks—she could only earn twenty-four dollars.

Amanda thought this all out, sitting there by Willie, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, and her eyes staring blankly at a milkweed swaying in the soft wind. If she went away to work, went to town, she might keep her mother from the almshouse; yes, that was what she must do. She must take her to Mercer; take her away from friends and neighbors; away from the old home. "Oh, I wish mother might die before she knew it," this old daughter said from her aching heart. Yes, they could go to town, and she could work and keep her mother from the poorhouse; but oh, there was no way to save the heart-break, the pride that must be trampled down, the violence of leaving the home to which Adam Gedge had brought his bride, and in which Amanda had been born and little Charles had died—the misery of transplanted age! Amanda had no more tears, but she drew in her breath in a sort of moan. She found herself wondering at those days of anxiety about the album. How could she have been worried over so little a thing? Ah, how gladly would she exchange this new despair for the old pain! Amanda sat upright and wrung her hands. The look in this mild woman's eyes was almost frenzy.

"Mandy," some one shouted from the road. It was William Sprague; he was slipping the leather loop from over the gate-post, and pushing the old sagging gate back across the grass. "I want to speak to you, Mandy," he said, in his loud, cheerful voice. "Your mother said she believed you were up here. If you don't mind, I'll talk to you a bit." He had reached her by this time, and stood watching her with much concern. Jimmy came and sniffed her hand, and then licked it with his little rough tongue.



"OH, WHAT SHALL I DO?" SHE SAID."

Amanda did not notice him, and William shook his head. "Why, she don't see him!" he thought, much impressed. "'Mandy," said he, "I've thought of something. It isn't perhaps just the thing you'd like, but it's the only thing I can think of. And I'm willing. Well, I—I'd really like it, 'Mandy."

Amanda looked at him, her lips parted, and with dilated eyes.

"If we was to get married?" said William, and paused.

Amanda Gedge did not seem to understand him; she made no answer.

"You see," said this suitor, "it's like this: Your ma'd be pleased, and she'd never know anything. I'd have a home, and I'd be comfortable. And I like you, 'Mandy. It's only fair to say that. I told your ma I liked you, and I was com-

ing up here to tell you so. So let's get married."

"You told mother?" said Amanda, in a whisper. Her heart beat so that it seemed as though she could not breathe.

"You haven't thought that way about me, I know," he said, apologetically; "but look at it, 'Mandy; it will make it all right for the old lady, and we can't make it all right any other way. We've got to arrange it between ourselves—your mother and you and me. And, honest, I *can't* see any other way out of it; and I think you're a real nice girl, 'Mandy. I like you—so I do. Now, if you can only just make up your mind to me, 'Mandy?"

Amanda Gedge put her hand down on the grass as though she were groping for some other hand to help her. "Oh, what shall I do?" she said.

William Sprague sat down beside her, and then remembered the imprudence of sitting on the grass in April, and rose. "I thought it all out," he assured her. "It's the only thing to do. It will straighten out everything. What do you say, 'Mandy?'"

But she had nothing to say. She saw the bit of dim glass in the slate headstone, and caught the last line of the inscription, "Mourned by his friends." She put her hands over her face. "Oh, *Willie!*" she said.

"Well, now, there! that's right," said William, heartily. "My first wife called me that, and I like to hear it again. We'll get along first rate, 'Mandy—you and Jimmy and the old lady and me. Come, now, it's all settled, ain't it?'"

She drew a half-sobbing breath before she could speak. "Oh, I don't know—I don't know! I think I'll go home now, Mr. Sprague. I thank you; indeed I do; but I must see mother. I must go home. Oh, it will save mother. Oh, you are very kind to think of it—William."

LONDON OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

BY WALTER BESANT.



IT is not proposed in this place to swell with any new groans the general chorus of lamentation over the deplorable morals of King Charles's court. Some contemporary writers are, indeed, of opinion that all the available groans are wanted for the deplorable morals of our own time. We will leave on one side Whitehall, with the indolent King, the mistresses, the singing-boys, the gaming-tables, the tinkling guitars, the feasting, and the dancing. We will have nothing to do with Chiffinch and his friends, nor with Rochester, nor with Nell Gwynne, nor with old Rowley himself. Therefore we must also have nothing to do with Messrs. Wycherley, Congreve, and company. It is, I know, the accepted excuse for these dramatists that their characters are not men and women, but puppets. To my humble thinking they are not puppets at all, but living and actual human creatures. But we will leave the court and Whitehall and the Mall. We will keep to the east of Temple Bar. Hither, it is true, come occasional whispers, murmurs,

rumors, of sad doings at court. The sober and grave citizens, still filled with the Puritan spirit, speak of these things partly in sorrow and partly in disbelief; the court is far from their ways, and the courtiers have little to do with the city; they know of their own experience nothing that goes on at Whitehall; they are always ready to believe well of the King. The reports, although persistent, remain mere reports. There is really very little use in having a king unless you are able to persuade yourself that he is wiser, nobler, more virtuous, braver, and greater than ordinary mortals. Indeed, as the head and leader of the nation, he is officially wisest, noblest, bravest, best, and greatest among us, and is so recognized in the prayer-book. Even those who are so unhappy as to be convinced of the exact contrary do their best to keep up the illusion. The great mass of mankind still continue to believe this of the reigning sovereign. Yet modern ideas have brought us one change in our view of sovereigns. Nations under the monarchic form of government, while they cling to the old beliefs as regards the reigning sovereign, no longer believe in the exceptional wisdom and virtue of his predecessor. Are the citizens of a republic similarly convinced as regards their presidents?

The evil example of the court, in a word, produced very little effect upon the morals of the city. At first, indeed, the whole nation, tired to death of grave faces, sober clothes, Puritanic austerity, godly talk, downcast eyes, and the intolerable nuisance of talking and thinking perpetually upon the slender chance of getting into heaven, rushed into a reck-



PALACE OF WHITEHALL IN THE REIGN OF JAMES II.

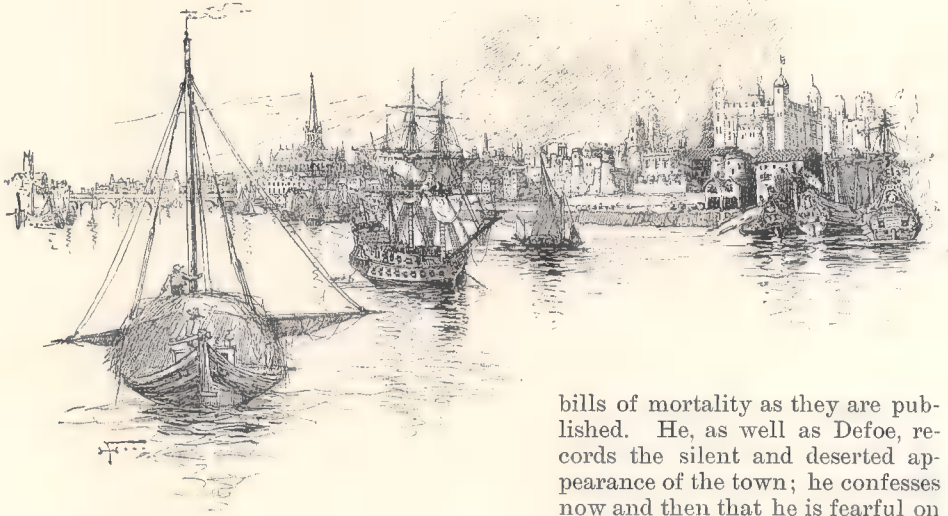
less excess of brave and even gaudy attire and generous feasting—the twang of the guitar no longer prohibited, nor the singing of love ditties punished, nor the dancing of the youths and maids regarded as a deadly sin. Even this natural reaction affected only the young. The heart of the city was, and remained for a hundred and fifty years afterwards, profoundly affected with the Puritanic spirit. It is the foolish modern fashion to laugh at this spirit.

Two events—two disasters—give special importance to this period. I mean the Plague and the Fire.

The plague of 1665 was the twelfth of its kind which visited the city during a period of seven hundred years. The twelfth and the last. Yet not the worst. That of the year 1407 is said to have killed half the population; that of 1517, if historians are to be believed in the matter of numbers—which is seldom the case—killed more than half. Of all these plagues we hear no more than the bare dreadful fact. Plague came: so many thousands died of it. Since there was no contemporary historian, we know nothing more. How many plagues have fallen upon poor humanity, with the terrible tragedies and appalling miseries that came in their train, to be forgotten for want of a historian? What about that of the year 1604, when thirty thousand people are said—but we cannot believe it—to have perished in London alone? Yet

there must have been one or two old people living in 1665 who could remember this plague. What about that of the year 1625, when thirty-five thousand died in London? Everybody of fifty in the year 1665 remembered that. But there was no historian, and so we can only guess at the things which happened.

We read the marvellous history of the plague as it presented itself to the imagination of Daniel Defoe, who wrote fifty years after the event. Nothing ever written in our language so holds the reader with such a grip as this history of the plague. It seems, to us who read those pages, as if no one at the time could have been able to speak or think of anything but the plague. We see the horror of the empty streets; we hear the cries and lamentations of those who are seized and those who are bereaved. The cart comes slowly along the streets, the man ringing his bell, and crying: "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" We see the great *fosses communes* in the churchyards, the holes into which the dead were thrown in heaps and covered with a little earth; we think of the grass growing in the streets; the churches deserted; the clergymen basely flying from their posts; their places taken by the ejected Non-conformists, who preach to as many as dare to assemble together; the roads black with fugitives hurrying from the abode of Death, till they are met by rustics armed with pitchforks, who drive them back; we



LONDON BEFORE THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PAUL'S
STEEPLE.

hear the frantic mirth of revellers snatching a doubtful rapture, for to-morrow they die. The city is filled with despair. We look into the pale faces of those who venture forth; we hear the sighs of those who meet; nobody can think of aught else than the immediate prospect of death for himself and all he loves.

Pepys, however, who remained in the city part of the time, and was never far distant, not only notes down calmly the progress of the pestilence, but also allows us to see the effect it produced on his own mind. It is very curious. He reads the

bills of mortality as they are published. He, as well as Defoe, records the silent and deserted appearance of the town; he confesses now and then that he is fearful on his own account, but his mind remains occupied with his own advancement and his own pleasures.

He thinks very little about the plague. He drinks with his friends and notes the merriment of the party.

The summer of 1665 was curiously hot and dry. Every day a blue sky, a scorching sun, and no breath of wind. If bonfires were kindled to purify the air, the smoke ascended and hung overhead, a motionless cloud. From May till September no wind, no rain, no cloud, only perpetual sunshine to mock the misery of the prostrate city.

At the first outbreak of the disease the people began to run away; the roads were covered with carts carrying their necessities into the country. The city clergy, for the most part, deserted their churches; physicians ran from the disease which they could not cure, pretending that they went away with their patients; the court left Whitehall; the courts of justice were removed to Oxford. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, remained at Lambeth Palace; and the Duke of Albemarle and Lord Craven remained in their town houses. And the Lord Mayor, Sir John Laurence, ordered that the aldermen, sheriffs, common councilmen, and all constables and officers of the city should remain at their posts.

As the plague increased, business of



SION COLLEGE.

all kinds was suspended; works were closed; ships that arrived laden went down the river again and across to Amsterdam; ships that waited for their cargoes lay idle in the Pool by hundreds; shops were shut; manufactories and industries of all kinds were stopped.

Defoe, in his cataloguing way, which is the surest way of bringing a thing home to every one's understanding, enumerates all the different trades thrown out of work. That is to say, he catalogues all the trades of London. Let it be understood that the population of London was then about 350,000. This means about 100,000 working-men of sixteen and upwards. All these craftsmen, living from week to week upon their wages, with nothing saved, were suddenly turned out of employment, almost all at the same time, they and their families left to starve, with no immediate hope of getting employment. In addition to the craftsmen, all the clerks, bookkeepers, serving-men, footmen, maidservants, and apprentices were also turned into the streets together. Add to this the loss of their trade to small shopkeepers and retailers, who lived by their daily or weekly takings, and we shall find a population of a quarter of a million thrown suddenly and helplessly upon our hands.

The Lord Mayor, assisted by the Archbishop and the two lords, Albemarle and Craven, rapidly organized and maintained a service of relief for these starving multitudes. The King sent a thousand pounds a week—this is a little fact in the life of Charles the Deplorable that does not seem generally known. A thousand pounds a week is a handsome gift. Then the city gave six hundred pounds a week; merchants and rich people contributed hundreds every week. It is even said that a hundred thousand pounds a week was contributed: this is manifestly absurd, because a quarter of a million could in those days be fed for a quarter of that sum. Yet the amount wanted must have been enormous. Think of a whole city out of work for three months at least. Employment, to be sure, was found for some of the men as constables, drivers of the dead-carts, and so forth, and for the women as nurses. And somehow, thanks to the Mayor's exertions and to the contributions of the better sort, it does not appear as if the people suffered from want.

The disease continued to spread. It was thought that dogs and cats carried about infection. All those in the city were slaughtered. They even tried, for the same reason, to poison the rats and mice, but the sagacity of these creatures enabled them to discover the conspiracy and to defeat it. Many families isolated themselves. The journal of one such household remains. The family, which lived in Wood Street, Cheapside, consisted of the master, a wholesale grocer, his wife, five children, two maidservants, two apprentices, a porter, and a boy. He first sent away the boy to his friends in the country; he gave the elder apprentice the rest of his time; and he stationed his porter, Abraham, at his door as an outer guard. He then closed every window, and suffered nothing to enter the house except at one upper window, which, before he opened it, he fumigated with gunpowder. At first the plague, while it raged about Holborn, Fleet Street, and the Strand, came not within the city. This careful man, however, fully expected it, and when it appeared in July he ordered his porter to take up his place outside the door, and locked himself up for good. Then he knew nothing of the outside world except what the porter told him, and what he read in the bills of mortality. But all day long the knell never ceased to toll. Very soon all the houses in the street were infected and visited except his own. But when, every day, he heard worse news from his porter, and every night the dismal bell and the rumbling of the cart and the voice of the bellman kept him awake, he began to give up all for lost. He did not lose courage, however; he made arrangements for the isolation of any one who should be seized, and gave directions in case it should be himself. Three times a day he held a service of prayer with his household; twice a week he observed a day of fasting; every morning he went round to each chamber door to ask how the inmates fared. When they replied, "Well," he answered, "Give God thanks therefor." Outside, Abraham sat all day long exchanging the news with the passers-by; this grew daily more and more terrifying. One day Abraham came not. But his wife came. "Abraham," she said, "died of the plague this morning, and as for me, I have it also, and am going home to die. But first I will send another man

to take my husband's place." So the poor faithful woman crept home and died, and that night, with her husband, was thrown into a great pit, with no funeral service but the oaths of the men who drove the cart. The other man came, but after a day or two he also sickened and died. Then they had no porter, and no way of communicating with the outer world. They were prisoners, the whole family, with the two maids, for five long months.

Presently the plague began to decrease; its fury was spent. But it was not until the first week of December that this citizen ventured forth. Then he took all his family to Tottenham for change of air. One would think they needed it after this long confinement and the monotony of their prison fare.

By this time the people were coming back fast—too fast, because their return caused a fresh outbreak. They burned an immense quantity of curtains, sheets, blankets, hangings, and whatever might harbor the accursed thing. And every house in which a case had occurred was scoured and whitewashed, while the church-yards were all covered with fresh earth at least a foot thick.

All this is a twice-told tale. But some tales may be told again and again. Consider, for instance, apart from the horror of this mighty pestilence, the loss and injury which it inflicted upon the city. If it is true that a hundred thousand were destroyed, a good half of them would be the craftsmen, the skilled workmen who mostly made the wealth of London. How to replace these men? They could not be replaced.

Consider again that London was the great port for nearly all the export and import of the whole country. The stoppage of trade in London meant the stoppage of trade over the whole land. The cloth-makers of the west, the iron-founders, the colliers, the tin mines, the tanners—all were stopped; all were thrown out of work.

Again, consider the ruin of families. How many children of flourishing master-workmen, tradesmen, and merchants were reduced to poverty by the death of the father, and suddenly reduced to the lower levels—happy if they were still young enough to learn a craft? How many lost their credit in the general stoppage of business? How many fortunes were cast

away when no debts could be collected, and when the debtors themselves were all destroyed? And in cases where children were too young to protect themselves, how many were plundered of everything when their parents were dead?

When it abated at last, and the runaways went back to town, Pepys among them, he notes the amazing number of beggars. These poor creatures were the widows or the children of the craftsmen, or the craftsmen themselves, whose ruin we have just noted.

This was in January. The plague, however, dragged on. In the week ending March 1, 1666, there were still forty-two deaths from it. In the month of July it was still present in London, and reported to be raging at Colchester. In August, Pepys finds the house of one of his friends, in Fenchurch Street, shut up with the plague, and it was said to be as bad as ever at Greenwich. This was the last entry about it, for in a week or two there was to happen an event of even greater importance than the Great Plague.

Now for another twice-told tale.

The last cross had not been removed from the last infected house, the last person dead of the plague had not been buried, before the Great Fire of London broke out, and purged the plague-stricken city from end to end.

Three great fires had destroyed London before this of the year 1666, viz., in 962, in 1087, which swept away nearly the whole of the city, and in 1212, when a great part of Southwark and of the city north of the bridge was destroyed.

This fire began early in the morning of Sunday, September the 2d. It broke out at the house of one Farryner, a baker, in Pudding Lane, Thames Street. All the houses in that lane, and, one supposes, in all the narrow lanes and courts about this part of the city, were of wood, pitched without; the lane was narrow, and the projecting stories on either side nearly met at the top. The baker's house was full of fagots and brushwood, so that the fire raged at once with great fury, and spread four ways at once. The houses stood very thick in this the most densely populated part of the city. In the narrow lanes north and south of Thames Street dwelt those who made their living as stevedores, watermen, porters, carriers, and so forth; in Thames Street itself, on either side, were warehouses filled with

oil, pitch and tar, wine, brandy, and other inflammable things, so that by six o'clock on Sunday morning all Fish Street was in flames, and the fire was spreading so fast that the people barely had time to remove their goods. As it drew near to a house, they hurriedly loaded a cart with the more valuable effects, and carried them off to another house further away, and then to another, and yet another. Some placed their goods in churches for safety, as if the flames would respect a consecrated building. The booksellers, for instance, of Paternoster Row, put all their books into the crypt of St. Paul's, thinking that there at least would be a safe place if any in the whole world. Who could look at those strong stone pillars, with the arched roof of stone, and suspect that these stones would crumble like sand beneath the fierce heat which was going to play upon them? All that terrible Sunday—the churches empty—the people fought the flames, and snatched their goods out of their houses before the fire caught them; the river was covered with barges and lighters laden with furniture.

The fire was stayed at length by blowing up houses at the Temple Church, at Pie Corner, Smithfield (where the figure of a boy still stands to commemorate the fact), at Aldersgate, Cripplegate, and the upper part of Bishopsgate Street. It consumed five-sixths of the city, together with a great piece beyond the western gates. It covered an area of 436 acres, viz., 387 acres within the walls and 73 without; it destroyed 13,200 dwelling-houses, St. Paul's Cathedral, 89 parish churches, 4 of the city gates, Sion College, the Royal Exchange, the old Greyfriars' Church, the chapel of St. Thomas of Acon, an immense number of great houses, schools, prisons, and hospitals. The value of the property destroyed was estimated at ten millions. There is no such fire of any great city on record, unless it is the burning of Rome under Nero.

Their city being thus destroyed, the citizens set to work manfully to put it up again. The rebuilding of London is a subject of some obscurity. One thing is quite certain—that as soon as the embers were cool enough to enable the people to walk among them, they returned and began to find out the sites of their former houses. It is also certain that it took more than two years to clear away the tottering walls and the ruins.

It was at first proposed to build on a new plan. Sir Christopher Wren prepared one plan, and Sir John Evelyn another. Both plans were excellent, symmetrical, and convenient. Had either been adopted, the city of London would have been as artificial and as regular as a new American town, or as the city of Turin. Fortunately, while the Lord Mayor and aldermen were considering the matter, the people had already begun to build. A very fortunate thing it was that the city rose again on its old lines, with its winding streets and narrow lanes—but these a little wider than before. At first the houseless people, two hundred thousand in number, camped out in Moorfields, just north of the city. Very happily, these fields, which had long been a swamp or fen intersected by ditches, a place of pasture, kennels, and windmills, had been drained by the city in 1606, and were now laid out in pleasant walks, a place of resort for summer evenings, a wrestling and cudgel-playing ground, and a ground for the muster of the militia. Here they set up tents and cottages; here they presently began to build two-storied houses of brick.

As they had no Exchange, they used Gresham College for the purpose; the same place did duty for the Guildhall; the Excise Office was removed to Southampton Fields, near Bedford House; the General Post-office was taken to Brydges Street, Covent Garden; the Custom-house to Mark Lane; Doctors' Commons to Exeter House, Strand. That part most wanted for the shipping and foreign trade was first rebuilt.

On the 18th of September the Houses of Parliament created a Court of Judicature for settling the differences which were sure to arise between landlord and tenants, and between owners of land as to boundaries, and other things. The justices of the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, with the barons of the Exchequer, were the judges of the court. So much satisfaction did they give that the grateful city caused their portraits to be placed in Guildhall, where, I believe, they may be seen to this day.

In order to enable the churches, prisons, and public buildings to be rebuilt, a duty was laid upon coals. This duty was also intended to enable the city to enlarge the streets, take over ground for quays, and other useful purposes. No-

thing, however, seems to have been granted for the rebuilding of private houses.

The building of the churches took a long time to accomplish. The first was that of St. Dunstan's in the East, the tower of which is Sir Christopher Wren's; the body of the church, which has since been pulled down, by another hand. That was built two years after the fire. Six years after the fire another church was finished; seven years after, three more; eight years after, three more; ten years after, five; and so on, dragging along, until the last two of those rebuilt—for a great many were not put up again—were finished in the year 1697, thirty-one years after the fire.

The records are nearly silent as to the way in which the people were affected by the fire. It is certain, however, that where the plague ruined hundreds of families, the fire ruined thousands. Thirteen thousand houses burnt down. Many of these were houses harboring two or three families, for two hundred thousand were made homeless. Some of them were families of the lower working-class, the river-side laborers and watermen, who would suffer little more than temporary inconvenience and the loss of their humble "sticks." But many of them were substantial merchants, their warehouses filled with wine, oil, stuffs, spices, and all kinds of merchandise—warehouses and contents all gone, swept clean away, and with them the whole fortune of the trader. And there were the retailers, whose stock in trade, now consumed, represented all they had in the world. And there were the master-work-

men, their workshops fitted with such machinery and tools as belonged to their craft and the materials for their work, and these all gone, all destroyed. Where was the money found to replace these treasures? Who could refurnish his shop for the draper? Who could rebuild and fill his warehouse for the merchant? Who could give back his stock to the bookseller? No one. It was all gone.

The prisoners for debt, as well as those who were imprisoned for crime, regained their freedom when the prisons were burned down. Could the debts be proved against them when the papers were all destroyed?

The tenant whose rent was in arrears was safe, for who could prove that he had not paid?

All debts were wiped clean off the slate. London began again. There were no more mortgages, no more promissory bills to meet, no more drafts to honor. Debts, as well as property, were all destroyed together. The money-lender and the borrower were ruined together. The schools were closed—for how long? The almshouses were burned down—what became of the poor old bedesmen and bedeswomen? The city charities were suspended—what became of the poor? The houses were destroyed—what became of rents and tithes and taxes?

But the fire is out at last; the rain has quenched the last sparks; the embers have ceased to smoke; those walls which have not fallen in totter and hang trembling, ready to fall. I see men standing about singly; the tears run down their

NOTE.—Names of churches in London with figures annexed, referring to their situation in map on the opposite page:

- | | | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Cathedral of S. Paul. | 25. S. Bartholomew by the Exchange. | 51. S. Nicholas. | 78. S. Botolphs. |
| 2. Christ Church. | 26. French Church. | 52. S. Nicholas Olaves. | 79. S. Mary Hill. |
| 3. S. Michael Paternoster Row. | 27. S. Bennet. | 53. S. Mary Somerset. | 80. S. Dunstan. |
| 4. S. Peters Wood Street. | 28. Augustin Fryers. | 54. S. John Evangelist. | 81. Alhallows Barking. |
| 5. S. Foster. | 29. S. Martinus Outwitch. | 55. S. Mildred. | 82. S. Olaves. |
| 6. S. Leonard. | 30. S. Michael. | 56. Alhallows. | 83. Alhallows in Fenchurch Street. |
| 7. S. Annus Aldersgate. | 31. S. Peters. | 57. S. Mary. | 84. S. Catherine Colmans. |
| 8. S. Michael Wood Str. | 32. Alhallows. | 58. S. Thomas Apostles. | 85. S. Catherine Creed C. |
| 9. S. John Zachary. | 33. S. Edmunds. | 59. S. John Baptist. | 86. S. Andrew Undershaft. |
| 10. S. Olaves. | 34. S. Clements. | 60. S. Michael. | 87. S. Hellens. |
| 11. S. Mary Staining. | 35. S. Nicholas. | 61. S. James. | 88. Ethelborough. |
| 12. | 36. S. Mary Woolnoth. | 62. S. Martins. | 89. Alhallows on ye Wall. |
| 13. S. Mary Aldermanbury. | 37. S. Mary Canwick Str. | 63. S. Mary Botolphs L. | 90. S. Botolphs Bishops-gate. |
| 14. S. Michael Bashaw. | 38. S. Stephen Walbro. | 64. S. Swithins. | 91. S. Botolphs Aldgate. |
| 15. S. Laurence. | 39. S. Bennet. | 65. S. Mary Bush Lane. | 92. S. Brides. |
| 16. S. Maudlins. | 40. S. Pancras. | 66. Alhallows ye great. | 93. Temple Church. |
| 17. Alhallows. | 41. S. Antholins. | 67. Alhallows ye less. | 94. S. Dunstans West. |
| 18. S. Martins Ironmongers Lane. | 42. Bow Church. | 68. S. Laurence Poultney. | 95. S. Andrew Holborn. |
| 19. S. Olaves. | 43. S. Matthew. | 69. S. Michael Crooked L. | 96. S. Sepulchers. |
| 20. S. Mary Colechu. | 44. S. Austins. | 70. S. Magnus. | 97. S. Bartholomew. |
| 21. S. Stephen. | 45. S. Gregory. | 71. S. Margaret. | 98. S. Bartholomew. |
| 22. S. Mildred. | 46. S. Martins Ludgate. | 72. S. Leonard. | 99. S. Botolphs Alders-gate. |
| 23. S. Margaret. | 47. S. Andrew. | 73. S. Bennet. | 100. S. Giles Cripplegate. |
| 24. S. Christopher. | 48. S. Bennet Thames Str. | 74. S. Dennis. | * S. Martin Canwick Str. |
| | 49. S. Peters. | 75. S. Margaret. | |
| | 50. S. Mary. | 76. S. Andrew Hubart. | |
| | | 77. S. Georges. | |



MAP OF LONDON AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1666.
The Blank Part represents the area covered by the Fire.—For references to Churches see Note on page 298.

cheeks: two hundred years ago, my friends, if we had anything to cry about, we did cry; we thought no shame to shed tears copiously. They are dressed in broadcloth; their ruffles are of lace; they look like reputable citizens. Listen. One draws near another. "Neighbor," he says, "a fortnight ago, before this stroke—whether of God or papist I know not—I had a fair shop on this spot." "And I also, good friend," said the other. "My shop," continued the first, "was stocked with silks and satins, kid gloves, lace ruffles and neckties, shirts, and all that a gentleman or a gentlewoman can ask for. The stock was worth a thousand pounds at least. I turned it over four times a year. And my profit was six hundred pounds by the year. Six hundred pounds." "As for me," said the other, "I was in a smaller way, as you know. Yet such as it was, my fortune was all in it, and out of my takings I could call two hundred pounds a year my own." "It is all gone," said the first. "All gone," the other repeated, fetching a sigh. "And now, neighbor, unless the company help, I see nothing for it but we must starve." "Must starve," the other repeated. And so they separated and went divers ways, and whether they starved, or whether they received help and rose from the ashes with new house and newly stocked shop, I know not. Says Dryden:

"Those who have homes, when home they do repair,

To a last lodging call their wandering friends;
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends.

"Those who have none sit round where it once was,

And with full eyes each wonted room require,
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murdered men walk where they did expire.

"The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;

And while their babes in sleep their sorrow drown,
Sad parents watch the remnant of their store."

I think there must have been a return for a while to the primitive state of society in which exchange was the only trade. Not quite, because every man carried out of the fire such money as he had. Pepys, for instance, as we have seen, placed his bags of gold in a cart and drove it himself, "in my night-gown," to a friend at rural Bethnal Green. But there could

have been very little money in comparison with the millions invested in the merchandise destroyed.

The most pressing want was food. The better sort had money enough for present needs; the poorer class had to be maintained. The corporation set thousands to work clearing rubbish, carting it away, pulling down the shaky walls, and throwing open the streets. When the quays were cleared, the business of the port was resumed. Then the houses and the shops began to rise. The former were built on credit and the latter stocked on credit. The companies, or the corporation itself, became to a large extent security, advancing money to the builders and making easy terms about rent. Of course it was a time of enormous activity, every trader making up for lost time, and especially such trades as concerned the building, furnishing, or fitting of houses—a time of good wages and constant work. Indeed, it is stated that the prosperity of the west country cloth-making business was never so great as during the years following the fire, which had destroyed such a prodigious quantity of material. The city in time resumed its old aspect; the ruined citizens sunk out of sight. Some died of a broken heart—no grief like that of the bankrupt merchant—some with resignation took places of service. The old aspect and busy life returned. But nothing could replace the millions that had been lost.

The manners of the city differed little in essentials, as has been said already, from those of Queen Elizabeth's time. Let us note, however, two or three points, still keeping the unspeakable court out of sight, and confining ourselves as much as possible to the city. Here are a few notes, which must not be taken as a finished picture of the time.

It was a great time for drinking. Even grave divines drank large quantities of wine. Pepys is constantly getting "foxed" with drink; on one occasion he is afraid of reading evening prayers, lest the servants should discover his condition. Of course they did discover it, and went to bed laughing—but not aloud; and as the maids kept no diary, the world never learned it. London drank freely. Pepys tells how one lady, dining at Sir William Bullen's, drank at one draught a pint and a half of white wine. They all went to church a great deal, and

had fast days on every occasion of doubt and difficulty. On the first Sunday in the year the longest psalm in the book—could it have been the 119th? If so, cruel!—was given out after the sermon. This took an hour to sing, and all the while the sexton went about the church making a collection. On Valentine's day the married men took each other's wives for valentines. Public wrestling matches were held, followed by bouts with the cudgels.

They still carried on the sports of bull and bear baiting. Once they baited a savage horse to death. That is, they attempted it, but he drove off all the dogs, and, the people insisting on his death, they stabbed him to death. The King issued two patents for theatres—one to Henry Killigrew, at Drury Lane, whose company called themselves the King's servants; the other to Sir William Davenant, of Dorset Gardens, whose company were the Duke's servants. There were still left many very fine superstitions. These are illustrated by the remedies advertised for the plague and other diseases. A spider, for instance, placed in a nutshell and wrapped in silk was considered a sovereign remedy for ague. They believed in the malignant influence of the planets. One evening at a dancing-house half a dozen boys and girls were taken suddenly ill. Probably they had swallowed some poisonous stuff. They were supposed to be planet-struck. And of course they believed in astrology and in chiromancy, the latter of which has again come into fashion.

Saturday was the day of duns. Creditors then went about collecting their money. In the autumn the merchants rode out into the country and looked after their country customers.

Tea, which at the Restoration was quite beyond the means of private persons, became rapidly cheaper, and in common use among the wealthy. Thus, in Congreve's *Way of the World*, Mrs. Millamant claims to be "sole empress of my tea-table." Her lover readily consents, with a condition which shows that the love of tea was as yet more fashionable than real, since it could be combined with that of strong drinks. He says that he must banish from her table "foreign forces, auxiliaries to the tea-table, such as orange, brandy, aniseseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes water, together with ratafia and the most noble spirit of clary."

The favorite place of resort was the gallery of the Royal Exchange, filled with shops for the sale of gloves, ribbons, lace, fans, scent, and such things. The shops were kept by young women, who, like the modern barmaid, added the attraction of good looks and affable manners. The piazza of Covent Garden was another favorite place, but this, with Spring Gardens, Vauxhall, was outside the city. The old desecration of Paul's was to a great extent stopped by the erection of the west porch, designed for those who met here for purposes of business.

Coffee-houses were first set up at this time, and at once became indispensable to the citizens, who before had had no other place of evening resort than the tavern. The city houses were Dick's and the Rainbow in Fleet Street, Tom's, of Birchin Lane (not to speak of the more classic Tom's of Covent Garden). All the old inns of the city have now been destroyed. Fifty years ago many were still standing, with their galleries and their open courts. Such were the *Bell*, of Warwick Lane; the *Belle Sauvage*, of Ludgate Hill; the *Blossom*, Laurence Lane; the *Black Lion*, Whitefriars Street; the *Swan with the Four Necks*, Bishopsgate Street; the *Saracen's Head*, Friday Street, and many others.

It is, I suppose, pretty clear that the songs collected by Tom D'Urfey are a fair representation of the delectable and edifying ditties sung in taverns and places where the society was "mixed." It would be easy to preach against the wickedness of the times which could permit the singing of such songs, but in reality they are no worse than the songs of the preceding generation, to which many of them belong. And, besides, it does not appear that the better sort of people regaled themselves with these songs at all, and even in this collection some of those which permit themselves to be quoted are most spirited; others present the shepherd in the usual fashion, as consumed by the ardor of his love, languishing, pining, sighing, and weeping. That seeming extravagance of passion was not all convention, it was only exaggeration. It is quite certain that men and women were far less self-governed formerly than now. Nay, it is only of late years, say during the last hundred years, that people generally have learned to restrain passions of

any kind. Love, jealousy, envy, hatred, were far fiercer emotions under the second Charles than they are with us. Anger was more common. To inquire into the causes of this universal softening of manners would take us too far. But we may note as a certain fact that manners are softened over the whole world.

One must not, again, charge the city at this time with being more than commonly pestered by rogues. The revelations of the Elizabethan moralists and the glimpses we get of mediæval rogues forbid this accusation. At the same time there was under Charles, as earlier and later, a good standing mass of solid wickedness. Plenty of contemporary literature proves that fact, if it wanted proof. There is a work of some literary merit called the *Life of Meriton Latroon*, in which is set forth an immense quantity of rogueries. Among other things, the writer shows the tricks of trade, placing his characters in many shops so as to give his experiences in each. We are thus enabled to perceive that there were sharpers and cheats in respectable-looking shops then as now. There is no reason to believe that the cheats were in greater proportion to the honest men than they are at present. Besides the masters, the honest Meriton Latroon shows us the ways of the London prentice, which were highly promising for the future of the city. He robbed his master as much as he dared; he robbed him of money; he robbed him of stuffs and goods; he ruined the maids; he belonged to a club which met on Saturday nights, when the master was away at his country box, and exchanged for the common good the robberies of the week. On this night they feasted and drank with young Bona Robas, who took from them the money they had stolen. It is a beautiful picture, and would by some moralists be set down to the evil example of the court. But these prentice rascals knew nothing of the court, and the thing had been going on all through the Protectorate, and, for that matter, I dare say, as far back as the original institution of apprenticeship. Not all the prentices of the city belonged to this spirited and dashing club. Otherwise one thinks that the burning of London ought to have been the end of London.

The worst vice of the age seems to have been gambling, which was nearly as prevalent in the city as at the court.

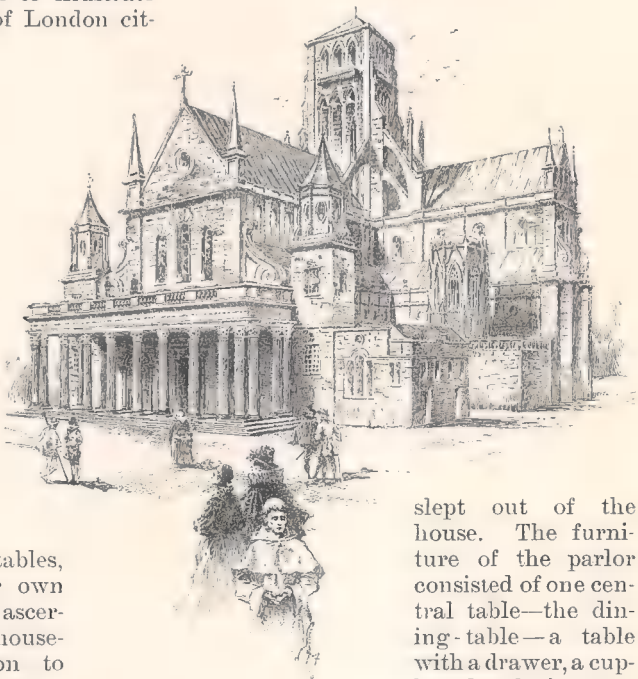
That is to say, one does not accuse sober merchants of gambling, but in every tavern there were cards and dice, and these were in use all day long. Now, wherever there is gambling, there are thieves, sharpers, and cheats by profession, and in every age these gentry enjoy their special names, whether of opprobrium or of endearment. They were then called huffs, rooks, pads, pimpinios, philo puttonists, ruffins, shabbaroons, rufflers, and other endearing terms, the very number of the names showing the extent of the evil. Whatever they were called, the whole object of their lives—their only way of living—was to trick, extort, or coax money out of flats. Very often they were gentlemen by birth, younger sons of good families, who scorned any honest way of making their living. By their good manners, fashionable appearance, pleasing address, and known connections they often succeeded in getting hold of unsuspecting gentlemen from the country. It is the old, old story. Captain Hawk is always on the lookout for Master Pigeon, and too often catches him. The story that Thackeray has told belongs to no period, but to all. Of course there was the lower class of rogues—the sturdy beggar; the man who cannot work because he has in his blood the taint of whole generations of idleness; the nomad, who would die unless he were always roving about the country; the outcast, who delights in pitting his wits against the law.

Let us turn from general statements to a single family. That of Samuel Pepys might be taken as an example, and his journal is by no means, as is generally thought, well-trodden and familiar ground. In fact, he is not often read except in parts. Yet it is better to take a case not before the public at all. Besides, even a minute diary, such as that of Pepys, kept day by day, leaves, when you come to construct the daily life out of it, great gaps here and there. Less literary documents may sometimes yield more results. The diarist scorns to speak of details. For them we must look into more humble papers. For instance, I have before me a bundle of documents on which I have lit by accident, containing the household accounts of a respectable family for the years 1677–1679. And I propose, by means of these accounts, to reproduce the household life of a bourgeois, well-to-do family of the time.

The family consisted of the master, the mistress, and "Mr. Arthur," probably the master's brother. The former two were at this time a young married couple, whose joys and anxieties are presently increased by the arrival of a baby—"mid-wife, one shilling." Their residence was a short distance from London, and their way of life may be taken to illustrate that of the general run of London citizens. The occupation of the master is not stated, but he appears to be a man following no profession or trade; perhaps a gentleman with a small estate. They kept no horses. Their nearest market-town was Hertford, whither they went by coach (fare, one shilling) to buy what they wanted. Their house-keeping was conducted with an eye to economy; yet there is no stint. They lived about fifteen miles from London, and presumably they had a garden, yet they could not grow enough vegetables, herbs, and fruit for their own consumption. We cannot ascertain the number of the household, but there is reason to believe that it consisted, besides the family and the nurse, of a cook, two maids, and a gardener or man-of-all-work. The accounts are partly kept by the mistress and partly by a servant—perhaps a housekeeper. Remembering that Pepys refused to receive his sister "Pall" into his house except on the footing of a servant, the keeper of the accounts may very well have been a poor relation.

The rent of the house was £26 a year. It contained two sitting-rooms and four bedrooms, with a kitchen. The parlor, or best sitting-room, was hung with five pieces of fine tapestry; the other sitting-room with gray linsey-woolsey and gilt leather; the bedrooms had hangings of striped cloth. Curtains of green cloth, with a green carpet, decorated the parlor; the other rooms had green say or "sad-color" striped curtains. The best bedroom contained a magnificent "wrought"

—i. e., carved—bedstead, with a canopy: the curtains, valance, and chairs were all hung with the same material. There were three other bedrooms—one for Mr. Arthur, one for the nurse and the baby (unless they slept at the foot of the big bed), and one for the maids. The gardener

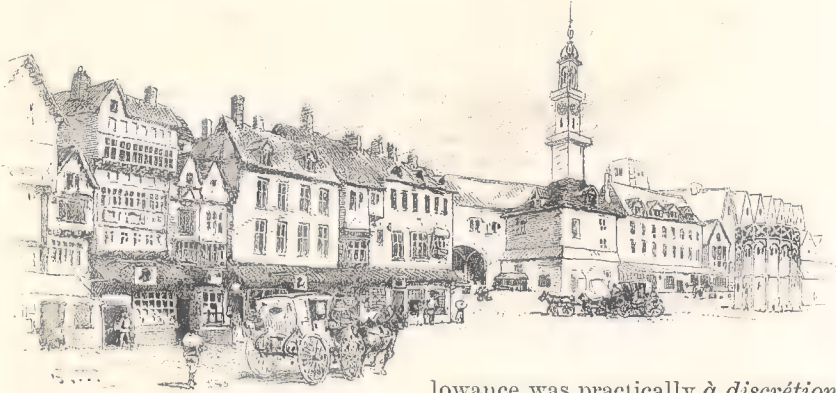


SOUTHWEST VIEW OF OLD ST. PAUL'S, SHOWING PORCH OF INIGO JONES.

slept out of the house. The furniture of the parlor consisted of one central table—the dining-table—a table with a drawer, a cupboard, a clock case, a leather chair, a plush chair, six green cloth chairs, and two green stools. The carpet

and curtains have been already mentioned. There were no pictures, no cabinets, no bookshelves, no mirrors, no sofas. The other room was more simply furnished with a Spanish table, a plain table, and a few chairs. Two of the bedrooms had looking-glasses, and there was a very generous provision of feather-beds, bolsters, pillows, and blankets, which speaks of comfort for the night.

The inventory of the kitchen furniture is unfortunately incomplete. Thus, there is no mention at all made of any china-ware. Yet porcelain was by this time in common use; it was made at Bow and at Chelsea. In middle-class houses the master and mistress used it at table, while the servants and children still had pewter or even wooden platters. The



CORNHILL, LONDON, 1690.

inventory speaks of porringers—doubtless of wood; of pewter candlesticks—there are no brass candlesticks; of a three-pint pewter pot; of a great and little bowl—for possets and hot spiced ale; and of wooden platters. Nothing is said of silver. There are no silver cups. Yet in the century before this no respectable householder was without one silver mazer at least. There are no silver candlesticks. There is no mention of forks. Now the two-pronged fork of steel was made in Sheffield certainly in the middle of the century. It would be curious if the ordinary household still kept up the old fashion of eating without forks so late as the reign of Charles the Second.

Such was the equipment of the house—one sitting-room and one bedroom handsomely, the rest plainly furnished.

A thing which immediately strikes one on first glancing at the accounts is the enormous consumption of beer. They drank two kilderkins, or thirty-six gallons, of beer every week. One hundred and forty-five quarts a week! Twenty-one quarts a day! It means nearly three quarts a head. This seems impossible. There must, one thinks, have been some external assistance. Perhaps the master had some kind of farm, or employed other servants. But it is not really impossible, nor was it really excessive at that time. We must remember that there was no tea, that people would never drink water if they could get anything else, that small-beer was the universal, the national beverage, and that it was taken with every meal, and that the al-

lowance was practically à discrétion. It was certainly quite possible and even common for a man to drink three quarts a day. A hundred years later Benjamin Franklin describes the daily beer-drinking in a London printing-house. The men took a pint before breakfast, a pint with breakfast, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint at six o'clock, and a pint when work was knocked off. There are three quarts, without counting any beer that might be taken in the evening. In the well-known and often-quoted account of Mr. Hastings (*Hutchin's History of Dorsetshire*), who lived over a hundred years, it is recorded of him that he would take his glass or two of wine or strong ale at dinner, but that he always had beside him his great "tun glass" filled with small-beer, which he stirred with rosemary. But one supposes, even if the men drank three quarts a day, the women could not. They drank much more than women of the present day, and to make up we must allow the men even more. But, in addition to the small-beer at three pence a gallon, there are continual entries of ale at two pence a quart. This means strong ale for the master, which was bought at the tavern. They used also many kinds of ale—as cock ale, college ale, wormwood ale, sage ale, and scurvy-grass ale—some of them medicated, to be taken at certain seasons of the year. They drank wine sometimes, but not much. Occasionally they bought a cask—a tierce of forty-two gallons—and bottled it at home. The kind of wine is not stated. Sometimes they would send out for a bottle, and it cost a shilling.

The accounts seem to set down everything wanted for the conduct of a house; every week, however, there is an item

given without details, called "cook's bill." This was the separate account of the servants' table. The "cook's bill" amounts every week to a good sum, a little above or a little below a pound. It seems to have contained the wages as well as the board.

During the winter months they bought no fresh beef at all. In November they bought great pieces, thirty, forty, even seventy pounds at a time. This was for the pickling-tub. Boiled beef played a great part in the winter's dinners. If they drank enormous quantities of beer, they managed with very little bread.

two pounds of bread apiece every week, or four and a half ounces a day, which is one slice not too thick. Oatcake, however, they used in good quantity, so that the bread would be considered as a luxury.

The old vice of the English in eating vast quantities of meat to very little bread or vegetable could no longer be reproached to them. For by this time there was abundance of vegetables of every kind. We are especially told that in the serving of the boiled beef great quantities of vegetables—carrots, parsnips, cauliflowers, cabbage, spinach, beans, pease, etc.—were



OLD ALMSHOUSES FOUNDED BY ELIZABETH, VISCOUNTESS LAMLEY.

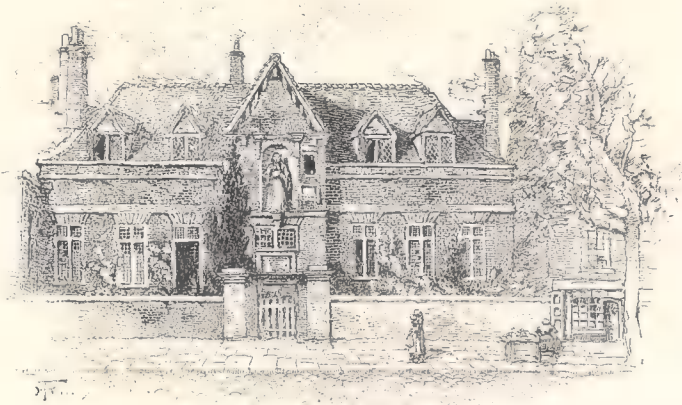
Taking ten consecutive weeks, I find that they spent no more than eight shillings in all upon bread. The price of wheat was then subject to very great variations. For example:

In the year 1675 it was	£3	4s.	8d.	the quarter.
" " 1676 "	£1	18s.	0	" "
" " 1677 "	£2	2s.	0	" "
" " 1678 "	£2	19s.	0	" "

In other words, it was dearer in 1678 than it is in 1891. It is reckoned that in a house where there are children the average consumption of bread per week is now six pounds weight a head. In this household of seven the average consumption per week was no more than eight pounds altogether. Setting aside the servants, the family had no more than

served with it, and so also with other meat. There is no mention of potatoes, though one had always thought that they were firmly established in the country by this time. Their own garden was not able to furnish them with enough fruit or vegetables, which they had to buy constantly. They also bought nosegays in the summer.

The prices of things in the time of Charles the Second may be found interesting. In considering them remember that the general purchasing power of money was then four times that of the present time. A leg of mutton generally cost two and six pence; a shoulder, two shillings; a hand of pork, eighteen pence; "a cheese"—they had one every week,



SCHOOL FOUNDED BY THE REV. RALPH DAVENANT.

but it is not stated how much it weighed—varied from one and two pence to one and eight pence. Butter was eight or nine pence a pound: they used about a pound a week. Sugar was six pence a pound. They bought their flour by six-pennyworths, and their coals in small quantities for eighteen pence each week during the winter, so that their fires must have been principally kept agoing with wood. Once a month the washer-woman was called in, and the big things, such as the sheets, were washed. Therefore the ordinary washing was all done at home. Raisins and currants were sold at two pence a pound, while the weekly expenditure on eggs, nutmegs, ginger, mace, rice, suet, etc., proclaims the pudding. This was made in fifty different ways, but the ingredients were always the same, and in this family they evidently had pudding every day. Cakes also they had, and pies, both fruit pies and meat pies, and open tarts. These were all sent to the bakehouse to be baked, at a penny each, so that the kitchen contained no oven. Candles were five pence a pound, but the entries of candles are so irregular that one suspects the accounts to be imperfect. Herrings were bought nearly every week, and sometimes ling—"a pole of ling." Bacon was seven pence a pound. Rice was also seven pence a pound. Oranges came in about December; cherries in their season were two pence a pound; gooseberries, four pence—sold, I suppose,

that is, thyme, sage, rosemary, etc.—for two pence. "Cowcubers" are a penny apiece, and a favorite vegetable. Radishes, carrots, turnips, French beans, are also bought. In the spring cream-cheese appears. Sweetbriar is bought every year, one knows not for what. And roses by the bushel, evidently for rose-water. This is the only allusion to the still-room, which undoubtedly formed part of the *ménage*. Nothing is said of preserved fruits, home-made wines, distilled waters, and pickles, which then made up a great part of the housekeeping. They pickled everything—walnuts, gherkins, asparagus, peaches, cauliflowers, plums, nectarines, onions, lemons, barberries, mushrooms, nasturtium buds, lime-tree buds, oysters, samphire, elder roots. They distilled rose buds and rose leaves, lavender, walnut-water, and cherry-water. They always had plague-water handy, hysterical-water, and other sovereign remedies. They "jarred" cherries, quinces, hops, apricots, damsons, and peaches. They made syrups in many pleasing varieties. They knew how to keep green pease, green gooseberries, asparagus, and damsons till Christmas. They made wine out of all the fruits in their season—the art still survives, though the clubman turns up his nose at the delicate cowslip and the dainty raspberry wine. They potted everything, from pigeon to venison. Nothing is said of these things in the account-books. But

by the measure; pease, six pence a peck; beans, four pence a quart. Asparagus—"sparagrasse"—was in April excessively dear; we find them giving six shillings and two pence, a most extravagant expenditure, for a single dish; two weeks later it has gone down to eighteen pence for two hundred. A "sallet"—that is, a lettuce—is one penny. Once in six weeks or so we find mention of "earbs"—

the large quantity of vinegar bought every week shows the activity of the pickling department. Only once is there any appearance of spirits. It is when a bottle of brandy is bought, at one shilling and two pence. Perhaps that was used to fortify the raspberry and the currant wines. Very little milk is bought. Sometimes for many months there is no mention of milk. This may have been because their own dairy supplied them. Perhaps, however, milk was only occasionally used in the house. The food of very young children—infants after they were weaned—was not then milk, but pap, which I suppose to have been some confection of flour and sugar. There is no mention at all of tea, coffee, or chocolate. Tea was already a fashionable drink, but at this time it was sixty shillings a pound, a price which placed it quite beyond the reach of the ordinary household. Coffee was much cheaper—at the coffee-houses it was sold at a penny a cup—but it had not yet got into private houses.

Turning to other things besides food: Schooling "for E. J." was two pence a week. The boy's hornbook cost two pence, and his primer four pence. His shoes were one shilling and nine pence the pair. The cobbler who made them was Goodman Archer; Goody Archer was his wife. A letter cost two pence or four pence: everything bought or order-

ed was brought by the carrier, which greatly increased the expense. A lady's gloves cost two shillings a pair; her silk stockings ten shillings, and her ordinary stockings six shillings a pair; her shoes, three shillings; her mask, one shilling; her pattens, for muddy weather, were two shillings a pair; her knitting-needles cost a penny apiece; her steel bodkin, two pence; her needles, eight pence the half-hundred; her pins, nine pence a thousand; her ribbon, three pence a yard. As for the little things required for the house, they were far dearer than now, considering especially the value of money. For instance, a mop cost a shilling; a pitcher, five pence; glasses, one shilling and eight pence each; an earthenware pan, four pence; a broom, six pence; a mustard-pot, one shilling and six pence; a padlock, ten pence; a mouse-trap, ten pence. Eleven shillings were given for a pair of candlesticks; it is not stated of what metal. Holland was two shillings a yard; a "newsbook" cost a penny. On one occasion only it is recorded that they bought a book—only one book, and it was so expensive that they could never afford to buy another. Here is the entry: "Paid a gentleman for a book £3 10 0." What book, one asks in wonder, could be worth seventy



THE DUKE'S ORDINARY, 1643.



OLD GROCERS' HALL, USED FOR BANK OF ENGLAND.

shillings in the year 1678 to a man who was neither a scholar nor a collector?

The servants were up and took their breakfast at six in the winter and at five in the summer. The family breakfasted at eight. They had, for the most part,

At two o'clock dinner was served. If it was boiled-beef day, the broth was first brought up in porringers, bread or oat-cake being crumbled into it with herbs. When it was not boiled-beef day they had fresh meat or poultry (the latter only seldom), and in season what are called in the accounts "pateridges"—it really matters little how a bird is spelled, provided it is well cooked and ready to be eaten. The invariable rule of the house was to have two joints a week, mutton, veal, pork, or poultry. This provided four dinners, or perhaps five. The other two or three dinners were consecrated to boiled beef. Calf's head and bacon was deservedly a favorite dish; they did not disdain tripe; black puddings were regarded with affection; a



HUNGERFORD MARKET.

cold meat and beer with oatcake. Pepys tells us of a breakfast of cold turkey pie and goose. Imagine a poor weak creature of this generation making a breakfast of turkey pie and goose, or of goose alone, with small-beer! At another time he had bread and butter, sweetmeats, and strong drinks. And on another occasion he sat down to a table spread with oysters, anchovies, and neats' tongues, with wine "of all sorts"!

hog's cheek was reckoned a toothsome dish; anchovies, prawns, and lobsters are also mentioned. On most days they had a pudding, the good old English pudding, boiled or baked, with raisins and "currance" in it, flour, eggs, butter, sugar, nutmeg, mace, ginger, suet, and sometimes milk—a famous pudding, of which no one was ever tired.

The menu of a dinner when there is company is preserved in Pepys. Every-

thing was put on the table at once. They had marrow-bones, a leg of mutton, three pullets, and a dozen larks in one dish; a tart, a neat's tongue, anchovies, and a dish of prawns, and cheese. This was for thirteen persons. The dishes were served in pewter, as they are still for the students in the hall of Lincoln's Inn.

The supper, of which very little is said, was like the breakfast, but not quite so solid.

Cheese played a large part in the supper, and in summer "a sallet"—cost one penny—or a dish of "redishes" helped out the cold meat. After supper a cool tankard of ale—not small-beer—stood within the master's reach while he took his pipe of tobacco. In the winter there was a posset or a toasted crab in the jug.

One is sorry to part with this interesting family, but unfortunately further information is lacking. I could give the inventory of the master's linen and that of his wife, but these details want general interest. So they disappear, the master, the mistress, Mr. Arthur, and the baby. Let us hope that they all enjoyed a long life and prospered exceedingly. After pondering over their account-books one seems to know them so well. They have become personal friends. They sit on the green cloth chairs in the room with the green carpet and the green curtains and the five pieces of fine tapestry. The chairs are high and straight in the back. Madame has her knitting in her lap, and nods over it, especially in the afternoon. The master and Mr. Arthur sit on opposite sides of the fire, their heads adorned with beautiful flowing periwigs of brown hair, their natural color, which they have fresh curled every week for Sunday church, at an expense of two pence. It is evening. The room is lit by a pair of candles in pewter candlesticks. The men are sipping hot spiced ale, and talking of last Sunday morning's sermon, which tri-



JOHN BUNYAN'S MEETING-HOUSE IN ZOAR STREET.

umphantly reconciled two texts previously the despair of the theologians. They are grave and responsible people, rather fat in the cheeks, because they take so little exercise and so much beer. In the window stands a row of books—all they have. Among them are Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*; Her-
rick's *Hesperides*; Baxter's *Saint's Rest*; Braithwaite's *Arcadian Princess*; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the first edition, in ten books; a Book of Husbandry, a Prophetical Almanack—that of Montelion; and, I suppose, if we only knew, the book for which they paid the "gentleman" three pounds ten shillings. What was that book? What was that priceless book? How shall we find out the book for which a private gentleman, not too rich, was willing to give seventy shillings? It is only seventeen years since the Commonwealth; they are Puritans still; their talk turns every day on godly matters; they discuss texts and the doctrine of predestination; the clamor and the scandal of the court hardly so much as reach their ears. As we gaze the clouds roll over; they are gone. Oh, world of change and fleeting shows! Where do they go, the flying shadows, the ghosts, the groups and pictures of the men and women that flit before our eyes when we raise the wizard's wand and conjure up the spirits of the past? Whence do they come? Whither do they go?



NEIGHBOURLY COMPLIMENTS.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

—“Tell me, Mrs. Jones—who’s that young Adonis your married daughter is looking up to so eagerly?”
—“Her husband, Mrs. Sharley!”
—“Dear me, you don’t say so! I congratulate you.... now I understand how you come to have such good-looking grandchildren!”

Editor's Easy Chair.

"Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace perceived."

SO softly day dies into night and melts into morning that the greeting of Happy New-Year brings no conscious pang. The very words New-Year's day carry music with them, and despite ourselves there is a buoyancy even in the salutation that announces the certain lapse of time. Youth is so charming a fellow, and leaves such softness and warmth in the air, that it is long before we observe that he is gone. We are still conscious of his presence, and did anybody remark the moment of his disappearance?

He is too courteous to give pain, and knowing that some of us would gladly detain him and prolong his visit under any pretence, he takes French leave, and steals away while yet we are complimenting him. It is said that the tenderer sex is more unwilling to see him go, and that they are very loath to confess that he is really gone. He could not treat so cruelly such fond constancy as theirs. Youth gone? Impossible! It would be the going of life.

It is said that this fascinating visitor is sometimes known to linger with some fair damsel of whose companions he has long ago taken leave. Her cheeks seem still as full of roses; the lustrous sheen of her hair is all undimmed. Hebe had gladly owned that rounded form, and Atalanta's step was not more swift and light. Why should he fly? No wonder fascinated Youth delays and smiles and lingers yet, and looking at her comrades the farewell he is too courteous to speak, still basks unmoved in that presence of unchanging dawn.

Youth is fairly enchanted, and cannot escape. But while the wonder grows, it is whispered that it is not Youth that tarrys, but only a ghost, an apparition, a simulacrum of Youth. Youth, it is coldly said, has fled for many a year, and is long since out of sight. Is it then a Frankenstein, a monster? Is it a magic spell, a glamour upon our eyes, so that we are not seeing Youth, as we supposed, but the work of a necromancer? Yet if this be not Youth, what is it? These roses, this glossy hair, this form as of the sea-born Venus, are they shadows, unrealities?

"What phantom is this that appears
Through the purple mist of the years,
Itself but a mist like these?"

As we ask the question in the pleasant holiday season, the Lord of Misrule insists that it was not Youth that we saw, but a vivid counterfeit. "I have seen," said his lordship, "a young buck of the streets—at least he seemed such—withdraw into his chamber, and remove his hair, unlace his corsets, take out his teeth, take off the calves of his legs, wipe off his cheeks, and of all that smiling, jaunty, gay figure, only a bent, shrivelled, haggard old man remained. All that glisters is not gold. All that seems so is not youth."

The moral of his lordship's remarks was plainly this, that the Youth whom we saw fondly lingering about that hair and cheek and form was not Youth, but a phantom, and that the hair and the cheeks and the form were phantoms also. But he is so charming a guest, who would not forgive the little arts that seek to hold him longer? If only stopping the clock would stay the foot of Time! If only a muslin rose tied to the bush would hold June beyond the dog-days!

It is hard to believe the story that is told of so blithe a gallant that when he goes he is very sure to take something with him. To take himself would be loss enough, but rather than despoil us further, surely he might leave some compensation. It is a pretty story that when the pagans saw the nimble god with the caduceus hastening upon his errands they exclaimed, "There goes Youth." So much of Mercury is there in Youth, "Mercury, the god of conveyors." It is undeniable that when Youth goes something goes with him, and it is always of the finer treasure. Like the Spanish knight of the road who took only diamonds and gold, so the airy ravisher condescends only to the costliest prize.

Hope, gayety, anticipation, gentle optimism, eager confidence—these are the pearls that he sequesters. The spring of the step, the bloom of the cheek, the sparkle of the eye, the nameless airy grace and mien—the arrant rogue lays hand upon them all, and our choicest possessions he appropriates as gently as the summer wind detaches the blossoms from the tree. His departure bewitches the very mirror

which shows us our daily portrait, and we find ourselves murmuring with Wycherley, when he saw the portrait of the man he had been, *Quantum mutatus!*

But as Robin Hood left to the fair lady upon the road a shawl, and a staff to the pilgrim, so Youth, the gay marauder, leaves us in his flight some token of his grace. If he takes, he gives. If the year bereaves us of July and the perfervid days, it gives us the soft warmth and ripened richness of the Indian summer. If the profuse and fragrant splendor of the blossom passes, the fruit remains. A kindlier spirit, mellowed judgment, greater modesty, charity, patience, sympathy—these are left by the visitor of the flying feet, as the gifts of Christmas are left by the bearded traveller of the snowy roofs drawn by his tireless coursers.

So of Youth, always on the wing, it is true, as of the good man, that his right hand knoweth not what his left hand doth. If his touch, pure and noiseless as the frost, lifts the brown tress and lays it down again gray, it is upon a wiser head. If the approaching hand quickens the blood to fever, the hand withdrawing soothes it to a tempered coolness. Every time that the greeting is uttered, Happy New-Year! Youth takes himself a little farther away. But not altogether, for in his place he leaves a blessing, and the most precious benediction of all is the consciousness that from one stronghold he cannot withdraw. No storm of time, no besieging years, can dislodge him from it. In the heart Youth is secure, and defies the batteries of a hundred winters.

IF the citizens of New York who subscribed to erect a statue of Tweed had been asked to give as much for a statue of John Jay, probably they would have declined. It is a curious list of names, that of the subscribers to the Tweed statue, and together with the proposal itself, it is one of the two striking illustrations that remain of the subjugation of the city by the famous ring. The other is the list of those who sent wedding gifts at the marriage of Tweed's daughter. The gifts were not tokens of affection or regard for the bride. She was not known to most of those who sent them. To the givers she was merely a Princess Royal, the daughter of the King. The gifts were tributes of fealty from vassals to their chief, costly intercessions for his

favor, propitiations of a supreme power. The rule of old Peter Stuyvesant was not so absolute.

It was not love or respect, it was fear and flattery only that filled that shameful list of names, and conspired to commemorate a public thief with the honors paid to Washington and due to Jay. Tweed was the dispenser of place, and some man wanted the wages of an office, or some judge wished to retain his seat, or some editor wished advertisements for his paper, or some sycophant wished to be known as obsequious to the great man, or some citizen who had differed from him, startled by his own daring, sought to placate the Sultan, lord of the bowstring. Of what protean selfishness the statue of Tweed would have been the monument, of what sorry debasement, of what a mean and sordid spirit!

It is not easy to find anybody now who has a good word for Tweed. But look at that list of subscribers and givers at the wedding! Where are they? They are not all dead. Have they gone to Africa? Are they hiding in Canada? If Tweed should come again, would he see any of them? When Napoleon, returning from Elba, landed in France, the papers roared angrily, "*L'infâme* has landed at Fréjus." A few days later they announced, obsequiously, "The Emperor has arrived in his capital." Marshal Ney went out hot to capture him, but returned to Paris the soldier of Napoleon. About thirty years ago it was a very general opinion that Garrison ought to be hung with Yancey—the abolitionist with the fire-eater. But it is difficult today to find anybody who was not an original antislavery man. If Tweed should come again his name would not be Tweed, and his methods would be different, but there would be enough to subscribe to erect his statue.

There are those who, taking the Tweed view of politics, wonder how he happened to fail so completely. They are persuaded that men are selfish, that they will do anything for money, and that moral principle and public spirit and integrity and honor are only names of counters in a game, and they think that a man is a fool who plays the game without regard to the conditions. The doctrine that there is properly no morality or immorality in art or politics, one being an imaginative reproduction of nature, and

the other a system of expedients, ends very easily in the maxim, all's fair in love and at the custom-house. Whether theoretically there be any moral character in pure politics is an airy speculation for the casuists and schoolmen of political science. But while the career of Parnell is one of the pathetic tragedies of modern political history, it is hardly deniable that practically nothing affects politics more radically than the moral sentiment. To dismiss it, therefore, from consideration is a capital blunder.

The assumption by those who scorn principle in politics and make them a mere trade that they are distinctively practical politicians is as baseless as it is arrogant. A sailor is not a practical seaman because he discards the laws of navigation and trusts to what he calls his mother-wit. Mother-wit may teach him when he strikes a rock that it is a rock on which he goes to pieces, but that is not seamanship. The contributors to the statue of Tweed probably would not erect a statue of John Jay, and they wonder how Tweed failed. Do they wonder how Jay succeeded?

He was a gentleman in the noblest sense, a perfectly upright man, who disdained indirection as heartily as Tweed despised principle; a foremost figure in politics during the whole Revolutionary epoch and afterwards, and among the most illustrious group of American statesmen. He left a spotless name to be honored while America is a nation. Was he less practical than Tweed? What is a practical politician? If a man who performs the highest and most admirable public service, who passes from one great office to another, who is honored with the best and remembered with the greatest, whose name among all names becomes a synonyme of public and political rectitude—if this man be not a practical politician in the truest sense, was Tweed?

Charles Wesley would not let the devil have all the good tunes. Why should intelligent gentlemen let the rascals assume their own superior sagacity? Tweed and his ring were a gang of what are called peculiarly practical politicians. But they were more practical than Jay only as Jonathan Wild was more practical than George Washington, or Dick Turpin than John Howard. Corruption is no more practical than fair dealing. The Tweed ring was the most powerful body

of public robbers ever organized in the country. But it was broken, and its fragments were scattered impotent about the world. Are they practical men whose conduct exiles them from their country and from common respect, and makes their names bywords? Was Benedict Arnold also a practical man?

There is no greater fallacy than that of the superior practical character of rascality. Often, indeed, it gains a temporary advantage. Honesty is often drowsy and very lazy; but when it awakes and stirs, it is the most practical of all forces. Among the pure drops of wisdom that fall in proverbs from the accumulated experience of ages, none is purer than that honesty is the best policy. You call it a mean motive of conduct; but it is no meaner an appeal than that of the familiar Christian exhortation, Be good and you will be happy. It is primarily not a rule or a motive; it is the simple statement of a truth, and Tweed illustrates it as plainly as John Jay.

Meanwhile the statues that we raise and subscribe to raise are not only figures of other men, they are monuments of ourselves. That famous certificate to the honest financial management of the ring is an inevitable memorial of those who signed it.

BURKE, in one of his stately sentences, describes the English Church as lifting its mitred front in court and Parliament. The suggestion is of a dignified and decorous institution, and the figure strikes the imagination because it is harmonious with the universal impression of that ecclesiastical body. The prelate who chided enthusiasm, and the spirit of Canon Sydney Smith's treatment of Methodism and Methodists in the *Edinburgh Review*, express the popular fancy of the staid, discreet "establishment," as the national Church in England is not inaptly called. "It does not become us, perhaps," says the Dean of Cloisterham, in *Edwin Drood*, "to be partisans—not partisans. We clergy keep our hearts warm and our heads cool, and we hold a judicious middle course."

Would anybody seriously prefer an injudicious extreme course? Certainly not. And is it, perhaps, because of this feeling that no clergyman of that connection in this country until now has been the object of such an ardent popularity as that

of Beecher, or, in earlier days, Summerfield, or, still earlier, Whitfield? There have been noble and saintly men within that fold, accomplished scholars, and eminent divines. But perhaps there has been no personality among them all in which the newspapers and their promiscuous readers were so interested as in that of Phillips Brooks. Was the whole country ever before so intent upon the choice of a bishop that the papers commented upon the progress of the action of standing committees and the prospects of the result, as in a political campaign? Does the general public mind take note of ecclesiastical politics, and mark intelligently the fluctuating fortunes of High and Low Church? But there was an expression akin to exultation when the election was finally announced—an exultation wholly without denominational sympathy or ecclesiastical knowledge.

This was a striking fact in a suggestive ecclesiastical year. Bishop Brooks is not a theological polemic, nor in any sense a sensational preacher, and he is a faithful adherent of his own religious communion. But no clergyman in the country is better known, or attracts a larger multitude, or inspires more enthusiasm and respect. It is not the popular feeling which sometimes attends a "revivalist," or a preacher who excites uneducated crowds by emotional appeals or grotesque platform gymnastics. It is popular confidence in character, admiration for influence devoted to the loftiest ends, and a profound sense of the preacher's untiring human sympathy with those whom he would help.

His consecration as bishop, therefore, was not a mere ecclesiastical spectacle. The ceremonies and the robes were as subordinate as the military uniform and parade when Washington took command of the army. Yet no elaborate form of the kind was ever more real and vital; and when Bishop Potter in his sermon said of the new bishop, and in words glowing with feeling, what everybody felt to be true, the great concourse would have applauded except for a sense of propriety. But a heart-felt amen may be as solemnly expressed by spontaneous applause as by the spoken word. That feeling of the vast audience, that deep consciousness of rectitude of purpose, and of the all-embracing sympathy which makes a man a minister of God—this was the true consecration of which the laying on

of hands was but the symbol. That was the moment for the *Gloria in excelsis* to have pealed over the congregation, expressing what words alone cannot convey. That was the feeling which made the mitred front glow with life and hope and consolation as the priest was anointed by the spirit of love and trust to be "the shepherd and bishop of your souls."

It was a memorable event, none exactly like it in the annals of that communion; a catholic incident which demonstrated the superficiality of mere sectarianism and denominational difference. The stalwart champion of his faith who does not think his own drum ecclesiastic to be the only instrument in the orchestra, becomes the bishop of a wider than his titular diocese, a bishop *in partibus* of God-fearing and men-loving fellow-pilgrims.

It is some dozen years or more ago that the Easy Chair heard Mr. Parnell at the Madison Square Garden, in New York. He had just arrived in the country to raise money for the work of the League, and he spoke for the first time. It was Sunday evening, and the great space was, of course, only partly filled. There were seats upon the platform and in the gallery, but not upon the floor, and therefore, although the audience was very large, it did not occupy all the room. It was an Irish audience and eagerly sensitive, ready to respond to every passionate appeal like tinder to a spark, and under the circumstances it was only fair to expect a scene of tumultuous enthusiasm. The traditions of Flood and Grattan, of Curran and O'Connell, the legendary fervor of the Irish temperament and the fire of Irish oratory, foretold extraordinary excitement and a most interesting evening.

As the Easy Chair entered, the orator had already begun. He stood upon the platform, on which sat many of the chief Irish citizens of this community, and a crowd was massed around it. A man of a slight figure, and the Easy Chair would say dark hair and complexion if the speaker were not now described as fair; in any case an American, not an Irish figure; standing erect and talking quietly—colloquially, indeed—without apparent emotion, without rhetoric or passion, so that the Irish audience seemed at a loss for occasion to explode. It improved every allusion, however, and every suggestive name, although carelessly or episodi-

cally mentioned, to burst into an uproar of acclamation, and the only unexcited and tranquil person on or around the platform was the orator himself.

He had an air of cold and rather disdainful mastery, the air of a leader who knew his power, and who intended to use it, but who did not much respect those whom he controlled. His speech was a narrative of details, descriptions of incidents of wrongs and suffering, and a plain statement of the remedies proposed and the nature of the organization to secure the remedy. There was great bitterness of comment and criticism, and the tone of defiant hostility to England which is the natural tradition of Irish political oratory. So great a wrong, seen by an ardent national imagination, and so long the theme of song and story and exciting legend, is an exhaustless and overflowing spring of eloquence upon which generations have drawn.

But Parnell was not eloquent. The same disdain, perhaps, withheld him from that usual and easy victory of the Irish speaker. Generations of eloquence and song had ended in the apparent extinction of Irish nationality—a nationality surviving only in sentiment. The man at whom perhaps the crowd somewhat wondered, who commanded without inspiring them, did not mean to echo the old appeal only, nor only to stir the old passion. He meant to force the attention and action of England by making England feel the hand of an Irish balance of Parliamentary power. There was nothing in that impassive figure and restrained speech which recalled the historical Irish leader. The pathetic power of Grattan, the fire of Curran, the magnetic humor and shrewd-

ness of O'Connell, were all wanting. But the sagacity, ability, and courage which could achieve the result that they all desired were the endowment of the leader who was then taking supreme command of the cause which, just as he was bringing to triumph, his own incredible personal folly betrayed.

But his fidelity to his cause never faltered, nor was there any failure in his extraordinary parliamentary ability. It was his inability to comprehend the political power of a moral sentiment which took from him the greatest renown of any Irish leader. It will be his fame that he showed the way to the result, and on that roll of famous Irishmen who are among the most romantic and picturesque historic figures, the name of Parnell will be written high. Among his lieutenants, as among Napoleon's, there is none to take his place. Yet it is the final sign of his remarkable ability that he has probably carried the cause so far forward that by its own momentum it will move to completion.

Parnell made the fate of Ireland an English question, and Englishmen will now probably settle it much as he desired. The result will be apparently delayed by that worst foe of Ireland, the fierce contentions of Irishmen. Quarrelling Irishmen constantly force the question upon the English mind whether such a people is yet ready for the satisfaction of its own demands. Self-government is excellent, but would Jefferson himself, the most optimistic of Democrats, insist that the Zulus could flourish peacefully under a constitutional system? Ireland, indeed, is not Zululand, but certainly there are degrees of political civilization.

Editor's Study.

I.

A LITTLE more, and "The Common Man," which seems to us the best in *An Idyl of the Sun and other Poems*, would have been a very fine poem. As it is, it comes near saying surpassingly well what we all feel to be the truth about the superiority of the general humanity over any other expression of human superiority. There is a strong rise of imagination in it that lifts the thought to the command of those wider prospects where

heaven and earth are always seen meeting; and there is here and there some phrasing that gives the pleasure one finds in artistic mastery.

"His strength is as the braces of the sky,"

is a good line, with a biblical largeness of stroke; and the suggestion of repose and the sufficiency of life's simple means to life's simple needs could hardly have been better made than in such terms as these:

"Not from rare moments' tenuous chalices,
Flame-filled and flashing with infinities,
But from a cumbrous cup of common clay,
Drinks he the lasting joys of his long day.

"He has long leisure, yet he wastes no time;
He waxes old, but still enjoys his prime;
And what another in despair has sought,
He finds, at last, without one troublous thought.

"Behold! he daily does the world's wide will,
Makes what is good, and masters what is ill;
And when the race has reached its earthly span,
The common shall appear the perfect man."

It would be hard to say just how this real poem fails of being a really great poem; but somehow it does, while it fails so little that it seems as if the artist might take it again into his mind, and give it back to us wrought to the completeness of form and texture we long to have it wear.

In the same volume "The Laggard," which prolongs and deepens something of the same strain of thought, is lacking in much the same indefinable way; but there is enough promise in it and in most of the pieces in the book to make us wish to hear again from Mr. Orrin Cedesman Stevens when his touch is a little firmer and his patience a little finer.

II.

We might say this, or something like it, of Mr. Meredith Nelson, the author of *Short Flights*; though we are afraid we could give less reason for saying it, unless the fine implications of this poem, the first and best in his book, are enough:

"Seasons that pass me by in varied mood,
As on the impressionable land you leave a trace,
Moulding sometimes a delicate flower's sweet face,
Touching again with green the sombre wood,
Or drawing all beneath a sunny hood,—
Am I not worthy as they to have a place
In your remembrance? Am I made too base
To know what weed and thorn have understood?
Fair vernal time, I need your quickening
Even as the sleeping earth! O Summer heat,
Make flowers and fruit in me that I may bring
Full hands to Autumn when above me beat
The serious winds; and, Winter, make me strong
Like the glad music of your battle song!"

III.

There is a want of carefulness or technique in both these poets, which is rather surprising, in the presence of their excellence in other things. This is true, too, of the verse of Mr. William Wilfred Campbell, who has printed a volume of *Lake Lyrics and other Poems*, and true in about the same degree. But

we find in him also traits of imaginative thoughtfulness, and a freshness of fancy which make us indifferent—perhaps too indifferent—to the blemishes we cannot deny in his workmanship. He is at his best, we think, in the poem of "Lazarus," where the old parable is transfigured in the light of modern altruism, and the unity of all humanity, which is intimated in "The Common Man," is affirmed in the conception of a heaven that pities hell, a redemption that is not bliss as long as perdition endures. But the teeth are set on edge by the elision of the indefinite article in passages that stir and kindle the mind and move the heart.

"O Father Abram, I can never rest,
Here in thy bosom in the whitest heaven,
Where love blooms on through days without
an even,
For up through all the paradises seven
There comes a cry from some fierce anguished
breast.

"I hear it crying through the heavenly night,
When curv'd, hung in space, the million
moons
Lean planetward, and infinite space attunes
Itself to silence; as from drear gray dunes
A cry is heard along the shuddering light,

"Of wild dusk-bird, a sad, heart-curdling cry,
So comes to me that call from out hell's
coasts.
There is no heaven, with all its shining hosts,
There is no heaven, until that hell doth die."

"So spoke the soul of Lazarus, and from thence

"Hellward he moved, like radiant star shot out
From heaven's blue with rain of gold at even,
When Orion's train and that mysterious seven
Move on in mystic range from heaven to
heaven.
Hellward he sank, followed by radiant rout.

"Tis ages now long gone since he went out,
Christ-urged, love-driven, across the jasper
walls,
But hellward still he ever floats and falls,
And ever nearer come those anguished calls;
And far behind he hears a glorious shout."

IV.

As one writes of these little volumes of verse certain threads of association, too filmily impalpable, perhaps, to be made evident to the reader at second hand, connect them with one another. It is possibly a sense of the modern enlargement of the allegory in the one case and in the other that carries us from Mr. Campbell's "Lazarus" to Mr. Denton J. Snider's "Homer in Chios." In very passable English hexameters, this young poet fancies the "Ionian father of the rest," sur-

rounded in his wise and happy age by pupils from all Greece, and pilgrims from the barbaric world, who study to transmit his art and to carry the Hellenic light to distant times and lands. Into this liberal scheme it is easy for Hesiod, Sappho, and David to fit, and the effect is by no means so grotesque as the bare statement of it would suggest. In fact, one cannot regard such an attempt without respect, which is also a hope for its author's efforts in the future.

V.

The future of Mr. J. P. Irvine's efforts, as we infer from the title, *The Green Leaf and the Gray*, which he has given his book of verse, is less to be taken into the account in making up one's mind about him. There is great inequality in his performance, and some offences which it is not easy to forgive, and yet two or three of the descriptive pieces are as good landscape art in the modern sort as we could well find. The best of these are "Summer Drought," "Indian Summer," and "November;" and here is a poem which seems to us very graphic, and which we take to be autobiographic:

THE HALT.

The day was lost, and we were sent
In haste to guard the baggage train,
And all the night, through gloom and rain,
Across a land of ruin went.

But halting once, and only then
We turned aside to let the corps
Of ambulances pass before,
That hauled a thousand wounded men.

And leaning, drowsy and oppressed,
Upon my gun, I wondered where
The comrade was I helped to bear
Slow rearward, wounded in the breast.

When lo! I heard a fainting cry,
As wheels drew near and stopped aside:
"The man in here with me has died;
Oh, lift him out, or I shall die!"

"All right," the one-armed driver said;
"The horse can hardly pull the load.
We leave them all along the road;
It does no good to haul the dead!"

And so we turned by lantern light,
And laid him in a gloom of pines,
When came an order down the lines:
"Push on, and halt no more to-night!"

VI.

All or nearly all of these books bear to the experienced eye the sad evidences of having been published by or for the authors; and the reader must not infer

a pecuniary boom in poetry from their appearance. But they are interesting for another reason, and they bear witness to the truth of the Study's theory that in "this fair land," as the politicians call it, there is properly no literary centre. Mr. Irvine's book comes from Kirkwood, Illinois; Mr. Snider's from St. Louis; Mr. Campbell's from New Brunswick; Mr. Nelson's from Indianapolis; Mr. Stevens's from central New York. We have, besides, a volume from Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, of Indianapolis, whom all the world now knows, and another from Mr. Madison Cawein, of Louisville, whose quality we have already tried to acquaint our readers with; and from all these appearances one might argue that the centre of poetry, if we have any, was now, like the centre of population, far beyond the Alleghanies. With this active Western competition, literature, like agriculture, may become an effete industry at the East, and we may yet hear of the abandoned studies of New England, as we now hear of the abandoned farms. The poets of the older sections in another generation may leave their haunts in charge of the State, and we shall perhaps have the commonwealth of Massachusetts advertising them by counties and townships, with full descriptions of each and the price annexed.

It has not quite come to this yet; but the Western pressure is very great, and unless something is done to bring up the worn-out fields of thought at the East by the lavish use of fertilizers, or a new system of cultivation, the future is sure to be anxiously awaited there. Perhaps the application of electricity, or the use of hot-water pipes, as in the new horticulture in France, may be found beneficial. But, after all, the Western product will have its own flavor; and no watering-pot process will give us the color and perfume of Mr. Riley's *Old-fashioned Roses*, grown in the open air, and fanned by the breath of the prairies.

His volume bears a London imprint, and decidedly has not been published by or for the author, whose gentle fame commands a public on both sides of the sea. The sweetness that lies at the heart of these old-fashioned roses, and of all those wilding growths which their author calls his "Hoosier dialect" poems, is a very genuine and tender love of the simplicity and humility of the past. The

poet has divined, what Tolstoi has thought strenuously out: that the real happiness, the unmistakable bliss of each man's life is something that lurks far back in the memory of his childish innocence; and it is to the sense of this that he makes his touching appeal. The earlier conditions of our national life, before our craze for wealth began, and the millionaire had not yet become the American ideal, inspire his retrospective longing, and it is the memory of the childhood of a people which he appeals to, as well. Of course man cannot live by remembrance alone; but in waking again and again the note that sounds through all his verse, the poet performs a noble office in a vulgar, noisy, and sordid time; and we cannot hearken ever so little to him without being refreshed and strengthened.

VII.

The direction of Mr. Cawein's poetry is less definite, but its range is wider. Here is the impassioned endeavor of art striving to include and express for beauty's sake; and achieving effects which, if too often only effects, are such successes as are deigned only to the very poet. There are bits of painting, strains of music in *Days and Dreams* that make the heart glow and throb, almost at the same moment that the reason censures the poet for his abandon to the delight of much mere beautiful wording, the ecstasy of a really marvellous decorative feeling. Passages of his new volume exceed any others in lustre and color of phrase, but no single piece that seems to us so good as some in his former books.

"Now Time grants night the more and day the less;
The gray decides; and brown
Dim golds and reds in dulling greens express
Themselves, and broaden as the year goes down.
Sadder the croft where, thrusting gray and high
Their balls of seed the hoary onions die,
Where, Falstaff-like, buff-bellied pumpkins lie;
Deeper each wilderness;
Sadder the blue of hills that lounge along
The lonesome west; sadder the song
Of the wild red-bird in the leafage yellow;
Deeper and dreamier, aye,
Than woods or waters leans the languid sky
Above live orchards where the cider-press
Drips and the russets mellow."

VIII.

A genuine and delicate gift seems to be that of Miss Gertrude Hall, whose Boston book of *Verses* comes round by way of

London, like Mr. Riley's. The touch is light and the sense is fine in the brief fancies, as we suppose all these slight and graceful poetries will be called by folks who pretend to know the difference between the fancy and the imagination. Here is something that is perhaps even imaginative, and is certainly touching and lovely:

IN THE ART MUSEUM.

He stands where the white light showers
In his wonted, high recess;
The dust has woven a soft veil
Over his comeliness.

Beneath the massive eyebrows
And lids that never beat,
The same glance floats forever,
So sad, and solemn sweet.

The same peace seals forever
The full lips finely curled.
I'm come to this, his dwelling,
To bring him news of the world:

"Once more the Spring hath mantled
With green the lasting hills,—
Hast thou no faint remembrance
Of daisies and daffodils?

"Their stems will lengthen sunward,
As when thou wast of us.
My heart swells with its sorrow
For thee, Antinous."

IX.

The name, and perhaps something in the feeling here, beckons our indolent course to *A Garden of Hellas*, where the immortal flowers of Greek epigram have bloomed anew in English verse, at the breath of an American poet. Those who know Mrs. Lilla Cabot Perry's work in her own volume of poems, *The Heart of the Weed*, will allow that few writers could bring a finer or deeper sense of beauty to her present task than she; for that book, which still awaits its full recognition, had qualities of feeling and thinking as rare in recent verse as its strenuousness of expression. Those who know her version of Tourguénief's *Prose Poems* will have been prepared for the artistic conscience of this group of translations from the *Anthology*, where she has aimed to give some sense of the qualities of that most wonderful collection of antique literature, and some notion of its range and variety besides. The pieces chosen are ninety in number, and they represent fifty-eight different poets. The modern sentiment of most of these epigrams is best imparted in our familiar rhythms,

and the translator has judged wisely in employing English metres rather than adhering to forms that would have been false to the spirit of the original in our tongue. There is, in fact, nothing more striking in the poems of the Anthology than their modernity; so that an epigram from Meleager might well seem a bit of society verse from some poet of our own day, or at the furthest from some airy trifle of the first Charles's time. Dobson might have written this one, or Herrick:

"Tell her this, Dorcas! Tell her once again;
A third time, Dorcas, tell her everything.
Run, don't delay, fly! Wait a minute, wait
A moment longer, Dorcas! Whither haste
Before the whole thou knowest? Add only this
To what I said before—but trifle not.
Say, only say—no, Dorcas, tell her all.
Why should I send you, Dorcas? for with you
I go myself! My message I precede."

Perhaps a good half of the pieces here are more or less love-poems; of the rest, the most have to do with death, which, after love, is the thing that the minor poets like best to talk about. Of many epitaphs, one of the subtlest is this by Paul the Silentiary:

"My name—why tell it? Country—matters not.
From famous blood—what if from poor thou
came?
Of honorable life—hadst thou been bad, then
what?
Here I lie now. Who says this, and to whom?"

Certain of the slighter elegiacs mourn dead partridges, or crickets and locusts; and the seasons duly share the poets' songs with the landscape. But the themes are not many; the same note is struck again and again; it is the divine temperance, the implicit as well as the explicit beauty that pleases. To these characteristics, which we all understand to be most Greek, the sweet, elect English of the translator is as faithful as it is to the universal meaning of the epigrams. They are really imparted to us; they are fairly naturalized in our speech; and it is a garden of Hellas, indeed, but on our own ground. The flowers are Greek, but they blow in English air under an American sky, and many of them we find as familiarly dear in scent and color as Mr. Riley's old-fashioned roses themselves. The world itself is new to every generation; and under the hoary ashes of antiquity the latest of the moderns feels the appeal of a kindred life that once was.

X.

"High noon,
And from the purple-veiled hills
To where Rome lies in azure mist,
Scarce any breath of wind
Upon this vast and solitary waste,
These leagues of sunscorch'd grass
Where i' the dawn the scrambling goats maintain
A hardy feast,
And where, when the warm yellow moonlight
floods the flats,
Gaunt laggard sheep browse spectrally for hours,
While not less gaunt and spectral shepherds
stand
Brooding, or with hollow vacant eyes
Stare down the long perspective of the dusk.
Now not a breath:
No sound;
No living thing,
Save where the beetle jars his crackling shards,
Or where the hoarse cicada fills
The heavy heated hour with palpitant whirr.
Yet hark!
Comes not a low deep whisper from the ground,
A sigh as though the immemorial past
Breathed here a long, slow breath?
Lost nations sleep below; an empire here
Is dust; and deeper, deeper still,
Dim shadowy peoples are the mould that warms
The roots of every flower that blooms and blows."

These lines, so pure and clear, are from a little volume of English verse printed for Mr. William Sharp at Rome, and called *Sospiri di Roma*. We have had our misgivings of Mr. Sharp before now; but it seems to us that in the thirty three or four bits of musical rhythm here, he has gone far to free himself from his past, and to become one of the important poets of the future. The pieces are for the most part landscape work, or studies in color, where the figure is used decoratively; but the observation is close and true, the aspects of earth and air accurately caught, and the prevailing excellence of the performance is so great that we easily forgive the artist some moments of absent-mindedness in which he hands us his palette instead of giving us a picture.

XI.

It would be well, we suppose, if at some such point as this we could put on the prophet, and read the future in the signs of poetical life present in all this verse. But that is a function which we have always rather shrunk from, and we should not be willing even to generalize very boldly now. The reader, however, can do this for himself, and if he has a mind for prophecy, he can expect almost anything he likes from poets who have each given distinct promise. It is always pos-

sible that we are on the point of encountering a very great poet like those of the past; but if none such is on the way to us, it is certainly charming and refreshing to meet these young and earnest and conscientious artists, so finely in tune with their time and place. Never before has there been closer affinity between the poets and the universal life; never have its local expressions been more lovingly and faithfully studied. Perhaps in poetry, as in fiction, we are to have a democratic republic of letters, instead of the old oligarchy.

The growth of simplicity, the passion for plainness, the impatience of symbols, and the desire for the very thing, are indications of some such eventuality; and when we have work like that of the Belgian, Maurice Maeterlinck, in the drama, we may almost believe that the hour of a new art has struck. We group him with the poets because it seems to us that the two little plays of his which Mrs. Mary Violé has given us in very unaffected English transcend the form of prose, and ally themselves in effect with the effect of verse. In a kind of elemental directness, they are far beyond Ibsen, while they deal with no social or individual problems, but touch us through our mere humanity, not to say mortality, where we are not citizens, and scarcely men or women, but only Man. One of the pieces is called *The Intruder*, and expresses the advent of death in the circle of a family sitting together after the birth of a child, while the mother lies in the next room. The way in which death is realized as something objectively appreciable to the nerves, is tremendous; but hardly anything less than the quotation of the whole brief drama would give the notion of its finely graduated climax.

The other piece is perhaps even more horrific. A company of blind people have been led from their asylum to a distant wood near the wintry sea, by an old priest, who suddenly dies and sits silent

and cold in the midst of their helplessness. At last the priest's dog finds them, and now they think that they are safe, that the dog will lead them back to the asylum. But the dog will not leave the body.

XII.

In Middle Harbor and other Verse, chiefly Australian, is a book whose author has deeply felt the quality of his native landscape and the local life, and has here and there vividly intimated it to the reader. It is a striking effort, and worthy attention; for this poet of far-off scenes is writing from his full sense of them, and not writing merely at a public strange to them. The world appreciably widens in the light his poetry casts; here is something that has a claim upon our knowledge and sympathy which scarcely seemed within our horizons before.

XIII.

Mr. R. W. Gilder's *Two Worlds and other Poems* happens to lie at the bottom of the fortuitous find of fairy-gold which we have been mining. It needs no stamp of the assayer to commend it; the metal and its purity are known. But it is a pleasure to recognize value, if only to show that one knows it, and we wish to praise certain pieces in the volume because, for the moment at least, they have made life richer. One of these is "A Midsummer Meditation"; another, "Non sine Dolore." "The Prisoner's Thought" is a singularly powerful poem, with suggestion in it that will not soon leave the reader, who again could not part if he would with the truth of "Great Nature is an Army Gay." These are all strictly a poet's contribution to the feeling, the unrestful hope, and far-striving thought of our day. *Æsthetically* the book, we think, reaches its perfectest expression in the peculiarly beautiful poem called "Moonlight," where the sense imparted is of an image plastically shaped of the moonlight itself.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 13th of November.—Governors were elected in five States, November 3d, as follows: In Iowa, Horace Boies, Democrat (re-elected); in Maryland, Frank Brown, Democrat; in Massachusetts, William E. Russell, Democrat (re-elected); in New York, Roswell P. Flower, Democrat; in Ohio, William McKinley, Jun., Republican.

On the 17th of September Francis Hendricks was appointed Collector of Customs at New York, to succeed J. S. Fassett, resigned.

The extra session of the Tennessee Legislature, called by the Governor for the purpose of considering the convict lease system, adjourned on the 21st of September without taking any action.—On the 31st of October the miners of Briceville and vicin-

ity, forming an organized body of nearly 1000 men, entered the convict stockade at that place, and set 160 prisoners free; at other mining camps they released, within the next two days, about 300 more. Liberal rewards were promptly offered by the Governor for the arrest of the leaders in this movement, and for the return of the released convicts.

An official statement, published November 10th, showed the public debt of Canada to be \$235,000,000—a considerable increase over the figures of last year.

The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, was appointed, October 17th, to succeed the late William Henry Smith as First Lord of the Treasury in the British cabinet.—On the 23d of October William L. Jackson was appointed to succeed Mr. Balfour as Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The death of Charles Stewart Parnell, on the 7th of October, far from leading to the union of the two Irish political factions, seemed to widen the breach between them. Great bitterness of feeling was exhibited, and several riots occurred. At an election held in Cork November 7th, to choose Mr. Parnell's successor in Parliament, the opposition or McCarthyite candidate received a plurality of votes.

On the 30th of October the French Senate agreed to rescind the law prohibiting the importation of American pork. A similar action was taken by the Italian government a few days earlier.

During the first week in September festivities were held throughout Chili in celebration of the restoration of peace. The provisional government was recognized by the leading European powers.—On the 19th of September General Balmaceda, ex-President of the republic, who since the triumph of the revolutionists had remained in concealment, committed suicide at the Argentine Legation in Santiago. Elections were held October 22d for Presidential electors and members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, resulting in a complete victory for the Liberals.—In Valparaiso, October 16th, a mob of Chilians killed two of the crew of the United States cruiser *Baltimore*, and seriously injured several others. Thirty-five of the crew were arrested by the police of Valparaiso, and detained in custody without due cause being shown. The United States government, upon ascertaining the particulars, courteously demanded an explanation or reparation from the Chilian junta. An unfavorable and somewhat defiant reply was made to this demand, but assurances were given that the affair was being investigated.—On the 10th of November the revolutionary junta surrendered its power to the newly elected Congress, and the cabinet which had been appointed by its authority resigned.

A revolt against the government was attempted in Paraguay October 21st, but was promptly quelled, and the insurgents driven into the Argentine Republic, where they were disarmed.

Another revolution was inaugurated in Brazil on the 4th of November. By proclamation of President De Fonseca the Congress was dissolved, martial law was declared, and a dictatorship established, with De Fonseca himself as dictator. This action of the chief magistrate, which was supported by the army and navy, was said to have been provoked by the efforts of the monarchist party in Congress to overthrow republican institutions. The national capital was declared to be in a state of siege for two months, a government censorship over telegraphic despatches was ordered, and it was an-

nounced that an election of new representatives to Congress would be held. Much dissatisfaction existed, especially in the province of Rio Grande do Sul.

Famine prevailed in twenty-one provinces of Russia. Twenty million rubles was expended by the government in buying seed-corn for the peasants in the stricken districts.

Eleven thousand Mohammedan pilgrims to Mecca, Arabia, died of cholera during the summer.

DISASTERS.

September 16th.—Accounts were received of extensive floods in the south of Spain. In the provinces of Toledo and Almeria 2000 persons were drowned, and great destitution prevailed throughout the flooded districts. The damage done to property was estimated at \$4,000,000.—In a gale off Labrador three fishing-vessels were wrecked and thirteen persons drowned.

September 25th.—In a railroad accident near Burgos, Spain, fourteen persons were killed and many others injured.

October 26th.—In a railroad accident near Moirans, France, fifteen persons were killed and more than fifty others injured.—The British bark *Charlwood* collided with the steamer *Boston* near the Edystone Rocks, and immediately foundered. Sixteen persons were drowned.

October 29th.—The steamboat *Oliver Bierne* was burned on the Mississippi River at Milliken's Bend, and twenty lives were lost.

October 30th.—Particulars were received of a terrible earthquake in the island of Hondo, Japan. It was estimated that 7000 persons were killed and nearly 30,000 houses destroyed.

November 8th.—By an explosion of gas in a mine at Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, twelve miners were killed.

November 11th.—A cyclone in the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, caused the loss of nearly 150 lives. Many vessels at anchor near Calcutta were wrecked.

OBITUARY.

September 25th.—At Saratoga, New York, the Rev. Samuel D. Burchard, D. D., aged seventy-nine years.—In New York city, Henry Kiddle, ex-Superintendent of Public Schools, aged seventy years.

September 27th.—In New York city, Herman Melville, aged seventy-three years.

September 30th.—At Brussels, Belgium, General George Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger, French ex-Minister of War, aged fifty-four years.

October 6th.—In London, England, William Henry Smith, First Lord of the Treasury, Warden of the Cinque Ports, and the Conservative leader in the House of Commons, aged sixty-six years.—In Stuttgart, Germany, King Charles of Wurtemberg, aged sixty-eight years.

October 7th.—In Brighton, England, Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader, aged forty-five years.

October 17th.—At Newburyport, Massachusetts, James Parton, author and journalist, aged seventy years.

November 3d.—In Rome, Italy, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I., aged seventy-eight years.

November 6th.—At St. Albans, Vermont, John Gregory Smith, ex-Governor of Vermont, aged seventy-three years.



Editor's Drawer.

THE wisdom of our ancestors packed away in proverbial sayings may always be a little suspected. We have a vague respect for a popular proverb, as embodying folk-experience, and expressing not the wit of one, but the common thought of a race. We accept the saying unquestioning, as a sort of inspiration out of the air, true because nobody has challenged it for ages, and probably for the same reason that we try to see the new moon over our left shoulder. Very likely the musty saying was the product of the average ignorance of an unenlightened time, and ought not to have the respect of a scientific and travelled people. In fact it will be found that a large proportion of the proverbial sayings which we glibly use are fallacies based on a very limited experience of the world, and probably were

set afloat by the idiocy or prejudice of one person. To examine one of them is enough for our present purpose.

"Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad ends."

It would be interesting to know the origin of this proverb, because it is still much relied on as evincing a deep knowledge of human nature, and as an argument against change, that is to say, in this case, against progress. It would seem to have been made by a man, conservative, perhaps malevolent, who had no appreciation of a hen, and a conservatively poor opinion of woman. His idea was to keep woman in her place—a good idea when not carried too far—but he did not know what her place is, and he wanted to put a sort of restraint upon her emancipation by coupling

her with an emancipated hen. He therefore launched this shaft of ridicule, and got it to pass as an arrow of wisdom shot out of a popular experience in remote ages.

In the first place, it is not true, and probably never was true even when hens were at their lowest. We doubt its Sanscrit antiquity. It is perhaps of Puritan origin, and rhymed in New England. It is false as to the hen. A crowing hen was always an object of interest and distinction; she was pointed out to visitors; the owner was proud of her accomplishment, and he was naturally likely to preserve her life, especially if she could lay. A hen that can lay and crow is a *rara avis*. And it should be parenthetically said here that the hen who can crow and cannot lay is not a good example for woman. The crowing hen was of more value than the silent hen, provided she crowed with discretion; and she was likely to be a favorite, and not at all to come to some bad end. Except, indeed, where the proverb tended to work its own fulfillment. And this is the regrettable side of most proverbs of an ill nature, that they do help to work the evil they predict. Some foolish boy, who had heard this proverb, and was sent out to the hen-coop in the evening to slay for the Thanksgiving feast, thought he was a justifiable little providence in wringing the neck of the crowing hen, because it was proper (according to the saying) that she should come to some bad end. And as years went on, and that kind of boy increased and got to be a man, it became a fixed idea to kill the amusing, interesting, spirited, emancipated hen, and naturally the barn-yard became tamer and tamer, the production of crowing hens was discouraged (the wise old hens laid no eggs with a crow in them, according to the well-known principle of heredity), and the man who had in his youth exterminated the hen of progress actually went about quoting that false couplet as an argument against the higher education of woman.

As a matter of fact, also, the couplet is not true about woman; whether it ought to be true is an ethical question that will not be

considered here. The whistling girl does not commonly come to a bad end. Quite as often as any other girl she learns to whistle a cradle song, low and sweet and charming, to the young voter in the cradle. She is a girl of spirit, of independence of character, of dash and flavor; and as to lips, why, you must have some sort of presentable lips to whistle; thin ones will not. The whistling girl does not come to a bad end at all (if marriage is still considered a good occupation), except a cloud may be thrown upon her exuberant young life by this rascally proverb. Even if she walks the lonely road of life, she has this advantage, that she can whistle to keep her courage up. But in a larger sense, one that this practical age can understand, it is not true that the whistling girl comes to a bad end. Whistling pays. It has brought her money; it has blown her name about the listening world. Scarcely has a non-whistling woman been more famous. She has set aside the adage. She has done so much toward the emancipation of her sex from the prejudice created by an ill-natured proverb which never had root in fact.

But has the whistling woman come to stay? Is it well for women to whistle? Are the majority of women likely to be whistlers? These are serious questions, not to be taken up in a light manner at the end of a grave paper. Will woman ever learn to throw a stone? There it is. The future is inscrutable. We only know that whereas they did not whistle with approval, now they do; the prejudice of generations gradually melts away. And woman's destiny is not linked with that of the hen, nor to be controlled by a proverb—perhaps not by anything.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

AN OBSERVATION.

With Shakespeare's dictum I cannot agree.

The world's no stage. The truth quite the reverse is.

The world is one great human nursery,

And all the people in it babes or nurses.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



FROM A WASHINGTON STATE LETTER.

"The Harvey boys returned to-day from their bear-hunt. They brought one big bear, and report a lively time."

A SAD CASE.

I'd love to be a poet great
Whose songs could make or mar a state,

Whose words could make the pulses start,
Whose sentiment could stir a heart;

But sad for me my cherished hope
Can ne'er be realized; no trope

Can ever make a maid admire,
Can ever set a world afire,

When writ by one—ay, there's the rub—
Whose name, like mine, is Jabez Stubb.

A MODEL OF PATIENCE.

AN American gentleman who spent some time in England noticed a man fishing at a certain spot in the Thames. day after day with no apparent success.

One day he asked the lone fisherman what luck he was having.

"I've been fishing just here every fine day for forty years," replied the Englishman.

"Do you catch many fish?"

"Well," replied the angler, "one day in the summer of 1875 I had a bite."

WILLIAM H. SIVITER.

A QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP.

UNCLE EPIMENIDES, called Uncle Ep, in the days of his slavery brought out a nice point of *meum et tuum*.

He had been given by his master a new hat, of which he was very proud, and which was only worn on Sunday or other state occasions.

He was met by his master on one occasion returning from church through a heavy summer shower, the rain beating on his bare head, while the new hat was tucked carefully under his coat.

"Why don't you put on your hat, Ep? Your head will get wet," said his master.

"Well, you see, mars," answered Ep, "the head's yours, but the hat's mine, and I'm 'blege' to take care of it."

THE EXCEPTION.

"It is something strange," said a gentleman one day, "but my wife and I never like the same thing. It is only necessary for me to express a fondness for anything for her to take a dislike to it."

"Not always, my dear," she replied. "I like you very well, and I know you think a great deal of yourself."

A Social Tragedy.

IN ONE ACT.

SCENE I.—*Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. Madge and Daisy walking towards Delmonico's. An elderly gentleman approaching from opposite direction.*

MADGE. "Why, there's old Stuart Meanboy! Wonder if he's going to Del's?"

DAISY. "Don't know; but, any way, just see me get a lunch out of him." (*To Mr. Meanboy.*) "Oh, how do you do? I am so delighted to see you?"

MR. MEANBOY (*shaking hands, and dropping his monocle*). "Ah, Miss Daisy, Miss Sandy; charmed to meet you."

[*All stop in front of Delmonico's.*]

MR. M. "Were you going to lunch here?"

MADGE. "We did think of it, but—er—"

DAISY. "Yes, we had thought of it, but—er—"

MR. M. "Oh, do come in with me, and let me show you what a good lunch I can order for you."

DAISY (*casting a triumphant glance at Madge, as if to say, "I told you so"*). "We hardly like to—er—"

MR. M. (*interrupting*). "No trouble at all, my dear young lady, no trouble at all, I assure you."



SCENE II.—Madge and Daisy, murmuring thanks, follow him into the restaurant, and seat themselves at table.

MR. M. "Waiter, bring me a bill of fare. Now what will you have first—bouillon?"

DAISY (*nudging Madge*). "Don't you think oysters are good things to start with?"

MR. M. "Capital! Then bouillon and croquettes."

DAISY (*beaming*). "That is a splendid beginning. What afterwards?"

MR. M. "Miss Sandy must choose next."

MADGE (*with a coquettish smile, after searching for an expensive dish*). "Shall it be squab and French pease?"

MR. M. "Immense! Nothing more appetizing. You are an epicure, Miss Madge."

[*Madge smiles sweetly at him, and kicks Daisy under the table. Daisy returns the kick.*]

DAISY. "It is your turn, Mr. Meanboy."

MR. M. "How kind of you to rely upon my judgment! but really, Miss Daisy, you must suit yourself."

DAISY (*to Madge*). "Is there anything else you would like?"

MADGE. "No. I must insist upon Mr. Meanboy choosing a dish. I should feel so badly if he did not."

MR. M. "Then let us make it a *terriner de foies gras* and salad, and finish up with ices and coffee."

THE GIRLS (*in unison*). "Oh, Mr. Meanboy, you are too thoughtful!"

[*Mr. M. beams upon them, and suggests champagne as a drink.*]

MADGE. "Oh, how nice! We never thought of that."

[*Mr. M. orders champagne, and rises.*]

MR. M. "Well, I can congratulate myself upon having ordered as good a lunch as you



could get anywhere. I'm afraid I shall have to leave you now, as I have an engagement to lunch with a fellow at the club at two o'clock."

[*Exit Mr. M.*]

DAISY (*faintly*). "How much money have you, Madge?"

MADGE (*dumping contents of her purse on the table, announces, in an agitated undertone*). "One dollar and seventy cents. How much have you?"

DAISY (*hopelessly*). "One dollar and ninety."

[*They simultaneously seize a menu, and commence adding up the cost of their lunch. At the end of five minutes they gaze dumbly at each other—the total is ten dollars and thirty-five cents. Tableau—tears.*]

M. R. McVICKAR.





L'IDÉE NAPOLIENNE.

SHE (*intellectual*). "What do you consider the one chief idea that Napoleon represents to-day in Europe?"

HE (*practical*). "Twenty francs."

A GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTION.

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the woes which the compositor inflicts upon his helpless victims, and, speaking from experience, I know that they are many and varied; but yet "the gifted author" has occasionally to put up with a good deal of annoyance from higher powers than the poor "comp," as the following experience of an intimate friend of mine will prove:

He was the art critic, and he had just sent out an unusually brilliant account of a recent exhibition of paintings to the desk editor, who, not having made much of a study of art, was naturally unfamiliar with the language of the studio, but was preparing to wrestle with his difficult task. He was new at the work, and it was beset with pitfalls. Heading the list was this enigmatical sentence: "A Landscape in Sepia."

"Landscape in Sepia!" shouted the scribe, addressing the sporting editor, who was busily engaged in describing a spirited set-to between two favorite light weights. "Where the deuce is Sepia?"

"Don't know," answered the sporting editor, thoughtfully. "Never heard of the place. Sepia can't be in the United States, or I must have heard of it, surely. It must be in Syria somewhere."

"I don't believe the place exists at all," snapped the puzzled genius of the desk. "I think—"

A heavy fall in the adjoining room broke off the conversation here, and a hurried investigation revealed the art critic in strong convulsions on the floor. He had heard the entire conversation, and was conveyed to his lodging-place in an ambulance.

GEORGE CUTHBERT STRANGE.



NIGHT IN VENICE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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No. DI.

NIGHT IN VENICE.

BY JOHN HAY.

LOVE, in this summer night, do you recall
Midnight, and Venice, and those skies of June
Thick-sown with stars, when from the still lagoon
We glided noiseless through the dim canal?
A sense of some belated festival
Hung round us, and our own hearts beat in tune
With passionate memories that the young moon
Lit up on dome and tower and palace wall.

We dreamed what ghosts of vanished loves made part
Of that sweet light and trembling, amorous air.
I felt—in those rich beams that kissed your hair,
Those breezes warm with by-gone lovers' sighs—
All the dead beauty of Venice in your eyes,
All the old loves of Venice in my heart.

FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

I.

THE light had faded from the longest and brightest day of the year 1891 when three very tired men lay down to sleep upon the bottom boards of three well-thumped canoes. They had started that same morning from the place usually accepted as the source of the Danube, had tumbled their boats over seven dams or weirs, had escaped the rocks in the rapids, had feasted their eyes upon meadows glorious in wealth of flower color, had passed below grim ruins many of feudal castles, chatted with the people on the banks—and more cleanly, intelligent, and friendly population it would be difficult to find in Europe—and had finished the day a little below Tuttlingen, a town forever famous in that here was educated the author of the "Watch on the Rhine."

While our three canoeists are adjusting the angles of their anatomical structure

so as to sleep sweetly upon a bare board, let me retrace the features of the first day's navigation of the Danube, the first of the many that are to carry us, we fondly hope, "from the Black Forest to the Black Sea."

The little town of Donaueschingen, perched high in the invigorating air of the Black Forest, has been arbitrarily designated the source of the Danube. The prince who owns most of the land in the neighborhood has built an ornamental stone basin for a very powerful spring that gushes out close to his palace, and has erected a portentous slab, notifying all the world that this is the genuine source of the greatest of European streams, that it is 2840 kilometres to the Black Sea, and 678 metres above tide-water. I ventured to point out to an intelligent Black-

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Forester who stood with me by this monument that the real source of the Danube was higher up, but he regarded my statement as outrageous. "Gott in Himmel!" said he, piously. "Here lives the prince, here is his palace, here is the official statement cut in the stone. What more do you want?"

I was silenced, but could not help feeling that if an enterprising promoter could

all directions, and the scenery a little of all, from the grandest to the prettiest.

To us, however, the value of Donaueschingen consisted mainly in the fact that it held our three canoes, and that they were to be launched here on their voyage down the Danube. And, for that matter, the people of the town appeared to share our feelings, for as we worked upon our tiny craft in the court-yard of the Gast-



THE START—DONAUESCHINGEN.

secure some other prince, get up a stock company, hire a spring further up, build a summer hotel, call the place "Danube High Spring," or "Danube Source Original," carve it in stone, and make the rival prince hold court at the summer hotel, in three seasons Donaueschingen would be bankrupt.

Nevertheless, we rejoiced in considering this place the source, for even if there are others, none of them is more picturesque, more venerable, more clean, or more full of kindly people. The prince has given the town a park, every bit of which is full of beauty, and as the little town seems built upon it, one cannot move from the front door without feeling that here at least the delights of country life are joined with those of a little city. It is a place to spend a long summer with one or two friends addicted to pedestrianism or the bicycle, for the roads are excellent in

haus zum Schützen, we gradually became the centres about which a large proportion of the population, both male and female, hovered and asked questions. The host took great interest in our work, mainly, we hope, from personal sympathy—perhaps also because of those who came many remained to talk it over in his beer-room.

Among a people so famed for wood-work and clocks as those of the Black Forest it was not surprising that they should enjoy a novelty that appealed directly to their most widely practised craft. The three little boats were alike in dimensions, weight, and rig, all being made on the banks of the East River, New York. The weight of each is eighty pounds net, to which is added that of two masts and sails, a brass folding centre board, a nickel rudder that drops nine inches below the keel, camping kitchen,

steward's pantry, tents, and clothing for day and night. When the canoe is fully loaded it exceeds considerably the weight it represented on the stocks, but is never more than can be conveniently carried by any two of us for a reasonable distance, as, for instance, around a dam, or on to high ground when going into camp.

This point of weight is the most vital one in a cruising canoe, for it is only by being so light that it can accomplish so many objects. We learned to value this element on the first day, for we had seven dams to pass, some of which forced us to "carry." Of course, had our boats weighed as much as some English sailing canoes, we might have procured the service of people living in the neighborhood, and thus achieved our object; but the carrying of canoes by inexperienced hands is not always well for the boats.

Our party passed twenty-one dams before reaching the navigable part of the river. We never accepted any assistance from the people on the banks, although it was generously offered. We found that one of us at bow and another at stern were quite sufficient, and that we saved much wear and tear and gained enormously in time by carrying them ourselves.

The canoes are 15 feet long, 30 inches wide, and leave a space of about one foot between the bottom board and the deck.



DONAUESCHINGEN GIRLS AT CHURCH.

At bow and stern are water-tight compartments reaching about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet from each extremity, and giving space enough for the clothing and stores of any reasonable camper-out. The remaining eight feet of the boat means a clear space for him to stretch himself at night—two feet longer than a steamship berth, and quite as wide. Sleeping on wood seems discouraging work, but one's bones soon become adapted to it. The luxuriously inclined can spread a blanket or woolly garment in lieu of spring mattress. The sides of the canoe shelter the sleeper from the wind, and in case of a shower he has a series of deck hatches that fit nicely each to the other, and keep a large part of him dry. For the rest, he can pull a rubber blanket over the boat, and be quite sure that no harm will result. This is, how-



SPECTATORS.



PFÖREN

ever, a makeshift, which we adopted in order to avoid the weight of our tents until we had passed all the dams. For the same reason we sent on our masts and sails to Ulm, and proceeded in "light marching order."

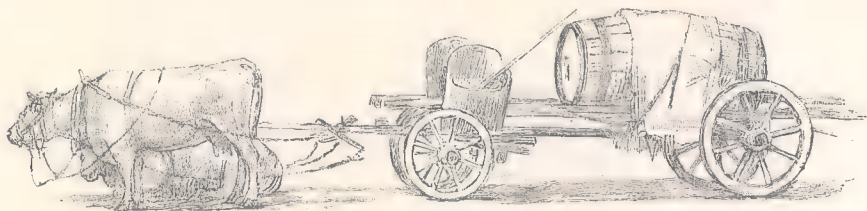
Our boats are entirely of wood—broad, flat oak keel, an infinite number of little dainty oak ribs, on to which the sides are copper-riveted. The decks are of mahogany, and in general they represent an amount of elasticity and strength never before combined in boats of their weights and dimensions for a cruise of this kind.

As to stores and dress, that question is easily solved in a country like Germany. We have the authority of the cook and of the purser of our party in saying that it is unnecessary to bring from home more than the mere boat. Any little town in the fatherland can supply the needs of our party as well as London or New

York; and at Donaueschingen we bought an excellent spirit stove; pots, pans, plates, etc., of enamelled iron; and of course a long sausage, coffee, tea, sugar, lemons, bread, butter. Germans make and use large quantities of preserved meats and soups, and it must be a small town indeed where a canoeist cannot fill his pantry satisfactorily. This item is the more important in that the intending canoeist who reads this may not merely save himself the customs duty on the frontier, but the freight as well.

But come—an end to prefaces! It is already past eight o'clock, and we have been up since five, making final dispositions for the cruise. All Donaueschingen is gathered about the inn, on the bridge, and along the embankments of the stream—ay, even the uniformed representative of the military department is there to wish us God-speed, to say nothing of a clever young lady from Boston, to whom two of us are indebted for having our national ensigns neatly laced to our miniature flag-posts.

One shove of the paddle, and we are clear of the bushes and in the strength of



A COW TEAM AT MÖHRINGEN.

a current carrying us at the rate of two and a half miles an hour. The stream passes through the beautiful park, and we are for an hour or more starting up swans, whose headquarters are in the park lake, but whose enterprise carries them for many miles down the river.

Our first day is crowded with the sensations that contribute to happiness—a bright day, with just enough of passing cloud to save the skies from monotony; a body of clear, crisp, eddying water beneath, just lively enough to make one have an eye to the paddle, lest one be caught foul in swinging around a sharp corner; banks of grass retreating from the river until they merge themselves in the leafy recesses that crown the distant mountain-tops of the Black Forest; and

ren; and as we paddle for the middle arch of its timber bridge we cannot think that there can be another place so clean, so quaint, so venerable, yet so altogether harmonizing with its surroundings. Massive remnants of feudal wall still stand, stretching to the river's bank, and speaking to us of a thousand years ago, when chivalry and robbery went hand in hand. From the midst of the village, with its steep tiled roofs and heavily timbered walls, rises the old tower from which the alarm was given when the enemy appeared, and in which is now a clock that knows no worse enemy than time. Above the clock tower is a family of storks—welcome guests in every German town, for they are emblems of peace and plenty. The people of Pforen greet us kindly—"Grüss



flowers!—who could do justice to the wealth of gorgeous coloring that sets its fragrant limits on the edges of this stream? From the decks of our boats we feast our eyes upon such an expanse of floral beauty as only California could match; and as our craft skirt the shore we can enjoy the charming details of this picture by picking our boats full of these sweet if ephemeral treasures without so much as leaving our canoes, or even slacking their speed.*

And then the little villages that come like happy surprises, adding the touch of art to the almost perfect beauty of nature—they greet us on our course at almost regular hour intervals. Our first is Pfo-

Gott" is their call to us as we pass; for they are all in the fields mowing or harvesting.

This little place is not noticed in any guide-book, it would be difficult to find in any atlas, yet for one who loves nature, studies his fellow-man, and seeks rest with a book or two, we should recommend Pforen, and such as Pforen, in preference to the hundreds of conventional resorts, where his view of the country is obstructed by portiers and polyglot waiters. Many comforts will be missed, but, on the other hand, he will come into touch with a peasantry combining many of the best features of the Swiss and German.

* "From Donaueschingen downwards the meadow flowers have a subalpine character—masses of ragged-robin and bladder-lychnis, the calyx of which is a delicate mauve, knotweed, various campanulas, one with bright mauve flowers in a very loose panicle, buttercups, purple sage, and grasses in flower. On the river banks for a long way down are masses of yellow iris, and occasionally sweet-calamus. In one meadow a purple variety of rocket; and generally

the usual English meadow flowers. Lower down *Campanula glomerata* grows in fine purple masses with the sage; and in the rocky parts about Beuron were bright pinks, like the cheddar-pink, *Geranium sanguineum*, and saxifrages. A bright blue veronica grows plentifully as you go down (*Quere spicata?*). Other plants on the rocks were a purple lactuca, dog-rose, systopteris, wall-rue, and *Adiantum nigricum*."—*Alfred Parsons's note-book.*



MAX SCHNECKENBURGER, AUTHOR OF
"DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."
From an old portrait.

Neidingen, Gutmadingen, Geisingen, Immendingen, Möhringen, Tuttlingen—all these are passed before reaching our first camp. But of these Tuttlingen is our darling. We have not passed a village that could not have made us happy for many days; each with its ruined castle, its mediæval tower, its steep gables, its colored tiles, its quaint belfry, its tidy and cheery peasants; but all this, and more too, is united in Tuttlingen. This little town also has its feudal castle, its ruined battlements, its legends, and its quaint gables; but it has more than this—it has the proud distinction of having educated the poet who made United Germany. The war-song that has made all Germans merge their local differences in one great purpose—the common fatherland; that united Bavarians and Prussians, Saxons and Würtembergers, in 1870; that brought victory over the French, and an imperial crown to the House of Hohenzollern—that song is "Die Wacht am Rhein," written at the age of twenty-one, by a lad whose schooling was obtained in Tuttlingen. It is needless to say that his name is Max Schneckenburger.

The people of Tuttlingen are now raising the money needed to place here a worthy monument to the man who has made their town famous. They have placed a square pedestal

upon the bank of the stream as a mute invitation to help on the noble work. Of course we brought our mite from across the Atlantic, and promised to stir our friends up also. In Tuttlingen is a committee of the leading citizens, who are prepared to receive and acknowledge contributions.

Little is known of Schneckenburger. He died in 1849, when only thirty years of age. His father blacked boots and lifted trunks in a village tavern near Tuttlingen, but was obviously of superior character, for he eventually became a small merchant and married well. Max did not go to the university; his father was too poor; but in Tuttlingen he was thoroughly schooled, and then sent to Switzerland, where the post of errand-boy was given him in a grocery store. His short life was one of hard work and small earnings, far from his beloved fatherland, and seeing of the world only what appeared in the course of trips made as a commercial traveller. His widow assures us that a day never passed that Schneckenburger did not kneel in prayer for his fatherland; and his motto, chosen at the age of fifteen, was this word alone, "Deutsch." In 1840 he wrote "Die Wacht am Rhein," as an indignant protest against the French pretensions of that time, but the battles of Gravelotte and Sedan had been fought before his country was made to know the source of their inspiration. Schneckenburger is another of the many names that humanity loves



PEASANT GIRL OF THE BLACK FOREST.

to honor, but which, alas! humanity discovers long after its honor has ceased to be of any material consequence.

We supped in Tuttlingen while our boats were hauled up by the river's bank; but as we supped, Tuttlingen assembled to see us start. We shall never know by what mysterious agency we were made to become at once the creatures of fame—and in the very shadow of Schneck-enburger! Was it the contribution to his monument; was it interest in the American canoes; was it the hope of seeing us capsize at the big dam between the bridges? I believe that the love of Schneck-enburger made all Tuttlingen interested in us, although several kindly Tuttlingers warned us against the dam. At any rate, as we paddled off in the twilight toward the roaring that indicated the fall of water, the two bridges

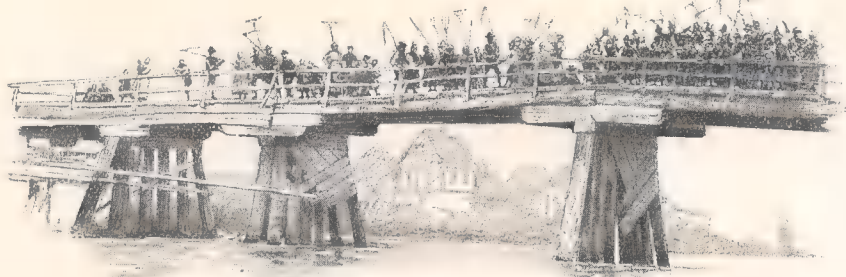
were crowded with spectators, not to mention the sides of the stream and every window. We had, however, already passed five dams, and therefore felt more comfortable than might have been the case had this been our first. The canoes were headed for a bunch of roots, snags, and reeds that had lodged on the crest of the fall about the middle of the stream; we jumped out here, having the snags to hold on to, so that we might not be carried away down the falls. The next thing to do was to select a clean bit of water down which to shoot the boats, while we held in our hand the end of a painter about forty feet long. The boats did



THE SKETCH-BOOK.

their part well, dived prettily into the river below, drew up short when they reached the end of their tether, waited patiently until we picked our way carefully from stone to stone down the ragged slope of the dam with trousers tucked above the knees, and finally jumped along merrily when we were safely abroad.

The people waved hats and handkerchiefs when we passed the barrier, and wished us "Glückliche Reise." We replied with an enthusiastic cry of "Schneck-enburger soll hoch leben!" and the hills rang with such cheers as had never before gladdened the valleys of the Black Forest. Men, women, and



BRIDGE AT ROTTENACKER.

children ran along the banks after us, wishing happiness to the three strangers who had come many miles to worship at the shrine of Schneckenburger. That night we drank the health of Tuttlingen's great poet, and for many days thereafter our toast remained that of Tuttlingen: "Schneckenburger soll hoch leben!"

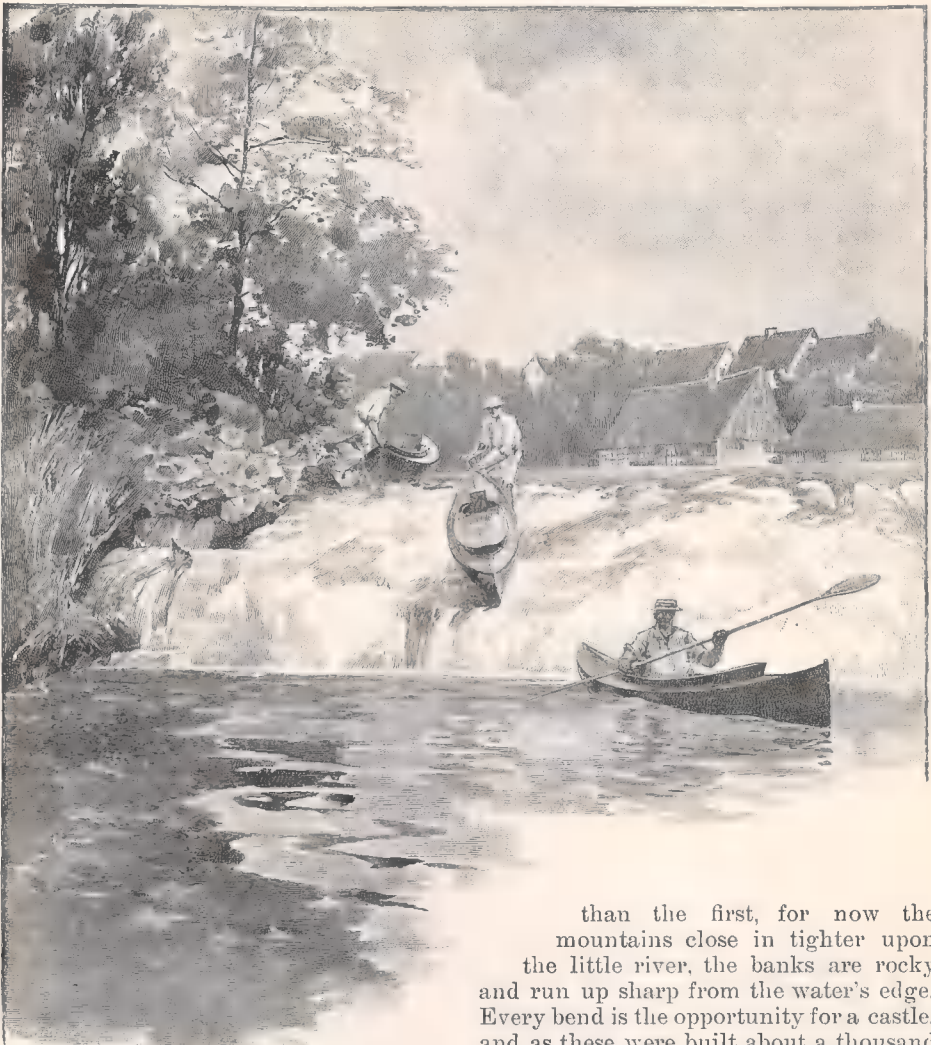
A few minutes below Tuttlingen we shot our boats over another dam, our seventh, then hauled them up in a fragrant meadow that formed a sharp point into the river, sponged out the few drops of water that had come into them, and lay down to rest in the bottom. A pair of boots rolled up in an odd pair of trousers made a very good pillow; an ulster was ready in case the night became colder; an India-rubber blanket was also at hand in case of rain; the monotonous roar of the water-fall dinned pleasantly upon our tired senses, to which there came, later on, the prattling treble of maidens' voices wondering what manner of boats these were, and what manner of men could live therein. But we were too drowsy to note even what manner of maiden had come across the moonlit meadows. We fell asleep under the ruined battlements of three mediæval castles—Wasserburg, Luginsfeld, and Honberg, of which the minstrel sings:

"No banner floats upon its keep;
No warders line its wall;
The shouts of war and wassail sleep
In Honberg's roofless hall.
The furze and lichen flourish wild
In love's neglected bower,
And ruin frowns where beauty smiled
In Honberg's lofty tower."

Here was the place to dream of gallant knights and ladies fair, of bloody battle-

ments and ghostly dungeons, for each of these three castles has legends enough to start a Walter Scott with raw material. Perhaps the moonlit maidens were saint-like spirits from these ghostly ruins. We cared for nothing save close communion with the bottom boards of our several canoes until the sun burst upon us next morning from over the opposite mountains.

One of us—this is no place for personalities, and I suppress names—rather favored the idea of cooking breakfast in the boat, as being a compact thing to do, and one that prevented the cooking vessels from being lost. With this object in view he placed the spirit stove between his knees on the floor of the canoe, and it being a very powerful double-action one, he balanced the coffee-machine above and the pot of hot milk beneath, the idea being that both would come to the boiling-point at about the same time. Unfortunately they did, and with an explosion that could not be escaped. The boiling coffee sputtered violently out at the top; the milk squirted as violently below. The bare legs of the experimenter, to say nothing of his arms and other parts of his thinly clad person, were savagely scalded. His involuntary antics to escape the persistent torrent of boiling milk and coffee only endangered himself and boat still more, and had it not been for the timely intervention of the rest of the party, the spirits would have gone blazing from stem to stern, and made a bonfire of boat and cargo. That experiment resulted in filling every cranny of one boat with coffee grounds and milk, and impregnating everything about with a flavor of these misplaced in-



ALFRED PARSONS.

CROSSING THE WEIR—ROTTENACKER.

gredients, not to mention damage done by scalding the experimenter. Henceforth, it is needless to say, our kitchen was in the open air; a new cook was appointed, the old cook allowed to wipe the dishes, and all hands have gained by the results of that first attempt to cook breakfast for three between two knees in the bottom of one canoe.

By seven o'clock we had cooked another breakfast, disposed of it, washed and wiped our dishes, packed our boats, and entered upon the second day of the journey—an even more interesting one

than the first, for now the mountains close in tighter upon the little river, the banks are rocky and run up sharp from the water's edge. Every bend is the opportunity for a castle, and as these were built about a thousand years ago, they are now highly picturesque if not practical monuments. The Rhine suffers seriously in comparison with the first five hundred miles of the Danube, but nowhere more than in this neighborhood, for not only has the Danube ruins as striking and extensive as those of the sister stream, but she has more of them. And what in our eyes adds still more to the charm of the Danube is the virginal character of its rock and forest—a rugged grandeur not yet vulgarized by villas and summer lodging-houses—and in addition the picturesque peasantry whom we see crowding the bridges at noon, laden with scythes, rakes, and forks, stalking like an army of rebellious rustics out into the hay fields after their mid-day dinner in



THE MONKS OF BEURON.

the village home. The most secluded part of the Rhine between Mainz and Bonn has about it prepared for Saturday afternoon visitors; is infected with suburbanism; is pretty, but painfully self-conscious. The Danube, on the other hand, is more like a rustic and ruddy nymph, ignorant as yet of her charms. She disports herself where the average tourist does not pass; the Baedekers and Mur-rays have nothing to say of her many secluded nooks. It is only by water that her charms can be seen to advantage, for at times her banks are so steep and rocky that it is not possible to build a foot-path along the edge of the water.

The day is bright, a pleasant breeze playing in the leaves as we paddle, or rather drift along;

for so much claims our attention that even the current is too rapid for us. Kallenberg Castle is a fine square ruin, and we are thinking that it is better in its way than the Drachenfels of the Rhine, when Bronner Castle looms up, more imposing still. Here we draw ashore for a lunch under the trees, and the epicure may like to know that it consisted entirely of cold Salami sausage, black bread, butter, cold milk, and bottled beer. The dietarian may also care to hear that we were none the worse in consequence.



NUNS AT RIEDLINGEN.

After an hour's rest we once more push off, and pass the monastery of Beuron—an imposing building, with the patron saint frescoed over one wall. On a huge rock close by was a large cross, intended as a warning to such as ventured down the stream. The monks of this institution were in a meadow making hay as we glided past, and looked at us out of the corners of their eyes, it being evidently against the rules to show active interest in so mundane a thing as a canoe. They wore long gowns, with leather belts, and large brown straw hats, and looked exceedingly uncomfortable, for the day was hot, and one might have done better work in shirt sleeves. However, in so far as discomfort in this world fits one for happiness in the next, they were no doubt doing the right thing.

Lower down the river, at Riedlingen, a vastly more attractive party consisted of nuns, occupied also in making hay. The day was equally hot, and they may have been equally uncomfortable, but the effect of their breezy white head-dresses was in refreshing contrast to the brown hats of their clerical co-sufferers.

This is a day of castles; each turn brings us to one, and each is more striking than the other. Wildenstein, Wernwag, Hausen, Falkenstein—these are some of the more striking ones that greet us, ending with the ruins of Dietfurt, below which we pitch our second camp. Each castle is in itself material for an exhaustive chapter. The fine elevation of rock and forest; the little clustering village; the old bridge, with the statue or image of a saint over the middle arch; the massive church, that seems to have been built originally as a fortress; the ruin itself, with its history of by-gone

sieges and quaint childish legends—all these made us wish to stop for a week or so at each hamlet, sketch every courtyard, trace every legend, measure every stone. And most of all did we wish to stay in dear little Gutenstein, at the "Gasthaus zur Sonne," with its jolly fat host, its round little panes of glass, its black oak timbers, its low ceiling, its venerable benches and tables, the talk-



Below Mülheim
Kallenberg.

active locksmith, whose little daughter slept in his lap while he sipped his beer, and who told us that his wife was making hay while he looked out for the shop—a veritable Rip Van Winkle, who no doubt got his deserts when his Gretchen came home. The fat host wished us



Wildenstein

"Prosit!" as he banged each well-filled mug before us; his wife wished us a good digestion as she brought us three huge pancakes steaming hot from the kitchen. "God greet you!" was the welcome we had received on entering; and the good old man waddled all the way down to the water's edge to see us off and wave us his wish for a "happy journey." Here was a host after our own heart; he treated us as part of his household, laughed at our jokes, and would have wept with us had we wished him to. Yet we had to leave.

The next day we are up and off early again, after a refreshing sleep in our boats, a dip in the river, and a good breakfast cooked in camp. Yesterday's scenery seems to us too good to be matched, but the experience of our third day teaches us that the most beautiful is always one step beyond.

Leaving the camp near Dietfurt at seven, the river hurries us along several exhilarating rapids, then makes one or two sharp curves, passes between perpendicular rocks, and into what might be a very deep lake, surrounded by bold and bewitching banks, suggesting a little Yosemite Valley—a very little one indeed, but still impressive. Here and there is room for a patch of meadow, where bright peasant maidens are tossing the hay about, and these lend an agreeable contrast to the great rock walls and the forest-capped peaks that appear beyond. The boat drifts lazily along here, for the current has been mysteriously absorbed. The nooks in the rocks abound with flowers whose brightness is reflected in the water with exquisite effect. We are now on Prussian territory, and here is

the park of the Hohenzollern prince whose candidacy for the Spanish throne was made by France the excuse for war in 1870. A few miles more and we are at Sigmaringen, another imposing castle on a height of great strategic value, above a pretty little town, clean and picturesque. We have left behind us the Grand Duchy of Baden,

and are passing through Hohenzollern, now associated with the present greatness of the German Empire. For a thousand years the name has been borne by a race of fighters whose lances and battle-axes have given way to magazine rifles and the methods of Moltke. The name has been carried far from the little Danube country—northward to the Russian border, and to Holland; to the west it has thrown its arms around Strasburg; and eastward it has driven the Holy Roman Empire to beyond the centre of German influence.

The castle to which all the branches of this much-divided stock look as to the an-



Wernwag.

cestral home lies a few miles from Sigmaringen, the road winding along a tumbling brook, whose mouth is near the foot of the ruins of Dietfurt Castle, to a point where the water on one side flows to the Danube, and on the other into the Rhine.

In the broad valley shortly beyond this point rises a solitary peak crowned with the battlements of Burg Hohenzollern.

For miles on every side it is the most striking feature of the country, and rising as it does straight up out of a great plain, and commanding an unobstructed view of all surrounding approaches, it represented down to our century a military position readily appreciated.

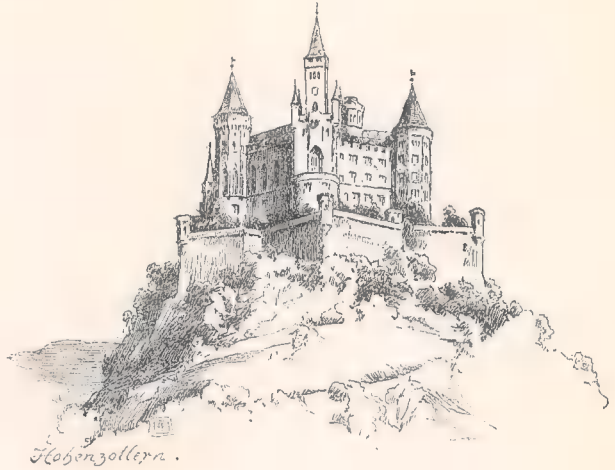
It has been twice in ruins, and twice built up again by the united efforts of all the family. The present castle was commenced in 1850, with a view not merely of preserving the cradle of the Prussian kings, but equally to represent in South Germany a military stronghold of some value. While, therefore, the architect has been given a free hand, in order to make the outward appearance harmonize with the geographical situation, all the requirements of modern warfare have been taken into account in the construction of the massive zigzag of defensive wall.

A company of infantry were tramping out to drill as we came under the walls, which made us rather wonder where they could all find standing-room together for the purpose, until we discovered a little terrace cut out of the side of the slope, somewhat like the one on the Quebec citadel.

The day was hot, our coats were off, our waistcoats loose, and sleeves rolled up as we sought the public room of the castle, where a retired sergeant provided mediocre food at rather high prices.

Of course the "Kastellan" showed us the castle, but, the rooms being modern, the interest is rather with historic association than with the objects themselves, precious as many of them are. The present Emperor has not visited the place since his advent to the throne, and it has never been much lived in by any of the royal family. A reason naturally suggests itself in the distance from Berlin, the smallness of the space available for an imperial suite, and the absence of entertainment in the neighborhood.

Hohenzollern is by far the most complete and imposing castle on our line of progress, as well as the most interesting



historically. The Würtemberg army had the audacity to occupy it in 1866, supposing, of course, that Prussia was no match for Austria, and that Hohenzollern would ultimately fall to her share, but for this enterprise she has paid heavily.

However, the canoes are impatient; we are off again; more castles, more picturesque peasants, more grand rocks, and dainty coloring from the flowers on all sides. To quote from Alfred Parsons's note-book: "Below Sigmaringen the meadow flora becomes more like that of England, but still with campanulas and purple sage; also occasionally a bright crimson dianthus with clusters of flowers. In an ash wood beneath which we camped was an undergrowth of *Spiraea aruncus*, all in bloom, five or six feet in height; in the wood also were Turk's-cap lilies, Jacob's-ladder, tall pale yellow phyteuma, and commonly, near the river, gelder-rose bushes and clumps of forget-me-nots and white water-buttercups. The general impression of the flora is a greater prevalence of purple and blue flowers."

We soon reach the last village on Prussian territory—for Hohenzollern is here Prussia—and hasten to exhaust our supply of imperial German post-cards before entering Würtemberg territory, where the postal authority of the Emperor is not recognized.

From Sigmaringen on we have a rare treat in the way of exhilarating rapids, though at no time did we meet any water that could be called dangerous, or any rocks that were not readily perceived and



PEASANT GIRL AT FRIEDINGEN.

avoided. Rapids and dams always give the canoeist fair warning by making great noise, and if there is any reason to anticipate difficulty it is wise to step ashore and reconnoitre before getting into the troubled water, unless, as occasionally happens, the whole situation can be taken in by standing up in the boat.

None of us paddled over more than four dams, and at each of these the canoe attempting it got a bump or two on the rocks. As a rule, we stepped out into the water on the edge, gave the boat a long line, and let her jump the dam where the water seemed freest from obstruction. Perhaps this method is not quite free from risk, but it is sufficiently so for the canoeist.

At Riedlingen (our sixteenth dam), for instance, one of the boats sticks fast half-way down, and threatens to swing around broadside on. There is nothing to do but jump in to the rescue, which in this case means wading in water that is very cold and reaches above the waist. But the canoe is not hurt. Of course the canoeist wears no shoes and stockings in the boat, and is otherwise prepared for jumping into the water at short notice.

Our third night is rainy, our camp in a meadow immediately below a picturesque little place called Zell. Although our tents are awaiting us in Ulm, we manage to spend a fairly comfortable night by

stretching a rubber blanket over the well of the canoe and protecting our heads with a straw hat. At four next morning our *chef* member gives us a splendid breakfast of hot coffee, boiling milk, fried bacon, bread and butter, which, after a dip in the Danube, quite restores our spirits, and sends us merrily bobbing along down stream to revel once more in a day of rapids, castles, monasteries, dams, and hay-makers.

Near Zwiefaltendorf Castle, another massive ruin, a few minutes below camp, are a number of cascades that come tumbling into the Danube through a tangled wild of shrubbery, rocks, and exquisite flowers—a mass of roaring foam about which the most delicate vegetation clusters as though quite used to the blustering of the water-fall. This little bit alone would make famous any neighborhood where tourists resort, but on the Danube it is only one of the hundred delights in store for the patient traveller.

Our seventeenth dam is under the ruins of the castle of Rechtenstein, of which there still remain the walls of a massive square tower. One of us is intently admiring this castle while passing his boat over the dam, when his painter gives a tug that nearly carries him off his legs. The canoe has pivoted on a rock; the double-bladed paddle has been caught by the rush of the stream, torn from its fastening on deck, and is madly careering down the torrent. Here is another occasion when moments are precious, for that paddle must be overtaken before the next dam, or be lost *forever*.

How, exactly, that canoeist righted his boat, got into her, and off, he can scarcely recall. The slope of the dam was made up of slippery rocks, difficult to find, and still more difficult to hold on to, yet the paddle was overtaken just in the nick of time. And this is an experience that has convinced our party, at least, that it is worth while carrying a spare paddle.

In a few minutes, however, we are under another feudal castle, the well-preserved towers of Ober Marchthal, and here, at our eighteenth dam, one of us again narrowly escapes shipwreck, for we find the fall not an easy one. One of the boats took the plunge at the right-hand side of the dam, near the mill, and found the shoot so strong and steep as to bury not only her bow but a good part



of the rest of her under water; and to add to the awkwardness of the situation, she was caught in an eddy and jammed up against the side of the mill wall, from which issued several miniature cascades that played into the well of the boat. This could not be endured. Yet the dam was a bad one to creep down. Luckily two millers came to the rescue. They brought a long pole that reached from the top of the wall to near the edge of the water; down this pole the canoe skipper dropped, while the millers held fast the upper end, and the canoe was rescued at the expense only of a good ducking to both crew and cargo. From our day's experience we determined henceforward never to shoot a dam without having our two forward deck hatches on and our paddles stowed below.

But we are soon to have done with dams, for at noon of the fourth day we pass the last one at Oepfingen, marked as the twenty-fifth dam in some books of travel, but rated by us only as the twenty-first. We have obviously passed over several that we treated as rapids, for by repeated calculation we have been unable to discover more than the number mentioned. Let us add parenthetically that we had excellent high water.

The spire of Ulm minster is before us now; the river widens on receiving the cold, clear, pale green Alpine waters of the Iller close above the town; the outlying forts appear on our left; soon the town walls, with the concomitants of a first-class German fortress—the bugle call, drum roll, march, march of a pontoon detach-

ment. We rush under the railway bridge; one of us nearly runs down a bathing establishment; and at last, after four days of primitive Black Forest stream life, we pull up at the float of the first rowing club on the river, justly named the Danube Rowing Club.

The committee of the club have made us their guests during our stay, and leave nothing undone to confirm in us our regard for the German sportsman. The club at Ulm has a dozen good racing and practice boats, singles, doubles, and fours, some made in England, some in Frankfort. The quarters are adequate and tastefully decorated, though the club suffers from having no boat-builder in the town itself, being obliged therefore to send a long distance for repairs—at least as far as Frankfort. We discovered, however, that the president, in addition to being one of the crack oarsmen of Germany, is



WOOD-SAWYER AT ULM.



GIRLS MOWING.

no less famous as a mechanical genius, and we can never adequately express the gratitude our party feel towards him for helping us put our boats into good shape after the battering they had received in these past four days of dams, rocks, and rapids.

Ulm is a most interesting town to explore—full of quaint steep gables, crooked little streets, houses that nod across the way to one another, five centuries crowded together in as many acres of stone and timber, and often crowded to death; for the town chronicle tells us that in 1635 15,000 of the people died, that in 1800 every eleventh man was carried away by disease, yet 100 years ago the town numbered less than 14,000, and to-day only about double that number. Now, with a Prussian commander, the sanitary condition of the place is properly attended to, although, from a commercial point of view, the town suffers considerably from having all the space before its walls subject to the rules of war—no one can build within cannon range unless he promises to tear his building down when war begins. This is naturally discouraging to manufacturers.

Before the voyages of Columbus, Ulm numbered 50,000 prosperous people, and she is the first town of the Danube that can say that her prosperity as a town was ruined by the discovery of America. It seems strange at this day, and in this place, to think of this little fortress as being a great port for the trade of the

East, and yet so it was. Cargo boats went down from here to the Black Sea, carrying the manufactures of western Europe, and bringing back the treasures of the East, even from China; but all this came to an end with the discoveries of Columbus, and the diversion of Eastern trade around the capes.

Ulm is famous also for having witnessed one of the most extensive and disgraceful surrenders in this century—a century, by-the-way, particularly marked by great surrenders. On the 20th of October, 1805, the notorious Austrian commander Mack, followed by 16 generals and 36,000 men, marched out as prisoners of Napoleon, who had on this occasion routed, killed, or taken prisoner 90,000 men, with a loss to himself of scarcely 1500. It was, I believe, in consequence of the number of prisoners taken by the French in this campaign—over 50,000—that Napoleon adopted the plan of distributing them amongst the farmers in the interior of France, in order to make up for the conscripts he had called out.

It would be interesting to know exactly how much Napoleon owed to his talent as a soldier, and how much to his good fortune in having had against him men of inferior capacity. For of Mack he wrote, six years before the campaign of 1805, "A man of the lowest mediocrity I ever saw in my life." He was never able to use such language of Wellington, Gneisenau, Blücher, or Scharnhorst; and had he met them when First Consul, there

would have been no Mack and no Austerlitz in 1805.

But Ulm has another feature more glorious than any that war has created—a Protestant minster rising from out of this city of wars and sieges. For many miles around this most graceful as well as most lofty spire is a conspicuous landmark, protesting as a sacred messenger against the barbarous battlements within which it is confined. We naturally spent much of our time in this splendid church, listening to the music of the great organ, entranced by the architectural illusion

of the vast Gothic pile, the infinity of depth and height suggested by the multitudinous pillars, the soft caressing light from the stained-glass windows, the solemn repose that falls upon every object within its spell; and then!—to step outside into the city of mines and countermines, of powder magazines and Krupp guns, to walk the streets where every fourth man is a soldier and the rest liable to service. The idea is revolting. And yet Ulm is not exceptional: are not Strasburg and Cologne two German fortresses?

MÄRIE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

H'O, yes; de h'Anglish, dat's ver' h'easy for me for speak.

My wife, she's h'Anglish girl, Märie. Not Marie, like de French say. No! Märie, h'Anglish way—Märie Boyle.

She's de younges' daughter to de h'ol' Paddy Boyle w'at work on de mill. Dat's fonnny feller, de h'ol' mau. 'E speak h'Anglish ver' bad. 'E h'always say "Bagorry" w'en 'e go for say "Bagosh"; an' 'e say "kittle" for "pot"; an' 'e wear 'es pipe top-side down on 'es mout'; but w'en 'e swear, 'e swear good an' strong!

De h'oldes' girl, she's call Emmä, an' Xiste Brouillette, de son to de h'ol' Brouillette w'at make de barr'l near de church, 'e was *cavalier* to 'er.

One night 'e h'ax me for go down wid 'eem for *veiller* on de h'ol' Boyle; an' h'all de way 'e was speak wid me 'bout Märie. 'Ow she was de bes' girl on de parish; 'ow de h'ol' man was give plenty money wid 'er; 'ow she was work 'ard; an' w'at Emmä was tell 'eem she speak h'on me h'all de time.

I'll not care for h'all w'at 'e say. I'll be know dat Märie h'ever sence she was littl' girl, an' I'll not t'ink noddng on 'er. An' ef 'e was tol' me h'all dat, jus' for 'ear me say somet'ing on Emmä, I'll not be satisfy 'eem; I'll jus' say, "Dat don' make noddng for me."

De h'ol' Paddy Boyle 'e was good feller, an' I'll go for *veiller* wid 'eem, to 'ear 'eem tell de story an' make 'es joke.

One night 'e was say, "W'y don' de young feller get marry? Dey work 'ard, an' dey t'row 'way deir money. Dey get

h'ol', an' den de good girl not 'ave dem"—an' 'e make long string like dat. Den 'e say, "Look dem two girl! Same day w'at dey get marry, I'll be give de feller w'at take dem one 'ondre' poun'."

Den I'll say, for make some joke wid de h'ol' man, "You give 'ondre' poun' wid Emmä, an' you give 'ondre' poun' wid Märie?"

An' he say, "Dat's w'at I'll say."

Den I'll say, "Monsieur Boyle, I'll take de bot'!" An' I'll don' 'ave de word speak afore de h'ol' man stiff h'out 'es leg quick and kick my stool, an' I'll fall all h'over de floor; an' de h'ol' feller laugh, an' Xiste 'e laugh, an' de bot' girls dey laugh.

Bagosh! I'll be so mad, I'll start for make de course for 'ome; but Märie she put 'er back on de door, an' she say, "Ah, Melchior! Please don', Melchior! Don' min' de h'ol' fadder, Melchior. Please don'!" An' she say dat so sof', an' she put 'er 'an' on my h'arm so pretty, an' she look me on de h'eye so like she was go for cry, h'all de mad was go h'off, an' we go back on de fire. An' den we was h'all laugh, an' de h'ol' Paddy 'e bring h'out de bottl', an' we 'ave de littl' *coup*, an' make good frien's some more; an' I'll say dat night w'en we was walk 'ome,

"Bagosh! Xiste, she's pretty girl; 'mos' de pretties' girl w'at I'll h'ever see."

An' 'e say, "W'o's pretty girl?"

An' I'll say, "Never min'!"

Well, h'after dat I'll go on de h'ol' Paddy w'en h'ever I'll get de chance, an' dat's not any more wid de h'ol' man w'at I'll go for *veiller*, me!

But Mârie she don' be so kin' for me like dat night h'any more. She laugh plenty; she sing h'all de song w'at de h'ol' man h'ax 'er for sing; she lis'en w'en I'll tell de story 'bout de bush, an' 'bout w'en I'll go for 'unt; but I'll never 'ear 'er speak sof' like dat night, an' w'en I'll speak sof', she h'only laugh an' laugh.

But 'e was nice on dose night! 'E don' make nodding 'ow 'ard de win' blow, or 'ow 'ard de col' make; w'en Xiste an' me h'open de door an' bot' de girls an' de h'ol' Paddy was dere, an' de big stove was roar 'mos' so loud like de win', an' de fire was show red t'rough de crack an' dance on de wall t'rough de 'ole on de door; an' Emmâ 'er foot go h'up an' down, h'up an' down, an' de w'eel 'um wid de fire; an' Mârie she make de stockin', an' 'er 'an's dey dance wid de needle; an' me an' Xiste an' de h'ol' Paddy sit an' smoke; an' we tell de h'ol' story an' sing de song and de *complaintes*; an' de warm of de stove 'e's good, good, till de time come for go.

Xiste an' Emmâ was marry de nex' spring, but h'all de time I'll don' get no more near wid Mârie.

'E go h'on dat way h'all de nex' summer, an' de nex' winter, an' de nex' summer h'after dat. An' dat summer dere was come a gennelman from Mon'réal, an' 'e was board wid de h'ol' Paddy. 'E don' do nodding but make de picture of de h'ol' mill, de church, de red bridge an' de river, an' de trees. No matter 'ow big dey was, dat make nodding for 'eem; 'e jus' make dem so littl' w'at 'e want on de picture. Bagosh! 'e's ver' smart! an' w'en 'e's dere firs', I'll 'elp 'eem h'all I'll be h'able.

One time I'll take 'eem h'up so far's de lake on my canoe, an' 'e was 'mos' crazy wid h'all w'at 'e see. An' sometime 'e 'oller for somet'ing, an' h'ax me for not paddle, an' 'e look, an' look, like 'e go for h'eat de 'ole *boutique*; an' I'll look too, an' I'll don' see nodding—jus' de same h'ol' sky, an' de same h'ol' water, an' de same h'ol' 'ills w'at spoil de good farm, an' make me tire' for look on 'eem.

Ef dat was h'all, dat was h'all correc'; but dere was Mârie. I'll don' get so much chance for see 'er den, 'cause I'll work on de quarry, an' dey was pay for make h'over-time, an' I'll stay so long's 'e's not be dark. Sunday's de h'only time w'at I'll 'ave de chance for *veiller*; an' de h'ol' Paddy 'e was glad for see me

work like dat an' make de money, an' 'e tol' me dat ef Mârie say yes, 'e don' say no.

But Mârie! I'll don' know w'at arrive on 'er.

Sometime I'll t'ink 'e was de paint man; but 'e never say nodding. I'll never see 'eem 'lone wid 'er. 'E jus' work, work, work, jus' de same like 'e was make de money wid make de h'ol' mill an' de tree small on de picture. But I'll see Mârie was h'always wear de bes' dress, an' she was glad h'every time 'e speak on 'er; an' de h'English soun' so sof' an' nice w'en dey speak wid h'each odder.

One night w'en I'll say good-by, I'll turn on de door an' I'll say, "Mârie, I'm wait long time."

An' she say, ver' fas', "De watch' pot never boil."

An' I'll say, "I'll don' wan' de watch' pot for Boyle, I'll wan' 'eem for me."

An' she laugh at dat, but de h'eyes dey don' laugh wid de mout'—an' she don' say nodding.

An' dat be h'always de way; I'll get de good start an' den I'll be stop like dat; an' 'e's pretty 'ard for de man for make h'all de talk by 'eemself alone.

On de middle of de summer Emmâ come 'ome for make de h'ol' Paddy visit.

'E was de gran'fadder now, an' de littl' feller was call' like 'eem Paddy—Patrice Brouillette. De h'ol' man 'e was proud, an' Mârie she was proud too. An' she was wid de littl' feller h'all de time; 'ug 'eem, an' dance wid 'eem, an' speak wid 'eem h'all de time, like dere was no big people on de worl'.

Dat make me glad for see 'er like dat, but sometime 'e make me sore on de 'eart too—for h'all dat was make nodding for me.

Sometime she laugh h'all de time, an' don' let me say nodding; sometime she was cross, an' den I'll can' say nodding; an' sometime she was quit', an' den she say nodding; an' h'every was she was dat's bad for me; an' I'll t'ink sometime I'll go 'way on de shanty some more.

Well, one day we was work on de quarry, an' de rock we try for blas' was jus' on de top, on de new groun' w'at we open h'up. But dat rock was 'ard, an' we was work on 'eem near de 'ole day, an' we make two blas', but 'e don' come. An' de boss say, "Now, boys, make dis one good an' deep, an' we blow de bottom h'out!"



"I'LL PUT MY GOOD 'AN' ON 'ER 'AIR."

Well, for sure I'll made dat good blas'. I'll not be mean wid de powder, an' w'en I'll put in de brick, I'll tamp 'eem down de bes' I'll know 'ow, an' I'll 'ave dat fuse fix like 'e was grow on de rock.

Bymby, w'en h'all was finish', de boss sen' h'all de boys off, an' me an' 'eem stan' dere, an' w'en 'e see de fuse wat's h'out-side, 'e laugh an' say, "Well, dat's long 'nough for coax 'er for sure." An' den 'e say, "Let 'er go!" An' I'll light 'er h'up, an' we start.

We was walk h'over on w'ere de boys was 'ide widout 'urry, an' we was jus' be dere, w'en Tenice Lalonde jump h'up an' swing 'es 'an's an' yell, "Melchior, look! look!" An' I'll turn roun', an' I'll see de littl' Paddy w'at run 'long de top of de quarry, an' jus' be'in' 'eem dere's Märie jus' h'over de top of de 'ill, w'at walk an' laugh wid de flower on 'er 'an', an' between us de smoke of de fuse go h'up like de littl' w'ite snake.

I'll see Märie stop, an' den de laugh go, an' 'er face was w'ite an' fix' like 'e was froze w'en she see w'ere dey was come. Den she call, "Paddy! Paddy!" An' de boss yell, "Quick, boy, quick!" an' 'e start for de littl' feller; an' I'll start back for de blas'.

I'll see h'only de smoke w'at go h'up, an' I'll not know ef de fuse was burn to de top ontill I'll be kneel h'over 'eem, an' dere's jus' 'nough for take good 'ol'.

Wid de one 'an' I'll grab dat fuse, an' I'll squeeze 'eem all de 'ard I'll be h'able, an' wid de h'odder my knife go "pick," "pick," on de tamp, for get de place for cut de fuse pas' de fire.

I'll s'pose I'll h'only be dere for de smalles' minute, but h'everyt'ing go on my 'ead like I'll be dere for h'ours. I'll say I'll mus'n' pull too 'ard or p'raps de fuse was break. I'll say I'll mus'n' pick de tamp too 'ard or h'else de knife was break; ef I'll not cut far 'nough down, de fire go pas', an' dere's no chance. P'raps de fire 'e's pas' now. Will 'e 'urt w'en de blas' go? P'raps 'e make noddin' forme any'ow. Den I'll see de face of Märie, h'all w'ite an' froze, an' I'll say, like de pray'r, "O God! O God!" an' I'll risk de cut. One—two—one—, an' de fuse come 'way on my 'an', an' de h'en' was not touch'.

Den I'll try for yell, an' my t'roat was

h'all stiff, but I'll 'ol' h'up de en' of de fuse, an' I'll 'ear de boss say, "T'ank God!"

An' I'll look, an' I'll see 'eem an' Märie w'at was kneel togedder on de groun', an' dey was cover h'up de littl' Paddy like for keep de blas' 'way w'en 'e come.

An' I'll 'ear de boss say, "Dere, girl! dere girl! don't cry! don't cry!" like 'e was go for cry 'eemself. An' den 'e turn roun' h'on de boys w'at was run h'up, an' 'e yell, 'G'et h'out dis, you fools! Go 'ome!" an' 'e swear strong, an' dey go; an' I'll not know w'y, I'll get h'up an' I'll go too.

An' bymby de boys was h'ax me de question, an' I'll look on my 'an', an' I'll see I'll 'ave dere dat fuse not more long nor 'alf my finger, an' my 'an' was h'all twis' h'up wid de fire, an' 'e was cut wid my nail; but dat don' make noddin' for me den.

An' dat night late, I'll go down on de h'ol' Paddy, an' de h'ol' man meet me on de door, an' 'e jus' take me on de room w'ere de littl' Paddy was 'sleep wid 'es modder. An' 'e don' say noddin', jus' slap me sof' on de back w'en we go on de h'odder room.

An' dere's no Märie. An' I'll say, after w'ile, "Märie, she was sick?"

An' de h'ol' man shake 'es 'ead, an' 'e go h'out. An' bymby Märie she come an' she sit down near de table, an' she 'ardly look on me. An' I'll speak littl' w'ile, an' I'll see dat don' do no good; an' den I'll look on 'er, an' I'll say, "Märie, I'll go on de shanty dis winter."

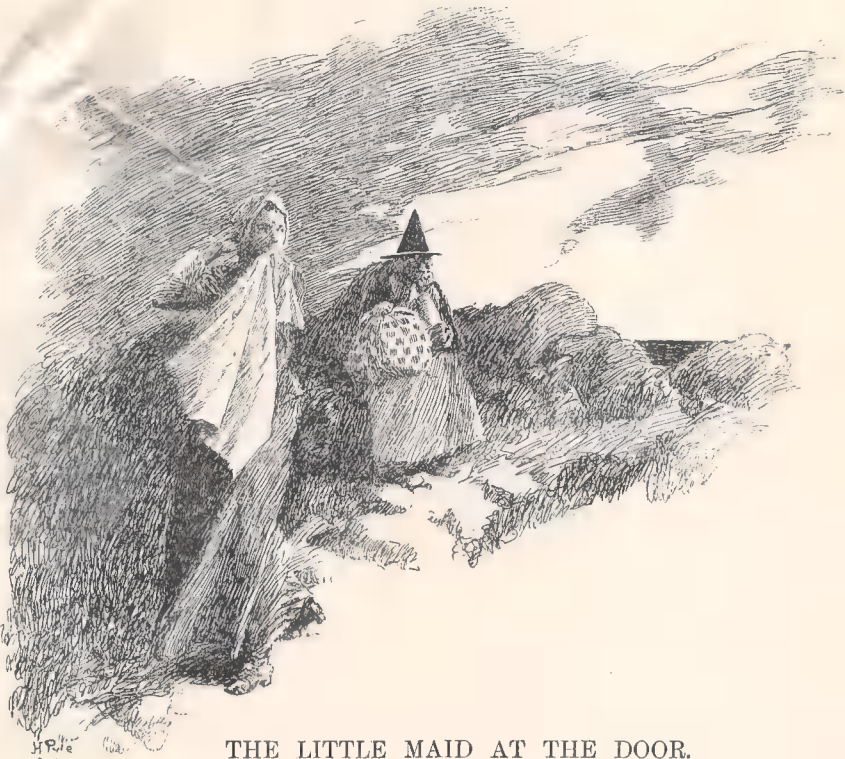
An' w'en she don' say noddin', I'll feel my 'eart get col', an' I'll t'ink 'e's no use for try some more, an' I'll get h'up.

Den Märie she put 'er 'ead on de table, an'—I'll can' 'elp 'eem—I'll put my good 'an' on 'er 'air, w'at was sof' like de littl' Paddy.

An' de minute she feel dat, she jump h'up, wid 'er h'eye all bright, an' she say, fas' an' 'ard, "W'at for you touch me? 'Ow dare you put your 'an's on me?"

An' I'll say, "Dat was h'only one 'an', Märie"; an' I'll 'ol' h'out de h'odder w'at was h'all twis' h'up so I'll can' h'open 'eem; an' Märie she jus' say one word, an' den 'er two h'arms was roun' my neck, an'—

Well, dat's Märie w'at teach me how to speak de h'Anglish good like dat.



THE LITTLE MAID AT THE DOOR.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.



JOSEPH BAYLEY and his wife Ann came riding down from Salem village. They had started from their home in Newbury the day before,

and had staid overnight with their relative, Sergeant Thomas Putnam, in Salem village; they were on their way to the election in Boston. The road wound along through the woods from Salem to Lynn; it was some time since they had passed a house.

May was nearly gone; the pinks and the blackberry vines were in flower. All the woods were full of an indefinite and composite fragrance, made up of the breaths of myriads of green plants and seen and unseen blossoms, like a very bouquet of spring. The newly leaved trees cast shadows that were as much a part of the tender surprise of the spring as the new flowers. They flickered delicately before Joseph Bayley and his wife Ann on the grassy ridges of the road, but they did not remark them. Their

own fancies cast gigantic projections which eclipsed the sweet show of the spring and almost their own personalities. That year the leaves came out and the flowers bloomed in vain for the people in and about Salem village. There was an epidemic or disease of the mind that deafened and blinded to all save its own pains.

Ann Bayley on the pillion snuggled closely against her husband's back; her fearful eyes peered at the road around his shoulder. She was a young and handsome woman; she had on her best mantle of sad-colored silk, and a fine black hood with a topknot, but she did not think of that.

"Joseph, what is that in the road before us?" she whispered, timorously.

He pulled up the horse with a great jerk. "Where?" he whispered back.

"There! there! at the right; just beyond that laurel thicket. 'Tis somewhat black, an' it moves. There! there! Oh, Joseph!"

Joseph Bayley sat stiff and straight in his saddle, like a soldier; his face was

pale and stern, his eyes full of horror and defiance.

"See you it?" Ann whispered again. "There! now it moves. What is it?"

"I see it," said Joseph, in a loud, bold voice. "An' whatever it be, I will yield not to it; an' neither will you, goodwife."

Ann reached around and caught at the reins. "Let us go back," she moaned, faintly. "Oh, Joseph, let us not pass it. My spirit faints within me. I see its back among the laurel blooms. 'Tis the black beast they tell of. Let us turn back, Joseph, let us turn back!"

"Be still, woman!" returned her husband, jerking the reins from her hand. "What think ye 'twould profit us to turn back to Salem village? I trow if there be one black beast here, there be a full herd of them there. There is naught left but to ride past it as best we may. Sit fast, an' listen you not to it, whatever it promise you." Joseph looked down the road towards the laurel bushes, his muscles now as tense as a bow. Ann hid her face on his shoulder. Suddenly he shouted, with a great voice like a herald: "Away with ye, ye cursed beast! away with ye! We be not of your kind; we be gospel folk. We have naught to do with you or your master. Away with ye!"

The horse leapt forward. There was a great cracking amongst the laurel bushes at the right, a glossy black back and some white horns heaved over them, then some black flanks plunged heavily out of sight.

"Oh!" shrieked Ann, "has it gone? Goodman, has it gone?"

"The Lord hath delivered us from the snare of the enemy," answered Joseph, solemnly.

"What looked it like, Joseph, what looked it like?"

"Like no beast that was saved in the ark."

"Had it fiery eyes?" asked Ann, trembling.

"'Tis well you did not see them."

"Ride fast! oh, ride fast!" Ann pleaded, clutching hard at her husband's cloak. "It may follow on our track." The horse went down the road at a quick trot. Ann kept peering back and starting at every sound in the woods. "Do you mind the tale Samuel Endicott told last night?" she said, shuddering. "How on his voyage to Barbadoes he, sitting on the windlass on a bright moonshining night, was shook violently, and saw the appearance of that

witch Goody Bradbury, with a white cap and a white neck-cloth on her? It was a dreadful tale."

"It was naught to the sight of Mercy Lewis and Sergeant Thomas Putnam's daughter Ann, when they were set upon and nigh choked to death by Goody Proctor. Know you that within a half-mile we must pass the Proctor house?"

Ann gave a shuddering sigh. "I would I were home again!" she moaned. "They said 'twas full of evil things, and that the black man himself kept tavern there since Goodman Proctor and his wife were in jail. Did you mind what Goodwife Putnam said of the black head, like a hog's, that Goodman Perley saw at the keeping-room window as he passed, and the rumbling noises, and the yellow birds that flew around the chimney and twittered in a psalm tune? Oh, Joseph, there is a yellow bird now in the birch-tree—see! see!"

They had come into a little space where the woods were thinner. Joseph urged his horse forward.

"We will not slack our pace for any black beasts nor any yellow birds," he cried, in a valiant voice.

There was a passing gleam of little yellow wings above the birch-tree.

"He has flown away," said Ann. "'Tis best to front them as you do, goodman, but I have not the courage. That looked like a common yellow-bird; his wings shone like gold. Think you it has gone forward to the Proctor house?"

"It matters not, so it but fly up before us," said Joseph Bayley.

He was somewhat older than Ann; fair-haired and fair-bearded, with blue eyes set so deeply under heavy brows that they looked black. His face was at once stern and nervous, showing not only the spirit of warfare against his foes, but the elements of strife within himself.

They rode on, and the woods grew thicker; the horse's hoofs made only a faint liquid pad on the mossy road. Suddenly he stopped and whinnied. Ann clutched her husband's arm; they sat motionless, listening; the horse whinnied again.

Suddenly Joseph started violently, and stared into the woods on the left, and Ann also. A long defile of dark evergreens stretched up the hill, with mysterious depths of blue-black shadows between them; the air had an earthy dampness.

Joseph shook the reins fiercely over the horse's back, and shouted to him in a loud voice.

"Did you see it?" gasped Ann, when they were come into a lighter place. "Was it not a black man?"

"Fear not; we have outridden him," said her husband, setting his thin intense face proudly ahead.

"I would we were safe home in Newbury," Ann moaned. "I would we had never set out. Think you not Dr. Mather will ride back from Boston with us to keep the witches off? I will bide there forever, if he will not. I will never come this dreadful road again, else. What is that? Oh, what is that? 'Tis a voice coming out of the woods like a great roar. *Joseph!* What is *that*? That was a black cat run across the road into the bushes. 'Twas a black cat. Joseph, let us turn back! No; the black man is behind us, and the beast. What shall we do? What shall we do? Oh, oh, I begin to twitch like Ann and Mercy last night! My feet move, and I cannot stop them! Now there is a pin thrust in my arm! I am pinched! There are fingers at my throat! *Joseph!* *Joseph!*"

"Go to prayer, sweetheart," shouted Joseph. "Go to prayer. Be not afraid. 'Twill drive them away. Away with ye, Goody Bradbury! Away, Goody Proctor! Go to prayer, go to prayer!"

Joseph bent low in the saddle and lashed the horse, which sprang forward with a mighty bound; the green branches rushed in their faces. Joseph prayed in a loud voice. Ann clung to him convulsively, panting for breath. Suddenly they came out of the woods into a cleared space.

"The Proctor house! the Proctor house!" Ann shrieked. "Mercy Lewis said 'twas full of devils. What shall we do?" She hid her face on her husband's shoulder, sobbing and praying.

The Proctor house stood at the left of the road; there were some peach-trees in front of it, and their blossoms showed in a pink spray against the gray unpainted walls. On one side of the house was the great barn, with its doors wide open; on the other, a deep ploughed field, with the plough sticking in a furrow. John Proctor had been arrested and thrown into jail for witchcraft in April, before his spring planting was done.

Joseph Bayley reined in his horse opposite the Proctor house. "Ann," he

whispered, and his whisper was full of horror.

"What is it?" she returned, wildly.

"Ann, Goodman Proctor looks forth from the chamber window, and Goody Proctor stands outside by the well, and they be both in jail in Boston." Joseph's whole frame shook in a strange rigid fashion, as if his joints were locked.

"Look, Ann!" he whispered.

"I cannot."

"Look!"

Ann turned her head. "Why," she said, and her voice was quite natural and sweet, it had even a tone of glad relief in it, "I see naught but a little maid in the door."

"See you not Goodman Proctor in the window?"

"Nay," said Ann, smiling; "I see naught but the little maid in the door. She is in a blue petticoat, and she has a yellow head, but her little cheeks are pale, I trow."

"See you not Goodwife Proctor in the yard by the well?" asked Joseph.

"Nay, goodman; I see naught but the little maid in the door. She has a fair face, but now she falls a-weeping. Oh, I fear lest she be all alone in the house."

"I tell you, Goodman Proctor and Goodwife Proctor be both there," returned Joseph. "Think you I see not with my own eyes? Goodman Proctor has on a red cap, and Goodwife Proctor holds a spindle." He urged on the horse with a sudden cry. "Now the prayers do stick in my throat," he groaned. "I would we were out of this devil's nest!"

"Oh, Joseph," implored Ann, "prithee wait a minute! The little maid is calling 'mother' after me. Saw you not how she favored our little Susanna who died? Hear her! There was naught there but the little maid. Joseph, I pray you, stop."

"Nay; I'll ride till the nag drops," said Joseph Bayley, with a lash. "This last be too much. I tell ye they be there, and they be also in jail. 'Tis hellish work."

Ann said no more for a little space; a curve in the road hid the Proctor house from sight. Suddenly she raised a great cry. "Oh! oh!" she screamed, "'tis gone; 'tis gone from my foot!"

Joseph stopped. "What is gone?"

"My shoe; but now I missed it from my foot. I must alight, and go back for it."



"I SEE NAUGHT BUT A LITTLE MAID IN THE DOOR."

Joseph started the horse again.

Ann caught at the reins. "Stop, goodman," she cried, imperatively. "I tell you I must have my shoe."

"And I tell you I'll stop for no shoe in this place, were it made of gold."

"Goodman, you know not what shoe 'tis. 'Tis one of my fine shoes, in which I have never taken steps. They have the crimson silk lacings. I have even carried them in my hand to the meeting-house on a Sabbath, wearing my old ones, and only put them on at the door. Think you I will lose that shoe? Stop the nag."

But Joseph kept on grimly.

"Think you I will go barefoot or with one shoe into Boston?" said Ann. "Know you that these shoes, which were a present from my mother, cost bravely? I trow you will needs loosen your purse strings well before we pass the first shop in Boston. Well, go on, an you will, when 'tis but a matter of my slipping down from the pillion and running back a few yards."

Joseph Bayley turned his horse about; but Ann remonstrated.

"Nay," said she; "I want not to go thus. I am tired of the saddle. I would like to feel my feet for a space."

Her husband looked around at her with wonder and suspicion. Dark thoughts came into his mind.

She laughed. "Nay," said she, "make no such face at me. I go not back to meet any black man nor sign any book. I go for my fine shoe with the crimson lacing."

"'Tis but a moment since you were afraid," said Joseph. "Have you no fear now?" His blue eyes looked sharply into hers.

She looked back at him soberly and innocently. "In truth, I feel no such fear as I did," she answered. "If I mistake not, your bold front and your prayers drove away the evil ones. I will say a psalm as I go, and I trow naught will harm me."

Ann slipped lightly down from the pillion, and pulled off her one remaining shoe and her stockings; they were her fine worked silk ones, and she could not walk in them over the rough road. Then she set forth very slowly, peering here and there in the undergrowth beside the road, until she passed the curve and the reach of her husband's eyes. Then she gathered up her crimson taffeta petticoat and ran like a deer, with long graceful

leaps, looking neither to right nor left, straight back to the Proctor house.

In the door of the house stood a tiny girl with a soft shock of yellow hair. She wore a little straight blue gown, and her baby feet were bare, curling over the sunny door-step. When she saw Ann coming she started as if to run; then she stood still, her soft eyes wary, her mouth quivering.

Ann Bayley ran up quickly, and threw her arms around her, kneeling down on the step. "What is your name, little maid?" said she, in a loving, agitated voice.

"Abigail Proctor," replied the little maid, shyly, in her sweet childish treble. Then she tried to free herself, but Ann held her fast.

"Nay, be not afraid, sweet," said she. "I love you. I once had a little maid like you for my own. Tell me, dear heart, are you all alone in the house?"

Then the child fell to crying again, and clung around Ann's neck.

"Is there anybody in the house, sweet?" Ann whispered, fondling her and pressing the wet baby cheek to her own.

"The constables came and took them," sobbed the little maid. "They put my poppet down the well, and they pulled mother and Sarah down the road. They took father before that, and Mary Warren did jibe and point. The constables pulled Benjamin away too. I want my mother."

"Your mother shall come again," said Ann. "Take comfort, dear little heart, they cannot have the will to keep her long away. There, there, I tell you she shall come. You watch in the door, and you will see her come down the road."

She smoothed back the little maid's yellow hair, and wiped the tears from her little face with a corner of her beautiful embroidered neckerchief. Then she saw that the face was all grimy with tears and dust, and she went over to the well, which was near the door, and drew a bucket of water swiftly with her strong young arms; then she wet the corner of the neckerchief and scrubbed the little maid's face, bidding her shut her eyes. Then she kissed her over and over.

"Now you are sweet and clean," said she. "Dear little heart, I have some sugar cakes in my bag for you, and then I must be gone."

The little maid looked at her eagerly,

her cheeks were waxen, and the blue veins showed in her full childish forehead. Ann pulled some little cakes out of a red velvet satchel she wore at her waist, and Abigail reached out for one with a hungry cry. The tears sprang to Ann's eyes; she put the rest of the cakes in a little pile on the door-stone, and watched the child eat. Then she gathered her up in her arms.

"Good-by, sweetheart," she said, kissing the soft trembling mouth, the sweet hollow under the chin, and the clinging hands. "Before long I shall come this way again, and do you stand in the door when I go past."

She put her down and hastened away, but little Abigail ran after her. Ann stopped and knelt and fondled her again.

"Go back, deary," she pleaded; "go back, and eat the sugar cakes."

But this beautiful kind vision in the crimson taffeta, with the rosy cheeks and sweet black eyes looking out from the French hood, with the gleam of gold and delicate embroidery between the silken folds of her mantilla, with the ways like her mother's, was more to little deserted Abigail Proctor than the sugar cakes, although she was sorely hungry for them. She stood aloof with pitiful determined eyes until Ann's back was turned, then, as she followed, Ann looked around and saw her and caught her up again.

"My dear heart, my dear heart," she said, and she was half sobbing, "now must you go back, else I fear harm will come to you. My goodman is waiting for me yonder, and I know not what he will do or say. Nay; you must go back. I would I could keep you, my little Sussanna, but you must go back." Ann Bayley put the little maid down and gave her a gentle push. "Go back," she said, smiling, with her eyes full of tears; "go back, and eat the sugar cakes."

Then she sped on swiftly; as she neared the curve in the road she thrust a hand in her pocket, and drew forth a dainty shoe with dangling lacings of crimson silk. She glanced around with a smile and a backward wave of her hand; the glowing crimson of her petticoat showed for a minute through the green mist of the undergrowth; then she disappeared.

The little maid Abigail stood still in the road, gazing after her, her soft pink mouth open, her hands clutching at her blue petticoat, as if she would thus hold

herself back from following. She heard the tramp of a horse's feet beyond the curve; then it died away. She turned about and went back to the house, with the tears rolling over her cheeks; but she did not sob aloud, as she would have done had her mother been near to hear. A pitiful conviction of the hopelessness of all the appeals of grief was stealing over her childish mind. She had been alone in the house three nights and two days, ever since her sister Sarah and her brother Benjamin had been arrested for witchcraft and carried to jail. Long before that her parents, John and Elizabeth Proctor, had disappeared down the Boston road in charge of the constables. None of the family was spared save this little Abigail, who was deemed too young and insignificant to have dealings with Satan, and was therefore not thrown into prison, but was left alone in the desolate Proctor house in the midst of woods said to be full of evil spirits and witches, to die of fright or starvation as she might. There was but little mercy shown the families of those accused of witchcraft.

"Let some of Goody Proctor's familiars minister unto the brat," one of the constables had said, with a stern laugh, when Abigail had followed wailing after her brother and sister on the day of their arrest.

"Yea," said another; "she can send her yellow-bird or her black hog to keep her company. I wot her tears will be soon dried."

Then the stoutly tramping horses had borne out of sight and hearing the mocking faces of the constables; Sarah's fair agonized one turned backward toward her little deserted sister, and Benjamin's brave youthful clamor of indignation.

"Let us loose!" Abigail heard him shout; "let us loose, I tell ye! Ye be fools, rather than we be witches; ye be fools and murderers! Let us loose, I tell ye!"

And the little Abigail had waited long, thinking her brother's words would prevail; but neither he nor Sarah returned, and the sounds all died away, and she went back to the house sobbing. The damp spring night was settling down in a palpable mist, and the woods seemed full of voices. The little maid had heard enough of the terrible talk of the day to fill her innocent head with vague superstitious horror. She threw her little

apron over her head and fled blindly through the woods, and now and then she fell down and bruised herself, and rose up lamenting sorely, with nobody to hear her.

As soon as she was in the house she shut the doors, and barred them with the great bars that had been made as protection against Indians, and now might wax useless against worse than savages, according to the belief of the colony.

All night long the little maid shrieked and sobbed, and called on her father and her mother and her sister and her brother. Men faring in the road betwixt Boston and Salem village heard her with horror, and fled past with psalm and prayer and blood cold in their veins, and related the next day to the raging, terror-stricken people how at midnight the accursed Proctor house was full of flitting infernal lights, and howling with devilish spirits, with mayhap a death-dealing tale of some godly woman of the village who outrode their horses on a broomstick and disappeared in the Proctor house.

The next day the little maid unbarred the door, and stood there watching up and down the road for her mother or some other to come. But they came not, although she watched all day. That night she did not sob and call out; she had become afraid of her own voice, and discovered that it had no effect to bring her help. Then, too, early in the night, she heard noises about the house which frightened her, and made her think that perchance the dreadful black beast of which she had heard them discourse was abroad.

The next morning she found that the two horses and the cow and calf were gone from the barn; also that there was left scarce anything for her to eat in the house. There had been some loaves of bread, some boiled meat, and some cakes; now it was all gone, and also all the meal from the chest, and the potatoes and pork from the cellar. But for that last she did not care, since she was not old enough to make a fire and cook. She had left for food only a little cold porridge in a blue bowl, and that she ate up at once and had no more, and a little buttermilk in a crock, which, she being not over-fond of, served her longer. But that was all she had had for a day and a night, until Goodwife Ann Bayley gave her the sugar cakes. These she ate up at once on her return to the house. Then again she stood watch-

ing in the door, but nothing passed along the road save a partridge or a squirrel. It was accounted a bold thing for any solitary traveller to come this way, save a witch, and she, it was supposed, might find many comrades in the woods beside the road and in the Proctor house, which was held to be a sort of devils' tavern. But now no witch came, nor any of her uncanny friends, unless indeed the squirrel and the partridge were familiar demons in disguise. Nothing was too harmless and simple to escape that imputation of the devil's mask.

Abigail took her little pewter porringer from the cupboard, and got herself a drink of water from the bucketful that Goodwife Bayley had drawn; then she stood on a stone, and peered into the well, leaning over the curb. Her poppet was in there, her dear rag doll that Sarah had made for her, and dressed in a beautiful silver brocade made from a piece of a wedding gown that was brought from England. One of the constables had caught sight of little Abigail Proctor's poppet, and being straightway filled with suspicion that it was an image whereby Goody Proctor afflicted her victims by proxy, had seized it and thrown it into the well. The other constables had chidden him for such rashness, saying it should have been carried to Boston, and produced as evidence at the trial; and little Abigail had shrieked out in a panic for her poppet.

She could see nothing of it now, and she went back to her watching-place in the door.

In the afternoon she felt sorely hungry again, and searched through the house for food; then she went out in the sunny fields behind the house, and found some honeysuckles on the rocks, and sucked the honey greedily from their fine horns. On her return to the house she found a corn-cob, which she snatched up and folded in her apron, and begun tending. She sat down in the doorway in her little chair, which she dragged out of the keeping-room, and hugged the poor poppet close, and crooned over it.

"Be not afraid," said she. "I'll not let the black beast harm you; I promise you I will not."

That night she formed a new plan for her solace and protection in the lonely darkness. All the garments of her lost parents and sister and brother that she

could find she gathered together, and formed in a circle on the keeping-room floor; then she crept inside with her corn-cob poppet, and lay there hugging it all night. The next day she watched again in the door; but now she was weak and faint, and her little legs trembled so under her that she could not stand to watch, but sat in her little straight-backed chair, holding her poppet and peering forth wistfully.

In the course of the day she made shift to creep out into the fields again, and lying flat on the sun-heated rocks, she sucked some more honey drops from the honeysuckles. She found, too, on the edge of the woods, some young winter-green leaves, and she even pulled some blue violets and ate them. But the delicate, sweet, and aromatic fare in the spring larder of nature was poor nourishment for a human baby.

Poor little Abigail Proctor could scarcely creep home, still clinging fast to her poppet; scarcely lift herself into her chair in the door; scarcely crawl inside her fairy-ring of her loved ones' belongings at night. She rolled herself tightly in an old cloak of her father's, and it was a sweet and harmless outcome of the dreadful superstition of the day, grafted on an innocent childish brain, that it seemed to partake of the bodily presence of her father, and protect her.

All night long, as she lay there, her mother cooked good meat and broth and sweet cakes, and she ate her fill of them; but in the morning she was too weak to turn her little body over. She could not get to her watching-place in the door, but that made little difference to her, for she did not fairly know that she was not there. It seemed to her that she sat in her little chair looking up the road and down the road; she saw the green branches weaving together, and hiding the sky to the northward and the southward; she saw the flushes of white and rose in the flowering undergrowth; she saw the people coming and going. There were her father and mother now coming with store of food and presents for her, now following the constables out of sight. There was that fine pageant passing, as she had seen it pass once before, of the two magistrates, their worshipful masters John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, with the marshal, constables, and aids, splendid and awe-inspiring in all their trappings

of office, to examine the accused in the Salem meeting-house. There were the ministers Parris and Noyes coming, with severe malignant faces, to question her mother as to whether she had afflicted Mary Warren, their former maid-servant, who was now bewitched. There went Benjamin, clamoring out boldly at his captors. There came Sarah with the poppet, which she had drawn out of the well, shaking the water from its silver brocade.

All this the little maid Abigail Proctor saw through her half-delirious fancy as she lay weakly on the keeping-room floor, but she saw not the reality of her sister Sarah coming about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Sarah Proctor, tall and slender, in her limp bedraggled dress, with her fair severe face set in a circle of red shawl, which she had pinned under her chin, came resolutely down the road from Boston, driving a black cow before her with a great green branch. She was nearly fainting with weariness, but she set her dusty shoes down swiftly among the road weeds, and her face was as unyielding as an Indian's.

When she came in sight of the Proctor house she stopped a second. "Abigail!" she called; "Abigail!"

There was no answer, and she went on more swiftly than before. When she reached the house she called again, "Abigail!" but did not wait except while she tied the black cow, by a rope which was around her neck, to a peach-tree. Then she ran in, and found the little maid, her sister Abigail, on the floor in the keeping-room.

She got down on her knees beside her, and Abigail smiled up in her face waveringly. She still thought herself in the door, and that she had just seen her sister come down the road.

"Abigail, what have they done to you?" asked Sarah, in a sharp voice; and the little maid only smiled.

"Abigail, Abigail, what is it?" Sarah took hold of the child's shoulders and shook her; but she got no word back, only the smile ceased, and the eyelids drooped faintly.

"Are you hungry, Abigail?"

The little maid shook her head softly.

"It cannot be that," said Sarah, as if half to herself; "there was enough in the house; but what is it? Abigail, look

at me; how long is it since you have eaten? Abigail!"

"Yesterday," whispered the little maid, dreamily.

"What did you eat then?"

"Some posies and leaves out in the field."

"What became of all the bread that was baked, and the cakes, and the meat?"

"I—have forgot."

"No, you have not. Tell me, Abigail."

"The black beast came in the night and did eat it all up, and the cow, and calf, and the horses too."

"The black beast!"

"I heard him in the night, and in the morning 'twas—gone."

Sarah sprang up. "Robbers and murderers!" she cried, in a fierce voice; but the little maid on the floor did not start, she shut her eyes again, and looked up and down the road.

Sarah got a bucket quickly, and went out in the yard to the cow. Down on her knees in the grass she went and milked; then she carried in the bucket, strained the milk with trembling haste, and poured some into Abigail's little pewter porringer. "She was wont to love it warm," she whispered, with white lips.

She bent close over the little maid, and raised her on one arm, while she put the porringer to her mouth. "Drink, Abigail," she said, with tender command. "'Tis warm—the way you love it."

The little maid tried to sip, but shut her mouth, and turned her head with weak loathing, and Sarah could not compel her. She laid her back, and got a spoon and fed her a little, by dint of much pleading to make her open her mouth and swallow.

Afterwards she undressed her, and put her to bed in the south-front room, but the child was so uneasy without the ring of garments which she had arranged, that Sarah was forced to put them around her on the bed; then she fell asleep directly, and stood in her dream watching in the door.

Sarah herself stood in the door, looking up and down the road. There was the sound of a galloping horse in the distance; it came nearer and nearer. She went down to the road and stood waiting. The horse was reined in close to her, and the young man who rode him sprang off the saddle.

"It is you, Sarah; you are safe home," he cried, eagerly, and would have put his arm about her; but she stood aloof sternly.

"For what else did you take me—my apparition?" she said, in a hard voice.

"Sweetheart!"

"Know you that I have but just come from the jail in Boston, where I have lain fast chained for witchcraft? See you my fine apparel with the prison air in it? Know you that they called me a witch, and said that I did afflict Mary Warren, and the rest? I marvel not that you kept your distance, David Carr; I might perchance have hurt you, and they might have accused you, since you were in fellowship with a witch. I marvel not at that. I would have no harm come to you, though far greater than this came to me, but wherefore did you let my little sister Abigail starve? That can I not suffer, coming from you, David."

The young man took her in his arms with a decided motion; and indeed she did not repulse him, but began to weep.

"Sarah," said he, earnestly, "I was in Ipswich. I knew naught of you and Benjamin being cried out upon until within this hour, when I returned home, and my mother told me. I knew not you were acquitted, and was on my way to Boston to you when I saw you at the gate. And as for Abigail, I knew naught at all; and so 'twas with my mother, for she but now wept when she said the poor little maid had been taken with the rest. But you mean not that, sweetheart; she has not been let to starve?"

"They stole away the food in the night," said Sarah, "and the horses and the cow and calf. I found the cow straying in the woods but now, on my way home, and drove her in and milked her; but Abigail would take scarce a spoonful of the warm milk. She has had but little to eat for three days, and has been distracted with fear, being left alone. She has ever been but a delicate child, and now I fear she has a fever on her, and will die, with her mother away."

"I will go for my mother, sweetheart," said David Carr, eagerly.

"Bring her under cover of night, then," said Sarah; "else she may be suspected if she come to this witch tavern, as they call it. Oh, David, think you she will come? I am in a sore strait."

"I will bring her without fail, sweet,

and a flask of wine also, and needments for the little maid," cried David. "Only do you keep up good heart. Perchance, sweet, the child will amend soon, and the others be soon acquit. Nay, weep not, poor lass! poor lass! Thou hast me, whatever else fail thee, poor solace though that be, and I will fetch thee my mother right speedily. She has ever set great store by the little maid, and knows much about ailments; and I doubt not they will be soon acquit."

"They say my mother will," answered Sarah, tearfully; "and Benjamin is acquit now, but had best keep for a season out of Salem village. But my father will not be acquit; he has spoken his mind too boldly before them all."

"Nay, sweetheart," said David Carr, mounting, "'twill all have passed soon; 'tis but a madness. Go in to the little maid, and be of good comfort."

Sarah went sobbing into the house, but her face was quite calm when she stood over little Abigail. The child was still asleep, and she could arouse her only for a little to take a few spoonfuls of milk; then she turned her head on the pillow with weary obstinacy, and shut her eyes again. She still held the poor little corn-cob poppet fast.

Sarah washed herself, braided her hair, and changed her prison dress for a clean blue linen one; then she sat beside Abigail, and waited for David Carr and his mother, who came within an hour. Goodwife Carr was renowned through Salem village for her knowledge of medicinal herbs and her nursing. She had a gentle sobriety and decision of manner which stood her firmly in her neighbors' confidences, they seeing how she abode firmly in her own, and arguing from that. Then she had too the good fortune to have made no enemies, consequently her ability had not incurred for her the suspicion of being a witch.

Goodwife Carr brought a goodly store of healing herbs, of bread and cakes and meat, and she brewed drinks, and bent her face, pale and soberly faithful, in her close white cap, untiringly over Abigail Proctor. But the little maid never arose again. A fever, engendered by starvation and fright and grief, had seized upon her, and she lay in the bed with her little corn-cob baby a few days longer, and then died.

They made a little straight white gown

for her, Sarah and Goodwife Carr, and dressed her in it, after washing her and smoothing her yellow hair; and she lay, looking longer and older than in life, all set about with flowers—pinks and lilacs and roses—from Goodwife Carr's garden, until she was buried. And they had the Ipswich minister come for the funeral, for David Carr cried out in a fury that Minister Parris, who had prosecuted this witchcraft business, was her murderer, and blood would flow from her little body if he stood beside it, and that it was the same with Minister Noyes; and Sarah Proctor's pale face had flushed up fiercely in assent.

The morning after the little maid Abigail Proctor was buried, Joseph Bayley and his wife Ann came riding down the road from Boston, and they were in brave company, and needed to have but little fear of witches; for the great minister Cotton Mather rode with them, his Excellency the Governor of the colony, two worshipful magistrates, and two other ministers—all on their way to a witch trial in Salem.

And as they neared the Proctor house there was much discourse concerning it and the inmates thereof, many strange and dreadful accounts, and much godly denunciation. And as they reached the curve in the road they came suddenly in sight of a young man and a tall fair maid standing together at the side by some white-flowering bushes. And Sarah Proctor, even with her little sister Abigail dead and her parents in danger of death, was smiling for a second's space in David Carr's face, for the love and hope in tragedy that make God possible, and the selfishness of love that makes life possible, were upon her in spite of herself.

But when she saw the cavalcade approaching, saw the gleam of rich raiment, and heard the tramp and jingling, the smile faded straightway from her face, and she stood behind David in the white alder bushes. And David stood before her, and gazed with a stern and defiant scowl at the gentry as they passed by. And the great Cotton Mather gazed back at that beautiful white face rising like another flower out of the bushes, and he speculated with himself if it were the face of a witch.

But Goodwife Ann Bayley thought only on the little maid in the door. And when they came to the Proctor house she

leaned eagerly from the pillion, and she smiled and kissed her hand.

"Why do you thus, Ann?" her husband asked, looking about at her.

"See you not the little maid in the door?" she whispered low, for fear of the goodly company. "I trow she looks better than she did. The roses are in her cheeks, and they have combed her yellow hair, and put a clean white gown on her. She holds a little doll, too."

"I see nobody," said Joseph Bayley, wonderingly.

"Nay, but she stands there. I never saw aught shine like her hair and her white gown; the sunlight lies full in the door. See! see! she is smiling! I trow all her griefs be well over."

The cavalcade passed the Proctor house, but Goodwife Ann Bayley's sweet face was turned backward until it was out of sight, towards the little maid in the door.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY HORATIO BRIDGE.

Second Paper.

VII.

OF Hawthorne's life after graduation I shall not attempt to write fully, though I had ample knowledge of his personal, political, and literary career. The facts essential to a biography have already been given in his own *Note-Books*, edited by Mrs. Hawthorne; and in the full and interesting *Biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife*, by their son; to say nothing of the sketches of the romance-writer by Lathrop, Curtis, James, Fields, Stoddard, Loring, and others. But, however much may have been written upon this subject, there remain unrecorded many incidents, the recital of some of which may be acceptable to those readers who prize every fresh fact concerning this author of superlative power and fame.

If at any time I should repeat what has already been published by others, except for the purpose of giving some additional facts pertinent thereto, the repetition will be unintentional.

I am not a critic, and therefore shall not venture upon an analysis of Hawthorne's writings—a task which many pens abler than mine have already essayed, and which critics yet unborn will doubtless contribute to the literature of the future. Nor shall I attempt to write a biography of the romance-writer—a work already fully accomplished in the publications just mentioned. These were admirable, each in its way; and recently they have been supplemented by the *Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Moncure D.

Conway, a volume I have read with much interest, though he seems to me to have been quite too severe and unjust in his criticism of Hawthorne for having written the *Life of Franklin Pierce*, and for his own opinions on the subject of slavery. Had Mr. Conway known the charm of Pierce's warm-heartedness, and his devoted friendship for Hawthorne, he could have better understood that it would have been hard for the latter to withhold the use of his voice and pen in promoting the interests of his early friend.

If Mr. Conway had regarded the problem of disunion as did all parties except the pronounced abolitionists previous to the civil war, he might have been more charitable in his judgment of both Pierce and Hawthorne.

In the first decade after Hawthorne left college he formed several plans of life, one of which was that of entering his uncle Manning's counting-house. In one of his letters to me he spoke of this as a settled purpose, but his repugnance to commercial life was such that the plan was ultimately abandoned, and he relapsed into the state of partial inaction which so often results from unsettled plans.

It is well known that soon after graduating he prepared for the press a little volume of tales, entitled *Seven Tales of my Native Land*. The publisher who engaged to bring out the book was so dilatory that at last Hawthorne, becoming impatient and dissatisfied with the excuses given, peremptorily demanded the return of the manuscript. The publisher,

aroused to a sense of his duty, and ashamed of his broken promises, apologized, and offered to proceed with the work at once; but Hawthorne was inexorable; and though, as he wrote me at the time, he was conscious of having been too harsh in his censures, he would not recede, and he burnt the manuscript in a mood half savage, half despairing. As I expressed to him perhaps too strongly my regret for this proceeding, he did not, when *Fanshawe* was published, confide to me the fact. Hearing, though, of the publication, I procured a copy, and subsequently mentioned it to Hawthorne. He had meantime become dissatisfied with the book, and he called in and destroyed all the copies he could reach. At his request, I burnt my copy, and we never alluded to *Fanshawe* afterwards. It was at this time, I think, that he became utterly disheartened, and though conscious of possessing more than ordinary literary talent, he almost abandoned all expectation of success as an author.

In one of his letters to me, after relating some of his disappointments, he compared himself to one drifting helplessly toward a cataract, and closed with these despairing words: "I'm a doomed man, and over I must go."

Happily the despondent mood was not permanent, and he continued to write, though subjected to frequent disappointments. He was a contributor for a little while to a magazine published, I believe, in New York. The compensation was small, and even that the publisher professed his inability to pay; so Hawthorne stopped his contributions and withdrew.

At the parting a characteristic incident occurred. The editor begged for a mass of manuscript in his possession, as yet unpublished, and it was scornfully bestowed. "Thus," wrote Hawthorne, "has this man, who would be considered a Mæcenas, taken from a penniless writer material incomparably better than any his own brain can supply." And he closed with a bitter malediction upon the grasping editor.

He had the experience of being more than once deceived by those who professed to have the power and wish to befriend him. A young man, with some means and greater aspirations, commenced the publication of a literary

newspaper in Boston, and offered Hawthorne the position of co-editor. Another person, backed by a rich father, supplanted Hawthorne, who was civilly bowed out, and the newspaper, after a brief and sickly life, expired.

In the Hawthorne Biography there appeared several old and carelessly written letters of my own, answers to some of Hawthorne's that were long since destroyed, at his request.

These letters I should hardly have reproduced except for the purpose of showing that Hawthorne was at times quite despairing, and in need of all the encouragement his friends could give.

The following extracts from my answers just mentioned will indicate sufficiently the tenor of his letters therein referred to.

AUGUSTA, Oct. 16, 1836.

DEAR HATH,—I have a thousand things to say to you, but can't say more than a hundredth part of them....

You have the blues again. Don't give up to them, for God's sake, and your own, and mine, and everybody's. Brighter days will come, and that within six months....

See what I have written for the Boston *Post*, and tell me is it best to send it?

"It is a singular fact that of the few American writers by profession, one of the very best is a gentleman whose name has never yet been made public, though his writings are extensively and favorably known.

"We refer to Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., of Salem, the author of the *Gentle Boy*, the *Gray Champion*, etc., etc., all productions of high merit, which have appeared in the annuals and magazines of the last three or four years.

"Liberally educated, but bred to no profession, he has devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits, with an ardor and success which will, ere long, give him a high place among the scholars of this country.

"His style is classical and pure; his imagination exceedingly delicate and fanciful, and through all his writings there runs a vein of sweetest poetry.

"Perhaps we have no writer so deeply imbued with the early literature of America, or who can so well portray the times and manners of the Puritans.

"Hitherto Mr. Hawthorne has published no work of magnitude; but it is to be hoped that one who has shown such unequivocal evidence of talent will soon give to the world some production which shall place him in a higher rank than can be obtained by one whose efforts are confined to the sphere of magazines and annuals."

This is not satisfactory by any means, and

yet it may answer the purpose of attracting attention to your book when it comes out. It is not what I wish it were, nor can I make it so. Yours ever, H. BRIDGE.*

AUGUSTA, Oct. 22, 1836.

DEAR HATH,—I have just received your last, and do not like its tone at all. There is a kind of desperate coolness about it that seems dangerous. I fear that you are too good a subject for suicide, and that some day you will end your mortal woes on your own responsibility.

However, I wish you to refrain till next Thursday, when I shall be in Boston, *Deo volente*.

I am not in a very good mood myself just now, and am certainly unfit to write or think.

Be sure to come and meet me in Boston.

Yours truly, H. BRIDGE.

AUGUSTA, Dec. 25, 1836.

DEAR HAWTHORNE,—On this Christmas day I am writing up my letters. Yours comes first.

I am sorry that you did not get the magazine, because you wanted it. Not that I think it very important to you. You will have more time for your book....

Whether your book will sell extensively may be doubtful; but that is of small importance in the first one you publish. At all events, keep up your spirits till the result is ascertained; and, my word for it, there is more honor and emolument in store for you from your writings than you imagine. The bane of your life has been self-distrust. This has kept you back for many years, which, if you had improved by publishing, would long ago have given you what you must now wait a short time for. It may be for the best, but I doubt it.

I have been trying to think what you are so miserable for. Although you have not much property, you have good health and powers of writing which have made and can still make you independent.

Suppose you get "but \$300 per annum" for your writings. You can, with economy, live upon that, though it would be a tight squeeze. You have no family dependent on you, and why should you "borrow trouble"?

This is taking the worst view of your case that it can possibly bear. It seems to me that you never look at the bright side with any hope or confidence. It is not the philosophy to make one happy.

* This letter was written at the time when I had just intervened to procure the publication of *Twice-told Tales*, without Hawthorne's knowledge of my agency in the matter.

Within the six month limit the book came out, and brighter days did come; but I could not then tell him the grounds of my confident prediction.

I expect next summer to be full of money, a part of which shall be heartily at your service if it comes....

And so Frank Pierce is elected Senator. There is an instance of what a man can do for himself by trying. With no very remarkable talents, he, at the age of thirty-four, fills one of the highest stations in the nation. He is a good fellow, and I rejoice at his success. He can do something for you perhaps. The inclination he certainly has. Have you heard from him lately?

Yours ever,

H. BRIDGE.

AUGUSTA, February 1, 1837.

DEAR HAWTHORNE,—So your book is in press, and will soon be out. Thank God, the plunge will be made at last. I am sure it will be for good....

I coincide perfectly with you touching the disparity between a writer's profits and a publisher's. It is hard that you should do so much and receive so little from *The Token*. You say an editorship would save you. I tell you that within six months you may have an editorship in any magazine in the country if you desire it. I wish to God that I could impart to you a little of my own brass. You would then dash into the contest of literary men, and do honor to yourself and to your country in a short time. But you never will have confidence enough in yourself, though you will have fame....

Yours truly,

HORACE.

AUGUSTA, May 24, 1837.

DEAR HAWTHORNE,—I am rejoiced that your last gives me reason to expect that you will pay me a visit soon. When you come, make your arrangements so that you can stay two or three months here. I have a great house to myself, and you shall have the run of it.

I received a letter two days ago from Pierce, dated May 2d, requesting me to ascertain exactly how matters were relating to the Exploring Expedition. I have written Pierce, advising him to inquire of the Secretary of the Navy if there is any vacancy, and recommending you for it.

It might be well to put your papers on file in his office, in case you should be a candidate for one of the editorships of the magazine.

It is of no use for you to feel blue. I tell you that you will be in a good situation next winter instead of "under a sod." Pierce is interested for you, and can make some arrangement, I know. An editorship or a clerkship at Washington he can and will obtain. So courage, and *au diable* with your "sods!"

I have something to say to you upon marriage and about Goodrich, and a thousand other things. I shall be inclined to quarrel

with you if you do not come, and that will be a serious business for you, for my wrath is dreadful. Good-by till I see you here.

Yours truly, H. BRIDGE.

These letters in some measure indicate the despondency to which Hawthorne was subject at this the turning-point in his literary career. In his secluded life he neither had nor sought new friends who could have aided and encouraged him, and his life wore away with little apparent promise. Still he continued to write for the small sums he received in cash or promises, as well as for the pleasurable excitement of composition, and with the growing hope of future success.

VIII.

Besides writing tales for different reviews and magazines, Hawthorne contributed many articles to *The Token*, an annual published by Mr. S. G. Goodrich. A few years later he was employed by that publisher to write some of the "Peter Parley" books. He received but small compensation for any of this literary work, for he lacked the knowledge of business and the self-assertion necessary to obtain even the moderate remuneration vouchsafed to writers fifty years ago. It would be amusing, if it were not exasperating, to observe the patronizing tone of Mr. Goodrich when, as late as September, 1836, he wrote to Hawthorne: "Your letter and the two folios of *Universal History* were received some days ago. I like the history pretty well. I shall make it do." See *Biography of Hawthorne*, vol. i., page 138. The book certainly *did*, for its sale went above a million long ago, though it is my impression that the author received only \$100 for the work.

A letter of S. G. Goodrich to Hawthorne, dated January 19, 1830—see *Hawthorne Biography*, vol. i., page 131—shows that Mr. Goodrich had then in his hands the manuscript of a proposed book of Hawthorne's. He says in relation to it, "On my return to Boston in April, I will use my influence to induce a publisher to take hold of the work, who will give it a fair chance of success."

In a letter of Hawthorne's to Goodrich, dated May 6, 1830, given in Derby's *Fifty Years among Authors and Publishers*, page 113, the former speaks of the "Provincial Tales," adding, "Such being the title I propose to give to my volume."

Whatever may have been the causes for delay, the fact remains that the volume, under the altered title of *Twice-told Tales*, did not appear until 1837, seven years after the manuscript—in part at least—was first in Mr. Goodrich's possession.

From time to time I heard of this intended publication, and constantly encouraged Hawthorne to bring out the volume. But I hesitated to intervene without his sanction; and that would not have been given to any course involving possible loss to me. At last, however, having become convinced that my friend was being deluded by false hopes, I wrote to Mr. Goodrich, and asked if there was any pecuniary obstacle in the way of the publication, adding, if that were the cause of the delay, I would obviate it by guaranteeing the publisher against loss. As I was a stranger to him, I proffered Boston references. The following was his answer:

Boston, Oct. 20, 1836.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter in regard to our friend Hawthorne. It will cost about \$450 to print 1000 volumes in good style. I have seen a publisher, and he agrees to publish it if he can be guaranteed \$250, as an ultimate resort against loss. If you will find that guaranty, the thing shall be put immediately in hand.

I am not now a publisher, but I shall take great interest in this work; and I do not think there is any probability that you will ever be called upon for a farthing. The generous spirit of your letter is a reference. I only wish to know if you will take the above risk. The publication will be solely for the benefit of Hawthorne, he receiving ten per cent. on the retail price—the usual terms.

I am, yours respectfully,

S. G. GOODRICH.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., Augusta, Me.

I gave the required guaranty at once, stipulating only that the affair should be concealed from Hawthorne, for I was sure he would object to the publication if he were informed of my action in the premises. Mr. Goodrich assented to this stipulation, and in due time the book came out.

There is reason to suppose that he magnified his own part in the matter, for while the volume was going through the press, Hawthorne told me that he intended to dedicate it to Mr. Goodrich, in recognition of his services in that regard.

Knowing that this would bring the

parties into a false attitude toward each other, I cautioned Hawthorne against this proposed dedication, as appears in a forgotten letter of mine, published in the *Hawthorne Biography*, vol. i., page 143. Having learned from Mr. Goodrich, some months after *Twice-told Tales* appeared, that its sales had satisfied the guaranty, I told Hawthorne of my unauthorized intervention, as it was clearly right that he should know the extent of his obligation to the publisher.

The letter of Mr. Goodrich just quoted will interest some readers, as showing the cost of printing books, and the comparative avails to author and publisher, in 1836. The retail price of *Twice-told Tales* was, I believe, one dollar. From the \$1000 first obtained, after deducting the cost of printing—\$450—and the author's share—\$100—there would remain to the publisher and the retail bookseller \$450. For any copies printed in excess of the first thousand, the cost to the publisher would be much less, while the author's percentage would remain the same. This in a case where the publisher was assured against loss. How different would have been Hawthorne's encouragement had he commenced his literary work in this decade!

The success of *Twice-told Tales* was not pecuniarily great at first, but in this country, and still more in England, where Hawthorne was promptly and highly appreciated, the book established his right to a place among living authors of recognized power.

The cloud had lifted at last, and he never afterwards wholly despaired of achieving success as a writer. There were times, however, when he felt unequal to the effort of writing even a letter, saying that he "detested a pen."

Fortunately his habits were inexpensive, and his abhorrence of debt nerved him to retain his independence in the darkest seasons.

Several letters of my own (hereinbefore given, and quite forgotten until they appeared in the *Hawthorne Biography*) show that I was constantly advising him to cease publishing in magazines and annuals, and to bring out his writings in the form of volumes only. By this method he could free himself from the necessity of offering his productions piecemeal to editors, a process repulsive to his sensitive spirit.

Early in 1837 General Pierce, believing that Hawthorne would be benefited by an entire change of his surroundings, suggested to him the plan of joining the contemplated Exploring Expedition to the South Sea as its historian. The project pleased him, and for three or four months an active correspondence on the subject was maintained by Hawthorne, Pierce, and the present writer. Several letters of General Pierce and myself, addressed to Hawthorne, and republished in the *Hawthorne Biography*, pp. 152 to 162, refer to the efforts made to bring about the desired arrangement.

This expedition was primarily organized under the plan of J. N. Reynolds, Esq., a man of some scientific reputation and great energy of character, who was to be the ruling spirit of the enterprise.

A squadron under the command of Commodore Ap Catesby Jones, composed of the frigate *Macedonian*, three brigs, and a store-ship, was put in commission for this exploring duty; and a large scientific corps, with Reynolds at its head, was provided for.

At that time I was spending the winter in Washington, and I did what I could to secure for Hawthorne the office he desired. My friend and townsman, Hon. R. Williams, was chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, and, of course, was influential at the Navy Department. He cordially co-operated with Pierce and Cibley, backed by the rest of the Maine and New Hampshire delegations, in the effort to secure Hawthorne's appointment. With the influences at work, there was a good prospect of success, when naval and scientific jealousy interrupted the programme.

The cry of economy was raised, the vessels were ordered to other duty, and Reynolds's ambitious project suddenly collapsed, so far as he was concerned.

The expedition was reorganized the next year, and Lieutenant—afterwards Rear-Admiral—Wilkes was ordered to its command. Meantime Hawthorne's prospects had brightened with the success of *Twice-told Tales*, and he ceased to care for duty in the expedition.

Had his aspirations in that direction been successful, the current of his life would have been strangely disturbed, and his later writings would, I think, have taken on an entirely different coloring. Whether for the better, who shall say?

In 1839 Hawthorne was appointed weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom-house, which office he held until 1841.

In that year, having previously become engaged to Miss Sophia A. Peabody, he joined the colony at Brook Farm, where he lived for several months as co-laborer, and especially as an interested inquirer into the social experiment then and there in progress.

I drove out from Boston two or three times to see Hawthorne at Brook Farm. He had a small room, simply furnished, and with very few books visible. He was apparently enjoying himself, curiously observing the odd phase of life around him, and while having little faith in the success of the social experiment, doing his full share to secure it. At the same time he was disposed to get such amusement as he might from his surroundings. I remember that he boasted of having driven into Boston with the farmer in the farm wagon, carrying a calf to market.

I remember also his glee in telling of his strictly enforcing the rules for early rising by blowing the horn long and loud at five o'clock in the morning, much to the discomfort of the drowsy members of the family. But enough of Brook Farm; it has been fully portrayed in many publications.

IX.

Immediately after his marriage, in 1842, Hawthorne went to reside in the "Old Manse" at Concord, where his life for three years was restful and happy. Full of enjoyment in his home and family, he was only troubled by narrow means, which were all the more annoying because those who owed him money enough to make life comfortable would not (doubtless some of them could not) pay their debts. In this quiet retreat he occupied himself in writing tales, with gardening, boating, and occasionally in receiving friends.

Several times Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne kindly urged me to visit them at the "Old Manse," and I was always received with the most cordial hospitality. Their life at Concord has been so fully and so beautifully described by Mr. Julian Hawthorne in the biography of his father and mother, not only in his own narration, but in their charming letters therein given, that it is perhaps needless for me to add anything to that recital. Let me say,

however, that I was early impressed with the conviction that their marriage was a congenial and most happy one. By the delicate health of Mrs. Hawthorne she was all the more endeared to her manly husband, and in return she gave him a wealth of confidence, admiration, and love. The union was most fortunate for both, and the only drawback to their happiness came in the sharp economy requisite for living within their income.

The small and uncertain receipts from his literary work, as well as his "disappointments in money expected from three or four sources," made Hawthorne "sigh for the regular monthly payments at the Custom-house," and led him to wish for the Salem Post-office, his appointment to which his friends in that town and elsewhere zealously, though in vain, sought to procure for him.

In 1845 Hawthorne, besides preparing for the press the second series of *Twice-told Tales*, edited the *Journal of an African Cruiser*.

The origin of that little volume was this: Early in 1843 I was attached to a ship of war under orders to the west coast of Africa. Hawthorne suggested the plan of my taking such notes as would give me material for a few articles in the *Democratic Review*. This plan was afterwards, by his advice, changed to that of publishing the notes in a book. I assented to the change on the condition that he should take the trouble of editing and bringing out the volume, and with the further condition that he should have the copyright and the sole profit of the publication.

The letters next following evince the great interest he took in this project, more on my account than on his own. They also set forth his views as to the best mode for successful journalizing, and they show conclusively that his life was a very happy one in the "Old Manse."

CONCORD, March 23, 1843.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I see by the newspapers that you have had the good fortune to undergo a tremendous storm.* Good fortune I call it, for I should be very glad to go through the

* The storm here spoken of refers to a violent gale and blinding snow-storm off the coast of New Hampshire, in which the *Saratoga* (on her way from Portsmouth to New York, previous to the African cruise) was in imminent peril, and only escaped total shipwreck by our cutting away the masts and anchoring on a rocky lee shore.

same scene myself if I were sure of getting safe to dry land at last. I did not know of your having sailed, else I might have been under great apprehensions on your account; but, as it happened, I have only to offer my congratulations. I hope you were in a condition to look at matters with a philosophic eye, not seasick nor *too much* frightened. A staff-officer, methinks, must be more uncomfortable in a storm than the sea officers. Taking no part in the struggle against the winds and the waves, he feels himself more entirely at their mercy. Perhaps a description of the tempest may form a good introduction to your series of articles in the *Democratic*.

I returned from my visit to Salem on Wednesday last. My wife went with me as far as Boston. I did not come to see you because I was very short of cash, having been disappointed in money that I expected from three or four sources. My difficulties of this sort sometimes make me sigh for the regular monthly payments at the custom-house. The system of slack payments in this country is most abominable, and ought of itself to bring upon us the destruction foretold by Father Miller. It is impossible for any individual to be just and honest and true to his engagements when it is a settled principle of the community to be always behindhand. I find no difference in anybody in this respect. All do wrong alike. — is just as certain to disappoint me in money matters as any pitiful little scoundrel among the booksellers. On my part, I am compelled to disappoint those who put faith in my engagements, and so it goes round. The devil take such a system!

I suppose it will be some time before you get to sea again, and perhaps you might find leisure to pay us another visit, but I cannot find it in my conscience to ask you to do so in this dreary season of the year. It is more than three months since we had a glimpse of the earth, and two months more must intervene before we can hope to see the reviving verdure. I don't see how a bachelor can survive such a winter. . . . We are very happy, and have nothing to wish for except a better-filled purse — and not improbably gold would bring trouble with it, at least my wife says so, and therefore exhorts me to be content with little.

I have heard nothing about the office since I saw you. They tell me in Salem that — will not probably gain his election, but that, after a few more trials, a coalition will be formed between the moderate Whigs and the candidate of a fraction of the Democratic party. In that case — will not get the post-office, and possibly it will yet be the reward of my patriotism and public services, but of this there is little prospect.

The wine came safe, and my wife sends her best acknowledgments for it. As in duty bound, however, she has made it over to me, and I shall feel myself at liberty to uncork a bottle on any occasion of suitable magnitude.

Longfellow is coming to see me, and as he has a cultivated taste in wines, some of this article shall be submitted to his judgment. If possible there shall be a bottle in reserve whenever you favor us with another visit.

Do not forget your letters from Liberia. What would you think of having them published in a volume? But it will be time enough for this after their appearance in the magazine. I should like well to launch you fairly on the sea of Literature.

I have a horrible cold, and am scarcely clear-headed enough to write. God bless you,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., U.S.N.,
Portsmouth, N. H.

CONCORD, May 3, 1843.

DEAR BRIDGE, — I am almost afraid that you will have departed for Africa before this letter reaches New York; but I have been so much taken up with writing for a living, and likewise with physical labor out-of-doors, that I have hitherto had no time to answer yours. It was perhaps as well that you did not visit Concord again, for, by comparison of dates, I am led to believe that my wife and yourself were in Boston at the same time. She had gone thither to take leave of her sister Mary, who is now married, and has sailed in the May steamer for Europe.

I formed quite a different opinion from that which you express about your description of the storm. It seemed to me very graphic and effective, and my wife coincides in this judgment. Her criticism on such a point is better worth having than mine, for she knows all about storms, having encountered a tremendous one on a voyage to Cuba. You must learn to think better of your powers. They will increase by exercise. I would advise you not to stick too accurately to the bare fact, either in your descriptions or your narrative; else your hand will be cramped, and the result will be a want of freedom that will deprive you of a higher truth than that which you strive to attain. Allow your fancy pretty free license, and omit no heightening touches because they did not chance to happen before your eyes. If they did not happen, they at least ought, which is all that concerns you. This is the secret of all entertaining travellers. If you meet with any distinguished characters, give personal sketches of them. Begin to write always before the impression of novelty has worn off from your mind, else you will be apt to think that the peculiarities which at first attracted you are not worth recording; yet those slight peculiarities are the very things that make the most vivid impression upon the reader. Think nothing too trifling to write down, so it be in the smallest degree characteristic. You will be surprised to find on reperusing your journal what an importance and graphic power these little particulars assume. After you have had due time for observation, you may then give grave re-

flections on national character, customs, morals, religion, the influence of peculiar modes of government, etc., and I will take care to put them in their proper places, and make them come in with due effect. I by no means despair of putting you in the way to acquire a very pretty amount of literary reputation, should you ever think it worth your while to assume the authorship of these proposed sketches. All the merit will be your own, for I shall merely arrange them, correct the style, and perform other little offices as to which only a practised scribbler is *au fait*.

In relation to your complaint that life has lost its charm, that your enthusiasm is dead, and that there is nothing worth living for, my wife bids me advise you to fall in love. It is a woman's prescription, but a man—*videlicet*, myself—gives his sanction to its efficacy. You would find all the fresh coloring restored to the faded pictures of life; it would renew your youth; you would be a boy again, with the deeper feeling and purposes of a man. Try it, try it, first, however, taking care that the object is in every way unexceptionable, for this will be your last chance in life. If you fail, you will never make another attempt.

I suppose you will see O'Sullivan in New York. I know nothing about the prospects of office, if any remain. It is rather singular that I should need an office, for nobody's scribblings seem to be more acceptable to the public than mine; and yet I shall find it a tough scratch to gain a respectable support by my pen. Perhaps matters may mend; at all events I am not very eager to ensconce myself in an office, though a good one would certainly be desirable. By-the-bye, I received a request the other day from a Philadelphia magazine to send them a daguerreotype of my pliz for the purpose of being engraved. O'Sullivan likewise besought my wife for a sketch of my head, so you see that the world is likely to be made acquainted with my personal beauties. It will be very convenient for a retired and bashful man to be able to send these pictorial representations abroad instead of his real person. I know not but O'Sullivan's proposal was meant to be a secret from me, so say nothing about it to him.

It would gladden us much to have you here for a week, now that the country is growing beautiful, and the fishing season is coming on. But this is not to be hoped for until your return. Take care of your health, and do not forget the sketches. It is not the profit to myself that I think about, but I hope that they may contribute to give your life somewhat of an adequate purpose, which at present it lacks.

God bless you, N. H.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., U.S. Ship *Saratoga*,
New York City.

CONCORD, April 1, 1844.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Your letter to my wife was received by her in a situation which I am sure you will consider sufficient excuse for her not

answering it at present, a daughter having been born on the 3d of last month. So, you see, I am at last the regular head of a family, while you are blown about the world by every wind. I commiserate you most heartily. If you want a new feeling in this weary life, get married. It renews the world from the surface to the centre.

I am happy to tell you that our little girl is remarkably healthy and vigorous, and promises, in the opinion of those better experienced in babies than myself, to be very pretty. For my own part, I perceive her beauty at present rather through the medium of faith than with my actual eyesight. However, she is gradually getting into shape and comeliness, and by the time when you shall have an opportunity to see her, I flatter myself she will be the prettiest young lady in the world. I think I prefer a daughter to a son.

We have read your letter with very great interest. You have had great luck certainly in having actually fought through a whole war;* but I hope that you will now be content to rest on your laurels. The devil take those copper slugs. As your station, I believe, does not call you to the front of the battle, do pray be advised to stay on board ship the next time, and think how much preferable is a sluggish life to such a *slug-gish* death as you might chance to meet on shore. A civilized and educated man must feel somewhat like a fool, methinks, when he has staked his own life against that of a black savage and lost the game. In the sight of God one life may be as valuable as another, but in our view the stakes are very unequal. Besides, I really do consider the shooting of those negroes a matter of very questionable propriety, and am glad, upon the whole, that you bagged no game upon either of those days.

In one point of view these warlike occurrences are very fortunate—that is, in supplying matter for the *Journal*. I should not wonder if that were your object in thrusting yourself into these perils. Make the most of them.

If I mistake not, it will be our best plan, both as regards your glory and my profit, to publish the *Journal* by itself, rather than in a magazine, and thus make an independent author of you at once. A little of my professional experience will easily put it into shape,

* The "war" referred to in this letter hardly rose to the dignity of a skirmish, consisting, as it did, in the landing of a detachment of sailors and marines, with their officers, from the ships of the squadron, and the burning of five native villages. This destruction was effected for the purpose of punishing the natives for plundering and burning an American vessel, and murdering the captain and the crew.

King Krako, the leader of these five tribes, showed fight, his men firing upon us from the woods, but doing no damage except the wounding of a marine with a copper slug, presumably made of a spike from the luckless *Mary Carver*.

and I doubt not that the Harpers, or somebody else, will be glad to publish it, either in the book or pamphlet form, or perhaps in both, so as to suit the different classes of readers. My name shall appear as editor, in order to give it what little vogue may be derived from thence, and its own merits will do the rest.

You must have as much as possible to say about the African trade, its nature, the mode of carrying it on, the character of the persons engaged in it, etc., in order to fit the book for practical men. Look at things, at least some things, in a matter-of-fact way, though without prejudice to as much romantic incident and adventure as you can conveniently lay hold of. Oh, it will be an excellent book!

I have no news to tell you except the great event with which I began my letter. I continue to scribble tales, with good success so far as regards empty praise, some notes of which, pleasant enough to my ears, have come from across the Atlantic. But the pamphlet and piratical system has so broken up all regular literature that I am forced to write hard for small gains. If we have a Democratic President next year, I shall probably get an office. Otherwise, it is to be hoped, God will provide for me and mine in some other way.

I have not written to you before, not from coldness nor forgetfulness, but partly because the sight of a pen makes me sick, and partly because I never feel as if a letter would reach you in your wanderings on the trackless ocean. If you had any certain abiding-place it would be different; but now it is like trying to shoot a bird in the air. Take care of yourself, and keep clear of night dews and copper slugs.

Your friend, N. H.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., U.S. Ship *Saratoga*,
African Squadron.

The three letters next following relate principally to the *Journal of an African Cruiser*, which was published in 1845.

CONCORD, 17th April, 1845.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I am happy to announce that your book is accepted, and will make its appearance as one of the volumes of *Choice Reading*. Few new authors make their bows to the public under such favorable auspices; but you always were a lucky devil, except in the speculation of the Kennebec mill-dam, which likewise may turn out to have been good luck in the long-run. I have christened the book the *Journal of an African Cruiser*. I don't know when it is to come out—probably soon; although I suppose they will wish the American series to be led by some already popular names. Your last letter arrived when the manuscript was on the point of being sent off, but I contrived to squeeze in whatever was essential of the new matter.

I have heard nothing, good or bad, as to the result of the P. O. application. Duyckinck, in his letter about the book, mentions that

O'Sullivan was in Washington, where doubtless he will do all that can be done in my behalf. Your interview with Bancroft gave me better auspices than I before had on the subject.

Mrs. Hawthorne wishes me to tell you that she will not be able to make you the talked-of visit the approaching summer. Her sister, Mrs. Mann, is coming to board in Concord, principally with a view to being near Sophia, and even if I should obtain an office, I shall leave her here at the Old Manse for the summer, and resume a bachelor life in Salem. It shall go hard but I will drop in upon you at least for a day or two, or for a dinner, if better may not be.

Una continues to flourish. Her mother lulls her to sleep every night by stories about your visit, so that you were not only pleasant while here, but are very profitable now that you have departed.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., Navy-Yard,
Portsmouth, N. H.

CONCORD, May 2, 1845.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Duyckinck writes me that your book is stereotyped, and about to go to press. The first edition will be of two thousand copies, five hundred of which will be sent to London. It seems they have put in my name as editor, contrary to my purpose, and much to my annoyance; not that I am troubled with any such reluctance about introducing you as you felt about introducing your friend—to fashionable society, but I wished you to have all the credit of the work yourself. Well, you shall still engross all the merit, and may charge me with all the faults.

I have bespoken fifty copies for you, and directed them to be sent to my address in Boston, whence I will take care to have them forwarded to you immediately, with the exception of perhaps half a dozen, which I shall reserve for distribution myself. You had better send me the names of the persons whom you wish to have copies in Boston and vicinity. The fifty copies will be paid for out of my avails for the book, for it would be rather too severe a joke to make your work an actual expense to you.

I have heard nothing from O'Sullivan, nor from any other source, in reference to the post-office.

Write forthwith, and tell me how the books should be sent from Boston to Portsmouth.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., Navy-Yard,
Portsmouth, N. H.

CONCORD, May 7, 1845.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I send the *Journals* as requested, and heartily wish that I could afford to come myself. Have you told Charles Greene of the forth-coming book? If not, it will be best to do so immediately, that he may be in readiness to add his voice to the general accla-

mation of praise. I requested Duyckinck to send your copies to Dr. Peabody's, directed to me. They probably will not arrive so soon as this, but it will do no harm for you to call there before leaving Boston, and if you find them, you can dispose of them according to your pleasure, leaving out six, or, if you can spare them, ten copies, which I will endeavor to dispose of so as to promote the interests of the book. If you find that you have not copies enough, we can procure more from New York.

In a hurry, your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

X.

In the autumn of 1845 the family left Concord and returned to Salem, in reference to which Hawthorne wrote:

SALEM, Oct. 7, 1845.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Here I am, again established in the old chambers where I wasted so many years of my life. I find it rather favorable to my literary duties, for I have already begun to sketch out the story for Wiley and Putnam. I received a letter from Duyckinck to-day, which I mean to enclose as giving authentic intelligence of the welfare of your book.

Your check arrived seasonably, and did me as much good as the same amount ever did anybody.

Sophia has remained in Boston in order to see her friends in and about the city before withdrawing into my den. I shall bring her home the latter part of this week or the first of next.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., U.S. Navy-Yard,
Portsmouth, N. H.

20 CLINTON PLACE, Oct. 2, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will not think me a troublesome fellow if I drop you another line with the vociferous cry, MS.! MS.! Mr. Wiley's American Series is athirst for the volume of *Tales*; and how stands the prospect for the *History of Witchcraft*, I whilom spoke of?

The *Journal of the Cruiser* has just gone to a second edition of a thousand copies, the first, I believe, having been two thousand. W. & P. project cheap series of these books for the school district libraries, in the first of which the *Journal* will be included.

The English notices are bounteous in praise. No American book in a long time has been so well noticed.

Pray, MS. or no MS., let me hear from you, that you are well and your family.

Yours truly,

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Esq.

SALEM, Feb. 21, 1846.

DEAR BRIDGE,—A day or two after receiving your letter communicating the arrange-

ment about the Surveyorship and Naval Office, I had one from O'Sullivan, who had been in Washington, but had just returned to New York. He appeared to know nothing about the above arrangement, but said that the President had promised to give me either the Surveyorship or Naval Office. It appears, therefore, that I may consider myself pretty certain of getting one or the other, and I trust it will be the Surveyorship, which is the most eligible, both on account of the emolument and the position which it confers. Whichever it is, it is to you I shall owe it among so many other solid kindnesses. I have as true friends as any man, but you have been the friend in need and the friend indeed.

"In other respects, too, my affairs look promising enough. Wiley and Putnam are going to publish two volumes of my *Tales* instead of one, and I shall send off the copy, I hope, on Monday. My mind will now settle itself after the long inquietude of expectation; and I mean to make this a profitable year in the literary way.

I regret that you are so soon thinking of going to sea again. You must not go without giving me the chance of another visit, though of the briefest duration.

I hope, moreover, that you will remain ashore until I am again established in a home of my own, when it will be easy for you to be my guest often, at bed and board. We are neighbors now.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

I have found the following scrap of a letter which must have been written soon after my return from the coast of Africa in 1845, since it refers to some furs known as African lynx, which I had brought home, and presented to Mrs. Hawthorne.

The deep satisfaction he expressed in his wife and his then only child makes this fragment worth preserving.

"The skins came safe yesterday morning, and Sophia, I believe, contemplates having them made into a muff. She and Una are very well, and Una continues to talk about 'Missis Bidge.' After all, having a wife who thoroughly satisfies me, and a child whom I would not exchange for a fortune, I am not quite so unlucky a devil as you set me down for.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE."

XI.

When Mr. Polk became President, the plan of campaign for Hawthorne's appointment to the Salem Post-office was pursued with vigor for a while; but there were strong political obstacles in the way, and consequently his efforts and those

of his friends were turned towards the Surveyorship of the Salem Custom-house, an office of less labor and responsibility, though of smaller emolument than the post-office afforded.

Referring to a visit made me in the summer of 1845, at the navy-yard near Portsmouth, New Hampshire, it so happened that I was then stationed at that yard. Living in spacious quarters as a bachelor, and not unwilling to share my summer comforts with my friends, it occurred to me that Hawthorne's interests could best be promoted by bringing him and Mrs. Hawthorne into social relations with some of my influential friends and their wives.

To carry out this project, and for my personal pleasure as well, I invited Senator and Mrs. Pierce and Senator and Mrs. Atherton, of New Hampshire; and Senator Fairfield, of Maine; together with Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne and little Una, to spend two or three weeks with me. To make the reunion less formal, two of my own sisters and some Washington friends were included. The indulgent party enjoyed the novelty of a visit to a bachelor at a navy-yard, and when any shortcomings in his housekeeping occurred, the guests only grew the merrier therefor.

What with boating, fishing, and driving, and in the entire absence of formality, the visit went off smoothly, and its main object—that of interesting men of influence in Hawthorne's behalf—was attained.

Though Pierce was an old friend, Atherton and Fairfield first made the acquaintance of Hawthorne at that time, and they became his strong advocates and friends.

In June of the next year he was appointed Surveyor.

Hawthorne's life flowed tranquilly for the next three years, at the end of which period he was removed by the Whig administration, under (in that case, at least) the pernicious doctrine of rotation in office.

With other friends, I strove zealously to save him, because he wished to retain the office. But when the dismissal came, I wrote my congratulations, telling him that he would now be obliged to devote himself to his appropriate work in life. Eight months after his official decapitation he finished the *Scarlet Letter*, and increased fame, as well as freedom from

pressing anxiety about pecuniary matters, followed quickly upon the publication of the great romance.

SALEM, Feb. 4, 1850.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I finished my book only yesterday, one end being in press in Boston, while the other was in my head here in Salem; so that, as you see, the story is at least fourteen miles long.

I should make you a thousand apologies for being so negligent a correspondent if you did not know me of old, and as you have tolerated me so many years, I do not fear that you will give me up now. The fact is, I have a natural abhorrence of pen and ink, and nothing short of absolute necessity ever drives me to them.

My book, the publisher tells me, will not be out before April. He speaks of it in tremendous terms of approbation. So does Mrs. Hawthorne, to whom I read the conclusion last night. It broke her heart, and sent her to bed with a grievous headache, which I look upon as a triumphant success.

Judging from its effect on her and the publisher, I may calculate on what bowlers call a ten-strike. Yet I do not make any such calculation. Some portions of the book are powerfully written; but my writings do not, nor ever will, appeal to the broadest class of sympathies, and therefore will not obtain a very wide popularity. Some like them very much, others care nothing for them, and see nothing in them. There is an introduction to this book giving a sketch of my custom-house life, with an imaginative touch here and there, which may, perhaps, be more widely attractive than the main narrative. The latter lacks sunshine, etc. To tell you the truth, it is (I hope Mrs. Bridge is not present)—it is positively a half-d story, into which I found it almost impossible to throw any cheering light.

This house on Goose Creek which you tell me of looks really attractive; but I am afraid there must be a flaw somewhere. I like the rent amazingly. I wish you would look at it, and form your own judgment, and report accordingly; and, should you decide favorably, I will come myself and see it; but if it appears ineligible to you, I shall let the matter rest there, it being inconvenient for me to leave home, partly because funds are to be husbanded at this juncture of my affairs, and partly because I can ill spare the time, as winter is the season when my brain-work is chiefly accomplished.

I should like to give up the house which I now occupy at the beginning of April, and must soon make a decision as to where I shall go. I long to get into the country, for my health latterly is not quite what it has been for many years past. I should not long stand such a life of bodily inactivity and mental exertion as I have lived for the last few months. An hour or two of daily labor in a garden, and a daily ramble in country air or on the sea-

shore, would keep all right. Here, I hardly go out once a week. Do not allude to this matter in your letters to me, as my wife already sermonizes me quite sufficiently on my habits; and I never own up to not feeling perfectly well. Neither do I feel anywise ill, but only a lack of physical vigor and energy, which reacts upon the mind.

With our best regards to Mrs. Bridge, I remain,
Truly your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., U.S. Navy-Yard,
Portsmouth, N. H.

SALEM, April 13, 1850.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I am glad you like the *Scarlet Letter*. It would have been a sad matter indeed if I had missed the favorable award of my oldest and friendliest critic. The other day I met with your notice of *Twice-told Tales* for the *Angusta Age*; and I really think nothing better has been said about them since. This book has been highly successful, the first edition having been exhausted in ten days, and the second (five thousand copies in all), promising to go off rapidly.

As to the Salem people, I feel an infinite contempt for them, and probably have expressed more of it than I intended, for my preliminary chapter has caused the greatest uproar that has happened here since witch times. If I escape from town without being tarred and feathered, I shall consider it good luck. I wish they would tar and feather me; it would be such an entirely novel kind of distinction for a literary man. And from such judges as my fellow-citizens, I should look upon it as a higher honor than a laurel crown.

I have taken a cottage in Lenox, and mean to take up my residence there about the 1st of May. In the interim my wife and children are going to stay in Boston; and nothing could be more agreeable to myself than to spend a week or so with you; so that your invitation comes exceedingly apropos. In fact, I was on the point of writing to propose a visit. We shall move our household gods from this locality to-morrow or next day. I will leave my family at Dr. Peabody's, and come to Portsmouth on Friday of this week, unless prevented from coming at all. I shall take the train that leaves Boston at eleven o'clock; so, if you happen to be in Portsmouth that afternoon, please to look after me. I am glad of this opportunity of seeing you, for I am assured you will never find your way to Lenox. I thank Mrs. Bridge for her good wishes as respects my future removal from office, but I should be sorry to anticipate such bad fortune as being ever again appointed to one.

Truly your friend,
NATH HAWTHORNE.

After my return from a second African cruise, finding myself languid and debilitated, I accepted Hawthorne's invitation

to visit him and his family at Lenox, in the Berkshire hills, a region famed for the healthfulness of its climate, and as the home of the Sedgwicks, Fanny Kemble Butler, etc.

Fashion had not then invaded those lovely hills, and the comparatively small society was noted for its simple mode of living, for its intelligence and its culture.

The Hawthornes occupied an old-fashioned cottage, painted deep red, and overlooking a charming lake.

There were a great many deficiencies in the arrangements of the quaint old house and grounds, for which I had a quick eye, and to the immediate remedying of which Hawthorne and I devoted our efforts. Mrs. Hawthorne looked on with amused approval (even when our performances were rather revolutionary), as she saw us engaging, with great glee, in improving matters generally. Boxes were turned into closets and bookshelves, and the cellar and hen-house were not neglected.

A letter from Lenox gives my own impressions of the surroundings of the Hawthornes, and of our occupations during my very pleasant visit:

LA MAISON ROUGE, July 18, 1850.

.... I must explain the meaning of the caption. Be it known, then, that Hawthorne occupies a house painted red, like some old-fashioned farm-houses you have seen. It is owned by Mr. Tappan, who lived in it awhile; but he is now at High Wood, the beautiful place of Mr. Ward. The old farm-house is quite comfortable, having sufficient room, and being furnished simply and in good taste. All the surroundings give proof of the easy circumstances of the present occupants.

The view of the lake is lovely; I have seldom seen one so beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne are most friendly, and my visit seems to give them much satisfaction.

Nor am I quite useless. I have planned various improvements in the house and grounds, including some in the hennery, where the nests and roosts are now arranged according to the directions of the best authors upon that useful subject. To-morrow we are going to make some closets and bookshelves of the boxes in which the furniture came. As I am not so strong as before my fever, Hawthorne does the hard work, such as lifting, sawing, etc., while I plan and hammer. Oh, we are a model pair of working-men—the Man of Genius and the Naval Officer!

The children behave very well, and certainly are charming youngsters. Una acts like a little lady, and exhibits good temper and obe-

dience; while Julian is a good-natured, laughing young giant.

We intend to visit High Wood at an early day, and thence shall drive to the village, if we can get Mr. Tappan's vehicle.

19th. It has rained all the forenoon. Consequently we have been at work in cellar, hen-nery, and shed. In the reorganized hennery our labor has already been justified, for no less than three hens have shown their approval of it by each laying an egg in a new and scientific nest.

I have selected two boxes for the children's closets, besides a large one for a wardrobe, and another for a general closet; and, having laid out several days' work for somebody in papering, etc., I am satisfied.

We have cleared up the wood-house and cellar, mended some chairs, and have done a great deal towards making the establishment "ship-shape" and comfortable.

You must not think that I am exerting myself too much. Hawthorne has taken the hardest part of the work, and I really feel all the better for the exercise.....

Hawthorne and his wife both send kindest regards. Ever yours, H.

As the *House of the Seven Gables* was at that time in course of preparation, it is fair to presume that the fowls, flowers, and vegetables of the Red House establishment were studies for the pictures of Phœbe's garden favorites.

Hawthorne's residence at Lenox was marked not only by the production of the *House of the Seven Gables*, but by that of the *Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*, a volume of three hundred pages, which he wrote in seven weeks, his facility for labor increasing with the public demand for his writings. He also prepared at that place a second volume of *Twice-told Tales*, and began the *Blithedale Romance*.

A few days after leaving Lenox I received the following letter, which has in it an amusing touch about the effect my active reforms had produced upon the children:

LENOX, Aug. 7, 1850.

.... Duyckinck, of the *Literary World*, and Herman Melville are in Berkshire, and I expect them to call here this morning. I met Melville the other day, and liked him so much that I have asked him to spend a few days with me before leaving these parts.

We all have very pleasant recollections of your visit. Julian broke a china cup a few days ago, and very coolly remarked that "Mr. Bridge could mend it."

We have got some maple paper, and shall soon begin the transmutation of your boxes.

We are getting along very well. Una and Julian grow apace, and so do our chickens, of which we have two broods. There is one difficulty about these chickens, as well as about the old fowls. We have become so intimately acquainted with every individual of them that it really seems like cannibalism to think of eating them. What is to be done?

With our best regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Yours truly,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LENOX, March 15, 1851.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I am glad to hear from you at last, although I am sorry you have sunk into the depths of official idleness, and have effected nothing towards the new edition of the *Cruiser*.

You know not what fame you may be flinging away. However, all that shall be made up in a journal or history of your next voyage. But I do most heartily wish that you would cut the navy, and trust to God and your own exertions for a good life at home. Even such a poor house and poor fare as mine, for instance, is better than sea-biscuit and a state-room.

The *House of the Seven Gables*, in my opinion, is better than the *Scarlet Letter*; but I should not wonder if I had refined upon the principal character a little too much for popular appreciation; nor if the romance of the book should be found somewhat at odds with the humble and familiar scenery in which I invest it. But I feel that portions of it are as good as anything I can hope to write, and the publisher speaks encouragingly of its success.

How slowly I have made my way in life! How much is still to be done! How little worth—outwardly speaking—is all that I have achieved! The bubble reputation is as much a bubble in literature as in war, and I should not be one whit the happier if mine were world-wide and time-long than I was when nobody but yourself had faith in me.

The only sensible ends of literature are: first, the pleasurable toil of writing; second, the gratification of one's family and friends; and lastly, the solid cash.

Remember me to Mrs. Bridge, and give her, likewise, my wife's remembrances. I shall take advantage of a visit to Dr. Peabody in June next to go to Boston, and hope to have a meeting with you before my return.

The boxes, I must confess, are not all papered, but neither are they all unpapered; and my wife was talking of doing the remainder only the day before your letter arrived.

Your friend,

N. H.

LENOX, July 22, 1851.

DEAR BRIDGE,—What a long, long while since I have heard from you! I don't know when it was, or which of us wrote last, though I am, most probably, in your debt for a letter; but a weary scribbler like myself must be allowed a great deal of license as regards debts of that nature. Why did you not write and

tell me how you liked, or how you did not like, the *House of the Seven Gables*? Did you feel shy of expressing an unfavorable opinion? It would not have hurt me in the least, though I am always glad to please you; but I rather think I have reached that stage when I do not care very essentially one way or the other for anybody's opinion on any one production. On this last romance, for instance, I have heard and seen such diversity of judgment that I should be altogether bewildered if I attempted to strike a balance. So I take nobody's estimate unless it happens to agree with my own. I think it a work more characteristic of my mind, and more proper and natural for me to write, than the *Scarlet Letter*; but, for that very reason, less likely to interest the public. Nevertheless it appears to have sold better than the former, and, I think, is more sure of retaining the ground it acquires. Mrs. Kemble writes that both works are popular in England, and advises me to take out my copyright there.

Since the 1st of June I have written a book of two or three hundred pages for children, and I think it stands a chance of a wide circulation. The title, at all events, is an *ad captandum* one—the *Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*. I don't know what I shall write next. Should it be a romance, I mean to put an extra touch of the devil into it, for I doubt whether the public will stand two quiet books in succession without my losing ground. As long as people will buy, I shall keep at work, and I find that my facility for labor increases with the demand for it.

Mrs. Hawthorne published a little work two months ago, which still lies in sheets, but I assure you it makes some noise in the world, both by day and night. In plain English, we have another little daughter; a very bright, strong, and healthy miss; but at present with no pretensions to beauty. Sophia intends, in the course of two or three weeks, to take the baby to Mr. Mann's in West Newton, on a short visit. Una will accompany her, and I shall remain here with Julian. After her return I shall come to Boston, and if you should be still at Portsmouth, I will run down thither to see you, if for no more than a day. It is now above a year since I have been ten miles from this place, and I begin to need a little change of scene.

We intend to take Mrs. Kemble's house in October, or the beginning of November. She offered it last year for nothing, but I declined the terms. She offers it now for the same rent that I pay here; and though this is inadequate, yet as she cannot let the house on any other terms, or to any other person, I see no impropriety in my accepting the offer. If she could do better, I would not take it. We shall lose a beautiful prospect, and gain a much more convenient and comfortable house than our present one. If I continue to prosper in my literary vocation, I mean to buy a house

before a great while, but it shall not be in Berkshire. I prefer the sea-coast, both as a matter of taste, and because I think it suits both Sophia's constitution and my own better than this hill country.

Do write and tell me of your welfare and prospects. I am afraid you will not be able to read this scrawl, but I have contracted a bad habit of careless penmanship.

With our best regards to Mrs. Bridge,
Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

After receiving this letter I wrote Hawthorne of the old family home of the Sparhawks, at Kittery Point, which was then for sale, and was not far from the cottage near the sea which I had just bought.

LENOX, Oct. 11, 1852.

DEAR BRIDGE,—The Sparhawk house certainly offers some temptations, among which, however, I do not reckon that hideous story of the howling dead man, but I shall resist them. It is too much out of the way. I have learned pretty well the desirableness of an easy access to the world; and you will learn it too, if you should ever actually occupy your island purchase. You will never be able to make that your permanent home. I am sure of it. It will do well enough to play Robinson Crusoe for a summer or so, but when a man is making his settled dispositions for life, he had better be on the mainland, and as near a railroad station as possible.

My *Wonder Book*, I suppose, will be out soon. I do not know your direction in Boston, so cannot send you one unless first advised thereof; but will tell the publishers to hand you one when called for. I have also a new volume of *Twice-told Tales* in press, and a new romance in futurity.

We shall leave here, with much joy, on the first day of December.

With our best regards to Mrs. Bridge, whom I would not have missed seeing, only that it involved the not seeing my wife the next day.

Truly yours,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

In the year of grace 1890 the historic "Red House" was burnt, and now only the blackened ruins near the lovely lake remain to mark the spot where it had stood so long. In that "little red shanty," as Mrs. Hawthorne called it, Hawthorne wrote the *House of the Seven Gables* and the *Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*, and there he began the *Blithedale Romance*. In that house, too, Rose (now Mrs. Lathrop) was born. To that little low-studded yet cheerful dwelling, for nearly forty years after the departure of the man who made it famous, visitors in

yearly increasing numbers resorted as to a shrine of genius purely American. Mr. Tappan, owner of the place, had the good taste as well as the kindly remembrances to keep the study in the same state that Hawthorne left it in.

CONCORD, MASS., Oct. 18, 1852.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I received your letter some time ago, and ought to have answered it long since, but you know my habits of epistolary delinquency, so I make no apology. Besides, I have been busy with literary labor of more

kinds than one. Perhaps you have seen *Blithedale* before this time. I doubt whether you will like it very well; but it has met with good success, and has brought me, besides its American circulation, a thousand dollars from England; whence, likewise, have come many favorable notices. Just at this time I rather think your friend stands foremost there as an American fiction-monger.

In a day or two I intend to begin a new romance, which, if possible, I mean to make more genial than the last. . . .

Yours truly,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

"A SKIN FOR A SKIN."

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THOSE who go to the newer parts of Canada to-day will find that several of those places which their school geographies displayed as Hudson Bay posts a few years ago are now towns and cities. In them they will find the trading stations of old now transformed into general stores. Alongside of the head offices of the great corporation, where used to stand the walls of Fort Garry, they will see the principal store of the city of Winnipeg, an institution worthy of any city, and more nearly to be likened to Whiteley's Necessary Store in London than to any shopping-place in New York. As in Whiteley's you may buy a house, or anything belonging in or around a house, so you may in this great Manitoban establishment. The great retail emporium of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is the Hudson Bay store; and in Calgary, the metropolis of Alberta and the Canadian plains, the principal shopping-place in a territory beside which Texas dwindles to the proportions of a park is the Hudson Bay store.

These and many other shops indicate a new development of the business of the last of England's great chartered monopolies, but instead of marking the manner in which civilization has forced it to abandon its original function, this merely demonstrates that the proprietors have taken advantage of new conditions while still pursuing their original trade. It is true that the huge corporation is becoming a great retail shop-keeping company. It is also true that by the surrender of its monopolistic privileges it got a consolation prize of money and of twenty millions of dollars' worth of land, so that its

chief business may yet become that of developing and selling real estate. But to-day it is still, as it was two centuries ago, the greatest of fur-trading corporations, and fur-trading is to-day a principal source of its profits.

Reminders of their old associations as forts still confront the visitor to the modern city shops of the company. The great shop in Victoria, for instance, which, as a fort, was the hub around which grew the wheel that is now the capital of the province, has its fur trade conducted in a sort of barn-like annex of the bazar; but there it is, nevertheless, and busy among the great heaps of furs are men who can remember when the Hydahs and the Tlinkets and the other neighboring tribes came down in their war canoes to trade their winter's catch of skins for guns and beads, vermilion, blankets, and the rest. Now this is the mere catch-all for the furs got at posts farther up the coast and in the interior. But upstairs, above the store, where the fashionable ladies are looking over laces and purchasing perfumes, you will see a collection of queer old guns of a pattern familiar to Daniel Boone. They are relics of the fur company's stock of those famous "trade guns" which disappeared long before they had cleared the plains of buffalo, and which the Indians used to deck with brass nails and bright paint, and value as no man to-day values a watch. But close to the trade guns of romantic memory is something yet more highly suggestive of the company's former position. This is a heap of unclaimed trunks, "left," the employes will tell you, "by travellers, hunters, and explor-

ers who never came back to inquire for them."

It was not long ago that conditions existed such as in that region rendered the disappearance of a traveller more than a possibility. The wretched, squat, bow-legged, dirty laborers of that coast, who now dress as we do, and earn good wages in the salmon-fishing and canning industries, were not long ago very numerous, and still more villanous. They were not to be compared with the plains Indians as warriors or as men, but they were more treacherous, and wanting in high qualities. In the interior to-day are some Indians such as they were who are accused of cannibalism, and who have necessitated warlike defences at distant trading-posts. Travellers who escaped Indian treachery risked starvation, and stood their chances of losing their reckoning, of freezing to death, of encounters with grizzlies, of snow-slides, of canoe accidents in rapids, and of all the other casualties of life in a territory which to-day is not half explored. Those are not the trunks of Hudson Bay men, for such would have been sent home to English and Scottish mourners; they are the luggage of chance men who happened along, and outfitted at the old post before going farther. But the company's men were there before them, had penetrated the region farther and earlier, and there they are to-day, carrying on the fur trade under conditions strongly resembling those their predecessors once encountered at posts that are now towns in farming regions, and where now the locomotive and the steamer are familiar vehicles. Moreover, the status of the company in British Columbia is its status all the way across the North from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

To me the most interesting and picturesque life to be found in North America, at least north of Mexico, is that which is occasioned by this principal phase of the company's operations. In and around the fur trade is found the most notable relic of the white man's earliest life on this continent. Our wild life in this country is, happily, gone. The frontiersman is more difficult to find than the frontier, the cowboy has become a laborer almost like any other, our Indians are as the animals in our parks, and there is little of our country that is not threaded by railroads or wagonways. But in new or western Canada

this is not so. A vast extent of it north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which hugs our border, has been explored only as to its waterways, its valleys, or its open plains, and where it has been traversed much of it remains as Nature and her near of kin, the red men, had it of old. On the streams canoes are the vehicles of travel and of commerce; in the forests "trails" lead from trading-post to trading-post, the people are Indians, half-breeds, and Esquimaux, who live by hunting and fishing as their forebears did; the Hudson Bay posts are the seats of white population; the post factors are the magistrates.

All this is changing with a rapidity which history will liken to the sliding of scenes before the lens of a magic-lantern. Miners are crushing the foot-hills on either side of the Rocky Mountains, farmers and cattle-men have advanced far northward on the prairie and on the plains in narrow lines, and railroads are pushing hither and thither. Soon the limits of the inhospitable zone this side of the Arctic Sea, and of the marshy weakly wooded country on either side of Hudson Bay, will circumscribe the fur-trader's field, except in so far as there may remain equally permanent hunting-grounds in Labrador and in the mountains of British Columbia. Therefore now, when the Hudson Bay Company is laying the foundations of widely different interests, is the time for halting the old original view that stood in the stereopticon for centuries, that we may see what it revealed, and will still show far longer than it takes for us to view it.

The Hudson Bay Company's agents were not the first hunters and fur-traders in British America, ancient as was their foundation. The French, from the Canadas, preceded them no one knows how many years, though it is said that it was as early as 1627 that Louis XIII. chartered a company of the same sort and for the same aims as the English company. What ever came of that corporation I do not know, but by the time the Englishmen established themselves on Hudson Bay, individual Frenchmen and half-breeds had penetrated the country still farther west. They were of hardy, adventurous stock, and they loved the free roving life of the trapper and hunter. Fitted out by the merchants of Canada, they would pursue the waterways which

there cut up the wilderness in every direction, their canoes laden with goods to tempt the savages, and their guns or traps forming part of their burden. They would be gone the greater part of a year, and always returned with a store of furs to be converted into money, which was, in turn, dissipated in the cities with devil-may-care jollity. These were the *courriers du bois*, and theirs was the stock from which came the *voyageurs* of the next era, and the half-breeds, who joined the service of the rival fur companies, and who, by-the-way, reddened the history of the Northwest territories with the little bloodshed that mars it.

Charles II. of England was made to believe that wonders in the way of discovery and trade would result from a grant of the Hudson Bay territory to certain friends and petitioners. An experimental voyage was made with good results in 1668, and in 1672 the king granted the charter to what he styled "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, one body corporate and politique, in deed and in name, really and fully forever, for Us, Our heirs, and Successors." It was indeed a royal and a wholesale charter, for the king declared, "We have given, granted, and confirmed unto said Governor and Company sole trade and commerce of those Seas, Streights, Bays, Rivers, Lakes, Creeks, and Sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance of the Streights commonly called Hudson's, together with all the Lands, Countries, and Territories upon the coasts and confines of the Seas, etc., . . . not already actually possessed by or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian Prince or State, with the fishing of all sorts of Fish, Whales, Sturgeons, and all other Royal Fishes, . . . together with the Royalty of the Sea upon the Coasts within the limits aforesaid, and all Mines Royal, as well discovered as not discovered, of Gold, Silver, Gems, and Precious Stones, . . . and that the said lands be henceforth reckoned and reputed as one of Our Plantations or Colonies in America called Rupert's Land." For this gift of an empire the corporation was to pay yearly to the king, his heirs and successors, two elks and two black beavers whenever and as often as he, his heirs, or his successors "shall happen to enter

into the said countries." The company was empowered to man ships of war, to create an armed force for security and defence, to make peace or war with any people that were not Christians, and to seize any British or other subject who traded in their territory. The king named his cousin, Prince Rupert, Duke of Cumberland, to be first governor, and it was in his honor that the new territory got its name of Rupert's Land.

In the company were the Duke of Albemarle, Earl Craven, Lords Arlington and Ashley, and several knights and baronets, Sir Philip Carteret among them. There were also five esquires, or gentlemen, and John Portman, "citizen and goldsmith." They adopted the witty sentence, "*Pro pelle cutem*" (A skin for a skin), as their motto, and established as their coat of arms a fox sejant as the crest, and a shield showing four beavers in the quarters, and the cross of St. George, the whole upheld by two stags.

The "adventurers" quickly established forts on the shores of Hudson Bay, and began trading with the Indians, with such success that it was rumored they made from twenty-five to fifty per cent. profit every year. But they exhibited all of that timidity which capital is ever said to possess. They were nothing like as enterprising as the French *courriers du bois*. In a hundred years they were no deeper in the country than at first, excepting as they extended their little system of forts or "factories" up and down and on either side of Hudson and James bays. In view of their profits, perhaps this lack of enterprise is not to be wondered at. On the other hand, their charter was given as a reward for the efforts they had made, and were to make, to find "the Northwest passage to the Southern seas." In this quest they made less of a trial than in the getting of furs; how much less we shall see. But the company had no lack of brave and hardy followers. At first the officers and men at the factories were nearly all from the Orkney Islands, and those islands remained until recent times the recruiting-source for this service. This was because the Orkney men were inured to a rigorous climate, and to a diet largely composed of fish. They were subject to less of a change in the company's service than must have been endured by men from almost any part of England.

I am going, later, to ask the reader to visit Rupert's Land when the company had shaken off its timidity, overcome its obstacles, and dotted all British America with its posts and forts. Then we shall see the interiors of the forts, view the strange yet not always hard or uncouth life of the company's factors and clerks, and glance along the trails and water-courses, mainly unchanged to-day, to note the work and surroundings of the Indians, the *voyageurs*, and the rest who inhabit that region. But, fortunately, I can first show, at least roughly, much that is interesting about the company's growth and methods a century and a half ago. The information is gotten from some English Parliamentary papers forming a report of a committee of the House of Commons in 1749.

Arthur Dobbs and others petitioned Parliament to give them either the rights of the Hudson Bay Company or a similar charter. It seems that England had offered £20,000 reward to whosoever should find the bothersome passage to the Southern seas *viâ* the North Pole, and that these petitioners had sent out two ships for that purpose. They said that when others had done no more than this in Charles II.'s time, that monarch had given them "the greatest privileges as lords proprietors" of the Hudson Bay territory, and that those recipients of royal favor were bounden to attempt the discovery of the desired passage. Instead of this, they not only failed to search effectually or in earnest for the passage, but they had rather endeavored to conceal the same, and to obstruct the discovery thereof by others. They had not possessed or occupied any of the lands granted to them, or extended their trade, or made any plantations or settlements, or permitted other British subjects to plant, settle, or trade there. They had established only four factories and one small trading-house; yet they had connived at or allowed the French to encroach, settle, and trade within their limits, to the great detriment and loss of Great Britain. The petitioners argued that the Hudson Bay charter was monopolistic, and therefore void, and at any rate it had been forfeited "by non-user or abuser."

In the course of the hearing upon both sides, the "voyages upon discovery," according to the company's own showing,

were not undertaken until the corporation had been in existence nearly fifty years, and then the search had only been prosecuted during eighteen years, and with only ten expeditions. Two ships sent out from England never reached the bay, but those which succeeded, and were then ready for adventurous cruising, made exploratory voyages that lasted only between one month and ten weeks, so that, as we are accustomed to judge such expeditions, they seem farcical and mere pretences. Yet their largest ship was only of 190 tons burden, and the others were a third smaller—vessels like our small coasting schooners. The most particular instructions to the captains were to trade with all natives, and persuade them to kill whales, sea-horses, and seals; and, subordinately and incidentally, "by God's permission," to find out the Strait of Annian, a fanciful sheet of water, with tales of which that irresponsible Greek sea-tramp, Juan de Fuca, had disturbed all Christendom, saying that it led between a great island in the Pacific (Vancouver) and the mainland into the inland lakes. To the factors at their forts the company sent such lukewarm messages as, "and if you can by any means find out any discovery or matter to the northward or elsewhere in the company's interest or advantage, do not fail to let us know every year."

The attitude of the company toward discovery suggests a Dogberry at its head, bidding his servants to "comprehend" the Northwest passage, but should they fail, to thank God they were rid of a villain. In truth, they were traders pure and simple, and were making great profits with little trouble and expense.

They brought from England about £4000 worth of powder, shot, guns, fire-steels, flints, gun-worms, powder-horns, pistols, hatchets, sword blades, awl blades, ice-chisels, files, kettles, fish-hooks, net lines, burning-glasses, looking-glasses, tobacco, brandy, goggles, gloves, hats, lace, needles, thread, thimbles, breeches, vermilion, worsted sashes, blankets, flannels, red feathers, buttons, beads, and "shirts, shoes, and stockens." They spent, in keeping up their posts and ships, about £15,000, and in return they brought to England castorums, whale fins, whale oil, deer horns, goose quills, bed feathers, and skins—in all of a value of about £26,000 per annum. I have taken the average

RIVAL TRADERS RACING TO THE INDIAN CAMP.



for several years in that period of the company's history, and it is in our money as if they spent \$90,000 and got back \$130,000, and this is their own showing under such circumstances as to make it the course of wisdom not to boast of their profits. They had three times trebled their stock and otherwise increased it, so that having been 10,500 shares at the outset, it was now 103,950 shares.

And now that we have seen how natural it was that they should not then bother with exploration and discovery, in view of the remuneration that came for simply sitting in their forts and buying furs, let me pause to repeat what one of their wisest men said casually, between the whiffs of a meditative cigar, last summer: "The search for the north pole must soon be taken up in earnest," said he. "Man has paused in the undertaking because other fields where his needs were more pressing, and where effort was more certain to be rewarded with success, had been neglected. This is no longer the fact, and geographers and other students of the subject all agree that the north pole must next be sought and found. Speaking only on my own account and from my knowledge, I assert that whenever any government is in earnest in this desire, it will employ the men of this fur service, and they will find the pole. The company has posts far within the arctic circle, and they are manned by men peculiarly and exactly fitted for the adventure. They are hardy, acutely intelligent, self-reliant, accustomed to the climate, and all that it engenders and demands. They are on the spot ready to start at the earliest moment in the season, and they have with them all that they will need on the expedition. They would do nothing hurriedly or rashly; they would know what they were about as no other white men would—and they would get there."

I mention this not merely for the novelty of the suggestion and the interest it may excite, but because it contributes to the reader's understanding of the scope and character of the work of the company. It is not merely Western and among Indians, it is hyperborean and among Esquimaux. But would it not be passing strange if, beyond all that England has gained from the careless gift of an empire to a few favorites by Charles II., she should yet possess the honor and

glory of a grand discovery due to the natural results of that action?

To return to the Parliamentary inquiry into the company's affairs one hundred and forty years ago. If it served no other purpose, it drew for us of this day an outline picture of the first forts and their inmates and customs. Being printed in the form our language took in that day, when a gun was a "musquet" and a stockade was a "palisadoe," we fancy we can see the bumptious governors—as they then called the factors or agents—swelling about in knee-breeches and cocked hats and colored waistcoats, and relying, through their fear of the savages, upon the little putty-pipe cannon that they speak of as "swivels." These were ostentatiously planted before their quarters, and in front of these again were massive double doors, such as we still make of steel for our bank safes, but, when made of wood, use only for our refrigerators. The views we get of the company's "servants"—which is to say, mechanics and laborers—are all of trembling varlets, and the testimony is full of hints of petty sharp practice toward the red man, suggestive of the artful ways of our own Hollanders, who bought beaver-skins by the weight of their feet, and then pressed down upon the scales with all their might.

The witnesses had mainly been at one time in the employ of the company, and they made the point against it that it imported all its bread (*i. e.*, grain) from England, and neither encouraged planting nor cultivated the soil for itself. But there were several who said that even in August they found the soil still frozen at a depth of two and a half or three feet. Not a man in the service was allowed to trade with the natives outside the forts, or even to speak with them. One fellow was put in irons for going into an Indian's tent; and there was a witness who had "heard a Governor say he would whip a Man without Tryal; and that the severest Punishment is a Dozen of Lashes." Of course there was no instructing the savages in either English or the Christian religion; and we read that, though there were twenty-eight Europeans in one factory, "witness never heard Sermon or Prayers there, nor ever heard of any such Thing either before his Time or since." Hunters who offered their services got one-half what they shot or trapped, and the captains of vessels kept in the bay



THE BEAR-TRAP.

were allowed "25 *l. per cent.*" for all the whalebone they got.

One witness said: "The method of trade is by a standard set by the Governors. They never lower it, but often double it, so that where the Standard directs 1 Skin to be taken they generally take Two." Another said he "had been ordered to shorten the measure for Powder, which ought to be a Pound, and that within these 10 Years had been reduced an Ounce or Two." "The Indians made a Noise sometimes, and the Company gave them their Furs again." A bookkeeper lately in the service said that the company's measures for powder were short, and yet even such measures were not filled above half full. Profits thus made were distinguished as "the overplus trade," and signified what skins were got more than were paid for, but he could not say whether such gains went to the company or to the governor. (As a matter of fact, the factors or governors shared

in the company's profits, and were interested in swelling them in every way they could.)

There was much news of how the French traders got the small furs of martens, foxes, and cats, by intercepting the Indians, and leaving them to carry only the coarse furs to the company's forts. A witness "had seen the Indians come down in fine *French* cloaths, with as much Lace as he ever saw upon any Cloaths whatsoever. He believed if the Company would give as much for the Furs as the *French*, the *Indians* would bring them down;" but the French asked only thirty marten-skins for a gun, whereas the company's standard was from thirty-six to forty such skins. Then, again, the company's plan (unchanged to-day) was to take the Indian's furs, and then, being possessed of them, to begin the barter.

This shouldering the common grief upon the French was not merely the result of the chronic English antipathy to

their ancient and their lively foes. The French were swarming all around the outer limits of the company's field, taking first choice of the furs, and even beginning to set up posts of their own. Canada was French soil, and peopled by as hardy and adventurous a class as inhabited any part of America. The *courriers du bois* and the *bois-brûlés* (half-breeds), whose success afterward led to the formation of rival companies, had begun a mosquito warfare, by canoeing the waters that led to Hudson Bay, and had penetrated 1000 miles farther west than the English. One Thomas Barnett, a smith, said that the French intercepted the Indians, forcing them to trade, "when they take what they please, giving them Toys in Exchange; and fright them into Compliance by Tricks of Sleight of Hand; from whence the *Indians* conclude them to be Conjurors; and if the *French* did not compel the *Indians* to trade, they would certainly bring all the Goods to the *English*."

This must have seemed to the direct, practical English trading mind a wretched business, and worthy only of Johnny Crapeau, to worst the noble Briton by monkeyish acts of conjuring. It stirred the soul of one witness, who said that the way to meet it was "by sending some *English* with a little Brandy." A gallon to certain chiefs and a gallon and a half to others would certainly induce the natives to come down and trade, he thought.

But while the testimony of the English was valuable as far as it went, which was mainly concerning trade, it was as nothing regarding the life of the natives compared with that of one Joseph La France, of Missili-Mackinack (Mackinaw), a traveller, hunter, and trader. He had been sent as a child to Quebec to learn French, and in later years had been from Lake Nipissing to Lake Champlain and the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Quinipigue (Winnipeg) or Red River, and to Hudson Bay. He told his tales to Arthur Dobbs, who made a book of them, and part of that became an appendix to the committee's report. La France said:

"That the high price on *European* Goods discourages the Natives so much, that if it were not that they are under a Necessity of having Guns, Powder, Shot, Hatchets, and other Iron Tools for their Hunting, and Tobacco, Brandy, and some Paint for Luxury, they would not go

down to the Factory with what they now carry. They leave great numbers of Furs and Skins behind them. A good Hunter among the *Indians* can kill 600 Beavers in a season, and carry down but 100" (because their canoes were small); "the rest he uses at home, or hangs them upon Branches of Trees upon the Death of their Children, as an Offering to them; or use them for Bedding and Coverings: they sometimes burn off the Fur, and roast the Beavers, like Pigs, upon any Entertainments; and they often let them rot, having no further Use of them. The Beavers, he says, are of Three Colours—the Brown-reddish Colour, the Black, and the White. The Black is most valued by the Company, and in *England*; the White, though most valued in *Canada*, is blown upon by the Company's Factors at the Bay, they not allowing so much for these as for the others; and therefore the *Indians* use them at home, or burn off the Hair, when they roast the Beavers, like Pigs, at an Entertainment when they feast together. The Beavers are delicious Food, but the Tongue and Tail the most delicious Parts of the whole. They multiply very fast, and if they can empty a Pond, and take the whole Lodge, they generally leave a Pair to breed, so that they are fully stocked again in Two or Three Years. The *American* Oxen, or Beeves, he says, have a large Bunch upon their Backs, which is by far the most delicious Part of them for Food, it being all as sweet as Marrow, juicy and rich, and weighs several Pounds.

"The Natives are so discouraged in their Trade with the Company that no Peltry is worth the Carriage; and the finest Furs are sold for very little. They gave but a Pound of Gunpowder for 4 Beavers, a Fathom of Tobacco for 7 Beavers, a Pound of Shot for 1, an Ell of coarse Cloth for 15, a Blanket for 12, Two Fish-hooks or Three Flints for 1; a Gun for 25, a Pistol for 10, a common Hat with white Lace, 7; an Ax, 4; a Billhook, 1; a Gallon of Brandy, 4; a chequer'd Shirt, 7; all of which are sold at a monstrous Profit, even to 2000 *per Cent*. Notwithstanding this discouragement, he computed that there were brought to the Factory in 1742, in all, 50,000 Beavers and above 9000 Martens.

"The smaller Game, got by Traps or Snares, are generally the Employment of the Women and Children; such as the Martens, Squirrels, Cats, Ermines, &c. The Elks, Stags, Reindeer, Bears, Tygers, wild Beeves, Wolves, Foxes, Beavers, Otters, Corajen, &c., are the employment of the Men. The *Indians*, when they kill any Game for Food, leave it where they kill it, and send their wives next Day to carry it home. They go home in a direct Line, never missing their way, by observations they make of the Course they take upon their going out. The Trees all bend towards the South, and the Branches on that Side are larger and stronger than on the North Side; as also the Moss upon the Trees. To let their

Wives know how to come at the killed Game, they from Place to Place break off Branches and lay them in the Road, pointing them the Way they should go, and sometimes Moss; so that they never miss finding it.

"In Winter, when they go abroad, which they must do in all Weathers, before they dress, they rub themselves all over with Bears Grease or Oil of Beavers, which does not freeze; and also rub all the Fur of their Beaver Coats, and then put them on; they have also a kind of Boots or Stockings of Beaver's Skin, well oiled, with the Fur inwards; and above them they have an oiled Skin laced about their Feet, which keeps out the Cold, and also Water; and by this means they never freeze, nor suffer anything by Cold. In Summer, also, when they go naked, they rub themselves with these Oils or Grease, and expose themselves to the Sun without being scorched, their Skins always being kept soft and supple by it; nor do any Flies, Bugs, or Musketoos, or any noxious Insect, ever molest them. When they want to get rid of it, they go into the Water, and rub themselves all over with Mud or Clay, and let it dry upon them, and then rub it off; but whenever they are free from the Oil, the Flies and Musketoos immediately attack them, and oblige them again to anoint themselves. They are much afraid of the wild Humble Bee, they going naked in Summer, that they avoid them

as much as they can. They use no Milk from the time they are weaned, and they all hate to taste Cheese, having taken up an Opinion that it is made of Dead Men's Fat. They love Prunes and Raisins, and will give a Beaver-skin for Twelve of them, to carry to their Children; and also for a Trump or Jew's Harp. The Women have all fine Voices, but have never heard any Masical Instrument. They are very fond of all Kinds of Pictures or Prints, giving a Beaver for the least Print; and all Toys are like Jewels to them."

He reported that "the *Indians* west of Hudson's Bay live an erratic Life, and can have no Benefit by tame Fowl or Cattle. They seldom stay above a Fort-night in a Place, unless they find Plenty of Game. After having built their Hut, they disperse to get Game for their Food, and meet again at Night, after having killed enough to maintain them for that Day. When they find Scarcity of Game, they remove a League or Two farther; and thus they traverse through woody Countries and Bogs, scarce missing One Day. Winter or Summer, fair or foul, in the greatest Storms of Snow."

It has been often said that the great



HUSKIE DOGS FIGHTING.



PAINTING THE ROBE.

Peace River, which rises in British Columbia and flows through a pass in the Rocky Mountains into the northern plains, was named "the Unclaga," or Peace, "because" (to quote Captain W. F. Butler) "of the stubborn resistance offered by the all-conquering Crees, which induced that warlike tribe to make peace on the banks of the river, and leave at rest the beaver-hunters"—that is, the Beaver tribe—upon the river's banks. There is a sentence in La France's story that intimates a more probable and lasting reason for the name. He says that some Indians in the southern centre of Canada sent frequently to the Indians along some river near the mountains "with presents, to confirm the peace with them." The story is shadowy, of course, and yet La France, in the same narrative, gave other information which proved to be correct, and none which proved ridiculous. We know that there were "all-conquering" Crees, but there were also inferior ones called the Swampies, and there were others of only intermediate valor. As for the Beavers, Captain Butler himself offers other proof of their mettle besides their "stubborn resistance." He says that on one occasion a young Beaver chief shot the dog of

another brave in the Beaver camp. A hundred bows were instantly drawn, and ere night eighty of the best men of the tribe lay dead. There was a parley, and it was resolved that the chief who slew the dog should leave the tribe, and take his friends with him. A century later a Beaver Indian, travelling with a white man, heard his own tongue spoken by men among the Blackfeet near our border. They were the Sarcis, descendants of the exiled band of Beavers. They had become the most reckless and valorous members of the warlike Blackfeet confederacy.

La France said that the nations who "go up the river" with presents, to confirm the peace with certain Indians, were three months in going, and that the Indians in question live beyond a range of mountains beyond the Assiniboinis (a plains tribe). Then he goes on to say that still farther beyond those Indians "are nations who have not the use of fire-arms, by which many of them are made slaves and sold"—to the Assiniboinis and others. These are plainly the Pacific coast Indians. And even so long ago as that (about 1740), half a century before Mackenzie and Vancouver met on the Pacific coast, La France had told the story of an Indian who had

gone at the head of a band of thirty braves and their families to make war on the Flatheads "on the Western Ocean of America." They were from autumn until the next April in making the journey, and they "saw many Black Fish spouting up in the sea." It was a case of what the Irish call "spoiling for a fight,"

their wildest period were tremendous. Far up in the wilderness of British America there are legends of visits by the Iroquois. The Blackfeet believe that their progenitors roamed as far south as Mexico for horses, and the Crees of the plains evinced a correct knowledge of the country that lay beyond the Rocky Mountains



COURRIER DU BOIS.

for they had to journey fifteen hundred miles to meet "enemies" whom they never had seen, and who were peaceful, and inhabited more or less permanent villages. The plainsmen got more than they sought. They attacked a village, were outnumbered, and lost half their force, besides having several of their men wounded. On the way back all except the man who told the story died of fatigue and famine.

The journeys which Indians made in

in their conversations with the first whites who traded with them. Yet those white men, the founders of an organized fur trade, clung to the scene of their first operations for more than one hundred years, while the bravest of their more enterprising rivals in the Northwest Company only reached the Pacific, with the aid of eight Iroquois braves, one hundred and twenty years after the English king chartered the senior company! The

French were the true Yankees of that country. They and their half-breeds were always in the van as explorers and traders, and as early as 1731 M. Varennes de la Verandrye, licensed by the Canadian government as a trader, penetrated the West as far as the Rockies, leading Sir Alexander Mackenzie to that extent by more than sixty years.

But to return to the first serious trouble the Hudson Bay Company met. The investigation of its affairs by Parliament produced nothing more than the picture I have presented. The committee reported that if the original charter bred a monopoly, it would not help matters to give the same privileges to others. As the questioned legality of the charter was not competently adjudicated upon, they would not allow another company to invade the premises of the older one.

At this time the great company still hugged the shores of the bay, fearing the Indians, the half-breeds, and the French. Their posts were only six in all, and were mainly fortified with palisaded enclosures, with howitzers and swivels, and with men trained to the use of guns. Moose Fort and the East Main factory were on either side of James Bay, Forts Albany, York, and Prince of Wales followed up the west coast, and Henley was the southernmost and most inland of all, being on Moose River, a tributary of James Bay. The French at first traded beyond the field of Hudson Bay operations, and their castles were their canoes. But when their great profits and familiarity with the trade tempted the thrifty French capitalists and enterprising Scotch merchants of Upper Canada into the formation of the rival Northwest Trading Company in 1783, fixed trading-posts began to be established all over the Prince Rupert's Land, and even beyond the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia. By 1818 there were about forty Northwest posts as against about two dozen Hudson Bay factories. The new company not only disputed but ignored the chartered rights of the old company, holding that the charter had not been sanctioned by Parliament, and was in every way unconstitutional as creative of a monopoly. Their French partners and *engagés* shared this feeling, especially as the French crown had been first in the field with a royal charter. Growing bolder and bolder, the Northwest Company resolved to drive the Hud-

son Bay Company to a legal test of their rights, and so in 1803-4 they established a Northwest fort under the eyes of the old company on the shore of Hudson Bay, and fitted out ships to trade with the natives in the strait. But the Englishmen did not accept the challenge; for the truth was they had their own doubts of the strength of their charter.

They pursued a different and for them an equally bold course. That hard-headed old nobleman the fifth Earl of Selkirk came uppermost in the company as the engineer of a plan of colonization. There was plenty of land, and some wholesale evictions of Highlanders in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, had rendered a great force of hardy men homeless. Selkirk saw in this situation a chance to play a long but certainly triumphant game with his rivals. His plan was to plant a colony which should produce grain and horses and men for the old company, saving the importation of all three, and building up not only a nursery for men to match the *courriers du bois*, but a stronghold and a seat of a future government in the Hudson Bay interest. Thus was ushered in a new and important era in Canadian history. It was the opening of that part of Canada; by a loop-hole rather than a door, to be sure.

Lord Selkirk's was a practical soul. On one occasion in animadverting against the Northwest Company he spoke of them contemptuously as fur-traders, yet he was the chief of all fur-traders, and had been known to barter with an Indian himself at one of the forts for a fur. He held up the opposition to the scorn of the world as profiting upon the weakness of the Indians by giving them alcohol, yet he ordered distilleries set up in his colony afterwards, saying, "We grant the trade is iniquitous, but if we don't carry it on others will; so we may as well put the guineas in our own pockets." But he was the man of the moment, if not for it. His scheme of colonization was born of desperation on one side and distress on the other. It was pursued amid terrible hardship, and against incessant violence. It was consummated through bloodshed. The story is as interesting as it is important. The facts are obtained mainly from "Papers relating to the Red River Settlement, ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, July 12, 1819." Lord Selkirk owned 40,000



A FUR-TRADER IN THE COUNCIL, TEEPEE.

FRANCIS J. HENRY

of the £105,000 (or shares) of the Hudson Bay Company; therefore, since 25,000 were held by women and children, he held half of all that carried votes. He got from the company a grant of a large tract around what is now Winnipeg, to form an agricultural settlement for supplying the company's posts with provisions. We have seen how little disposed its officers were to open the land to settlers, or to test its agricultural capacities. No one, therefore, will wonder that when this grant was made several members of the governing committee resigned. But a queer development of the moment was a strong opposition from holders of Hudson Bay stock who were also owners in that company's great rival, the Northwest Company. Since the enemy persisted in prospering at the expense of the old company, the moneyed men of the senior corporation had taken stock of their rivals. These doubly interested persons were also in London, so that the Northwest Company was no longer purely Canadian. The opponents within the Hudson Bay Company declared civilization to be at all times unfavorable to the fur trade, and the Northwest people argued that the colony would form a nursery for servants of the Bay Company, enabling them to oppose the Northwest Company more effectually, as well as affording such facilities for new-comers as must destroy their own monopoly. The Northwest Company denied the legality of the charter rights of the Hudson Bay Company because Parliament had not confirmed Charles II.'s charter.

The colonists came, and were met by Miles McDonnell, an ex-captain of Canadian volunteers, as Lord Selkirk's agent. He styled himself "captain" and "governor," though he admitted he had no warrant to do so. The immigrants landed on the shore of Hudson Bay, and passed a forlorn winter. They met some of the Northwest Company's people under Alexander McDonnell, a cousin and brother-in-law to Miles McDonnell. Although Captain Miles read the grant to Selkirk in token of his sole right to the land, the settlers were hospitably received and well treated by the Northwest people. The settlers reached the place of colonization in August, 1812. This place is what was known as Fort Garry until Winnipeg was built. It was at first called "the Forks of the Red River," because the Assiniboin

there joined the Red. Lord Selkirk outlined his policy at the time in a letter in which he bade Miles McDonnell give the Northwest people solemn warning that the lands were Hudson Bay property, and they must remove from them; that they must not fish, and that if they did their nets were to be seized, their buildings were to be destroyed, and they were to be treated "as you would poachers in England."

The trouble began at once. Miles accused Alexander of trying to inveigle colonists away from him. He trained his men in the use of guns, and uniformed a number of them. He forbade the exportation of any supplies from the country, and when some Northwest men came to get buffalo meat they had hung on racks in the open air, according to the custom of the country, he sent armed men to send the others away. He intercepted a band of Northwest canoe-men, stationing men with guns and with two field-pieces on the river; and he sent to a Northwest post lower down the river demanding the provisions stored there, which, when they were refused, were taken by force, the door being smashed in. For this a Hudson Bay clerk was arrested, and Captain Miles's men went to the rescue. Two armed forces met, but happily slaughter was averted. Miles McDonnell justified his course on the ground that the colonists were distressed by need of food. It transpired at the time that one of his men while making cartridges for a cannon remarked that he was making them "for those — Northwest rascals. They have run too long, and shall run no longer." After this Captain Miles ordered the stoppage of all buffalo-hunting on horseback, as the practice kept the buffalo at a distance, and drove them into the Sioux country, where the local Indians dared not go.

But though Captain McDonnell was aggressive and vexatious, the Northwest Company's people, who had begun the mischief, even in London, were not now passive. They relied on setting the half-breeds and Indians against the colonists. They urged that the colonists had stolen Indian real estate in settling on the land, and that in time every Indian would starve as a consequence. At the forty-fifth annual meeting of the Northwest Company's officers, August, 1814, Alexander McDonnell said, "Nothing but the

complete downfall of the colony will satisfy some, by fair or foul means—a most desirable object, if it can be accomplished; so here is at it with all my heart and energy." In October, 1814, Captain McDonnell ordered the Northwest Company to remove from the territory within six months.

The Indians, first and last, were the friends of the colonists. They were be-

servants doing a trifling service for Captain Miles McDonnell, he sent him upon a journey for which every *engagé* of the Northwest Company bound himself liable in joining the company; that was to make the trip to Montreal, a voyage held *in terrorem* over every servant of the corporation. More than that, he confiscated four horses and a wagon belonging to this



BUFFALO MEAT FOR THE POST.

friendied by the whites, and in turn they gave them succor when famine fell upon them. Many of Captain Miles McDonnell's orders were in their interest, and they knew it. Katawabetay, a chief, was tempted with a big prize to destroy the settlement. He refused. On the opening of navigation in 1815 chiefs were bidden from the country around to visit the Northwest factors, and were by them asked to destroy the colony. Not only did they decline, but they hastened to Captain Miles McDonnell to acquaint him with the plot. Duncan Cameron now appears foremost among the Northwest Company's agents, being in charge of that company's post on the Red River, in the Selkirk grant. He told the chiefs that if they took the part of the colonists "their camp fires should be totally extinguished." When Cameron caught one of his own

man, and charged him on the company's books with the sum of 800 livres for an Indian squaw, whom the man had been told he was to have as his slave for a present.

But though the Indians held aloof from the great and cruel conspiracy, the half-breeds readily joined in it. They treated Captain McDonnell's orders with contempt, and arrested one of the Hudson Bay men as a spy upon their hunting with horses. There lived along the Red River, near the colony, about thirty Canadians and seventy half-breeds, born of Indian squaws and the servants or officers of the Northwest Company. One-quarter of the number of "breeds" could read and write, and were fit to serve as clerks; the rest were literally half savage, and were employed as hunters, canoe-men, "packers" (freighters), and

guides. They were naturally inclined to side with the Northwest Company, and in time that corporation sowed dissension among the colonists themselves, picturing to them exaggerated danger from the Indians, and offering them free passage to Upper Canada. They paid at least one of the leading colonists £100 for furthering discontent in the settlement, and four deserters from the colony stole all the Hudson Bay field-pieces, iron swivels, and the howitzer. There was constant irritation and friction between the factions. In an affray far up at Isle-à-la-Crosse a man was killed on either side. Half-breeds came past the colony singing war-songs, and notices were posted around Fort Garry reading, "Peace with all the world except in Red River." The Northwest people demanded the surren-

der of Captain McDonnell that he might be tried on their charges, and on June 11, 1815, a band of men fired on the colonial buildings. The captain afterward surrendered himself, and the remnant of the colony, thirteen families, went to the head of Lake Winnipeg. The half-breeds burned the buildings, and divided the horses and effects.

But in the autumn all came back with Colin Robertson, of the Bay Company, and twenty clerks and servants. These were joined by Governor Robert Semple, who brought 160 settlers from Scotland. Semple was a man of consequence at home, a great traveller, and the author of a book on travels in Spain. But he came in no conciliatory mood, and the ferment was kept up. The Northwest Company tried to starve the colonists, and Governor Semple destroyed the enemy's fort below Fort Garry. Then came the end—a decisive battle and massacre.

Sixty-five men on horses, and with some carts, were sent by Alexander McDonnell, of the Northwest Company, up the river toward the colony. They were led by Cuthbert Grant, and included six Canadians, four Indians, and fifty-four half-breeds. It was afterward said they went on innocent business, but every man was armed, and the "breeds" were naked, and painted all over to look like Indians. They got their paint of the Northwest officers. Moreover, there had been rumors that the colonists were to be driven away, and that "the land was to be drenched with blood." It was on June 19, 1816, that runners notified the colony that the others were coming. Semple was at Fort Douglas, near Fort Garry. When apprised of the close approach of his assailants, the governor seems not to have appreciated his danger, for he said, "We must go and meet those people; let twenty men follow me." He put on his cocked hat and sash, his pistols, and shouldered his double-barrelled fowling-piece. The others carried a wretched lot of guns—some with the locks gone, and many that were useless. It was marshy ground, and they straggled on in loose order. They met an old soldier who had served in the army at home, and who said the enemy was very numerous, and that the governor had better bring along his two field-pieces.



THE INDIAN HUNTER OF 1750.

"No, no," said the governor; "there is no occasion. I am only going to speak to them."

Nevertheless, after a moment's reflection, he did send back for one of the great guns, saying it was well to have it in case of need. They halted a short time for the cannon, and then perceived the Northwest party pressing toward them on their horses. By a common impulse the governor and his followers began a retreat, walking backwards, and at the same time spreading out a single line to present a longer front. The enemy continued to advance at a hand-gallop. From out among them rode a Canadian named Boucher, the rest forming a half-moon behind him. Waving his hand in an insolent way to the governor, Boucher called out, "What do you want?"

"What do *you* want?" said Governor Semple.

"We want our fort," said Boucher, meaning the fort Semple had destroyed.

"Go to your fort," said the governor.

"Why did you destroy our fort, you rascal?" Boucher demanded.

"Scoundrel, do you tell me so?" the governor replied, and ordered the man's arrest.

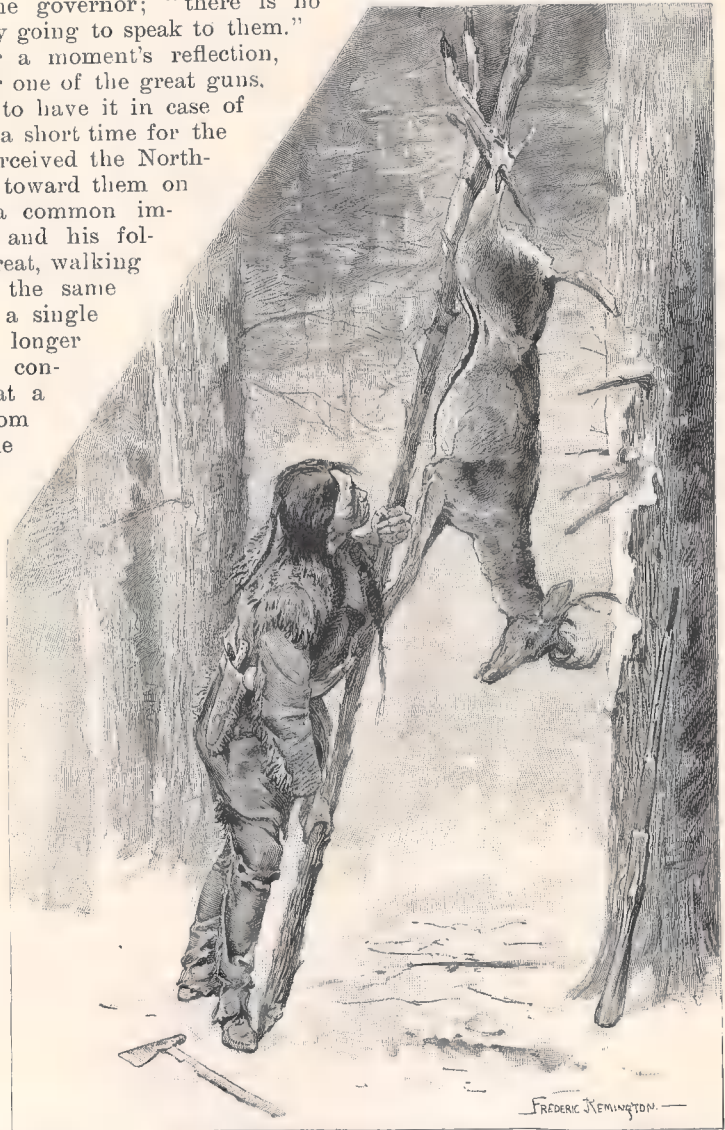
Some say he caught at Boucher's gun. But Boucher slipped off his horse, and on the instant a gun was fired, and a Hudson Bay clerk fell dead. Another shot wounded Governor Semple, and he called to his followers,

"Do what you can to take care of yourselves."

Then there was a volley from the Northwest force, and with the clearing of the smoke it looked as though all the

governor's party were killed or wounded. Instead of taking care of themselves they had rallied around their wounded leader. Captain Rogers, of the governor's party, who had fallen, rose to his feet, and ran toward the enemy crying for mercy in English and broken French, when Thomas McKay, a "breed" and Northwest clerk, shot him through the head, another cutting his body open with a knife.

Cuthbert Grant (who, it was charged,



INDIAN HUNTER HANGING DEER OUT OF THE REACH OF WOLVES.

had shot Governor Semple) now went to the governor, while the others despatched the wounded.

Semple said, "Are you not Mr. Grant?"

"Yes," said the other.

"I am not mortally wounded," said the governor, "and if you could get me conveyed to the fort, I think I should live."

But when Grant left his side an Indian named Ma-chi-ca-taou shot him, some say through the breast, and some have it that he put a pistol to the governor's head. Grant could not stop the savages. The bloodshed had crazed them. They slaughtered all the wounded, and, worse yet, they terribly maltreated the bodies. Twenty-two Hudson Bay men were killed, and one on the other side was wounded.

There is a story that Alexander McDonnell shouted for joy when he heard the news of the massacre. One witness, who did not hear him shout, reports that he exclaimed to his friends: "*Sacré nom de Dieu! Bonnes nouvelles; vingt-deux Anglais tués!*" (—! Good news; twenty-two English slain!) It was afterward alleged that the slaughter was approved by every officer of the Northwest Company whose comments were recorded.

It is a saying up in that country that

twenty-six out of the sixty-five in the attacking party died violent deaths. The record is only valuable as indicating the nature and perils of the lives the hunters and half-breeds led. First, a Frenchman dropped dead while crossing the ice on the river, his son was stabbed by a comrade, his wife was shot, and his children were burned; "Big Head," his brother, was shot by an Indian; Coutonohais dropped dead at a dance; Battosh was mysteriously shot; Lavigne was drowned; Fraser was run through the body by a Frenchman in Paris; Baptiste Morallé, while drunk, was thrown into a fire by inebriated companions and burned to death; another died drunk on a roadway; another was wounded by the bursting of his gun; small-pox took the eleventh; Duplisis was empaled upon a hay-fork, on which he jumped from a haystack; Parisien was shot, by a person unknown, in a buffalo-hunt; another lost his arm by carelessness; Gardapie, "the brave," was scalped and shot by the Sioux; so was Vallée; Ka-te-tee-goose was scalped and cut in pieces by the Gros-Ventres; Pe-me-can-toss was thrown in a hole by his people; and another Indian and his wife and children were killed by lightning. Yet another was gored to death by a buffalo. The rest of the twenty-six died by being frozen, by drowning, by drunkenness, or by shameful disease.

It is when things are at their worst that they begin to mend, says a silly old proverb; but when history is studied these desperate situations often seem part of the mending,

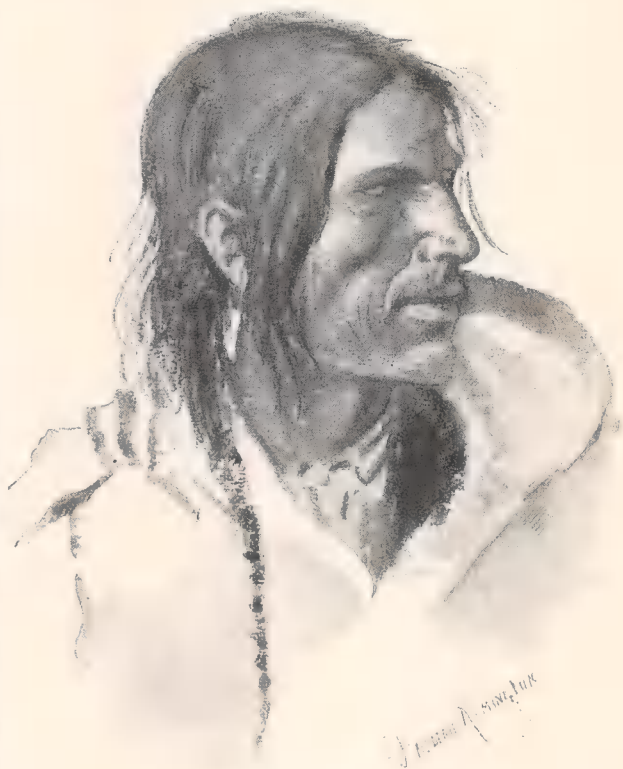
not of themselves, but of the broken cause of progress. There was a little halt here in Canada, as we shall see, but the seed of settlement had been planted, and thenceforth continued to grow. Lord Selkirk came with all speed, reaching Canada in 1817. It was now an English colony, and when he asked for a body-guard, the government gave him two sergeants and twelve soldiers of the



MAKING THE SNOW-SHOE.

Régiment de Meuron. He made these the nucleus of a considerable force of Swiss and Germans who had formerly served in that regiment, and he pursued a triumphal progress to what he called his territory of Assiniboin, capturing all the Northwest Company's forts on the route, imprisoning the factors, and sending to jail in Canada all the accessaries to the massacre, on charges of arson, murder, robbery, and "high misdemeanors." Such was the prejudice against the Hudson Bay Company and the regard for the home corporation that all were acquitted, and suits for very heavy damages were lodged against him.

Selkirk sought to treat with the Indians for his land, which they said belonged to the Chippeways and the Crees. Five chiefs were found whose right to treat was acknowledged by all. On July 18, 1817, they deeded the territory to the king, "for the benefit of Lord Selkirk," giving him a strip two miles wide on either side of the Red River from Lake Winnipeg to Red Lake, north of the United States boundary, and along the Assiniboin from Fort Garry to the Muskrat River, as well as within two circles of six miles radius around Fort Garry and Pembina, now in Dakota. Indians do not know what miles are; they measure distance by the movement of the sun while on a journey. They determined two miles in this case to be "as far as you can see daylight under a horse's belly on the level prairie." On account of Selkirk's liberality they dubbed him "the silver chief." He agreed to give them for the land 200 pounds of tobacco a year. He named his settlement Kildonan, after that place in Helmsdale, Sutherlandshire, Scotland. He died in 1821, and in 1836 the Hudson Bay Company bought the land back from his heirs for £84,000. The Swiss and Germans of his regiment remained, and many retired servants of



A HUDSON BAY MAN (QUARTER-BREED).

the company bought and settled there, forming the aristocracy of the place—a queer aristocracy to our minds, for many of the women were Indian squaws, and the children were "breeds."

Through the perseverance and tact of the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, to whom the government had appealed, all differences between the two great fur-trading companies were adjusted, and in 1821 a coalition was formed. At Ellice's suggestion the giant combination then got from Parliament exclusive privileges beyond the waters that flow into Hudson Bay, over the Rocky Mountains and to the Pacific, for a term of twenty years. These extra privileges were surrendered in 1838, and were renewed for twenty years longer. Then, in 1858, it happened that they expired, and the rush for gold occurred in New Caledonia (now British Columbia). That territory then became a crown colony, and it and Vancouver Island, which had taken on a colonial character at the time of the Cali-

fornia gold fever (1849), were united in 1866. The extra privileges of the fur-traders were therefore not again renewed. In 1871 all the colonies of Canada were confederated, and whatever presumptive rights the Hudson Bay Company got under Charles II.'s charter were vacated in consideration of a payment by Canada of \$1,500,000 cash, half of all surveyed lands within the fertile belt, and 50,000 acres surrounding the company's posts. It is estimated that the land grant amounts to seven millions of acres, worth twenty millions of dollars, exclusive of all town sites.

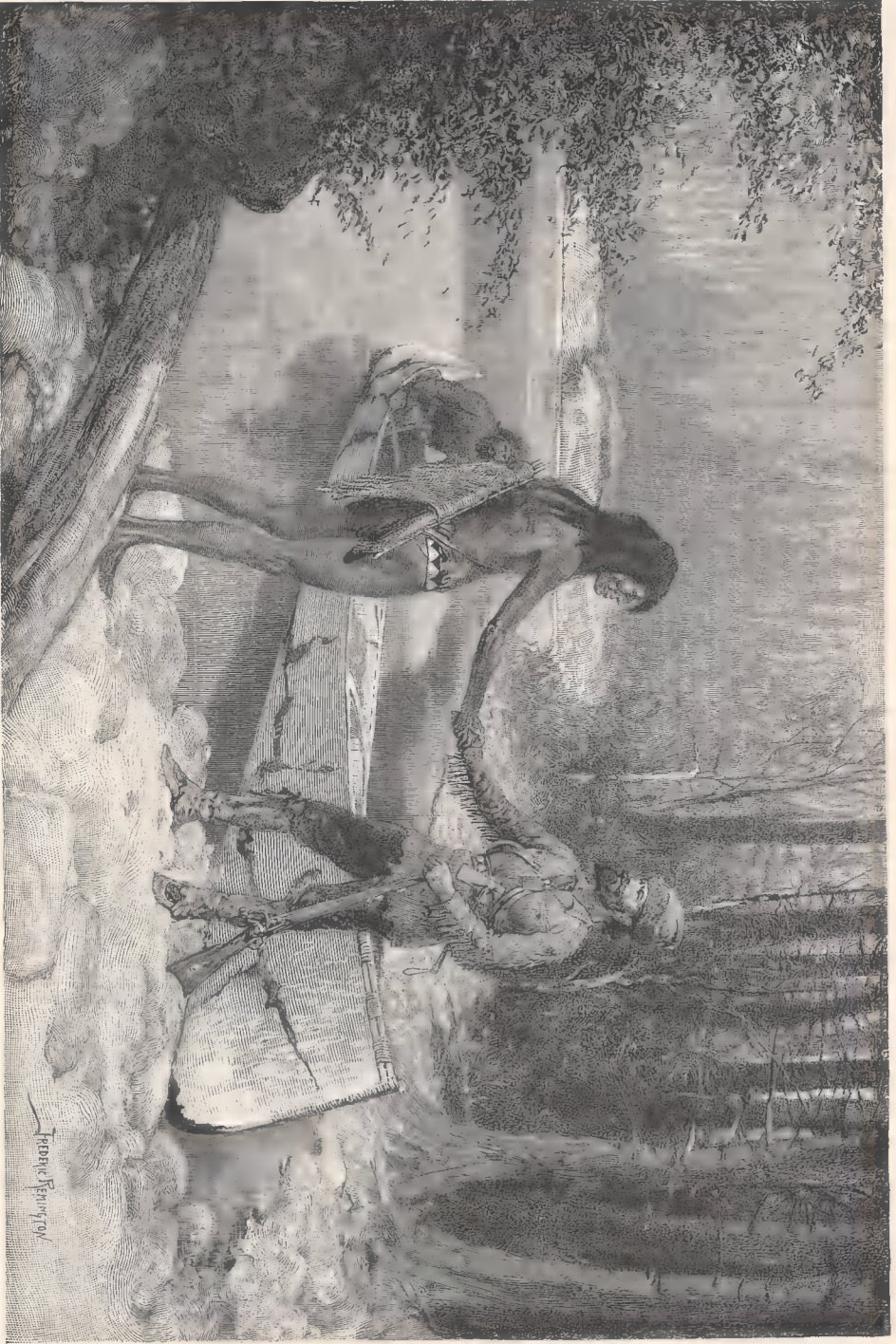
Thus we reach the present condition of the company, 230 years old, maintaining 200 central posts and unnumbered dependent ones, and trading in Labrador on the Atlantic; at Massett, on Queen Charlotte Island, in the Pacific; and deep within the Arctic Circle in the North. The company was newly capitalized not long ago with 100,000 shares at £20 (ten millions of dollars), but, in addition to its dividends, it has paid back seven pounds in every twenty, reducing its capital to £1,300,000. The stock, however, is quoted at its original value. The supreme control of the company is vested in a governor, deputy governor, and five directors, elected by the stockholders in London. They delegate their powers to an executive resident in this country, who was until lately called the "Governor of Rupert's Land," but now is styled the chief commissioner, and is in absolute charge of the company and all its operations. His term of office is unlimited. The present incumbent is Mr. J. Wrigley, and the president is Sir Donald A. Smith, one of the foremost spirits in Canada, who worked his way up from a clerkship in the company. The business of the company is managed on the outfit system, the most old-fogyish, yet by its officers declared to be the most perfect, plan in use by any corporation. The method is to charge against each post all the supplies that are sent to it between June 1st and June 1st each year, and then to set against this the product of each post in furs and in cash received. It used to take seven years to arrive at the figures for a given year, but, owing to improved means of transportation, this is now done in two years.

Almost wherever you go in the newly settled parts of the Hudson Bay territory you find at least one free trader's shop set

up in rivalry with the old company's post. These are sometimes mere storehouses for the furs, and sometimes they look like, and are partly, general country stores. There can be no doubt that this rivalry is very detrimental to the fur trade from the stand-point of the future. The great company can afford to miss a dividend, and can lose at some points while gaining at others, but the free traders must profit in every district. The consequence is such a reckless destruction of game that the plan adopted by us for our seal-fisheries—the leasehold system—is envied and advocated in Canada. A greater proportion of trapping and an utter unconcern for the destruction of the game at all ages are now ravaging the wilderness. Many districts return as many furs as they ever yielded, but the quantity is kept up at fearful cost by the extermination of the game. On the other hand, the fortified wall of posts that opposed the development of Canada, and sent the surplus population of Europe to the United States, is rid of its palisades and field-pieces, and the main strongholds of the ancient company and its rivals have become cities. The old fort on Vancouver Island is now Victoria; Fort Edmonton is the seat of law and commerce in the Peace River region; old Fort William has seen Port Arthur rise by its side; Fort Garry is Winnipeg; Calgary, the chief city of Alberta, is on the site of another fort; and Sault Ste. Marie was once a Northwest post.

But civilization is still so far off from most of the "factories," as the company's posts are called, that the day when they shall become cities is in no man's thought or ken. And the communication between the centres and outposts is, like the life of the traders, more nearly like what it was in the old, old days than most of my readers would imagine. My Indian guides were battling with their paddles against the mad current of the Nipigon, above Lake Superior, one day last summer, and I was only a few hours away from Factor Flanagan's post near the great lake, when we came to a portage, and might have imagined from what we saw that time had pushed the hands back on the dial of eternity at least a century.

Some rapids in the river had to be avoided by the brigade that was being sent with supplies to a post far north at the head of Lake Nipigon. A cumbrous



big-timbered little schooner, like a surf-boat with a sail, and a square-cut bateau had brought the men and goods to the "carry." The men were half-breeds as of old, and had brought along their women and children to inhabit a camp of smoky tents that we espied on a bluff close by; a typical camp, with the blankets hung on the bushes, the slatternly women and half-naked children squatting or running about, and smudge fires smoking between the tents to drive off mosquitoes and flies. The men were in groups below on the trail, at the water-side end of which were the boats' cargoes of shingles and flour and bacon and shot and powder in kegs, wrapped, two at a time, in rawhide. They were dark-skinned, short, spare men, without a surplus pound of flesh in the crew, and with longish coarse black hair and straggling beards. Each man carried a tom-line, or long stout strap, which he tied in such a way around what he meant to carry that a broad part of the strap fitted over the crown of his head. Thus they "packed" the goods over the portage, their heads sustaining the loads, and their backs merely steadying them. When one had thrown his burden into place, he trotted off up the trail with springing feet, though the freight was packed so that 100 pounds should form a load.

For bravado one carried 200 pounds, and then all the others tried to pack as much, and most succeeded. All agreed that one, the smallest and least muscular-looking one among them, could pack 400 pounds.

As the men gathered around their "smudge" to talk with my party, it was seen that of all the parts of the picturesque costume of the *voyageur* or *bois-brûlé* of old—the capote, the striped shirt, the pipe-tomahawk, plumed hat, gay leggings, belt, and moccasins—only the red worsted belt and the moccasins have been retained. These men could recall the day when they had tallow and corn meal for rations, got no tents, and were obliged to carry 200 pounds, lifting one package, and then throwing a second one atop of it without assistance. Now they carry only 100 pounds at a time, and have tents and good food given to them.

We will not follow them, nor meet, as they did, the York boat coming down from the north with last winter's furs. In another article I will endeavor to lift the curtain from before the great fur country beyond them, to give a glimpse of the habits and conditions that prevail throughout a majestic territory where the rivers and lakes are the only roads, and canoes and dog-sleds are the only vehicles.

ATHELWOLD.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDGAR, *King of Angleland.*
 ATHELWOLD, *Thane of Edgar.*
 OSWALD, *a priest.*
 FROTHI, *a dwarf and page to Athelwold.*
 OLGAR, *Earl of Devonshire.*
 SIGEBERT, *Athelwold's friend.*
 ELFREDA, *Olgar's daughter.*
 BERTHA, *a waiting-woman.*
 ELEEDA, *the King's favorite.*
 ELFREDA'S NURSE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter SIGEBERT and ATHELWOLD, followed by the dwarf FROTHI.

Sig. I tell thee, Athelwold, he means thee harm;

'Tis in the very trick o's eyelids.

Ath.

Well?

To mean harm is but little.

I say, go to. Wilt let him ruffle thee?

Sig. Thou speakest well o' wolves. Ay, Athelwold,

Edgar hath not yet rid us of them all.

Though he hath chased the greater part to Wales,

He hath a wolf-cub to his pampering
 Beneath this very roof.

Ath.

Who? Oswald?

Sig.

Ay,

Oswald himself, none other. Oswald—he—
 That long-lipped, lean, up-looking, crook-eyed

beast;

That cringing, fawning, fulsome, flattering
 knave;

That slow-speeched, soft-voiced, wide-smiled
 Oswald.

Ath.

So

Thou dost not love this Oswald overwell.

Sig. Thou knowest that I hate him.

Ath.

And for what?

Sig. Thou dost outpatientce me! I hate him
 for—

I hate him on account of— Oh, I hate him
 Because that he is Oswald.



EDGAR AND ATHELWOLD.

Ath. Sagely put.
Thou couldst not hate him were he not himself.
That were a fault somewhat beyond his mending.

Sig. Wilt thou be light? I say he means thee hurt.

Ath. To mean is one thing, and to hurt another.

Sig. Then thou wilt not be warned?

Ath. Sigebert, come here.
I love thee well, and that thou knowest, lad.
Thou dost love me, and that I also know.
Moreover, I know this—that oftentimes love

Imagines danger where all is secure.
Think you 'tis in the power of such an one
As thou hast said this, Oswald, to hurt me,
The King's friend, Athelwold?

Sig. It is for that
I think he means thee harm.

Ath. For what, boy?

Sig. Why,
For that thou art the King's friend, Athelwold.
All's sunshine now—flowers bend about thy way,
The wheels of thy triumphal car crush roses—
A pebble may clog all.

Ath. What say'st?

Sig. A word,
A look, a hint dropped when the King's in
wine;
Thou may'st have vexed him with some haughty
freak,
Have jostled 'gainst his poise of self-esteem,
Have made too free, have laughed too long.

Ath. What then?
Sig. Then comes this Oswald with his honey
tongue,

Which overrolls the bitter of his words
As actual honey deadens nauseous drugs—
Comes he, I say, and into Edgar's ear,
Ready and dull with wine, doth drop some jest,
Only mayhap some hint, some slight allusion,
Some dainty telling of some doubtful tale;
And thou wilt then discover all too late
That Sigebert warned thee not without occasion.

Ath. Soft, soft, sweet boy! Be not offended.
Come,

I will be light no longer. Dost thou think this?
Sig. As I do live I think it!

Ath. Thou hast noted?
Hast watched him? hast deduced this from his
actions?

Sig. I have his actions down as in a book.
He means thee harm.

Ath. The rogue's a vicious rogue,
Yet I have never vexed him that I know.

Sig. I think for that, mayhap, he hates thee
more.

Ath. Well, well, I will be careful. So con-
tent thee.

I will be careful, sweetheart. Ah, the King!

Sig. The King—and Oswald.

Enter EDGAR and OSWALD.

Ed. Greeting, gentlemen.
(To *ATHELWOLD*.) Look you, my Thane, a word
with you apart.

Good friends, I pray you take it not amiss
If I do ask your absence for a time.
By Paul, 'tis well!

[*Exit SIGEBERT and OSWALD.*]

Ath. What, Edgar?
Ed. Why, to walk,
Stretch our minds' muscles in an equal tug,
And scuffle for convictions. Feel the King
But in this golden hoop which thou shalt have
To rest thy foot on as we talk. So, bauble!

[*Flings his crown from him.*]

Ha! ha! my Thane, spins it not merrily?
The crown feels not the dignity it makes.
So wanton are all emblems, that the cloak
Which folds a king will kiss a crooked nail
As quickly as a beggar's gabardine
Will do like office, and a monarch's crown
Spin like a discus fallen from the mark.
Let us sit here.

Ath. Thou'rt in a foreign mood.
Who set the fashion?

Ed. Why, go hang, Sir Thane!
Fashions are princes' lackeys. But a truce.
Know you Lord Olgar?

Ath. Earl of Devonshire?
Ed. The man. You know him?

Ath. If to know his deeds
Be to know him, why, then I know him.

Ed. Soft.
What deeds translate the doer properly?
Nero once stooped to pat his mother's bound.
I say, know you this man in person?

Ath. Nay;
I have not even seen him.

Ed. There's much talk
About his daughter. Were the breath of praise
Given simultaneously, there were a wind
To blow her into heaven.

Ath. And as it is,
There hath sufficient been already, sire,
To waft her into Edgar's estimation?

Ed. Go hang! I am but mine own gossipier.
They say that she is beautiful.

Ath. My liege,
Were spoken beauty always actual,
There's not an ugly maid in Angleland.

Ed. Well,
I know none.

Ath. That were like as tho' St. Peter
Should seek to prove the emptiness of hell
By saying that he knew none of its inmates.

Now, Edgar, as I live, 'tis my belief
That Satan will intrust thy bed o' coals
To some uncomely wench. There were no tort-
ure

Could subtler touch thee.

Ed. Nay, I'll swear that's false.
I am more racked when men do talk like maids;
Therefore I am more tortured o' the instant.
Give o'er this jest, my swordsman; I would hear
More o' this maid.

Ath. Then it is safe to say
This maid hears more of thee.

Ed. I say, give o'er.
Thou'st seen her?

Ath. Nay; nor tree nor blossom.

Ed. Come,
What is this foolery?

Ath. Why, 'tis to say,
I have not seen the sire or the daughter.

Ed. Three men to-day have told me of her
beauty.

Ath. Three girls to-morrow will deny the
statement.

Ed. I will the more believe it in that case.
I am afire with fancy, Athelwold;
In love with painted air. A patch of light
Upon the floor doth mind me of the hue
They say her locks are, and I can but think
Upon the tender roundness of her arms
When some such pretty arm doth woo mine eyes.
Words are but gems for her adorning. Yea,
I've set her very motion to a tune.
I hav't by heart—her look, her voice, her lips.
They say her eyes are blue. All heaven's above
To keep me from forgetting. Look you here.
This is no uncrowned babble; man and king
Both speak in this: I tell thee, Athelwold,
If she be fair as by report she shows,
I'll make her Queen of Angleland—

Ath. What, my lord?—
Ed. I say I'll make her Queen of Angleland.
Ath. Queen?

Art thou in earnest?
Ed. Ay, I'll make her Queen;
Espouse her, crown her, seat her on my throne.
But I must have a certain knowledge.

Ath. What!
All this on sober Friday?

Ed. Nay, I tell thee
I am not jesting.

Ath. Tell me that again.

Ed. I say I am not jesting. Dost thou hear?
I am not jesting. If this maiden, sir,



ELFREDA. "LOOK YOU HERE."

Be fair in truth as I do picture her,
I swear by God's crown I will give her mine.

Ath. To wear about her waist?

Ed. No, by my troth!
To give thee for a collar as her slave,
An thou dost irk me further.

Ath. Good my liege,
This fact holds monstrous mirth or little reason.
What hath so urged thee?

Ed. I am fancy-spurred;—
In love with mine imagination; meshed
In webs of mine own weaving; made a slave
By chains of mine own hammering. Give ear,
I would be certain.

Ath. Well, my liege?

Ed. I would
Be certain, Athelwold.

Ath. Why, send and learn.

Ed. Ay, that's my purpose, and thou art the
man.

Ath. I, Edgar?

Ed. Yea; who else?

Ath. Thou wouldst send me
A-wenching for thee?

Ed. What! That word to me?

I told thee once—

Ath. Then thou must tell me twice.

I say I will not do thy wenching for thee.

Ed. Even Athelwold may speak too freely.

Ath. And
Even Edgar may require too much of friend-
ship.

Ed. Have I not said I wish her for my Queen?
Is not all honorable? What's amiss?
There's one condition only—shouldst thou find
That she is not so comely as men say,
Why, there's an end of it. Nor Queen nor le-
man

Shall smile on Edgar with a flabby lip.
Go to. What fire is in thee? O' my word,
Thou'st been a colt to break. I say, go hang!
"A-wenching for me?" It was nobly said!
Now, by my crown, wert thou another—nay,
Didst thou so much as look unlike thyself,
Thou shouldst pay dearly for thy pride!

Ath. I pay
More dear for thine, I tell thee, Edgar.

Ed. Nay,
Try me no more. Kings do not pardon twice
On the same day. Vex me no further, sir.
Thou art commissioned unto Devonshire
To bring me word of Olgar's daughter.

Ath. [Exit angrily.
So—

Royalty is a whip to scourge the time.
As man to man I like him; as my King,
He hath no parcel in me. 'This is well;
Ay, this is well indeed. I am commissioned
To match a blue eye by a bit of heaven;
To find if certain tresses match the sun;
If her throat be so white, her arms so smooth,
Her motion delicate. If all these charms
Make up a charming maiden. By the saints—
Nay, by great Woden, Thor the Hammerer,
Loki, and all the gods of stalwart days—
It is enough to set my sword adance
Within its scabbard. I his pander? Nay,
Let him set Oswald tripping to this tune.
I know but ill to foot such love-measures.
Let him send Oswald—Oswald?—Oswald?—
ah!

Why, there's a thought!

Enter FROTHI, his dwarf. *He comes up behind,
and speaks softly.*

Fro. And here's another, master,
To keep it warm.

Ath. How, Frothi? Art thou there?

Fro. Ay, master, and my thought for it doth
wait
Upon thy thought, e'en as I wait on thee.

Ath. Speak, boy.

Fro. What, master? In a palace? Why,
Know you not that to whisper of a king
In his own house is to hand Death a weapon?

Ath. Well, dare him, then. I would this
thought of thine.

Fro. Master, it doth concern a wolf. Nay,
master,
Lower thine ear. It treateth of a wolf.

Edgar hath rid all Angeland of these wolves.

Ath. Say'st thou that also?

Fro. Nay, give ear—stoop down.
I say the King hath rid us of these wolves—
All saving one, who fled not with the rest

To the Welsh hills. They call him Oswald, sir.
I'll sing to thee a song which hath for theme
His cunning and his treachery and his fangs.

Ath. Say you?

Fro. Ay, master, but not here—not here.

Ath. Why, then, without; come on, boy.
[Exit.

SCENE 2.—ELFLEDA'S Apartment in the Palace.
ELFLEDA and OSWALD.

Elf. You say it works? You speak a cer-
tainity?

You watched them personally? Marked his
look?

Noted his manner? What said Athelwold?

Did he agree straightway, or was there room
For anger? Was the King—

Osw. Peace! peace! peace! peace!
I pray you, madam, softly. Here are questions
Fit for another CEdipus to answer.

I told thee that I walked apart with Sigebert;
How should I watch them? Sigebert, thou dost
know,

Holds Athelwold as dear as doth the King;
Wouldst have the watcher watched? Nay, but
it works;

It works. I'll stake my ears but it doth work.

Elf. An thou dost tell me false, I'll take thy
ears

To feed my deer-hound.

Osw. By my troth, then, madam,
Thy dog shall never die digesting me.
Success hath signs which the successful know.
I tell thee, it will work.

Elf. But how of Athelwold?
Hast reckoned of his coldness unto women?
His heart is iron.

Osw. Madam, thou must know
That iron heated is a fire itself.
What if from passion's glow the after-plunge
Into the icy waters of reflection
Doth temper it to steel? The work is done;
And, lady, not to give thee witting pain,
This maiden, this Elfleda, is so fair
That thy white self would pale beside her beauty
As when a moon doth melt on mid-day skies.
She seems made up of heavenly moods. Her
brow

Is fair as glimpses of the morning clouds.



ELFREDA AND HER NURSE.



"BY ALL THE SAINTS!"—[See page 404.]

Her eyes like spaces where the blue doth gleam
Between them, and the sunset's after-glow
Dies on her cheek. Thou dost no more com-
pare—

Sweet dame, forgive me, but thou dost no more
Compare with this Elfreda, this slim maid,
Than music silent doth to music sung.

Elf. If thine the singing, I were fairer knave.
Dost think to vex me by such mummery?
Go kindle Etna. Go and blow the sea
Into a tempest. Go and light thy torch
At some near star.

Osw. Some falling star, mayhap.

Elf. Have care, have care; if thou forget'st
thyself,
Forget not me and what I am, and what
Thou may'st be.

Osw. Why, no. Thou art Elfleda,
The quean of Edgar not the Queen of Angle-
land.

Elf. Dog!

Osw. Then beware my teeth.

Elf. Now, as I live,
But that thou hast more knowledge of this
venture,

I'd have those fangs of thine drawn out straight-
way

To make fool's music in a bladder. Look, sir,
If thou dost fail in this, I will not fail
In that I purpose for thy punishment. [*Exit.*]

Osw. Ay, 'twas well thought of; it was well
conceived.

This Athelwold—this rust upon my brightness,
This pampered honey-gatherer of the King,

This lion of the dandelion locks,
This stealer of week-day kisses in a church,

This bracelet-keeper, this dull-sworded sword-
man,

This well-beloved friend of Edgar. Why,
Who else should go on such an errand? Why,

Who else could better choose this King a Queen?
Here be a judge of noses! Here be one
To rightly test the sweetness of a mouth
By tasting; learn the smallness of a waist
By measurement of arm! Men long to love,
Love quickest when 'tis time; for all their lives
They do adore some shadow, which, reality
Resembling, doth outshine as mid-day sun
Outshines the sparkelries that close-pressed
thumbs
Make on the inner lids. I know his bent,
And, judging by the women he hath scorned,
Can sure select the woman he will love. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—A Country Road.

Enter ATHELWOLD and FROTHI, on horseback.

Ath. Is this the place?
Fro. I see no crooked tree,
As they did tell us. Look, it should be here,
Just by that barberry-bush.
Ath. We've lost the way.
Plague on these rambling country roads, I
say,
Though they led on to heaven! Boy, ride
ahead.
Stay, here's my horse; take him, and tie him
there—
There, to that sapling. I will rest me here
Upon this grass bank, whilst thou dost inquire
The nearest way unto Lord Olgar's castle.
Despatch, now, Quick-heels! Do not let me
dream
That thou art back, and wake to find thee ab-
sent. [*Exit FROTHI.*]
Odds me! I am aweary. This lush spot
[*Talking drowsily, as if falling asleep.*]
Wooes me to yielding. So. I will loll here
Until my boy returns. Now, if I dream,
Let it not be of waking; yet to sleep
Is but to be alive in spite of thee,
Defy thy reason, and do wondrous deeds,
Such as to cast thy sword among the stars
To loosen some for thine adorning,—ay,
As when a boy casts billets at a tree
To shake its apples earthward. Do I sleep,
I pray I dream of apples, nothing wiser.
Light dreams give heaviest sleep. But then,
good sooth!
I never sleep in daytime. It is well
To hear the summer humming of the fields,
Like love-songs stifled in the cloak of sleep.
Sleep, said I?—Sleep?—I—sleep—not—i' th'—
day— [*He sleeps.*]

Enter ELFREDA and her Woman.

Elf. So—Bertha?
Ber. Madam?
Elf (*bending over ATHELWOLD*). Look you
here!
Ber. (*cautiously*). Sweet saints!
It is a man!
Elf. A man? Go to! Say rather
A god, who, venturing too near the sun,
Slipped with the further glory to the earth.
Look you what hair! It is more bright than
mine.
Ber. No, madam.
Elf. No? I tell you that it is.
Give eyes; I'll match it.

Ber. (*fearfully*). Pray you, madam—
Elf. What?
Ber. Why, do not wake him; do not walk so
close.
Elf. By Balder! he doth look like Balder's
self!
His locks are spread like sunlight on the grass.
Pah! loose my sleeve, thou timorous flitter-
mouse!
Ah! ah!—his eyes are blue; stoop, girl; peep
there:
See how they gleam between his near-closed
lids,
Like so much heaven-blue drowned in drops o'
rain.
I'll lay thee a new kirtle that his hair
Is brighter.
Ber. Nay, sweet lady! Nay, come back.
Elf. Pshaw! Wouldst thou sour me with
this thundering
Of fearful words? Look, now! Said I not so?
[*Stoops and matches ATHELWOLD'S hair
with one of her own tresses.*]
Thou'st lost the petticoat, but won my love
By being witness to my judgment. Soft!
Step softer—what a voice your gown hath,
girl!
Here be an arm to crack the ribs of War,
Yet white out of all correspondence! Come,
I think 'tis whiter than mine own. Let's see.
[*Bares her arm, and compares it with ATH-
ELWOLD'S.*]
Ber. Madam!—good mistress!
Elf. It doth not seem fair
That all this looking should be on one side.
How if I tickle him with a grass-blade?
Ber. Nay,
Come!—come, for God's love! It may be some
demon
In fair disguise.
Elf. Disguise so fair, good wench,
Were far too tight a fit for wickedness.
Pluck me that oxlip there.
Ber. Oh, madam, tarry!
Be warned, be warned! He may awake in like-
ness
Of some foul thing—a wolf, a bear, a dragon.
Elf. Time then to fly. Give me the flower,
wench.
Ber. Oh, I will get me gone to cry for help!
[*Exit BERTHA.*]
Elf. (*leaning over ATHELWOLD with the oxlip*).
Shall I first touch him on the lips, or eyes?
His lips are nearest. Let me see (*laughing*).
He wakes.
No; sleep hath won him from me. Well, let be.
'Tis something, sooth! to find such beauty quiet,
That eyes may rest in looking. I will wait
Content unseen to see. There! then he stirred.
Nay; still as ever. Why, methinks, in truth,
Thou hast a very genius, sir, for sleeping,
While I've not even the small consolation
Of thinking that I figure in thy dreams,
Seeing thou dost not know me. What, again!
Thou dost grow restless. There! more sound
than ever!
I'll touch his eyes this time; and now his lips;
And now, again, his eyes; and now (*looking all
about her*) his lips! [*Kisses him.*]
Ath. (*starting upon his elbow*). How, boy!
Where is't? The crooked tree. What's
there?

I have been dreaming. (*Sees ELFREDA.*) Soft, though, I still dream.
 What art thou?
Elf. (*mysteriously*). Thine imagination.
Ath. Then
 Thou hast usurped my reason's office. Come!
Elf. What wouldst thou?
Ath. I would pinch thee.
Elf. Pinch me?
Ath. Ay.
 Thou art so like to substance that I'd think
 Myself a shadow ere thyself a dream.
Elf. (*holding out her hand*). Why, here, then.
 Kisses prove as much as pinch—
Ath. So, lady (*kisses her hand*).
Elf. Recollect, I am a dream.
Ath. Yea, that shall be mine office when I wake.
 Meantime I'd prove thy other hand. [*Kisses it.*]
Elf. Nay, sir,
 It was a jest. Thou art awake. Awake
 In Devonshire.
Ath. That is to dream of love.
Elf. Such dreams prove often nightmares.
Ath. Wake me, then.
Elf. I know not how.
Ath. (*excitedly*). Show me some ugly mark—
 Some mole, some flaw, some lacking in thy
 beauty.
 By'r laykin, girl! thou hast some witchery,
 Some charm. Dost walk with fernseed in thy
 shoe?
 Nay, heed me not. Here, take thy flowers and
 run;
 I fear myself. How comes it woman eyes
 Look from thy baby face? Furl thy white lids
 If thou wouldst have men recollect thy youth;
 Thine eyes do lash the blood like whips of
 flame,
 And yet thy face is pure. It is some freak
 Of circumstance; but hide thine eyes from men
 If thou wouldst keep thine honor. Nay, fear
 not;
 I mean no hurt to thee, but all in kindness.
 Thou shouldst less fear my harshness, pretty
 maid,
 Than most men's kindness. There! run, run,
 I say!
 Betwixt thee and my preaching there's no
 pulpit.
 Yet stay; I have a thought.
Elf. Canst not divide it?
Ath. Nay; 'tis too meagre for division.
Elf. Well?
Ath. Or ill, I know not. Pretty lass, come
 here.
Elf. Thou hast just bidden me begone.
Ath. Ay, ay.
Elf. Shall I obey thy first or after speaking?
Ath. (*absently*). Those eyes of thine are blue.
Elf. Is there aught writ
 Against blue eyes?
Ath. Naught but what they may read.
Elf. Thine eyes are blue.
Ath. Look closer—they're not blue.
Elf. (*looking*). Heaven is not blue if they're
 not.
Ath. Well, thy way.
 Have thine own way. (*Aside*). Were I to take
 this maiden
 Back unto Edgar, by my sword! he'd wed her,
 If but to match her gold locks with a crown.

Elf. What dost thou speak? Some charm?
 Why, then I'll run. [*Pretending to go.*]
Ath. Nay, not so quick. I've words for
 thee.
Elf. Why, then,
 Keep them thyself. Such gifts I care not for.
Ath. Gifts? Dost thou care for baubles,
 lady-bird?
Elf. As birds for cherries.
Ath. (*unbuckling a knot of precious stones from
 his hat feather*). Here, then. Wilt thou have't?
Elf. What for?
Ath. A kiss.
Elf. Nay, keep it.
Ath. What! so coy?
 Thy veil is bolder.
Elf. Nay; it flies away.
 I'll follow.
Ath. Soft: run not. Keep thy red lips
 Unto thy husband's kissing; I'll not rob him—
 Thy future lord—of one. Yet were such thieves
 More blessed in sin than virtue. Look you, girl,
 I'll kiss you spite o' perjury. Soft—soft—
 Talons, my dove?
 [*He holds her, and she feigns to struggle.*]
Elf. I'll bite thee for thy kiss!
Ath. Why, thou'rt a pretty griffin, claws and
 teeth!
 Gently, my wild one—
Elf. Ha! thou durst not do it!
Ath. Thou durst not bite me.
Elf. Thou durst not kiss me!
Ath. Why, so, then—so, then—so, then (*kiss-
 ing her*). ELFREDA feigns to weep). Nay,
 pale saints!
 What have I done? Weep not! Weep not!
 What devil
 Am I possessed of? No more tears. Look up.
 Art thou a village lass? Thy parents poor?
 I'll give thee moneys—all thy kirtle full
 Of broad gold pieces. Pretty bird, weep not!
 Look you, if kisses scarred, you well might
 weep.
 Why, if men's kisses left small spots o' green,
 Young maids would walk as verdant as the
 spring!
 Give me thy name, and I will make it famous;
 Ay, thou shalt have it writ above thy grave:
 "Here lies a maid who cried because, instead
 Of for a kiss—" Why, there, that's right!
 Smile—smile!
 Is thy home far? An 'tis, thou shalt mount up
 And ride behind me. Come!
Elf. Nay, I must go,
 And as I came. Here, sir, take back thy jewel;
 I'll none of it.
Ath. Give me my kiss back, too. [*Kisses her.*]
Elf. Out on thee! [*Runs out.*]
Ath. How she moves! Her noble gait
 Matches her birth as little as her eyes.
 Enter FROTH.
 Heigho! here comes the lad. What news, boy?
Fro. Sir,
 Good news; we be but short ways from the
 castle.
 Ere sundown we can reach it.
Ath. Well, come on.
 Didst see one running as thou rodest along?
Fro. Ay, sir. As fair a Jane-of-Apes, in truth,
 As e'er I looked on—laughing as she ran.
Ath. Laughing?

Fro. Ay, sir, and that with all her might.
Her pretty bosom, working up and down.
Did, like a bellows, blow the flame o' mirth
Into her eyes. God's me! she laughed, sir!

Ath. Laughed?

Fro. What's there in laughing?

Ath. Naught but what we see.
(*To himself.*) Well, laughing! Well, the jade!

Fro. What say'st thou, sir?

Ath. That we must hasten supperwards.
Come on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—*A Room in OLGAR's Castle, ELFREDA's NURSE sitting at her spinning.*

Nur. Whence got she these ungodly ways?
I know not.

She hath been brought up at the knee o' Wisdom,
As 'twere upon her milk. With such a mother—
Lord! Lord!—I know not how it is—not I!
And yet she is so fair, the saucy hussy!
She'll turn me as I turn this wheel o' mine.
I can naught with her. Still she'll jaunt the road

In coarse attire, drest out in Bertha's kirtle.
Well, well, I know not how to mend it. Heaven
Doth know I scold and scold, and pray and pray!

To-day she hath set forth. I followed her;
Besought her with much trick o' tongue and love
That she would not set forth. Soft! Let me hear.

It is my lady.

Enter BERTHA, breathless.

How! thou margot-pye?

What dost thou, and without my lady?

Ber. Nay,
Word me not, goody. I have come for thee.
My lady will be tarrying i' th' lane.
A-tickling of a sleepy knight with flowers.

Nur. Dost want my spindle, hussy? What's this clack?

Wilt word me, then? Knowest not to hold thy tongue?

My lady tarrying and tickling in a lane!
Hold! Here be she herself! Harken how she laughs!
Methinks she hath been tickling her self, ninny. Hey, ninny?

[*ELFREDA enters and flings herself upon a settle, laughing and breathless.*]

How now, my lamb? How now, my pretty one?

Thou'rt in fine feather.

Elf. Am I so? Oh, nurse,
How thine old tongue will wag! What eyes thou'lt make!

“He'll fill my kirtle up with broad gold pieces.”
Nay, let me laugh! I'll ne'er be quits with mirth.
Ho! Is't thou, Bertha? Fair good-morrow,
Bertha.

Get to the kitchen, girl. Be off, I say!

[*Exit BERTHA.*]

Now, nurse, take breath. Thou hast an hour before thee

Of most fierce jaw-work.

Nur. Wilt thou tease me, honey?
Lord! Lord! but thou be hot! A-running, lamb?

Let me disrobe thee; let me fetch thy gown.
These rags do shame thy station and my office.

Elf. Let be, let be, until I tell my tale.

How thou wilt scold me! And he thought I wept!

By all birds' wings that ever flew, good nurse,
Freedom is sweet!

Saints! he can kiss! He hath the kissing cut.
My blood ran up to meet his mouth. Speak, nurse:

Was that a sin? 'Ware how thou answerest, though,

Lest I find sin more sweet than virtue. Ah,
Wast thou e'er kissed, nurse?

Nur. (*sighing*). Time and time again.

Elf. Is that the reason of thy lack o' lips?

Methinks 'twill take a merry thought o' time
To kiss my lips away. Look you, sweet nurse;
What of blue eyes? Hast thou some legend?

Eyes

That seem the condensation of all heaven.

What's said of blue-eyed men?

Nur. A might o' things.

Elf. Well, word it, word it! What is said of them?

Nur. That doth depend upon the one that speaks.

Elf. Go to! I'll pinch thee. Look thee, nurse; i' faith,

Soberly, dainty nurse, is there no song,
No elfin singing of these blue-eyed men?

Nur. Ay, ay, belike.

Elf. Belike, sweet nurse?

Nur. Belike

His daddy or his dam was blue-eyed too.

Elf. Out on thee! Wilt thou be in my displeasure?

Nay, nay, I meant it not; but jest no more.

What o' blue eyes?

Nur. (*tapping her chin thoughtfully*). Let's see—let's see—let's see.

They'd make a red rose look the redder.

Elf. (*pettishly*). Oh,
I hate thee!

Nur. (*almost in tears*). Well-a-day!

Elf. (*coaxingly*). No; now I love thee.

Be reasonable, though; give me some comfort.

Hadst thou a sweetheart?

Nur. Ay; a was my husband.

Elf. But thou hadst others?

Nur. Oh, Lord love you—yes!

Elf. What was the color of thy sweetheart's eyes?

Nur. Black, honey.

Elf. Black?

Nur. Ay, black as roasted corn
When Bertha roasts it. A was known for's looks.

Elf. (*in a wheedling tone*). Mayhap they were dark blue, and so looked black.

Nur. Black as two cinders fallen on a shift
On washing-days. A had a fine white brow,
White as thy linen when that I do wash it,
And leave it not to Bertha to smutch o'er.
Methinks there was not so much blue in them
As would have striped a moth's wing.

Elf. Well, but nurse,
Give me some story that thou know'st. Dost know

If such be true or false?

Nur. Oh, false, I'll warrant!

Elf. Why, nurse? Come, glibly, nurse? Why wilt thou think it?

Nur. Why, all that's theirs of heaven is in their eyes.

Thou'lt find it so. And look ye, lady-bird—
Elf. (absently and smiling). 'Twas so he called me.

Nur. (furiously). Out upon him! Lout! Impudent lout! Could I but finger him!

Elf. Now thou art silly.

Nur. Nay, I am not, honey. Give ear, my cade lamb; thou must not so freely—

'Tis sin to kiss for kissing.

Elf. What for, then?

Nur. For love, heart. Dost thou heed?

Elf. I listen, goody,

But come not at thy meaning.

Nur. Thou must love The man, and not the lips that kiss thee only.

Elf. (absently and half to herself). I know not. It was sweet. I've thought on it Until it pierced me like a little flame From head to foot. Who comes?

Enter OLGAR.

Olg. (fondly). Thy father, wench. Look you, my mouse, who think you is below, And hungry?

Elf. My lord Ethelbert? Not he? Lewellyn, then? Why, then—

Olg. There—stay thy guessing. This is beyond thee. 'Tis none other, girl, Than Athelwold, the King's Thane—Athelwold, The friend of Edgar, owner of much gold, Lord of the noblest fields in Angleland. Come! slough these dingy rags, my bright-eyed snake;

Trick thee in all thy best to welcome him. See you unto it, nurse. No dallying. Come, Trip it, my lass. This may mean all or nothing. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

SCENE 3.—A Hall in OLGAR's Castle.

Enter ATHELWOLD alone.

Ath. This venture doth hang heavily upon me. Edgar hath halved my love for him by this, And hath retained the worm-eaten portion.

Yea, I've shut mine eyes upon his tyranny, So long as me it touched not; now, indeed, Its sharp and grasping fangs sink in my flesh. I'm vexed for being vexed. Knew he not others To do this thing for him? Friendship hath laws More stern than kingdoms. I confess in full That I chafe at it. If the maid prove worthy, I'll yield this King my fealty and his Queen At the same time, make monk-pens of my castles, And swing a foreign sword in mine own cause. Yet he hath loved me. But he should not try me Unto this measure.

Enter OLGAR.

Olg. Sir, I crave thy patience. Thou shalt be served forthwith, in such short time

As't takes a wench to put her gewgaws on. My daughter will attend us. But what news? What news o' men and men's work? Is all smooth?

And Oswald? Goes he sleekly as of yore? They say he hath high favor at the court And with the priesthood. Well, I'll tell thee, sir, A priest ne'er set the fashion o' my liking.

Why, look you, now, the man hath no more brawn!

Look you—mine arm. I am well gone in years, Yet could I twirl this Oswald as a branch, A last year's leaf! There's not enough of man In him to cast a shadow. Well, well, well! Kings have strange whims. Kings' dreams have meanings. Well,

I know not. But this Oswald. It doth maze me—

I'll say as much to thee—but these strong men Do often hanker after weak ones. Ay, It is as though they liked the manners, sir, Of things that claim protection. How go wenches?

Who's uppermost? No Queen as yet, of course? 'Twere well there were a Queen. Thou know'st the law

Of marriage. It were well he took a wife, Say you? That's well. Sir, I do bid you welcome.

My failing eyes have joy in you. Old age, Self-honoring, doth ever honor youth. Is it that hussy kitchen-wench Elfeda?

Who yet holds sway o'er Edgar? That Elfeda? Not, truly! What! so? Well, well, who would think it?

Doth she not squint? Well! one shall hear such tales.

'Tis all men's business if a king's jade squints. Thou'lt tarry with us for a month or so?

Nay, now—no nays but mine. If thou couldst know

The joy it gives me to hold speech with thee! It makes mine own youth smell like spring returned.

I tell thee, memory hath a ticklish way Of riding on a perfume. There's some scent Of horse and leather—nay, of grass and steel—Nay, but of—well, God wot! of something, boy, That makes my youth a presence i' the room. Come, yield thy promise.

Enter ELFREDA.

Ha, my lass, come hither. Give me thy supper-worth o' sweet persuasions. This is my daughter, sir; and this, my pretty, Is that Lord Athelwold of whom thy nurse Hath no doubt put out fires with telling thee.

Ath. (aside). Heaven fall on me if this be not in truth

My Lady o' th' Lane!

Elf. (aside). By all the saints! Sir Sleepy Eyes! Now would to all above My lips had touched a red-hot searing-iron Ere they had wed with his!

Olg. Come, word it, lass! La! la! Both stricken dumb? What's with thee, girl?

Up with thy chin. 'Tis coyness overdone; None can digest it. Why, my madam glib-tongue,

What's come to thee?

Elf. I have a dizziness.

Olg. Sell't for a kiss *(kissing her)*. So, lass—go lightly. Up,

Up with thy head. A welcome for his lordship.

Elf. Your lordship—you are—I am—that is, we—

Are very welcome.

Olg. (aside to ELFREDA). Out! Thou art bewitched!

There is some pixy lodging in thy wimple.
Thou givest tongue no better than a house-
dog.

Why, out! Where are thy wits?

(*Aloud.*) Fair sir, the lass
Hath something that she calls a dizziness.
'Tis a new gift o' wilfulness. Well, well;
She'll tire of it anon. I'll leave ye, sir,
That ye may find your tongues while I am
absent.

Give ye good speed.

Elf. Nay, father!

Olg. Stay, my lord!
Why, what the saints, girl! Pluck me not so,
lass!

This coat's an old coat, and doth need respect
I th' handling. I do say that while ye chatter
I'll look unto the venison.

Ath. Good, my lord!

Thou makest way but for regret, since, truth,
We value thee above thy venison.

Elf. Ay,
Ay, father; go not. Let me go; thou know'st
I have a knack with venison.

Olg. Why, what's this?
(*Aside.*) Thou arrant baggage! Thou wee-
brained ooph!

Know you not 'tis a chance ye lose? Moreover,
Each chance o'erlooked is snapt up by the
devil

To weight the balances against us!

(*Aloud.*) Sir,
Methinks I smell a smell o' burning. Sir,
You know not how a hunter loves his game.
I am more patient with my spitted venison
Than e'er was Beelzebub with a roast o' priest-
flesh.

Nay, sir—'tis burning. Naught can hold me!
Ha!

Ath. (impetuously). Madam, upon my knees
I crave your pardon.

Say but the word, and I am gone o' th' instant,
Without excuse or farewell.

Elf. Nay—my father—
Thou owest him a deference.

Ath. Did he know,
His henchman would compel me from his gates.

Elf. (archly). Would'st have me, sir, usurp
his henchman's office?

Ath. Lady, I swear to thee that mine offence
Was ignorant; and yet, could I undo it,
Sooner I'd leave thee now than have that kiss
Melt from my memory's lips.

Elf. Sir, you forget.

Ath. Nay; I remember. If thou dost forgive,
Let me but touch thine hand in token of 't.

Elf. They say we should forgive.

Ath. Thou art a saint!

Elf. No, by my womanhood!

Ath. Then thou art more.

For, by my manhood, thou'rt the very crown
And top of womanhood! (*Aside.*) What do I
say?

Ha! Loyalty, thou hast outgrown thy dress.

Let me remember how I stand in this.

(*In a cold voice.*) Madam, I am beholden to you
in all.

Command me.

Elf. (aside). Here's a sudden frost! But now
He was afire where all is present ice.

(*Aloud.*) I thank thee, gentleman. Here is my
father.

Enter OLGAR.

Olg. So! Have ye found your tongues? So!
Athelwold,

Hath she unbended? 'Tis a pretty sight
To watch a maid unbend from coyness. Ay,
'Tis like a young branch springing up again
From its plucked weight of fruit. Well, well.

I see,
I see how 'tis. Come, lead her, Athelwold.
Thy hand, lass. Come, my venison would al-
lure
A ghost to gluttony. Come on, come on.

Enter FROTH.

Fro. I like not this—I like not that maid's
eyes.

And it was she who ran and laughed to-day.
Oh, ay! Though she were thicker sewn with
gems

Than a white beach with pebbles, I would
know her.

She is too beautiful; and there's a devil
But half drowned in her eyes. I like it not.
She hath a way with her 't hath ta'en my lord;
She 'th come upon his judgment from the rear,
And killed his reason with her poniard eyes.

Ay, ay, I've word of her. All Angleland
Gapes at her beauty. Well, if she were true—
But truth to one is falseness to another.

What of the King? I would I knew her bent.
Here comes her woman; I will talk with her.

Enter BERTHA.

Ber. La, sir, is't thou?

Fro. Sweet murderess, none other.

Ber. How? Murderess! Be these court man-
ners? Murderess?

Fro. Why, hast thou not killed Melancholy
by thine approach? By my troth, the rogue
hath a fairer death than he deserves.

Ber. La, sir! I've heard tell of how you court
gallants will talk and talk, and ne'er a meaning
at the bottom o' a hundred words.

Fro. And have they also told thee how we
may mean and mean, and ne'er a word atop
o' all this meaning? Ha?

Ber. La, sir! What wilt thou be staring at?

Fro. Thou hast a look o' thy mistress. O'
my word, a copy in brown o' a monstrous fair
painting.

Ber. (simplering). They do say I have her
walk.

Fro. And her eyes to an eyelash.

Ber. (simplering more than ever). I have
thought it.

Fro. Do we agree thus early? Sweet omen!
But, being so alike in outward seeming, me-
thinks thy souls should resemble also. Are
thy invisible selves well matched?

Ber. Not to be vain, sir, I do think, sir, as how
my temper be the smoother, sir. My lady will
have her turrets.

Fro. Ay, thine eyes are milder, now that I
look again. Hath thy lady many lovers?

Ber. Ay, sir, to the number that the forest
hath birds; but they will all be a-singing o' th'
same tune.

Fro. And the lady?

Ber. Why, she hath had mighty love for some
fourscore and ten, but hath repented her at the
church door.

Fro. And the gallants?

Ber. Do still be for sighing and wooing.

Fro. Hang me, if I would not be all for cursing and swearing! As soon would I tarry a maid's second scorning as stay for a wolf to bite me twice.

Ber. Ay, sir, but my lady hath a strange something i' th' very curl o' her eyelashes. Some say it doth not proceed from heaven; but I know not. She hath had more wooing and less winning than any lady in all Angleland. Oft will she say to me, "Look ye, Bertha; marriage is not for me, nor I for marriage, lest it do mightily better mine estate." And methinks a marriage so to do would needs be with the King himself.

Fro. To wed a king is to better lowliness at the cost o' peace. Well, well. Thou hast a plump arm. I suspect thee o' one other resemblance to thy mistress.

Ber. How, sir?

Fro. Why, i' th' matter o' wooers. Ha! wilt thou be hanging thy head?

Ber. La, sir! I will have great needs o' hear-say to keep me discreet. But thy supper, sir, I' fecks, I was sent to bid thee to supper. How hast thou twisted me!

Fro. An thou'll twist me thy lips for a kiss, I'll ask no more. Come on! Come on! I do hunger equally for kisses and for venison.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*A Hall in OLGAR'S Castle.*

Enter FROTHI.

Fro. All goes as I did fear. He hath the fever;
She in her golden web of tresses sits
Like some bright spider, and the mesh hath
snared

Him and his honor. It is now two moons
Since he did ride from Edgar on this quest;
The King must wax impatient. Oswald's there
To urge him with Suspicion's venom'd spurs.
Ah, my dear lord, there is some spell upon thee.
Would I could break it! Lo, they come together!
Always together now! Morn, noon, and night.
May God take this into his moulding grasp!

[*Exit.*]

Enter ELFREDA and ATHELWOLD.

Elf. (*casting herself down*). Sing to me, Athelwold.

Ath. Nay, give me grace,
I'm not in singing temper. All's awry.
I'd make thee but harsh, jangling music, lady.

Elf. Why, talk, then.

Ath. On what subject?

Elf. Of thyself;

That doth less tire me than all other topics.
Of thy fair self, thy battles and thy voyages;
Thy exploits, ventures, both by land and sea;
Of all thy past, thy hatreds and thy loves.

Ath. My greatest hatred hath been hating
Love.

(*Aside.*) How hath he ta'en revenge upon me!

Elf. What?
Didst thou say something to thy shoulder?
Love?

Why hast thou hated Love? Methinks Heaven
formed thee
To be Love's champion.

Ath. Not I—not I.

Elf. I say it. Dost thou hear? And I will
say it.

Though thou dost turn from love to hating me.

Ath. It were as one.

Elf. Why, what a ravelled mood!
Thy humors' threads are frayed beyond all
patience.

Look, sir—this apple—wilt thou share it with
me?

Ath. Nay, nay. Have done with such cool
wantonings.

Eat not; it vexes me.

Elf. Why, what will please thee?

Ath. Thy lips!

Elf. My lord?

Ath. I say thy lips will please me.

Wilt yield them?

Elf. Athelwold!

Ath. Ay, feign, feign, feign.

Thou couldst feign purity on moonlight nights.

Elf. Wilt thou insult me?

Ath. Ah! have done with feigning.

Give me thy lips—I will not feign to kiss them.

Elf. How dost thou mean—I feign?

Ath. Why, that thou lovest me!

Think'st thou I know not how thou laughest,
madam,

When I am turned? Thou hast the knack o'
laughing—

And with thy maidservant.

Elf. I laugh at thee?

With Bertha? Athelwold!

Ath. Well, didst thou not?

Come, no more feigning.

Elf. (*passionately*). If I love thee not,
Let thy sword kiss my heart as it were wanton.
Come, sir!—thy steel! My heart's a baggage—
come!

No kiss should shame it. Come!—thy sword
—thy sword!

Oh, I had never thought to tell thee of it!

Nay, let me go.

Ath. I will not let thee go.

Ay! this is fate. Why move a finger? Soft,
Softly, my falcon! Oh, my pretty one!

Thou know'st not what thou dost. There, go
—go—go!

Elf. Why wilt thou hide thy face? Why
must I go?

Dost thou believe me? Hath not my remaining
To bear thy scorn proved that I love thee?

Look!

I love thee.

Ath. Nay, I must not look. Away!

Lay not thy hand on me. Wilt thou be gone?
Nay, nay; I meant it not. Let me look once,
But once, and then—Thine eyes! thine eyes!

thine eyes!

Ah, they are full of poison to the brim!

Drink, Honor—drink and die! How thou dost
look!

Elf. (*breathing hurriedly*). And thou!—how
thou dost eat mine eyes with thine!

Ath. Is thy soul in them?

Elf. Ay; and my heart too.

Ath. Then let me eat them also. There's no
way

But that to happiness.

Elf.

But what?

Ath.

To yield

Both heart and soul as bribe unto grim Fate.

There is no morsel that she dearer loves
Than a big heart served up with honor cold.
Look up. No faltering. God's eyes for thine!
They could make heaven of hell without a
God.

Say that thou lovest me.

Elf. I love thee.

Ath. Ah!

Again.
Elf. I love thee.

Ath. Now again—with eyes,
With lips, with arms, with body. Come, once
more!

We'll say't together—so—

(*Both.*) I love thee!

God!

Thou'rt mine. I swear it by His vain-taken
name.

Mine and none other's. Mine for life, for death.
Look you—did I die first, to find you false,
My burning ghost would gnaw unto your mar-
row.

Elf. Ah, thou dost hurt me!

Ath. Didst thou heed me? Come,
Kiss me again. When shall we wed?

Elf. To-morrow?

Ath. To-night.

Elf. To-night, then. At what
dost thou look?

Ath. (*gazing beyond her, but still embracing
her*). Even at departing Loyalty.

Elf. (*following the direction of his eyes*). Who's
there

That hath so strange a name? I cannot see
him.

Is it some beggar?

Ath. Ay; he begs for grace.

Elf. Thou'rt mocking.

Ath. Shall I let Dame Fate outmock me?

Elf. Look not so far away. Dive in mine
eyes.

Ath. What's at the bottom? Gold?

Elf. If love be gold.

Ath. Nay; dross—when love doth die it turns
to dross,

As men to rottenness.

Elf. What words are these?
Come, I will close thy lips (*striving to coax
him*).

Ath. (*still holding her off*). Close Conscience'
lips.

I care not how I prate, so he be silent.

Elf. Thou hast strange fancies.

Ath. (*coldly*). Canst thou come at them?

Elf. Nay, sir. Nor at thy love. I see it all.

Thou hast beguiled an hour with mockery.

I will be gone, sir, as thou didst desire.

Ath. Elfreda!

Elf. Oh, what pain is in thy voice!

Hast thou some wound I know not of?

Ath. Ay, child.

Elf. Oh, let me dress it. Let me comfort
thee.

Death's in thy face.

Ath. No, sweetheart; in my heart.
Well, well—have done. Weep not. Come
closer—come.

Kiss me. Thine arms. Pain is the only coin
Joy doth acknowledge. Never ask to know
More than thou knowest, save to-morrow, dear,
When love hath grown like flowers i' th' night.
Come, let me feel thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. It works! It works! My brew doth
work in truth.

We'll have a goodly quaffing by the horns
Of the new moon! 'Twere worth a longer jour-
ney

To hear a shorter tale—that 'twere. God's me!
Had I as many bones as hath a graveyard,
I'd count it but as justness did all ache

Together, an I rode to such a knowledge!
Ah! here he comes again—alone. Fair dreams,
Fair lord, I have thee in my prayers. Soft—
soft!

I must move softly. I will back o' th' instant
Unto my jealous mock-queen with this news.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ATHELWOLD.

Ath. Is this to be alive? Is this to love?

Would I were dead with hating life and love!

How came this on me?—on me—Athelwold—

Who have but used love's name to tickle mirth

Or lay a wager? O thou monstrous glutton,

That feed'st on honor, pride, truth, fealty, all

Of God in man! Shall men still call thee love,

Mocking that god whose name thou hast

usurped?

What is to love? Is't to outlive all peace,

And know thyself a coward to the core?

Oh, then, Hate's gentle; Hate is honest; Hate

Hath been untimely born and missed his name.

Hate should be Love—Love, Hate; yet they are

twins;

For, loving one thing, we do hate another,

Perhaps a better. Who would live to face

Forsaken duty, look upon dead pride,

And share Fame's mantle with Dishonor? Nay,

Let me fight naked at the gates of hell

With full-armed Sin, ere I do fall so low!

I will be gone—I will be quit of this.

Frothi, my horse! Frothi, I say, my horse!

And yet—her eyes! Here's manhood! here is

valor!

Here is a king's friend worthy of a king!

And yet her eyes—her eyes—her eyes—her

eyes—

They are two flames—they've burned all good

in me.

Even them I do but love with a charred soul,

The cinder of a soul—a star gone out.

Had he not been a tyrant— Well, 'tis sure

He hath but his deserts in all of this—

In all of this he hath but his deserts.

And yet so kind a friend, so just a king!

Ay, conscience, speak! Arise from the dead

past;

Howl in mine ears ere I be deaf with wishing.

Oh, Edgar, Edgar!

Enter ELFREDA.

Elf. My lord, thy wound again? Pray thee
be wise.

Why didst thou leave me? Come, here is my
kerchief;

Wilt thou not be advised?

Ath. Ay, by my soul;

But wisdom is above me.

Elf. How?

Ath. In heaven.

Look thou: how much may women lack in

honor

Ere they confess themselves dishonorable?

Elf. I know not.

Ath. Verily, I know not either.

Elf. Is this a jest?

Ath. I'd swear to it in the dark.

Give me thine eyes. I think thou lovest me.

Elf. Thou knowest it.

Ath. How many other men
Have shared these honors with me? Art thou
honest?

Elf. My lord, thou knowest that I am.

Ath. Ay, ay—

Look to it, then—see that I'm not deceived.

I am a man gone deep in recklessness,

And thee the rising flood may also drown.

Swear to thy truth.

Elf. I am afraid.

Ath. Of me,

Or of the truth? Come, swear.

Elf. What—that I love thee?

Ath. Ay, swear it.

Elf. I do swear by all the saints

I love thee—love thee. Oh, for sweet love's
sake,

Look not so harshly on me. Have I vexed thee?

Ath. Not so. Weep not—I love thee; but be
true—

Be true. I will forgive thee anything

So thou be true. Weep not. Dost thou not
know

Men's minds to men are riddles? How shalt
thou,

A tender maiden, think to read my soul?

It were but greswome reading, trust me, sweet.

Still do we hanker for what's past our ken,

Walking with open eyes against the dark.

How wouldst thou like to be a queen?

Elf. A queen?

Ath. Ay. How if I were King of Angieland?

How then? Wouldst love me more?

Elf. Nay; but a queen—

Ath. Ha! dost thou? Wherefore?

Elf. Why, I would be queen.

That is, I think so. Wouldst not make me
queen?

Think o' me in a crown! Why, I could stare
An emperor to slavedom!

Ath. Softly.

Elf. Why,

I'd be a queen o' queens. Nothing should
daunt me.

I' faith, I'd be familiar with my sceptre

As nurse with walking-staff, and wear my
crown

As 'twere a sunbeam fallen on my head,

So lightly would I wear it. Would, in truth,
Thou wert a king!

Ath. I see that, spite o' words,
Thoudst love me more.

Elf. Nay; but to be a queen!
Why didst thou think it?

Ath. Probably, my sweet,
Because thou look'st like one.

Elf. Thou art the prince
O' flatterers, if not the King of Angieland!
Do I look so, in truth?

Ath. Thou dost indeed.

Where is thy father?

Elf. Wouldst thou speak with him?
I'll call him.

Ath. Do so, sweeting—stay for this
(kisses her).

What devil set me to't? What fiend of speech

Possessed me that I named the King to her?

Accursed Fate, how dost thou scoff at me!

Yet, I was sometime honored of myself

Ere that the god-spark was with self extin-
guished,

Quenched by the rising flood of passions fu-
rious,

O'er which its guiding light made clear the way.

Now all is dark. I know not on what rock

This life of mine will split.

Enter OLGAR.

Ah, dear my lord,

Can I have word with thee?

Olq. Ay, that thou canst,
What is it? No evil news from court?

Ath. My lord,
I love thy daughter, and would wed with her.

Olq. Well come at! Roundly spoken! Thou
dost know how to approach a difficulty's quills;
how to settle this porcupine conjecture. Stanch-
ly said. Thou hast gone up in my estimation;
like a high tide on the face of a rock, thou hast
left thy mark. Am I first in this matter?

Ath. The Lady Elfreda knows that beyond
limits I do love her.

Olq. Well, then—well, then—well then.

Ath. I would have thy permission to wed
with her.

Olq. As thou hast said. Well?

Ath. And shortly.

Olq. That too. Well?

Ath. Naught remains but that I kneel to
thank thee and receive thy blessing.

Olq. I know thou wilt make a good husband.

Ath. In what respect, my lord?

Olq. Why, thou art brave enough to keep thy
wife gentle, and gentle enough to teach her to
be brave. Thou art not selfish, as I have no-
ticed by thy sittings i' th' sun (when ye twain
have shared the seat beneath the pear-tree), that
she might have greater shadow. That thou dost
fear God is written on thy brow; and that thou
dost love the lass is written in thine eyes. More-
over, by the cleanness o' the latter I do know
that thou hast ne'er been given to much wine-
bibbing or lolling wi' women. Therefore I do
tell thee again that my daughter is thine when
thou shalt claim her, and that my good-will
was thine ere thou didst ask for it. Go to! go
to! No words. Thou may'st treat me to a
deed or two by-and-by. [*Exit OLGAR.*]

Ath. His blessing on my falseness. Well,
let be.

It is a creed more easy than 'tis easing.

Oh, how a treachery to any one

Doth fill the heart, crowding all pleasures out!

And I must face him; I must meet his eyes;

Nay, I must lie to him. O yesterday,

I'd purchase thee with all my life's to-morrows!
[*Exit.*]

SCENE 2.—A Room. ELFREDA and her NURSE.

Elf. But I do love him, nurse. Thou dost
not know

How I do love him!

Nur. Tell me of it, then.

Elf. How can I tell thee? Thou hast loved;
tell me,

How didst thou love? Didst thou send sleep
away.

That thou might'st recollect his kisses, nurse,

When it was dark? Didst thou e'er kiss thy arm
That he had kissed it? Didst thou love his doublet—

The very manner of his shoulder-cloak—
His sword—his dagger—ay, his shoes—his hat?
Didst thou so love thy love? Come, tell me, nurse.

Nur. I think 'twas different. I did wash his clothes,
Where thou hast loved them.

Elf. Oh, thy dusty mind!
Years crumbling over thee have smirched thy fancy

To one pale blur. Canst thou not talk of love
As I would hear thee? Come! how did he kiss thee?

Loudly, I'll warrant.

Nur. Ay, a smacked me well;
A was no kiss-slicer; a gave 'em whole.

Elf. Go to! A kiss should sound no more,
good nurse,
Than when two clouds do melt into each other,
So melt dear loving lips in kissing, nurse.
There's more of art than instinct in this kissing.
Be sure o' that.

Nur. La! where dost get such wisdom?
Elf. Out of the darkness when my mind is light.

Thou ne'er shalt see so plain the unseen world
As when the actual world is sunless, nurse.
Nurse, wilt thou weep when I am wedded?

Nur. Nay—
To bring my lamb ill luck? Not I!

Elf. Why, then,
What wilt thou? Wilt thou laugh?

Nur. Nor laugh, my lamb.
That were unseemly as to weep. Content thee,
I'll bear me decently.

Elf. Nurse, what wouldst say
Were he a king?

Nur. La! how thou babblest, honey!
Elf. But think—I'd be a queen! Now as I speak

I feel my crown's sharp gold upon my head.
To be a queen!—the Queen of Angleland—ha!
To have Death for my henchman. Look you, nurse,

Did any so much as offend e'en thee,
I'd straightway proffer thee his stupid head
For ball to wind thy yarn on!

Nur. Bloody talk!
Cease, honey, cease; I like not such wild talk.
Elf. Ay, but to be a queen!

Nur. Why, go to, heart!
Thou'rt different. What's thy mood?

Elf. Why, all for power.
O that I were the hewer of my fate!
Then should be constellations born for me—
Well, well, but I do love him.

Nur. There, that's well;
Let kings and queens alone, and talk of love.
Elf. Yet one might love a king. Hark! I am called.

Anon, nurse! [*Rushes out.*]
Nur. Ah, well-a-day! I dread these clashing moods.

SCENE 3.—ATHELWOLD *leaning at a table*;
FROTHI *at his side.*

Ath. Sing, boy! give out that voice of thine,

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which is as strange a thing in thy short body as would be a great thought in a little mind. A light song, neither of war nor of love. Canst thou sing such?

Fro. Ay, master; there be a song o' a gnat, Which is in great favor with the cockchafers. So:

“Ho! gnat on a thistle-puff, whither away?
Where to, little fay?

I am off to the East, where the God of the Day

Still slumbers, they say.

But what will you do for to eat and to drink

Over there, Imp o' Ink?

Why, Balder's red blood, I will drink it like wine,

Mistress mine,

And the syllabub clouds that the elfins do spatter

On heaven's blue platter,

I will breakfast on them. But anon I must fly,

So good-luck, so good-by,

To thee and to thine,

Mistress mine!”

Ath. Well sung, gnat on a thistle-puff; I say well sung, Imp o' Ink. When wrotest that ode to thyself, Sir Gleeman?

Fro. Master, it hath been told how that an elf o' light wrote that with his finger in the dust on a grass-blade.

Ath. Away with thee! Here comes the Lady—

Fro. How, master? The lady i' th' song?

Ath. No, poppet; the Lady Elfreda. And 'ware lest thy skin suffer for thy soul's good.

Off with thee. [*Exit FROTHI.*]

Enter ELFREDA.

Sweetheart, you are most welcome.

Elf. Ay, my lord?

Ath. Ay, for I would a long half-hour with thee

Of farewell kisses.

Elf. How! Farewell?

Ath. Ev'n so. I must without delay entreat the King

To give permission for our marriage.

Elf. Nay,

Go not to-day—to-morrow. Wilt thou go?

Ath. I must, my sweet. And wilt thou miss me, then?

Elf. I'll take some drug, and sleep till thou art back.

Why must thou go?

Ath. It is a courtesy

I owe my King. Tempt me no more, fair blossom.

One kiss; one more. Oh, all that's sweet in spring

Lives in thy breath! I would thou wert my wife,

To go with me.

Elf. Oh, would I were, beloved!

Leave me thy glove, one which thy hand hath shaped;

I'll think thy hand is in it when 'tis dark.

Would thou hadst gone and come! How many days

Divide us from our day of days?

Ath.

But two.

I'll founder twenty horses, dear, my love,
Ere I will disappoint thee.

Elf. Oh, make haste;
And let me have a lock of thy sweet hair
To weave into my wedding gown. Is't yes?
Ath. Why, thou shalt clip me bare as any
monk,

If 't pleasure thee. And thou dost love me?
Elf. Ay.

Out of all order. I am mad o' love,
My warrior, my lord, my husband—king.

Ath. (violently, almost fiercely). Not that!

Elf. How thou didst startle me!
Not what?

Thou wert so rough.

Ath. Not that, not that, I say.

Dost hear? Not that.

Elf. Tell me of what thou speakest.

Ath. Why, of that word thou call'st me.

Elf. Warrior?

Ath. No, no; thou knowest. Trifle not.

Thou knowest

That last name thou didst call me. So, so, so.
Kiss me, forgive me, heed me not. Once more
Thine arms about my neck; once more; once
more.

Give me thy troth again. Swear thou'lt be true.

Elf. I swear it.

Ath. It is written. Recollect
It is recorded. Now for all—farewell. [*Exit.*]

Elf. Why should he tremble when I call him
king?

There's something here beyond me. Let me see.
I'll put it by; I will not think on it.

I'm glad his kisses stir me. Why, i' faith,
Should that one word so harry him? Well,
well!

He hath the sweetest eyes! So deep a blue
Should almost dye his tears. The sweetest lips!
He would be perfect if he were—a king.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*A Room in the Palace.* EDGAR seated
moodily. ELFELEDA at his feet.

Elf. Sire, shall I sing to thee?

Ed. (muttering to himself). There hath been
time

To woo ten maidens since he left me. Nay,
Nay, not a note. Thou'rt worse to chirp than
birds

At mating-time. (*To himself.*) He hath been
wounded sure—

Some dire mischance hath fallen, or perhaps
He thinks to pay me for my humor. Well,
We'll see.

Elf. I have a song of battle, sire,
Wherein words roar along the winding lines
As horsemen pelt along a smoking road.
I've never sung it.

Ed. Ay, then, never do!

Wilt let me be? (*To himself.*) One day o' grace,
and then—

Then—an he comes not—when he comes—

Elf. (coaxingly). Go to!
I know thou'dst have me sing.

Ed. I'll have thee prisoned
An thou dost further irk me. Go! thy jewels!
Go bind thy hair! Go tang thy bracelets! Go!
Do anything save speak to me again!

(*To himself again.*) 'Tis in my mind that he will
come to-day;

I dreamt of him last night.

[*Angrily to ELFELEDA, who fingers his robe.*
What! dost thou pluck me?

Away!

Elf. There is a sound of horses' hoofs—

Ed. Where, linnet, where?

Elf. Why, in my unsung song.

Ed. Have at thee!

[*Throws one of his bracelets at her.*

There—take that, and get thee gone!

Elf. (*haughtily and with anger*). Hurl'd favors
are more vile than proffered slights.

Keep thou thy gold—I'll keep my dignity.

[*Exit.*

Ed. (*looking after her musingly*). There's some-
thing in the jade preserves my liking,
Yet she doth try me. Now, an he come not
To-morrow— Let me see—'twill be two moons,
And this one's far awane. Now let me see!

Enter OSWALD.

Ha! Oswald.

Osw. Sire, thy recreant knight is come!

He doth but stay to freshen his attire

Ere he doth wait upon your Majesty.

Ed. Bid him come hither as he is. Stay,
Oswald.

How looks he?

Osw. Why, not as your Majesty!

His brow is smooth, his eyes are lined with
smiles,

He doth comport him blithely.

Ed.

Yea?

Osw.

Even so—

As though his thoughts fed sweetly on a past
Known only to himself.

Ed.

Thou never likedst him!

Osw. Oh, him, my lord, himself I always liked.
It was his manner unto thee that galled me.

Ed. Well, go, and bid him hither.

[*Exit OSWALD.*

O' my word,

The priest in him hath murdered a good knight.

But he did e'er hate Athelwold. Ay, ay,

For all he saith not, it is plain as drinking.

Enter ATHELWOLD.

Ah, friend, good greeting. Why, thou'rt some-
what pale!

How's this? Thy brow is drawn. I have been
told

Thou wert in different temper?

Ath.

Ay, my liege?

Ed. Nay, no "my lieges"—none o' that. Come
on,

Give me thy hands, and draw that inner veil
Which doth o'erhang thine eyes. What news?

Ath.

Indeed,

Such news hath been a heavy weight to carry.

Ed. How! Heavy?

Ath.

Ay!

Ed.

In what way? Is she dead?

Ath.

No; that were better.

Ed.

Better?

Ath. (*with a sudden effort*). Ay! Know, Edgar,

That this so vaunted paragon of beauty

Hath nothing but her father's lands and state

To cry her fair.

Ed.

Is she not beautiful?

Ath. No, as I live! A little, pale-faced girl,
Whose gold doth bless her purse and not her
head.

Ed. Not beautiful?
Ath. Not so much beauty, sire,
 As would make full the pocket of thine eye.
Ed. That's strange—that's very strange! Not
 beautiful?
Ath. All that is hers of beauty, sire, could hide
 Beneath a freckle.
Ed. Not a fair shape, even?
Ath. A church tower hath more roundness.
Ed. What! in all—
 In all uncomely?
Ath. Ay, to the very quirking of her eyebrows.
Ed. How by report some women do seem
 beauties,
 Whose grandmothers, perhaps, were fairly
 nosed!
Ath. A woman's fair according to her gold.
Ed. (*anxiously*). Thou'rt sure thou saw'st her?
 None was palmed on thee?
 Women are apt contenders in such games.
Ath. It was the lady's self I saw.
Ed. Thou'rt sure?
 How art thou certain? By what didst thou
 know?
Ath. By certain marks report had given her—
 A mole that kissed her upper lip; a vein
 That spilt its tender blue upon her eyelid
 As though the cunning hand that dyed her
 eyes
 Had slipped for joy of its own work.
Ed. (*suspiciously*). For joy?
Ath. Did I say joy?
Ed. Ay.
Ath. It was scorn I meant.
Ed. Well, on.
Ath. She hath such little spots of white
 Upon her finger-nails as foam doth leave
 On stranded shells.
Ed. (*more suspiciously*). That sounds not so
 uncomely.
Ath. Thou shouldst but see it!
Ed. Well, go on.
Ath. And last—
 Upon her shoulder is a tiny redness
 Which could be compassed by the pretty circles
 That paint a moth's wing. Such a mark as
 though
 Nature, completing all, had laid a kiss
 Upon her perfect work.
Ed. (*furiously*). Dost dare to mock me?
Ath. Mock thee?
Ed. Ay, mock me. Dost thou dare to do it?
Ath. I do not mock thee.
Ed. Then what didst thou mean
 When thou didst say "upon her perfect work"?
Ath. Oh, 'twas in mockery, but not of thee.
Ed. Of what, then?
Ath. (*with an effort*). Of the one I did describe.
Ed. (*sullenly*). Jests with my humor do as ill
 accord
 As gay-hued flowers with the dead. I wonder
 That thou hast ta'en that turn with me to-day,
 Of all days.
Ath. I will jest no more.
Ed. (*in part appeased*). Thou'rt wise
 Above most jesters, who will seldom stop
 Until that anger trips their heels. But speak;
 How camest thou so to lag?
Ath. I fell asleep
 While riding slowly—a dear trick o' mine—
 And also from my horse, thus broke my leg,
 Which same is yet an enemy to speed.

Ed. (*suspiciously*). Hum!
Ath. Didst thou speak?
Ed. (*controlling himself*). But inwardly.
Ath. In truth,
 Would thou hadst gone thyself.
Ed. For why?
Ath. For that
 Thou mightst have been thyself's own disap-
 pointer.
 It was a sorry office, Edgar—ay,
 From first to last, and makes me hug my sins
 To know Heaven cannot honor me with errands!
Ed. (*somewhat ashamed of his doubts*). Tut! I am
 not ungrateful.
Ath. Then methinks
 Ingratitude hath been baptized again
 Since my departure. Give his latest name.
 What! I do go on this soul-irking mission,
 Ride day and night, endure in divers ways,
 Haste back in spite o' pain and storms, and then
 Am suppered on a frown? Oh, it is well!—
 Most well, most princely!
Ed. (*suddenly coming forward*). Tut! I'll bear
 with thee.
 Let's make a duty of forgetting. Come!
 Report is killed, and stuffed with his own lies.
 We'll roast him at the fire o' friendship. Come!
 [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SIGEBERT and FROTH.

Sig. She's uncomely, you say?
Fro. As what's left o' my great-grandam.
Sig. Why, how, then, came all these reports of
 her beauty?
Fro. Along the great highway where the Le-
 vite, Falsehood, doth pass Truth by on the
 other side. She hath moneys. Gold is a spe-
 cific for the removal o' homeliness. For each
 gold piece a maid getteth there doth disappear
 a freckle. Four hundred marks will make a
 Grecian nose out o' a pig's snout. Thou wilt
 find that a big mouth doth shrink with wealth,
 like a doublet with washing. Thou shalt find
 old age double on herself like a hare, do thou
 but line her warren with gold.
Sig. But it is so generally accredited. There
 is no man in England but hath heard of it.
 'Tis the fifth gospel. Be serious. The lady is
 plain?
Fro. As thine own nose.
Sig. Go to! Is she cramped in stature?
Fro. Thou wouldst take me for a giant an
 we walked together. Yet is she so tricked out
 in an elaborate ugliness that, cut in simple fash-
 ion 'twould amply gown a hundred fair-sized
 women.
Sig. I cannot get it from my head that there
 hath been foul play.
Fro. Then get it by thy heart that there hath
 not.
Sig. Thou sawest her?
Fro. Why, she was the pattern whereby my
 dreams were cut for a sennight, and every night
 would I wake the scullion at my bed's foot with
 crying out to be saved from torment.
Sig. Still, I like it not.
Fro. Thou wouldst like it less didst thou see
 her.
Sig. I see by the roving i' thine eyes that thou
 art hungry. Come, and we will crack a quart
 of ale and this problem together.
Fro. I'm with you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ATHELWOLD.

Ath. I cannot bear his eyes. I'll tell him all,
From start to finish. He shall go with me
Into the very byways of my sin.
Yea, by great God, though I do lose his friend-
ship,

I'll be friends with myself—not one hour more
Will I endure mine own soul's scorning. "Yet,
To lose her were to lose the way to heaven.
Heaven? What is heaven but priestly bait
To lure us to their ends, when that hell's whip
Dost fail to lash us to 'em? Ay, again—
And who hath not some unpronounced charm
That would make swing the opposite poles of
life

And fasten heaven on hell's foundation? Out!
What am I who doth rail against the fate
That binds mankind? The atom of an atom,
Particle of this particle the earth,
That with its million kindred worlds doth spin
Like motes within the universal light.
What if I sin—am lost—do crack my life
Against the gateless walls of Fate's decree?
Is the world fouler for a gnat's corpse? Nay—
The ocean—is it shallower for the drop
It leaves upon a blade of grass? And yet
To meet his eyes—to feel his hand—to listen
Unto his words of trust—O God! O God!
I walk unworthily the red-hot ploughshares,
And am unto my spirit's marrow scorched!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ahem!

Ath. (coldly). Sir, didst thou call me?

Osw. Who—I?
Ath. Yes.

Didst thou not speak?

Osw. Not I.

Ath. Thou mad'st some sound,
As if to call my notice.

Osw. Thoughts, my lord.
Mayhap I coughed—I have a hoarseness lately.

Ath. (contemptuously). Ay, very lately—since
an hour, I think.

Osw. What will your lordship come at?

Ath. The conclusion.

Osw. Well, sir?

Ath. (with a sneer). That thou'rt most apt at
catching cold.

Give way!

Osw. My lord?

Ath. Give way! I tell thee, monk;
It is my humor to ride forth.

Osw. My lord,
I venture to intrude upon your lordship,
To stay your lordship for a moment longer.
I've something to return your gracious lordship.
Even this.

[*Stretches out a long golden hair between his
fingers.*]

Ath. Dost thou dare jest with Athelwold?
Osw. Nay, o' my word, no jest. As I am
true,

It is the finest thread o' thrice-spun gold,
The daintiest mimic of the spider's floss,
Spun by old Earth from out her golden en-
trails,

That e'er I set mine eyes on.

Ath. What dost speak?

'Ware how thou troublest me.

Osw. Why, sure, my lord,
Thou wouldst not have me keep thy gold?

Ath.

No mummary. Answer.

Osw.

I will give it thee.

[*Winds it with a quick gesture around and
around ATHELWOLD's finger.*]

Ath. Ah, dog! Thou'lt do it. Thou'lt make
sport of me?

Thou wilt? Thou wilt? Ay, do it! Do it, then,
Pitiful mongrel! Have I broken thy back?

I hope so. [*Exit* ATHELWOLD.

Osw. (getting with difficulty to his feet). May thou
be thrice damned for this!

God's me! I am in pieces. Oh, thou upstart!
Dog, am I? Ay, then. Dog, then. And more
sure

Upon the scent than e'er thou dreamest.

[*Exit.*]

Enter EDGAR.

Ed. I have much wronged myself in wrong-
ing him.

The pulse o' th' time beats to a feverish mea-
sure,

And men draw in contagion with their creeds
As babes the germs o' character with their
milk.

Suspicion is by nature vagabond,
And oft doth change his house. From Os-
wald's breast

He crept to my protection. He hath tricks
Of voice and gesture that are burs for sticking.
I was more full of them than sheep-dog's coat
With actual bristles. I am glad, in truth,
To find my faith again, though 't hath been
rained on,

And vow to wear it ever i' the place
Of more eye-gladdening but less sure-woven
garments.

The man himself!

Enter ATHELWOLD with head down as though
brooding.

Friend, why so heavily?

Ath. (starting). Thou, Edgar?

Ed. Ay, myself; this is well met.
I have good news for thee. First, there is this:
I am unsaddled of my spleen, good comrade,
And wax more light-heeled than a colt with joy
To think myself and Angleland still are queen-
less.

Smile I not, sir, unweddedly? Why, look you,
The letter o' this law doth suit me well,
And I find "quean" with "a" more to my
liking

Than "queen" with "e."

Ath. Yet, I am sorry for't.

Ed. Cheer, cheer! 'Twas not thy doing.
Shall we ride

A-hawking? Ho, there!

Ath. Nay, I would suggest

Some serious matters to your Majesty.

Ed. My Majesty forbids that term; to thee
I am but Edgar, and my crown a circle,
Merely a circle, with no further hint
Of meaning than that to be circular
Is to be round.

Ath. What I would say to thee

Is this: Though Olgar's daughter hath indeed
So little of the bounty Nature gives,

Yet is she rich in that which men do filch
From Nature. I, as thou dost know, am irked
With owing. Were it not a crafty stroke

To ask this maiden's hand in marriage, sir,
Even for myself? No—I will not think on't.
Her memory comes upon me with a crash.
Come! Let us go a-hawking. I would rather
Owe the gold-bearing tree of Grecian fable
His whole year's fruit than be her debtor in
love

Even for a moment. Let's a-hawking—

Ed. Soft you;
This hath mine ear.

Ath. (wildly). Ay, but thou hast not seen her.
Why, the mere memory of her lips, my friend,
Is one with madness.

Ed. Well, well. Let me see.
Ath. Ay, couldst thou see; but come on—
I'm amorst

With thinking on it. Then her eyes—sweet
saints!

Couldst thou but picture them!

Ed. Is she so vile?
Ath. (dazedly). So vile?

Ed. Ay, saidst thou not?
Ath. (recovering himself). Oh, ay, indeed.

I did but wonder that thou questiondest me.
Most vile—most vile—most vile.

Ed. Thou sayst it sadly.
Ath. Yea, doth it not seem sad how ugly
maids

Are friends with Mammon? Ho, there! Ho,
there! Ho!

King Edgar's falcons!

Ed. Not so fast, good friend.
I bulge with this idea—give it again,
More lengthily.

Ath. Pray you, forget it.

Ed. Nay,
'Tis a sound plan, a sound plan, Athelwold.
Come, put up with her lips and eyes. Come,
now!

Canst thou not woo her if th' dark?

Ath. Oh, please you,
I'm sorry that I spoke; giv't no more thought
Than had I sneezed, or coughed, or torn my
cloak.

Let me forget what ought to be forgotten.

Wilt thou thy gloves?

Ed. I tell thee thou'rt a fool

An thou dost not to pocket with this plan.

Why, let her wear a mask, go always veiled,

Keep to her own apartments—anything—

So we do see the glimmer of her gold.

Now, be advised. Nay, I command thee.

Ath. Soft,
Soft, soft; remember thou'st laid by thy king-
hood

While we're together. Is't a friendly office

To sell thy friend for so much coinage?

Ed. Nay,

But thine own prospects—thine own ease!

Ath. Pah! prospects!

To get mine armor dented honestly,

Owe all men but my King, and die ere age

Hath set my wits to wagging with my chin—

These are my aspirations. I've one other.

Ed. And that? Come! give me word—hast-
en! And that?

Ath. Is to be put complete into my grave,

Nor leave a child to dare the possible.

Ed. Go to! Go to!

Ath. Ay, Edgar, thou mayst laugh,

But I am earnest in this thing. 'Tis writ

That children shall their parents honor. Yea,

And I do tell thee, parents owe as much
Unto the beings they unquestioned bring
Into this troublous world!

Ed. What! serious?

Ath. Unto the utmost limits of my nature.

Edgar, thou hast my full respect in this,
But do not urge me further.

Ed. Nay, I will, though.
This thy respect is easy as a faldstool.

When the occasion's past, why, thou canst clap it
Into thy pocket and be off straightway.

Ath. The occasion for respect unto my mon-
arch

Shall never pass. One thing I pray thee, Edgar:

As thou dost love me, give not overhearing

Unto that Oswald. He is quick to learn

The crookings o' men's humor, and hath wit

That in fine language, as in courtiers' robes,

Doth dress his peasant soul.

Ed. I'll note him. Come,

We can discuss these matters as we ride.

Enter a SERVANT hurriedly.

Ser. My liege, my liege! the dame Elfleda—

Ed. Well?

Ser. She hath been taken seriously ill;

I am sent hither by her women.

Ed. Well?

Ser. She calls for thee; naught will appease

her. Sir,

For God's love, hasten!

Ed. Oh, I know her feignings!

Go on, I'm coming. Athelwold, remain;

I will not long be gone. [*Exit.*

Ath. Is this myself? Doth this my haughty

body

Consent to hold my present spirit? Oh,

Methought this flesh o' mine would have dis-

solved

With very loathing of its craven life;

Yet this my heart doth thrive on liar's blood;

And what hath poisoned peace hath not so much

As turned a hair of seeming. What! get chil-

dren

To face Perhaps? What! men be born of me,

That the foul river of my veins may flow

To taint the future with a race of liars?

No! let my sins and me pack one sure grave,

Nor leave a ghost behind. Yet 'tis not new.

These tugs with destiny have wrenched the cords

Of longer friendships—ay, of better friends;

And love of woman hath caused hate of man

Since David sent to bloody death the mate

Lawful of her whom he unlawful loved!

And yet to do't, and yet to leave't undone.

There are her eyes to keep me dauntless; yet

His eyes are here to shake that dauntlessness.

O God, thou knowest that my soul's desire

Is unto him, the friend of my glad youth.

Yea, and thou knowest, Satan, the desire

Of all my throbbing veins is unto her,

Without whom life were death; with whom,

death—life.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—A Room in OLGA's Castle. ELFREDA
and ATHELWOLD.

Elf. Away! thou wouldst not kiss me.

Ath. I would.

Elf. I say thou wouldst not.

Ath. And I that I would, and will. So!

Elf. Fie! A husband for a sennight, and yet kiss thy wife?

Ath. Wouldst have me kiss another man's? Look thee. Thy hair!

Elf. What's with it?

Ath. 'Tis loose, 'tis falling (*pulls her hair down*). Ah, it hath fallen.

Elf. Oh, a fig for thee! More o' thy tricks? Let be—let be—some one comes this way.

Ath. Where?

Elf. I thought I heard a step.

Ath. Out on thee! Thou saidst that to be free of my fingering. For what wilt thou let me kiss thee through that rip i' thy left sleeve?

Elf. For a lovesick boy. There! Go to! Wait, though. Thou hast something on thine eyelash.

Ath. Thou hast something under thine.

Elf. What?

Ath. Two devils in blue, which thou dost call eyes for want of a better name.

Elf. Oh, thou art past all reason. But an hour gone I was set down by thee as an angel. Now thou wilt have't that mine eyes are devils. My poor eyes! What have they done that's devilish?

Ath. Killed content.

Elf. What! art thou not contented?

Ath. No.

Elf. Not contented?

Ath. No, I say.

Elf. Not contented?

Ath. I tell thee, no.

Elf. Now, o' my word! Well—for why, then?

Ath. For that I have not been thy husband these twenty years.

Elf. Ha! ha! ha! Why, thou hadst had a wife in swaddling bands! Ha! ha! ha! I tell thee thou'rt out o' all reason.

Ath. So that I am in thy good graces I care not.

Elf. Well, do not sit on my gown.

Ath. Pah! I do honestly think that a woman's temper is tacked to her gown. Do thou but pull her gown a hair's-breadth, her temper flies i' thy face.

Elf. That were a pretty roost!

Ath. What?

Elf. That nose o' thine. Oh, I love thee.

[*Throwing herself into his arms.*]

Ath. I am glad o't, sweetheart. Why so suddenly?

Elf. Oh, I know not. For that thou looked at me.

Ath. Now thou'st done it.

Elf. How?

Ath. Thou'lt ne'er get me to look away from thee.

Elf. Then so. [*Covers his eyes with her hands, Ath. (taking down her hands, and with sudden seriousness.*) Look thou—as thou wert on thy death-bed. Unto what measure dost thou love me?

Elf. Beyond the stretch of space. It is as though all love since time began were packed into the holding of my heart.

Ath. Wilt thou swear it?

Elf. Ay.

Ath. Wilt thou kneel and swear it?

Elf. Ay.

Ath. On my sword?

Elf. Ay, on thy sword, thyself, thy love, thy God. What! Dost thou doubt me?

Ath. No—not thee.

Elf. What, then?

Ath. That this should last. Look thou: I am gentle, but milk frozen is hard—ay, hard and cold. Were I to doubt thee—

Elf. Well?

Ath. All that's now warm would freeze.

Elf. How strange thou art!

Ath. Belike I am. See that thou art true. I have given much for thee; more than thou knowest. Let us without. I am an enemy to housed air. Come! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—A Room in EDGAR's Palace.

Enter ELFLEDA and OSWALD.

Elf. Is it not time?

Osw.

Perhaps.

Elf.

I say it is.

Let not "perhaps" affront me. He'll walk here

In this same gallery for an hour or so, Ere he goes forth to play at quoits. Thou'lt speak him?

Osw. 'Tis in my mind.

Elf.

Well, set it free. How long

Have they been wedded?

Osw.

Full a month.

Elf.

Then speak.

Here is the King. Thou'lt do it?

Osw.

Leave't to me.

Elf.

If thou'lt inflame him, I've an uncut

emerald

Shalt sleep with thee to-night.

Osw.

I thank thee, madam.

Leave him to me.

Elf.

Nay, wait. Hast thought it over?

What is thy speech?

Osw.

My wit shall be the prompter.

I know not. Leave't to me. He's here.

Elf.

Remember.

[*Exit ELFLEDA.*]

Enter EDGAR.

Ed. My falcons! ho, my falcons! (*Seeing OSWALD.*) There, sir? Come,

Foot it awhile. Nay, I'll not ride a-hawking.

I have bethought me of an irksome stiffness,

Caught yesterday while sleeping. Gods! I am

weary

Of everything!

Osw.

Now, if Lord Athelwold

Were here, my liege. He doth so know your

humor.

Ed. Ay; but he's sick o' love, as I of nothing.

Osw. What! is love nothing?

Ed.

Ay, Sir Priest, to you,

Or should be. I will have my falcons, now

I've thought of it again. Would Athelwold

Were here, in truth! There's Metal, my good

monk!

A sportsman to the edges of his nails.

Would love were done with him!

Osw.

Your Majesty!

Ed. Well? Well?

Osw. You were not e'en deceived in aught—

But no, I will not say't. I fear your wrath

May strike the tree ere that its fruit be ripe.

Ed. What tree? What fruit?

Osw.

The tree o' my dear duty

Unto your Majesty; the fruit of loyalty.

Ed. This hath been taken from an un-
preached sermon,
Hath't not, good Oswald? 'Tis too fine for me.
I like your downright speech that pelts like
hail,
Or flies like chips beneath the sharp axe-blows
Of some keen mind against the Tree o' Know-
ledge.
That tree I've heard of, but the tree o' duty
My woodcraft knows not. Come! Deceived,
thou saidst.
What of deceived?

Osw. Oh, 'twas a thought.
Nay, I'll be brave in this; I'll not dissemble,
Even though my truth should prove my death.
Your Majesty,
There have been tales of late.

Ed. Well, on; what tales?
Hast thou yet tried that new-marked tennis
court?
But of these tales?

Osw. 'Twill hit your heart-ribs, sire.
Ed. Well, word it. As we talk of ribs, Sir
Monk,

There is a boy in Essex, they do say,
Can crack an ox's ribs in one arm-crotch.
If this be true, we'll have him brought to
Court.

But of these tales?
Osw. Belike, sire, I do irk you;
They touched on one your Majesty well loves.

Ed. Ha?
Osw. Ay, my liege.
Ed. On whom?

Osw. On Athelwold.
Ed. On Athelwold?
Osw. None other.

Ed. Pah! more lies.
Well, what is it they say?
Osw. Oh, sire, belike

It is but lies. I do regret me much
Of having spoken.
Ed. Nay, what is it?

Osw. Sire,
I fear thou wilt blame me for blaming him.
Yet 'tis not I who blame him; I did hear't
From—

Ed. Ay, ay; from whom didst thou hear it?
Osw. Why,

Frothi, the page of Athelwold, doth talk
Sometimes in's sleep. But saints! All of us
know

A sleepy tongue doth give but crooked meaning.
I trust no man will ever judge me, sire,
By th' words I speak in sleep.

Ed. What said he? On,
On; thou dost know my temper. What said
he?

Osw. Oh, he let fall some broken words. In-
deed,

Indeed, your Majesty, urge me not to't.
'Tis an ungracious office at the best,
To smirch the soul's gear of an absent man.

Ed. Nice scruples lately learned, good Os-
wald. Come,
Give me these rumors.

Osw. Rumors?
Ed. Ay, ay, ay—
These rumors—words—sleep-tellings—I care
not

How thou baptizest them. The words—the
words.

Osw. I cannot now recall them but in frag-
ments.

Ed. The fragments then—the fragments.
Osw. Well, for one,

He said—
Ed. Go on—go on.

Osw. As I recall it,
He said some such like words (I pray you
grace

If I do hesitate, but 'tis my wish
To be in all things just). The words were
these:

"She is too beautiful." Yes, that was it.
Twice o'er he said it: "She's too beautiful."
Ed. What she?

Osw. I know not. That is what I'd know.
Ed. God's eyes! Is this thy wondrous tale?
Dost know

This hath the sister look to impudence?
Why, out of question, 'twas some comely wench
The boy had dreamed of kissing. Look you,

priest,
I've ne'er brooked lightness; shall I brook it
now

My heart is heavy?
Osw. Sire, this was not all.
Ed. Not all? Go on.

Osw. He next did cry aloud.
"This fair Elfreda—"
Ed. Ha!

Osw. "This fair Elfreda
Hath mischief in her eyes!"—no—wait—
Ed. How no?

How no? Said he not that? Have care—have
care.
Osw. Not that precisely. It was so I think—
"This fair Elfreda hath—"

Ed. Elfreda?
Osw. "Hath
A devil in her eye." Yea, that was it.

Not "mischief"—"devil"—'twas this "devil,"
sire,
Did puzzle me.

Ed. This "fair Elfreda"?
Osw. Ay,

Fair was the word.
Ed. Well, well; and if it was,
There may be ten Elfredas known to him.

Well?
Osw. Ay, there may.
Ed. Was this all?

Osw. Good, my lord?
Let this vext matter sleep.
Ed. Thou know'st me not,

Or else too well do know me, when thou speak'st
Of pausing here to let the scent grow cool.
Come, was there more?

Osw. Ay, sire, one sentence.
Ed. Well, sir?

Osw. He saith, "Old Olgar favors it."
Ed. "Old Olgar"?
Osw. "Else might I hope—"

Ed. Olgar?
Osw. As I do live.
Ed. Thou damned, blue-jowled, sleek, crown-
shaven monk!

Thou hast invented this! Ay, to my foot!
What! thou wilt come and tongue my best-
loved friend,

And think thy throat in safety? Know, thou
liar—
Liar and coward—that Lord Athelwold

Is set as high above thy power to hurt him
As God's throne over mine!

Osw. How, sir—how, sir—
Wilt murder me for following my duty?

Ed. Duty? It is the most ill used word
That ever lent excuse unto a crime!

Duty? Thy duty? Give me honest sin,
And 'twill show fair beside such duty!

Osw. Sire—
Ed. Speak not to me! What! thou didst
dare— O God!

Wilt thou endure the service of a hound
That I, a mortal king, do spit upon?

What! this of Athelwold? To me? To me?
And thou still there!

Osw. Sire, there is more than this.
Ed. Name but his name, and with my very
hands

I'll tear thy tongue out. Dog! Begone! begone!
Out o' my sight!

[*Exit OSWALD.*]
Oh shame, that I have listened
Unto such treachery! I have been trapped—
Trapped like a fox, and with a fox's cunning.
Ay, ay, thou nimble-witted liar thou!
Ay—for thou art a liar—naught else were pos-
sible.

Thou shalt hear more o' this! To come to me,
Thy King, with this the scrapings o' the dish
Of thy fat envy; lies so like to truth
That one less sure might well have been en-
snared.

And yet, though I myself am most assured,
I owe it unto him to prove him true.

This bag o' spleen, this Oswald, this cowed
Satan,

Shall not be pleased with noting my displeasure.
What, ho, there! ho, there! ho, there, Oswald!

Osw. Sire, didst thou call?

Ed. Art thou a fool, Sir Priest,
As well as knave? Stand there—no nearer—
there!

Thou think'st belike that thou hast proved the
falseness

Of my Thane Athelwold?

Osw. Nay, sire.

Ed. Thou dost,
Liar, thou dost. Look thou, it gives me joy
To think how thou wilt writhe to find him true.
I'll prove his truth before all Angleland,
And then I'll give them word of the fair part
Thou didst unto him. [*Laughs.*] Dost thou
hear, Sir Priest,

I long to see thee. Thou shalt ride thyself
And bid him hither. Dost thou hear? Away,
And bid him hither o' the instant! [*Exit EDGAR.*]

Osw. (*looking mockingly after EDGAR as he goes
out.*) Sire,

Thy gentle order shall be straight fulfilled.
Most noble Edgar, most beloved monarch,
Most gentle, courteous, kind, and just of kings,
Such pleasure doth it give me to obey
Thy sweet commands that I'll not even tarry
To spur me, but will ride cowl'd as I am
To bid him to thee (*laughing*)—ay, to bid him to
thee. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

SCENE 3.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter EDGAR, followed by ELFLEDA.

Ed. 'Twill be some time before they come.
Sit—sit.

A woman's foot-sound is a galling thing.

When all thy soul's awry. Sit down and sing;
Thou't ever ready with thy singing.

Elf. Well,
What shall I sing? (*Aside.*) It works! It works!

Brave Oswald,
Thou shalt a bishopric for this! (*Aloud.*) My
liege,

What song wilt have?

Ed. Why, any; I care not—
I care not. Look thou, madam, didst thou e'er
Hold speech with Frothi, page to Athelwold?

Elf. Ay, sire, an honest boy. He was well
liked

At court, though I have heard the scullions
say

He was a noisy bedfellow. What song

Didst thou name, sire?

Ed. Noisy? How, noisy?
Elf. Noisy?

There's no such song I know of. Oh, I see!

Thou't still on the Thane's page. Oh, noisy,
sir,

Like most boys in their sleep: hard-breathing,
restless,

Given to mutterings—one o' your sleep-talkers.
Ed. Sleep-talker? Did they call him that?

Elf. Ay, 'twas the word. But thou'st not
named a song.

Ed. Oh, any, woman! (*Aside.*) Hum! sleep-
talker!—hum!

This looks as though they had all this concocted

Between themselves. Oh, I will be suspicious
Of mine own lineage and legitimacy

Ere I misdoubt his littlest action. Yet,

If he were false, 'tis in my soul to hate

Unto the measure that I love! False? Pah!

I shame myself to even so much as name it.
Elf. Thou dost not wish a song, then?

Ed. Ay, a dozen,
A dozen, so thou't leave me to my thoughts.

Choose anything and sing it. Sing—sing—
sing. [*Throws himself upon a settle.*]

Elf. (*sings*):

The fen-crickets chatter,
The marsh-owls whoo.
Now what is the matter?
Speak one; speak two.
"Oh, the elves are here,
And much we fear
They will kill our bairnies
For lack o' cheer!"

The elves are nimble,
The elves are quick;
The fen-crickets wimble,
The owls wax sick.
Soft, now; give ear:
I much do fear
They killed those bairnies
For lack o' cheer!

Ed. As damp a song as e'er I heard. Me-
thinks
One might catch cold by listening to such
songs;

The very marsh air's in it. Dost thou know
A healthy song with more o' sunshine in't?
Hark, there! You, madam—you. Canst not
be quiet?

Oh, how these women's dresses shriek withal



M. L. Goss

“REMEMBER.”

When thou wouldst most be still! That voice
I heard—
I could have sworn 'twas Athelwold's!

Enter ATHELWOLD and OSWALD.

Why, friend!
God save thee! There is magic in this speed.
How got'st thou here in such short time, my
Thane?

Ath. Why, Oswald, sire, did meet me at thy
gates.

Ed. My soldier! Saints! but I am glad to
grip thee!

Come, both thy hands. Sir Monk, remain.
Look, Brother,

Thou'rt come at a good time. 'Twill be but just
That I do now return thy visit. Ay,

Stare not upon me. Thou there, sir, go not.

I purpose, Athelwold, to honor thee
By visiting thy castle. Ay, to-night

I'll sup with thee and with thy lady, man;
This very night.

Ath. Sup with me?

Ed. (impatiently).
You started!

Ath. 'Twas for pleasure—'twas for pleasure.

Ed. Pale too?

Ath.

No—am I pale?

Ed. (apprehensively). Ay—smooth thy brow,
Put on a bolder air. I'll tell thee all.

Shake off that look—that look.

Ath.

Thou'lt sup with me?—

To-night?

*Ed. (with amazement and a sort of shamed sor-
row).* Ay—still that look.

Ath.

It is an honor

Past my desiring.

Ed.

Tush! That game to me?

Go to! go to!

Ath.

Sire, if thou couldst but tarry,
But give me time to offer thee a welcome
Worthy thy state and majesty.

Ed.

What! this
From Athelwold to Edgar? Majesty?

State? Thou to me—of state and majesty?

Am I not welcome?

Ath. Welcome? Oh, indeed,
To th' utmost. But my wife! It doth seem
just

That she be warned, so that she may prepare
Such welcome as her woman's vanity
Would joy to offer.

Ed. Why, I say, have done.
I'll come in such old trappings, good my
Thane,

As will put ceremony out of place.
Yet, if thou'dst do't, ride on, and I will follow.

Ath. (going). Then I will go o' th' instant.
Short farewell.

Ed. Why, rest thee, man. What is thy
haste?

Ath. None—none—
None, o' my word.

Ed. (watching his nervous movements). Why, art
thou restless?

Ath. Who?
I? I'm not restless.

Ed. But thine eyes!

Ath. Look, sire:

Why hast thou kept the priest?
Ed. Oh, for a whim.

He frets thee? Bid him hence.

Ath. (to OSWALD). Away with thee!

Osw. Your lordship's will in all.

[*Exit OSWALD.*]

*Ath. (looking after him and speaking between his
teeth).* Obsequious hound!

I see thy part in this.

Edg. What's that thou saidst?
Speak out.

Ath. Mere habit; I but thought aloud.
Edgar, why wilt thou keep this fellow near
thee?

Ed. I keep him not. A sly knave.

Ath. A sly devil.

Ed. I think so.

Ath. And I know so. Would to God
I were thyself but for a heart-beat!

Ed. Why?

Ath. To have him strangled. But if thou
dost purpose

To sup with me to-night—

Ed. I'm set on it.

Ath. Then pray you grant that I set forth
at once.

My wife will blame me—

Ed. What! so soon submissive?

Ath. Ay, ay.

Ed. A shrew, then?

Ath. No—that is—in truth,

A vixen.

Ed. My poor Athelwold! cheer, cheer.

I have most dearly sold thee. Well, away,
then.

Ath. I thank thee. [*Exit.*]

Ed. If he hath deceived me— Ho!

My falcons! there! without there! If in truth
He hath deceived me— Nay, I will not think it.
My falcons! [*Exit.*]

SCENE 4.—A Room in ATHELWOLD'S Castle.
ELFREDA playing with her dog. NURSE spinning.

Elf. Now sir, up, up; sit up, I say; sit up;
And when I call the name of Athelwold
Give tongue. Now, sir! I faith, sir, dost thou
know

That he, thy lord and mine, Thane Athelwold,

(Speak, sir!) comes home to-night? Well done!
well done!

Well done! Nurse, mark him now. Say Athel-
wold,

And see how loyally he greets the name.

Nur. What! Athelwold—plain so. Well, I
have said it.

Elf. Lord, Lord, nurse! how thou dost out-
patience me!

How shall the poor beast guess thy meaning,
nurse,

When thou dost say't without a spark o' mean-
ing?

There, go, sir!—down! He answered fast
enough

When I spoke. Look you, nurse. Let's have
a game

O' love-making. Look; thou shalt be the gal-
lant,

I'll be thy lady. Oh, so much I'm won

That to be wooed again will seem most sweet!

Come, nurse. Now, nurse—good nurse. Come
on; come, nurse.

Nur. La, honey! what wilt have? Me be a
gallant?

La, in my kirtle!

Elf. Oh, we'll feign the doublet.

Now, nurse, down on thy knees!

Nur. Oh, please you, lamb,
I am so twinged with gout that e'en to God
I ease the distance with a footstool.

Elf. Well,

Here's one. Now kneel, and I will flout thee.

Nur. So—

Ugh! My poor limbs! Ugh, honey! I do
creak

Like some old gate.

Elf. Well, never mind the creaking.

Woo! Woo!

Nur. Oh Lord, this is a sorry game!

How shall I woo?

Elf. Why, take my hand—dart fire
With both thine eyes—or one. Oh, as you
please.

Say, "Fairnest lady, I am dying for thee!"

Nur. I am, indeed.

Elf. What?

Nur. Dying for thee. Oh!

Both legs are fast asleep.

Elf. Away with thee!

Get up. I'll be the gallant, and woo thee.

Now see how't should be done. "Most gra-
cious lady,

Upon my knees I do implore, beseech,

One gracious smile! Oh! oh! I swoon, I die
Because of thy rare beauty."

Nur. La, go to!

Elf. "Thy lovely eyes, thy beauteous nose,
thy lips

So like to cherries."

Nur. Oh, have done, thou mis-
chief!

Thou'dst been a jolly jeck, I'll warrant thee!
Let me unto my spinning.

Elf. Well, go on,

Go on. I care not if thou'rt peevish. Nurse,
Where's my lord's armor?

Nur. Safely put aside,
As he did bid me.

Elf. Sweetest nurse, I know

Thou lovest me.

Nur. What now?

Elf. Only his helmet.
I have such yearning to try on his helmet.
Do, nurse! Look, I will kiss thee. There!—and there!

Nur. Well, well. I verily believe, my lamb, Thou'dst coax St. Peter to give up the keys That thou mightst rummage heaven.

Elf. And, nurse—
Nur. Ay, honey?

Elf. His sword, nurse. Just his sword and helmet, nurse.

Do hurry, nurse. I'll see thou getst no blame.

Nur. Well, well. I'll humor thee. [*Exit.*

Elf. How long she tarries!

Re-enter NURSE, with ATHELWOLD'S helmet.

Ah, sweetest nurse, here is thy kiss; and now Give me the helmet. Ah, 'tis heavy—

Nur. Ay,
'Tis heavy, that I'll vouch for.

Elf. Look you, nurse,
I must his shield for mirror.

Nur. Oh, go to!
Well, then—thou must, then.

[*Exit, and returns with shield.*
Here!

Elf. Oh, is't not bright!
Now, nurse, look I not like a warrior?

Enter ATHELWOLD.

Ath. Ha, my Minerva! Gods! how fair thou art!

Come, kiss me—kiss me—kiss me.

Elf. Madam Nurse,
Thou canst unto thy spinning now.

Nur. [*in a hurt voice.*] Oh, ay—
Oh, ay—I warrant thee. Now he is come.

Thy old nurse is as nothing. [*Exit.*
Ath. Look you, dear,

Say some kind word to her. She's old, and loves thee

Above her hope of heaven.

Elf. Not I, good sooth!
She is too peevish, and expects too much.

I care not to bestow where gifts are looked for.
Fair sir, how seem I in thy helmet?

Ath. Why,
A maiden knight in verity. Elfreda,
Dost love me less or more than yesterday?

Elf. More.
Ath. Art thou sure?

Elf. Sure? Oh, ay, sure enough.
Show me to swing thy sword—how is it?

Ath. Nay, thou dost not love me as thou didst!

Elf. Why, yes,
I do—I said so. Are all swords so long

As this one? Ugh! 'tis heavy.

Ath. Ay, 'tis heavy.
Heart of me, cease from play. I need thee

more
To-day than I e'er needed thee.

Elf. What for?
Is't that old wound?

Ath. Ay, that old wound, my wife.
Look thou, come sit beside me. Thou shalt

listen
Unto a story such as thou dost love,
Of strange and curious happenings.

Elf. A love-story?
Ath. In most a hate-story; but cheer, my

heart,
There's love in it—ay, there is love in it.

Elf. Well, tell me.
Ath. Sit where I can see thy face.

There—that is well. There dwelt in Christendom—

Elf. Oh, specify, or I care not to hear it.
Name town and country, knights and masters

all,
Even to the dragon—if there be a dragon.

Ath. Well, well, love, as you will. There was a knight

Dwelt in the town of London. A stanch knight,

Who loved his king, and was by him beloved.
His name was—Osric, and he loved the king.

Elf. And the king's name?
Ath. Geffry.

Elf. Methinks the knight
Was fairer christened. Canst not change the

names?
Ath. No, no; no matter; let me on. The king

—Geffry—
Elf. Now, why not call him Osric, dear,

An't pleases me?
Ath. Oh, Osric, then, the king.

Osric the king did one day seek his knight,
Sir Geffry, and did tell him how report

Had come to him of a most beauteous maiden,
Who dwelt in Warwickshire—a maid so fair

All Angleland was rich in rumors of her.

Elf. Why, that's like me.
Ath. Ay, 'tis. Geffry the king—

Elf. Osric, my love.
Ath. Osric, I mean—did urge

That Geffry go unto the maiden's home
To find if she were fair as men did say.

For if she were, he, Osric, purposed
To wed her, and to make her lawful queen

Of Angleland.
Elf. Oh lucky maid! Her name?

Ath. Edwitha. Now, although in truth the knight

Liked not the office, yet, since he loved his king,

He did put pride away, and straight set forth
For Warwickshire. There being arrived and

welcomed,
He found the maid so far above his wildest,

Most wine-helped dreams of beauty that from wondering

He stepped to loving her.
Elf. To loving her?

Ath. To loving her, until there seemed no part
Of mind, soul, body, honor, left uneaten

Of this most ravenous love. He worshipped her.
She was his god, his heaven, his hope of heaven,

His king, his queen, his pride, his truth, his all.
So fused in this fierce fire were pride and faith

That to divide them, make them twain again,
Were unaccomplishable! He had bought

One of her kisses with a life of shame;
One year with her by twenty years in hell.

There was no limit to his recklessness,
No bound unto the blasphemy and woe

He would have dared to win her.
Elf. And the maid?

Ath. He thought she loved him.
Elf. Well, go on, go on.

Ath. He thought she loved him. Twenty thousand times

She swore she loved him. Looks, and lips, and voice.

All said she loved him.

Elf. And he?—he?
Ath. He yielded
 To this most perfectly devised temptation
 E'er set by Baal to trap a soul to ruin!

Elf. Yielded?
Ath. Ay, yielded. Canst thou credit it?
 Yielded. Forswore his manhood, honor, king,
 All that makes sleep a friend or night endeared.

Elf. And she was never queen?
Ath. Never!
Elf. Oh, shame!

He was most foul of heart!
Ath. Foul is thy heart
 To say his heart was foul! O woman, woman,
 Wilt thou judge man? Will ye, whose veins
 are ice,

Pronounce upon the passions of the men
 Who melt ye but can never kindle ye?
 Away! away! thou thing of snow. The fire
 Of love would make ye but a puddle! Oh,
 That ye should dare to call me foul of heart,
 Whose damning hath been lawless love of thee!
 Out on ye, lips! Out on ye, eyes, hair, hands,
 That have destroyed me!

Elf. Dost thou speak to me?
 What have I done?

Ath. What hast thou done? O God,
 Did Lucifer perchance so question thee
 Ere he was cast from heaven? What done?—
 what done?

No, no; I am not yet a beast in all.
 My heart hath split with this.

Elf. Nay, Athelwold,
 How could I know thou spokest of thyself?

Ath. Thou shouldst have felt it. Oh, hadst
 thou e'er loved me,
 My face had been an open book to thee.

What! Thou didst think it all mere idle talk!
Elf. As I do live, I thought so.

Ath. Kneel and swear.

Elf. (kneeling). By all in heaven I swear it.
Ath. Wait! I choke.

Pray thee, undo my collar.

Elf. Athelwold!
 Athelwold! Look at me. Dost thou believe
 me?

Ath. Ay; but 'tis too much joy. Thy leave
 awhile.

Let me lean so. There, do not touch me. Ah!
 That's better—that's better. Do not touch me—
 Not yet.

Elf. How couldst thou think I meant it?
 Oh,

The gentlest men are cruel when they love!

Ath. Right hadst thou to reproach me. I'll
 not budge

To vindicate mine error. Oh, my beauty,
 My untamed hawk, my fierce, soft-footed tigress,
 Come, set thy talons in me! Come, despatch!
 Rend me in pieces, so thou dost but touch me!

Elf. How thou dost love me!
Ath. Ay; and even thou—
 Thou dost not know to what extent. Again!
 Tell me again thou didst not mean it.

Elf. Why,
 Thou knowest that I did not.

Ath. Well, again—
 Again—again. O lips, I cry ye pardon!
 Sweet hair, sweet eyes, sweet hands, sweet
 throat—all, all,
 I cry ye grace! Nay, stretch not in mine arms,

Lest I do crush thee for thy very sweetness!
 But, heart, to reason. Darling, there's no time
 To lose 'twixt now and nightide.

Elf. How dost mean?
Ath. Edgar hath been informed. That knave,
 that Oswald,

Hath told him all. To-night he purposes
 To sup with us.

Elf. To-night?
Ath. Ay, this same night.

Elf. What must I do?
Ath. I've thought upon it, heart.

There is one way, one only way to save us.
Elf. And that, my lord?

Ath. That is for thee, my wife,
 By some disguise, some stain on thy fair skin,
 Some awkward combing of these graceful
 tresses,

To mar this fatal beauty which hath ruined me.
Elf. Make myself ugly?

Ath. Ay, as ugly, sweet,
 As one so fair can look.

Elf. And let the King
 Think that I'm hideous?

Ath. In truth, my heart,
 The more he thinks thee hideous, the better
 Thou'lt find some way. Come, we will ask
 thy nurse;
 She will assist thee. Swiftly, swiftly.

[*Exeunt.*]

A Glade in the Forest.

Enter EDGAR and FROTH.

Ed. Well, boy, how lik'st thou to be mis-
 tressed?

Fro. Sire,
 Had she not such a beak, I'd love her well
 For th' gold that lines her nest.

Ed. Is she so ugly?

Fro. Gods, sire! Thou shouldst but see her!
 Thou wilt sup

But sparingly to-night.

Ed. How, boy?

Fro. Why, sire,
 She'd take away the appetite o' a vulture.
 But there's my master's horn. Thy pardon, sire.
 I run to help thy welcome.

[*Exit.*]

Ed. He's not false.
 No, he hath not deceived me. This young lad
 Wears the smooth, easy front of honesty.
 Would now that I had lugged the priest along
 To grieve at my rejoicing!

A Room in ATHELWOLD'S Castle.

Enter ATHELWOLD.

Ath. It can be done. It can be done. That's
 certain.

Would that her beauty were less palpable,
 Less self-assertive! Nay—it can be done.
 That faded gown, ill-shapen; then her hair
 Brought low and covered by a dingy wimple;
 No gems. Her eyebrows dusted o'er with flour.
 Some dark stain on her pretty teeth. Yes, yes—
 The nurse is faithful. Oh, 'tis certain—ay,
 'Tis a sure thing. Would I had time myself
 To look upon her ere she comes! But then
 She hath her womancraft for handmaiden,
 And knowledge of her possible fate withal
 To egg her to it. Would it were to-morrow!
 Or Edgar come and gone! To know thyself
 That thou art lying is sufficient torture;



"DOST THOU SPEAK TO ME? WHAT HAVE I DONE?"

But when 'tis known to wife and servant, oh,
'Tis insupportable. I fear myself—
I fear myself in this. Yet she doth love me—
All else is nothing while that she doth love me.
Wilful, but dear in all, in all enchanting.
Would God 'twere over! Would to God 'twere
over!

O heart, thou hang'st too heavy. Cheerly, heart;
I have sore need of thee. Be stanch, good
heart.

And break not with this monstrous weight.

Enter EDGAR.

Your Majesty—

Ed. I tell thee I've no majesty, my Thane,
When thou dost tax me with it, and in truth
Am urged to prove its lack by cuffing thee!
Out, sir! to thus besire and bemajesty
A king made sick with too much deference!

Ath. Wilt seat thee, Edgar? Supper will be
served

When my wife enters.

Ed. Ay, this wife o' thine.

Thou didst deserve a fairer fate, my Thane.
Look thou—they say she hath a nose withal
To make a pelican top-heavy.

Ath. Nay,

Her nose is well enough. 'Tis that she's fallow
And scorched by many summers. Then, alack!
She hath black teeth, which were a flaw had
marred

The Virgin Mary. Then, she's squarely shaped.
Well, well—but she hath gold.

Ed. Ay, gold. But, 'faith,
Thou shouldst be better spoused. I fear thy
children

May not translate thee justly.

Ath. (*bitterly*). Trust me, Edgar,
If e'er I have a child 'twill be no great
And bulky matter for't to do me justice.

Ed. Well, well, Sir Modesty. She tarries, sir,
Takes her own time, and, not content with that,
Filches her King's. Ha! ha!—I'll wager, man,
She stirs thee soundly.

Ath. Ay, sir.

Ed. Well, my ride

Hath set a keen edge to my appetite;

I'll do thy viands justice—doubt me not.

How keepest Patience still a guest, my Thane,
In this old castle? Hast thou hawks? Look
thou—

I'll send thee such a couple o' jashawks, man,
Would bring thee down an eagle.

Ath. No—no gifts,
For God's sake. That is, couldst thou know
but once

How she will rail at such diversion—

Ed. Well,

So be it. Seat thee, man. It seems to me

This trick o' walking rooms hath grown on thee.

Ath. Most like—most like. (*Aside.*) Saints!
What doth keep her?

Ed. So?

Ha! ha! 'tmay serve thee in good stead, Sir
Knave,

If the young Thane should be a burner o' al-
nights.

Ath. Sir, shall we drink? Ho, there! some
wine!

Ed. Oh, ay.

I'll no more turn from wine than babes from
milk.

Look thou—I'm sorry thou'lt not take the jas-
haws;

But I've a barb. Doth your wife ride?

Ath. No, no.

Ed. Ha! ha! Horses do shy at her, mayhap?

Ath. Oh, ay.

I know not. Haply here's the wine. Kneel,
boy,

To serve a king. (*Aside.*) Gods! will she never
come?

Ed. Here's to thy truth.

Ath. And thine.

Ed. Zounds! 'tis good wine.

Excellent well, i' faith.

Ath. The butt is thine.

Ed. Why, I'll not squiny at it. Look thou,
man—

Thou'lt take the barb now?

Ath. No, no; nothing—nothing!

Ed. I see thou'rt moved by something, Athel-
wold.

If 'tis thy wife's long tarrying that frets thee,
I know these women.

Ath. Yet, sir, she was robbed

When I came forth to meet thee.

Ed. Oh, well, patience.

I know 'em, how they'll change and change their
fallals,

Then back again, then as they were at first,

Then back again. But wilt thou drink?

Ath. No more.

Ed. One horn—but one. Come, quaff!

Ath. Well, then, one only.

Ah! 'tis her foot!

Ed. Thy lady's?

Ath. Ay. There—there—

There is the door she'll enter by.

Ed. Thou'rt pale.

Thy hand shakes. Lean on me. Why art thou

troubled?

That door to th' middle there?

Ath. Ay—that one—that one.

Now—

*Enter ELFREDA slowly, blazing with jewels, and with
her wimple thrown back.*

God in heaven!

Ed. What is this—some trick?

Speak, madam. You, sir, speak. God's eyes,
sir! Speak,

When I command thee. Is that woman there—
I choke! I choke!—thy wife—Elfreda?

Ath. Ay.

Elfreda, and my wife.

Ed. What! thou dost say it?

Thou, madam—dost thou say so? Where's thy
tongue?

I will be answered. Know'st thou I'm the
King.

Edgar of Angleland, who doth question thee?

Art thou Elfreda, sometime child of Olgar,
The Earl of Devonshire?

Elf. I am that Elfreda.

Ed. Oh God! My brain's on fire. Thou, Athel-
wold,

Thou—thou— Come—lie again—tell me this
woman's

Thy wanton, not thy wife.

Ath. Nay; she is both

My wife and wanton.

Elf. Athelwold!—my lord—

Ath. Silence! Nor ever speak to me again.



ENTER ELFREDA, BLAZING WITH JEWELS.

Ed. Madam—sweet Heaven! I dream—this is a dream.

I know I dream—but while it lasts 'tis awful!

Ath. Thou dost not dream. That woman is Elfreda,

The daughter of the Earl of Devonshire.

I am her husband—Athelwold—thy friend!

Ed. Oh, horrible! Madam, knewest thou of this?

Elf. No—not until some minutes past, my liege.

Ed. What! false to thee as well? Oh, coward!

Ath. Nay, Thou shalt not live to call me coward.

Elf. Ah! Put up thy sword if but for love of me.

Ath. For love of thee? Harlot!

Elf. What! wilt thou dare?

Ed. Lady, fear not. I will protect thee.

Sir, I cannot quite forget thee. Athelwold,

Hast thou no word to say to me? No whisper?

Nothing in explanation?

Ath. Nothing.

Ed. What! Nothing? no word? Then thou wilt brave it out

I' the very teeth of scorn. Be comforted;

Thou yet shalt be the Queen of Angleland, lady.

Ath. Now by the King of Heaven she shall not!

Ed. Sir!

Ath. I tell thee, Edgar, whether pure or vile

She is my wife, and with my very blood

I will protect what's left to me of honor.

Though it be smaller than the littlest freckle

Upon a lily.

Ed. Thou dost dare—dost dare?

Ath. (*swinging ELFREDA behind him*). This is the wife of Athelwold the Thane.

Let no man touch her, though he were in all Ten thousand times thy better and a king!

Ed. Slave!

Ath. By my sword! Now look I like a slave? What! thou wouldst violate the marriage law Beneath my very roof? Thou wouldst make free

With this my wife before my very eyes—

Unhoo! Adultery and slip the jesses

O' Rapine, and then think to see me bear it?

Lay but thy finger on her, and this sword, Which in thy cause hath drunk so much clean blood,

Shall make thy heart its sheath!

Ay, thou mayst rage, Ay, fume! Wert thou the King of twenty Ang-

gledlands

Thou shouldst not have this woman to thy Queen!

Nor think it love that spurs me. No, oh God!

Love lies more deeper buried than the roots

Of this mad world. It is not, verily,

That I do love this woman as my wife,

But that as wife she hath some part in me,

And therefore shall not be dishonored. Back!

Back to your court, O Edgar, and remember

Kings should be subject to the laws they make, As God himself is subject to his laws.

Ed. Wrong me and word me too? Back, sir, thyself!

Ath. So thou wilt dare me, then? Make her a widow

And thou shalt have her!

Ed.

Oh, I'll have her.

[*They fight.*]



DEATH OF ATHELWOLD.

Elf. Gentlemen! gentlemen! My lord! God's love! Will you be reasonable? Oh, help! help! Help, there! Without there! Frothi! Frothi! Ho! Ho, there! *[Rushes out.]*

Ed. Thou'rt wounded. *What! not a motion?*

Ath. There is one for thee. *Boy, chafe his hands. Oh, I will follow thee.*

Ed. Bloodthirsty as a wolf. Again! Be warned! *[Swoons.]*

Ath. Have at thee! Wilt thou falter? *Fro. O fair and false! O master! master! master!*

Ed. *[They fight.]* Be thy blood

On thine own head!

Ath. Amen.

Re-enter ELFREDA with FROTHI. ATHELWOLD falls as they enter.

All's done. Farewell, boy. *[Dies.]*

Thou wert true. *Elf. (struggling with EDGAR, who tries to hold her.)*

Unloose me! Nay, I will go to him! I say I will! *[Rushes to him.]*

Athelwold! Athelwold! My love! my lord! My husband! Look, I'm here—I'm here! Thy wife!

Elfreda! Oh, I meant it not! Look up! Boy, he's not dead. Thou'rt keeping back the air

By hanging over him. Away! My lord! Athelwold! What? These stains upon my hands!

Jewels, I hate thee! Off, ye traitors! Thus—

Thus do I rid me of my queenhood, thus Return to thee. Look, I am stript of all That wrought thy anger! Look, I'll tear my face With these my very nails until I seem More vile than visible sin!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Your Majesty, how goes the festival? What! nothing touched upon the table? Ah! Who is the lady?

Fro. (stabbing him). Go and ask my master! O filthy priest, this was thy handiwork From first to last.

Osw. My liege, I'm hurt to death. See that yon humpbacked pack o' villany Doth suffer for this deed. Promise!

Ed. Not I. He shall in naught be punished. As for thee, Thy punishment, false priest, is in the hands Of that High King whom thou hast always served

With more of treachery ev'n than thou'st served me, Thy mortal monarch.

(To FROTHI.) Call thy lady's women; She hath but swooned, I think. O Athelwold! Would God that I lay there instead of thee!

THE END.

CHICAGO—THE MAIN EXHIBIT.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

CHICAGO will be the main exhibit at the Columbian Exposition of 1893. No matter what the aggregation of wonders there, no matter what the Eiffel-Tower-like chief exhibit may be, the city itself will make the most surprising presentation. Those who go to study the world's progress will find no other result of human force so wonderful, extravagant, or peculiar. Those who carry with them the prejudices begotten out of political rivalry or commercial envy will discover that, however well founded some of the criticism has been—especially as to the spirit of the Chicagoans—the development of the place has not followed the logical deductions. Those who go clear-minded, expecting to see a great city, will find one different from that which any precedent has led them to look for.

While investigating the management and prospects of the Columbian Exposition, I was a resident of Chicago for more than a fortnight. A born New-Yorker, the energy, roar, and bustle of the place were yet sufficient to first astonish and then to fatigue me. I was led to examine the city, and to cross-examine some of its leading men. I came away compelled to acknowledge its possession of certain forceful qualities which I never saw exhibited in the same degree anywhere else. I got a satisfactory explanation of its growth and achievements, as well as proof that it must continue to expand in population and commercial influence. Moreover, without losing a particle of pride or faith in New York—without perceiving that New York was affected by the consideration—I acquired a respect for Chicago such as it is most likely that any American who makes a similar investigation must share with me.

The city has been thought intolerant of criticism. The amount of truth there is in this is found in its supervoluminous civicism. The bravado and bunkum of the Chicago newspapers reflect this quality, but do it clumsily, because it proceeds from a sense of business policy with the editors, who laugh at it themselves. But underlying the behavior of the most able and enterprising men in the city is this motto, which they constantly quoted to me, all using the

same words, "We are for Chicago first, last, and all the time." To define that sentence is, in a great measure, to account for Chicago. It explains the possession of a million inhabitants by a city that practically dates its beginning after the war of the rebellion. Its adoption by half a million men as their watch-word means the forcing of trade and manufactures and wealth; the getting of the World's Fair, if you please. In order to comprehend Chicago, it is best never to lose sight of the motto of its citizens.

I have spoken of the roar and bustle and energy of Chicago. This is most noticeable in the business part of the town, where the greater number of the men are crowded together. It seems there as if the men would run over the horses if the drivers were not careful. Everybody is in such a hurry and going at such a pace that if a stranger asks his way, he is apt to have to trot along with his neighbor to gain the information, for the average Chicagoan cannot stop to talk. The whole business of life is carried on at high pressure, and the pithy part of Chicago is like three hundred acres of New York Stock Exchange when trading is active. European visitors have written that there are no such crowds anywhere as gather on Broadway, and this is true most of the time; but there is one hour on every week-day when certain streets in Chicago are so packed with people as to make Broadway look desolate and solitudinous by comparison. That is the hour between half past five and half past six o'clock, when the famous tall buildings of the city vomit their inhabitants upon the pavements. Photographs of the principal corners and crossings, taken at the height of the human torrent, suggest the thought that the camera must have been turned on some little-known painting by Doré. Nobody but Doré ever conceived such pictures. To those who are in the crowds, even Chicago seems small and cramped; even her street cars, running in breakneck trains, prove far too few; even her streets that connect horizon with horizon seem each night to roar at the city officials for further annexation in the morning.

We shall see these crowds simply and

satisfactorily accounted for presently; but they exhibit only one phase of the high-pressure existence; they form only one feature among the many that distinguish the town. In the tall buildings are the most modern and rapid elevators, machines that fly up through the towers like glass balls from a trap at a shooting contest. The slow-going stranger, who is conscious of having been "kneaded" along the streets, like a lump of dough among a million bakers, feels himself loaded into one of those frail-looking baskets of steel netting, and the next instant the elevator-boy touches the trigger, and up goes the whole load as a feather is caught up by a gale. The descent is more simple. Something lets go, and you fall from ten to twenty stories as it happens. There is sometimes a jolt, which makes the passenger seem to feel his stomach pass into his shoes, but, as a rule, the mechanism and management both work marvellously toward ease and gentleness. These elevators are too slow for Chicago, and the managers of certain tall buildings now arrange them so that some run "express" to the seventh story without stopping, while what may be called accommodation cars halt at the lower floors, pursuing a course that may be likened to the emptying of the chambers of a revolver in the hands of a person who is "quick on the trigger." It is the same everywhere in the business district. Along Clark Street are some gorgeous underground restaurants, all marble and plated metal. Whoever is eating at one of the tables in them will see the ushers standing about like statues until a customer enters the door, when they dart forward as if the building were falling. It is only done in order to seat the visitor promptly. Being of a sympathetic and impressionable nature, I bolted along the streets all the time I was there as if some one on the next block had picked my pocket.

In the Auditorium Hotel the guests communicate with the clerk by electricity, and may flash word of their thirst to the bar-tender as lightning dances from the top to the bottom of a steeple. A sort of annunciator is used, and by turning an arrow and pressing a button, a man may in half a minute order a cocktail, towels, ice-water, stationery, dinner, a bootblack, and the evening newspapers. Our horse-cars in New York

move at the rate of about six miles an hour. The cable-cars of Chicago make more than nine miles an hour in town, and more than thirteen miles an hour where the population is less dense. They go in trains of two cars each, and with such a racket of gong-ringing and such a grinding and whirl of grip-wheels as to make a modern vestibuled train seem a waste of the opportunities for noise. But these street cars distribute the people grandly, and while they occasionally run over a stray citizen, they far more frequently clear their way by lifting wagons and trucks bodily to one side as they whirl along. It is a rapid and a business-like city. The speed with which cattle are killed and pigs are turned into slabs of salt pork has amazed the world, but it is only the ignorant portion thereof that does not know that the celerity at the stock-yards is merely an effort of the butchers to keep up with the rest of the town. The only slow things in Chicago are the steam railway trains. Farther on we will discover why they are so.

I do not know how many very tall buildings Chicago contains, but they must number nearly two dozen. Some of them are artistically designed, and hide their height in well-balanced proportions. A few are mere boxes punctured with window-holes, and stand above their neighbors like great hitching-posts. The best of them are very elegantly and completely appointed, and the communities of men inside them might almost live their lives within their walls, so multifarious are the occupations and services of the tenants. The best New York office buildings are not injured by comparison with these towering structures, except that they are not so tall as the Chicago buildings, but there is not in New York any office structure that can be compared with Chicago's so-called Chamber of Commerce office building, so far as are concerned the advantages of light and air and openness and roominess which its tenants enjoy. In these respects there is only one finer building in America, and that is in Minneapolis. It is a great mistake to think that we in New York possess all the elegant, rich, and ornamental outgrowths of taste, or that we know better than the West what are the luxuries and comforts of the age. With their floors of deftly laid mosaic-work, their walls of marble and onyx, their balustrades of copper worked into

arabesquerie, their artistic lanterns, elegant electric fixtures, their costly and luxurious public rooms, these Chicago office buildings force an exclamation of praise, however unwillingly it comes.

They have adopted what they call "the Chicago method" in putting up these steeping hives. This plan is to construct the actual edifice of steel framework, to which are added thin outer walls of brick or stone masonry, and the necessary partitions of fire-brick, and plaster laid on iron lathing. The buildings are therefore like enclosed bird-cages, and it is said that, like bird-cages, they cannot shake or tumble down. The exterior walls are mere envelopes. They are so treated that the buildings look like heaps of masonry, but that is homage paid to custom more than it is a material element of strength. These walls are to a building what an envelope is to a letter, or a postage-stamp is to that part of an envelope which it covers. The Chicago method is expeditious, economical, and in many ways advantageous. The manner in which the great weight of houses so tall as to include between sixteen and twenty-four stories is distributed upon the ground beneath them is ingenious. Wherever one of the principal upright pillars is to be set up, the builders lay a pad of steel and cement of such extent that the pads for all the pillars cover all the site. These pads are slightly pyramidal in shape, and are made by laying alternate courses of steel beams crosswise, one upon another. Each pair of courses of steel is filled in and solidified with cement, and then the next two courses are added and similarly treated. At last each pad is eighteen inches thick, and perhaps eighteen feet square; but the size is governed by the desire to distribute the weight of the building at about the average of a ton to the square foot.

This peculiar process is necessitated by the character of the land underneath Chicago. Speaking widely, the rule is to find from seven to fourteen feet of sand superimposed upon a layer of clay between ten and forty feet in depth. It has not paid to puncture this clay with piling. The piles sink into a soft and yielding substance, and the clay is not tenacious enough to hold them. Thus the Chicago Post-office was built, and it not only settles continuously, but it settles unevenly. On the other hand, the famous Rookery

Building, set up on these steel and cement pads, did not sink quite an inch, though the architect's calculation was that, by squeezing the water out of the clay underneath, it would settle seven inches. Very queer and differing results have followed the construction of Chicago's biggest buildings, and without going too deep into details, it has been noticed that while some have pulled neighboring houses down a few inches, others have lifted adjoining houses, and still others have raised buildings that were at a distance from themselves. The bed of clay underneath Chicago acts when under pressure like a pan of dough, or like a blanket tautened at the edges and held clear of underneath support. Chicago's great office buildings have basements, but no cellars.

I have referred to the number of these stupendous structures. Let it be known next that they are all in a very small district, that narrow area which composes Chicago's office region, which lies between Lake Michigan and all the principal railroad districts, and at the edges of which one-twenty-fifth of all the railroad mileage of the world is said to terminate, though the district is but little more than half a mile square or 300 acres in extent. One of these buildings—and not the largest—has a population of 4000 persons. It was visited and its elevators were used on three days, when a count was kept, by 19,000, 18,000, and 20,000 persons. Last October there were 7000 offices in the tall buildings of Chicago, and 7000 more were under way in buildings then undergoing construction. The reader now understands why in the heart of Chicago every work-day evening the crowds convey the idea that our Broadway is a deserted thoroughfare as compared with, say, the corner of Clark and Jackson streets.

These tall buildings are mainly built on land obtained on 99 year leasehold. Long leases rather than outright purchases of land have long been a favorite preliminary to building in Chicago, where, for one thing, the men who owned the land have not been those with the money for building. Where very great and costly buildings are concerned, the long leases often go to corporations or syndicates, who put up the houses. It seems to many strangers who visit Chicago that it is reasonable to prophesy a speedy end to the feverish impulse to swell the number of

these giant piles, either through legislative ordinance or by the fever running its course. Many prophesy that it must soon end. This idea is bred of several reasons. In the first place, the tall buildings darken the streets, and transform the lower stories of opposite houses into so many cellars or damp and dark basements. In the next place, the great number of tall and splendid office houses is depreciating the value of the humbler property in their neighborhoods. Four-story and five-story houses that once were attractive are no longer so, because their owners cannot afford the conveniences which distinguish the greater edifices, wherein light and heat are often provided free, fire-proof safes are at the service of every tenant, janitors officer a host of servants, and there are barber shops, restaurants, cigar and news stands, elevators, and a half-dozen other conveniences not found in smaller houses. It would seem, also, that since not all the people of Chicago spend their time in offices, there must soon come an end of the demand for these chambers. So it seems, but not to a thoroughbred Chicagoan. One of the foremost business men in the city asserts that he can perceive no reason why the entire business heart of the town—that square half-mile of which I have spoken—should not soon be all builded up of cloud-capped towers. There will be a need for them, he says, and the money to defray the cost of them will accompany the demand. The only trouble he foresees will be in the solution of the problem what to do with the people who will then crowd the streets as never streets were clogged before.

This prophecy relates to a little block in the city, but the city itself contains 181½ square miles. It has been said of the many annexations by which her present size was attained that Chicago reached out and took to herself farms, prairie land, and villages, and that of such material the great city now in part consists. This is true. In suburban trips, such as those I took to Fort Sheridan and Fernwood, for instance, I passed great cabbage farms, groves, houseless but plotted tracts, and long reaches of the former prairie. Even yet Hyde Park is a separated settlement, and a dozen or more villages stand out as distinctly by themselves as ever they did. If it were true, as her rivals insist, that Chicago added all this tract

merely to get a high rank in the census reports of population, the folly of the action would be either ludicrous or pitiful, according to the stand-point from which it was viewed. But the true reason for her enormous extension of municipal jurisdiction is quite as peculiar. The enlargement was urged and accomplished in order to anticipate the growth and needs of the city. It was a consequence of extraordinary foresight, which recognized the necessity for a uniform system of boulevards, parks, drainage, and water provision when the city should reach limits that it was even then seen must soon bound a compact aggregation of stores, offices, factories, and dwellings. To us of the East this is surprising. It might seem incredible were there not many other evidences of the same spirit and sagacity not only in Chicago, but in the other cities of the West, especially of the Northwest. What Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Duluth are doing toward a future park system reveals the same enterprise and habit of looking far ahead. And Chicago, in her park system, makes evident her intentions. In all these cities and in a hundred ways the observant traveller notes the same forehandedness, and prepares himself to understand the temper in which the greatest of the Western capitals leaned forth and absorbed the prairie. Chicago expects to become the largest city in America—a city which, in fifty years, shall be larger than the consolidated cities that may form New York at that time.

Now on what substance does Chicago feed that she should foresee herself so great? What manner of men are those of Chicago? What are the whys and the wherefores of her growth?

It seems to have ever been, as it is now, a city of young men. One Chicagoan accounts for its low death rate on the ground that not even its leading men are yet old enough to die. The young men who drifted there from the Eastern States after the close of the war all agree that the thing which most astonished them was the youthfulness of the most active business men. Marshall Field, Potter Palmer, and the rest, heading very large mercantile establishments, were young fellows. Those who came to Chicago from England fancied, as it is said that Englishmen do, that a man may not be trusted with affairs until he has lost half

his hair and all his teeth. Our own Eastern men were apt to place wealth and success at the middle of the scale of life. But in Chicago men under thirty were leading in commerce and industry. The sight was a spur to all the young men who came, and they also pitched in to swell the size and successes of the young men's capital. The easy making of money by the loaning of it and by handling city realty—sources which never failed with shrewd men—not only whetted the general appetite for big and quick money-making, but they provided the means for the establishment and extension of trade in other ways and with the West at large.

It is one of the peculiarities of Chicago that one finds not only the capitalists but the storekeepers discussing the whole country with a familiarity as strange to a man from the Atlantic coast as Nebraska is strange to most Philadelphians or New-Yorkers. But the well-informed and "hustling" Chicagoan is familiar with the differing districts of the entire West, North, and South, with their crops, industries, wants, financial status, and means of intercommunication. As in London we find men whose business field is the world, so in Chicago we find the business men talking not of one section or of Europe, as is largely the case in New York, but discussing the affairs of the entire country. The figures which garnish their conversation are bewildering, but if they are analyzed, or even comprehended, they will reveal to the listener how vast and how wealthy a region acknowledges Chicago as its market and its financial and trading centre.

Without either avowing or contesting any part of the process by which Chicago men account for their city's importance or calculate its future, let me repeat a digest of what several influential men of that city said upon the subject. Chicago, then, is the centre of a circle of 1000 miles diameter. If you draw a line northward 500 miles, you find everywhere arable land and timber. The same is true with respect to a line drawn 500 miles in a northwesterly course. For 650 miles westward there is no change in the rich and alluring prospect, and so all around the circle, except where Lake Michigan interrupts it, the same conditions are found. Moreover, the lake itself is a valuable element in commerce. The rays or spokes in all these directions

become materialized in the form of the tracks of 35 railways which enter the city. Twenty-two of these are great companies, and at a short distance sub-radials made by other railroads raise the number to 50 roads. As said above, in Chicago one-twenty-fifth of the railway mileage of the world terminates, and serves 30 millions of persons, who find Chicago the largest city easily accessible to them. Thus is found a vast population connected easily and directly with a common centre, to which everything they produce can be brought, and from which all that contributes to the material progress and comfort of man may be economically distributed.

A financier who is equally well known and respected in New York and Chicago put the case somewhat differently as to what he called Chicago's territory. He considered it as being 1000 miles square, and spoke of it as "the land west of the Alleghanies and south of Mason and Dixon's line." This region, the richest agricultural territory in the world, does its financiering in Chicago. The rapid increase in wealth of both the city and the tributary region is due to the fact that every year both produce more, and have more to sell and less to buy. Not long ago the rule was that a stream of goods ran eastward over the Alleghanies, and another stream of supplies came back, so that the West had little gain to show. But during the past five years this back-setting current has been a stream of money returned for the products the West has distributed. The West is now selling to the East and to Europe and getting money in return, because it is manufacturing for itself, as well as tilling the soil and mining for the rest of the world. It therefore earns money and acquires a profit instead of continuing its former process of toiling merely to obtain from the East the necessities of life.

The condition in which Nebraska and Kansas find themselves is the condition in which a great part of the West was placed not long ago—a condition of debt, of being mortgaged, and of having to send its earnings to Eastern capitalists. That is no longer the case of the West in general. The debtor States now are Kansas, Nebraska, the two Dakotas, and western Minnesota; but Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Wisconsin, and

Michigan (the States most closely tributary to Chicago) have paid off their mortgages, and are absorbing money and investing it in local improvements. What they earn is now their own, and it comes back to them in the form of money. This money used to be shipped to the East, to which these States were in debt, but now it is invested where it is earned, and the consequence has been that in the last five or six years the West has rarely shipped any currency East, but has been constantly drawing it from there.

In this change of condition is seen an explanation of much that has made Chicago peculiar. She has been what she would call "hustling." For years, in company with the entire Western country, she has been making money only to pay debts with. That, they say, is why men in Chicago have talked only "business"; that is why Chicago has had no leisure class, no reservoir of home capital seeking investment. The former conditions having changed, now that she is producing more and buying less, the rest will change also.

When we understand what are the agricultural resources of the region for which Chicago is the trading-post, we perceive how certain it was that its debt would be paid, and that great wealth would follow. The corn lands of Illinois return a profit of \$15 to the acre, raising 50 to 60 bushels at 42½ cents a bushel last year, and at a cost for cultivation of only \$7 an acre. Wheat produces \$22 50 an acre, costs a little less than corn, and returns a profit of from \$12 to \$15. Oats run 55 bushels to the acre, at 27 cents a bushel, and cost the average farmer only, say, \$6 an acre, returning \$8 or \$9 an acre in profit. These figures will vary as to production, cost, and profit, but it is believed that they represent a fair average. This midland country, of which Chicago is the capital, produces two thousand million bushels of corn, seven hundred million bushels of oats, fifty million hogs, twenty-eight million horses, thirty million sheep, and so on, to cease before the reader is wearied; but in no single instance is the region producing within 50 per cent. of what it will be made to yield before the expiration of the next twenty years. Farming there has been haphazard, rude, and wasteful; but as it begins to pay well, the methods

begin to improve. Drainage will add new lands, and better methods will swell the crops, so that, for instance, where 60 bushels of corn to the acre are now grown, at least 100 bushels will be harvested. All the corn lands are now settled, but they are not improved. They will yet double in value. It is different with wheat; with that the maximum production will soon be attained.

Such is the wealth that Chicago counts up as tributary to her. By the railroads that dissect this opulent region she is riveted to the midland, the southern, and the western country between the Rockies and the Alleghanies. She is closely allied to the South, because she is manufacturing and distributing much that the South needs, and can get most economically from her. Chicago has become the third manufacturing city in the Union, and she is drawing manufactures away from the East faster than most persons in the East imagine. To-day it is a great Troy stove-making establishment that has moved to Chicago; the week before it was a Massachusetts shoe factory that went there. Many great establishments have gone there, but more must follow, because Chicago is not only the centre of the midland region in respect of the distribution of made-up wares, but also for the concentration of raw materials. Chicago must lead in the manufacture of all goods of which wood, leather, and iron are the bases. The revolution that took place in the meat trade when Chicago took the lead in that industry affected the whole leather and hide industry. Cattle are dropping 90,000 skins a week in Chicago, and the trade is confined to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, and St. Paul. It is idle to suppose that those skins will be sent across the Alleghanies to be turned into goods and sent back again. Wisconsin has become the great tanning State, and all over the district close around Chicago are factories and factory towns where hides are turned into leather goods. The West still gets its finer goods in the East, but it is making the coarser grades, and to such an extent as to give a touch of New England color to the towns and villages around Chicago.

This is not an unnatural rivalry that has grown up. The former condition of Western dependence was unnatural. The science of profitable business lies in

the practice of economy. Chicago has in abundance all the fuels except hard coal. She has coal, oil, stone, brick—everything that is needed for building and for living. Manufactures gravitate to such a place for economical reasons. The population of the north Atlantic division, including Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and acknowledging New York as its centre, is 17,401,000. The population of the northern central division, trading with Chicago, is 22,362,279. Every one has seen each succeeding census shift the centre of population farther and farther West, but not every one is habituated to putting two and two together.

"Chicago is yet so young and busy," said he who is perhaps the leading banker there, "she has no time for anything beyond each citizen's private affairs. It is hard to get men to serve on a committee. The only thing that saves us from being bores is our civic pride. We are fond, proud, enthusiastic in that respect. But we know that Chicago is not rich, like New York. She has no bulk of capital lying ready for investment and reinvestment; yet she is no longer poor. She has just got over her poverty, and the next stage, bringing accumulated wealth, will quickly follow. Her growth in this respect is more than paralleled by her development into an industrial centre."

So much, then, for Chicago's reasons for existence. The explanation forms not merely the history of an American town, and a town of young men, it points an old moral. It demonstrates anew the active truth that energy is a greater force than money. It commands money. The young founders of Chicago were backed in the East by capitalists who discounted the energy they saw them display. And now Chicago capitalists own the best street railway in St. Louis, the surface railway system of Toledo, a thousand enterprises in hundreds of Western towns.

Chicago has been as crude and rough as any other self-creating entity engaged in a hard struggle for a living. And latterly confidence in and exultation over the inevitable success of the battle have made her boastful, conceited, and noisy. But already one citizen has taken to building houses for rental and not for sale. He has arranged an imitation Astor estate as far ahead as the law will permit, which is to say to one generation unborn. Already, so they boast in Chi-

cago, you may see a few tables in the Chicago Club surrounded by whist-players with gray locks and semispherical waistcoats *in the afternoons during business hours!*—a most surprising thing, and only possible at the Chicago Club, which is the old club of the "old rich." These partially globular old whist-players are still in business, of course, as everybody is, but they let go with one hand, as it were, in the afternoons, and only stroll around to their offices at four or five o'clock to make certain that the young members of the other clubs have not stolen their trade while they were playing cards. The other clubs of Chicago merely look like clubs, as we understand the word in New York. They are patronized as our dining-clubs are, with a rush at luncheon-time, although at both ends of the town, in the residence districts, there are clubs to which men drift on Sundays.

And here one is brought to reflect that Chicago is distinctly American. I know that the Chicagoans boast that theirs is the most mixed population in the country, but the makers and movers of Chicago are Americans. The streets of the city are full of strange faces of a type to which we are not used in the East—a dish-faced, soft-eyed, light-haired people. They are Scandinavians; but they are as malleable as lead, and quickly and easily follow and adopt every Americanism. In return, they ask only to be permitted to attend a host of Lutheran churches in flocks, to work hard, live temperately, save thriftily, and to pronounce every *j* as if it were a *y*. But the dominating class is of that pure and broad American type which is not controlled by New England or any other tenets, but is somewhat loosely made up of the overflow of the New England, the Middle, and the Southern States. It is as mixed and comprehensive as the West Point school of cadets. It calls its city "She-caw-ger." It inclines to soft hats, and only once in a great while does a visitor see a Chicagoan who has the leisure or patience to carry a cane. Its signs are eloquent of its habits, especially of its habit of freedom. "Take G——'s candy to the loved ones at home," stares from hundreds of walls. "Gentlemen all chew Fraxy because it sweetens the breath after drinking," one manufacturer declares; then he adds, "Ladies who play

tennis chew it because it lubricates the throat." A bottler of spring water advertises it as "God's own liver remedy." On the bill-boards of a theatre is the threat that "If you miss seeing Peter Peterson, half your life will be gone." In a principal street is a characteristic sign product, "My fifteen-cent meals are world-beaters"; yet there are worse terrors for Chicago diners-out, as is shown by the sign, "Business lunch—quick and cheap."

But the visitor's heart warms to the town when he sees its parks and its homes. In them is ample assurance that not every breath is "business," and not every thought commercial. Once out of the thicket of the business and semi-business district, the dwellings of the people reach mile upon mile away along pleasant boulevards and avenues, or facing noble parks and parkways, or in a succession of villages green and gay with foliage and flowers. They are not cliff dwellings like our flats and tenements; there are no brown-stone cañons like our uptown streets; there are only occasional hesitating hints there of those Philadelphian and Baltimorean mills that grind out dwellings all alike, as nature makes pease and man makes pins. There are more miles of detached villas in Chicago than a stranger can easily account for. As they are not only found on Prairie Avenue and the boulevards, but in the populous wards and semi-suburbs, where the middle folk are congregated, it is evident that the prosperous moiety of the population enjoys living better (or better living) than the same fraction in the Atlantic cities.

Land in New York has been too costly to permit of these villa-like dwellings, but that does not alter the fact that existence in a home hemmed in by other houses is at best but a crippled living. There never has been any valid excuse for the building of these compressed houses by New York millionaires. It sounds like a Celtic bull, but, in my opinion, the poorer millionaires of Prairie Avenue are better off. A peculiarity of the buildings of Chicago is in the great variety of building-stones that are employed in their construction. Where we would build two blocks of brown-stone, I have counted thirteen varieties of beautiful and differing building material. Moreover, the contrasts in architectural design

evidence among Chicago house-owners a complete sway of individual taste. It is in these beautiful homes that the people, who do not know what to do with their club-houses, hold their card parties; it is to them that they bring their visitors and friends; in short, it is at home that the Chicagoan recreates and loafs.

It is said, and I have no reason to doubt it, that the clerks and small tradesmen who live in thousands of these pretty little boxes are the owners of their homes; also that the tenements of the rich display evidence of a tasteful and costly garnering of the globe for articles of luxury and *virtu*. A sneering critic, who wounded Chicago deeply, intimated that theirs must be a primitive society where the rich sit on their door-steps of an evening. That really is a habit there, and in the finer districts of all the Western cities. To enjoy themselves the more completely, the people bring out rugs and carpets, always of gay colors, and fling them on the steps—or stoops, as we Dutch legatees should say—that the ladies' dresses may not be soiled. As these step clothings are as bright as the maidens' eyes and as gay as their cheeks, the effect may be imagined. For my part, I think it argues well for any society that indulges in the trick, and proves existence in such a city to be more human and hearty and far less artificial than where there is too much false pride to permit of it. In front of many of the nice hotels the boarders lug out great arm-chairs upon the portal platforms or beside the curbs. There the men sit in rows, just as I can remember seeing them do in front of the New York Hotel and the old St. Nicholas Hotel in happy days of yore, to smoke in the sunless evening air, and to exchange comments on the weather and the passers-by. If the dead do not rise until the Judgment-day, but lie less active than their dust, then old Wouter Van Twiller, Petrus Stuyvesant, and the rest of our original Knickerbockers will be sadly disappointed angels when they come to, and find that we have abandoned these practices in New York, after the good example that our first families all set us.

It is in Chicago that we find a great number of what are called boulevarded streets, at the intersections of which are signs bearing such admonitions as these: "For pleasure driving. No traffic wagons allowed;" or, "Traffic teams are not al-

lowed on this boulevard." Any street in the residence parts of the city may be boulevarded and turned over to the care of the park commissioners of the district, provided that it does not lie next to any other such street, and provided that a certain proportion of the property-holders along it are minded to follow a simple formula to procure the improvement. Improved road-beds are given to such streets, and they not only become neat and pretty, but enhance the value of all neighboring land. One boulevard in Chicago penetrates to the very heart of its bustling business district. By means of it men and women may drive from the southern suburbs or parks to the centre of trade, perhaps to their office doors, under the most pleasant conditions. By means of the lesser beautified avenues among the dwellings men and women may sleep of nights, and hide from the worst of the city's tumult among green lawns and flower beds.

Chicago's park system is so truly her crown, or its diadem, that its fame may lead to the thought that enough has been said about it. That is not the case, however, for the parks change and improve so constantly that the average Chicagoan finds some of them outgrowing his knowledge, unless he goes to them as he ought to go to his prayers. It is not in extent that the city's parks are extraordinary, for, all told, they comprise less than two thousand acres. It is the energy that has given rise to them, and the taste and enthusiasm which have been expended upon them, that cause our wonder. Sand and swamp were at the bottom of them, and if their surfaces now roll in gentle undulations, it is because the earth that was dug out for the making of ponds has been subsequently applied to the forming of hills and knolls. The people go to some of them upon the boulevards of which I have spoken, beneath trees and beside lawns and gorgeous flower beds, having their senses sharpened in anticipation of the pleasure-grounds beyond, as the heralds in some old plays prepare us for the action that is to follow. Once the parks are reached, they are found to be literally for the use of the people who own them. I have a fancy that a people who are so largely American would not suffer them to be otherwise. There are no signs warning the public off the grass, or announcing that they "may look, but

mustn't touch" whatever there is to see. The people swarm all over the grass, and yet it continues beautiful day after day and year after year. The floral displays seem unharmed; at any rate, we have none to compare with them in any Atlantic coast parks. The people even picnic on the sward, and those who can appreciate such license find, ready at hand, baskets in which to hide the litter which follows. And, O ye who manage other parks we wot of, know that these Chicago play-grounds seem as free from harm and eyesore as any in the land.

The best parks face the great lake, and get wondrous charms of dignity and beauty from it. At the North Side the Lincoln Park commissioners, at great expense, are building out into the lake, making a handsome paved beach, sea-wall, esplanade, and drive to enclose a long, broad body of the lake water. Although the great blue lake is at the city's edge, there is little or no sailing or pleasure-boating upon it. It is too rude and treacherous. Therefore these commissioners of the Lincoln Park are enclosing, behind their new-made land, a water-course for sailing and rowing, for racing, and for more indolent aquatic sport. The Lake Shore Drive, when completed, will be three miles in length, and will connect with yet another notable road to Fort Sheridan twenty-five miles in length. All these beauties form part of the main exhibit at the Columbian Exposition. Realizing this, the municipality has not only voted five millions of dollars to the Exposition, but has set apart \$3,500,000 for beautifying and improving the city in readiness for the Exposition and its visitors, even as a bride bedecketh herself for her husband. That is well; but it is not her beauty that will most interest the visitors to Chicago.

I have an idea that all this is very American; but what is to be said of the Chicago Sunday, with its drinking shops all wide open, and its multitudes swarming out on pleasure bent? And what of the theatres opening to the best night's business of the week at the hour of Sunday evening service in the churches? I suspect that this also is American—that sort of American that develops under Southern and Western influences not dominated by the New England spirit. And yet the Puritan traditions are not without honor and respect in Chicago,

witness the fact that the city spent seventeen and a quarter millions of dollars during the past five years upon her public schools.

Another thing that I suspect is American, though I am sorry to say it, is the impudence of the people who wait on the public. It is quite certain that the more intelligent a man is, the better waiter he will make; but your free-born American acknowledges a quality which more than offsets his intelligence. In pursuit of knowledge I went to a restaurant, which was splendid if it was not good, and the American who waited on me lightened his service with song in this singular manner: "Comrades, com—you said coffee, didn't yer?—ever since we were boys; sharing each other's sor—I don't think we've got no Roquefort—sharing each other's joys. Brie, then—keereet!" (I recall this against my country, not against Chicago restaurants. A city which possesses Harvey's, Kinsley's, or the Wellington need not be tender on that point.) But it is as much as a man's self-respect is worth to hazard a necessary question of a ticket-seller in a theatre or railroad depot. Those *bona fide* Americans, the colored men, are apt to try their skill at repartee with the persons they serve; and while I cannot recall an instance when a hotel clerk was impudent, I several times heard members of that fraternity yield to a sense of humor that would bankrupt a Broadway hotel in three weeks. In only one respect are the servitors of the Chicago public like the French: they boast the same motto—"Liberty, equality, fraternity."

There is another notable thing in Chicago which, I am certain, is a national rather than a merely local peculiarity. I refer to dirty streets. In our worst periods in New York we resort to a Latin trick of tidying up our most conspicuous thoroughfares, and leaving the others to the care of—I think it must be the Federal Weather Bureau to whose care we leave them. However, nearly all American cities are disgracefully alike in this respect, and until some dying patriot bequeathes the money to send every Alderman (back) to Europe to see how streets should and can be kept, it is, perhaps, idle to discuss the subject. But these are all comparative trifles. Certainly they will seem such to whoever shall look into the situation of Chicago closely enough to

discover the great problems that lie before the people as a corporation.

She will take up these questions in their turn and as soon as possible, and, stupendous as they are, no one who understands the enterprise and energy of Chicago will doubt for a moment that she will master them shrewdly.

These problems are of national interest, and one is a subject of study throughout Christendom. They deal with the disciplining of the railroads, which run through the city at a level with the streets, and with the establishment of an efficient system of drainage or sewage. A start has been made for the handling of the sewage question. The little Chicago River flows naturally into the great lake; but years ago an attempt to alter its course was made by the operation of pumping-works at Bridgeport, within the city limits, whereby 40,000 gallons of water per minute are pumped out of the river, and into a canal that connects with the Illinois River, and thence with the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. At most times this causes a sluggish flow of the river southward away from the lake. Water from the lake is also pumped into the river to dilute its waters, but it remains a noisome stream, a sewer in fact, whose waters at times flow or are driven into Lake Michigan to pollute the city's water supply. "Measures have been taken to construct a large gravity channel as an outlet for the sewage into the Illinois River. The Chicago Sanitary District has been formed by act of Legislature; nine trustees have been elected to supervise the construction of the channel, engineers have been set at work upon surveys," and perhaps the channel which will result will serve the double purpose of disposing of the sewage and establishing a navigable waterway connecting Chicago and her commerce with the Mississippi River. It is said that this will cost Chicago twenty millions of dollars. Honestly done, it will certainly be worth whatever it costs.

Chicago's water supply has been linked with this sewage problem. It does not join with it. Once the sewage matter were settled, the old two-mile crib in Lake Michigan would bring to town water than which there is none more pure on earth. The five-mile tunnel and crib now in course of construction (that is to say, the tunnel and gate pushed five miles out into the lake) certainly will

leave nothing to be desired, even as the sewage is now ordered.

The railroad question is more bothersome. Chicago is criss-crossed by a grid-iron of railway tracks. Practically all of them enter the city and dissect the streets at grade; that is to say, at the level of the city's arteries. Speaking not too loosely, the locomotives and cars mangle or kill two persons on every weekday in the year, or six hundred persons annually. The railroad officials argue that they invented and developed Chicago, and that her people are ungrateful to protest against a little thing like a slaughter which would depopulate the average village in a year. In so far as it is true that they created the city, they will but repeat the experience of that fabled inventor whose monstrous mechanical offspring claimed him for its victim, for, in a wholesome public-spirited sense, that is what must become their fate. Chicago is ten miles deep and twenty-four miles wide, and the railroads (nearly all using a number of tracks) all terminate within 4000 feet of the Rookery Building. I rely on the accuracy of a noted Chicagoan for that measurement. The Rookery is situated very much as the Bank of England is in London and as the City Hall is in New York, so that it will be seen that Chicago is at the mercy of agencies that should be her servants, and not her masters.

Some railroad men, looking from their stand-point, assert that it will cost Chicago one hundred millions of dollars to overcome this injury to her comfort and her safety. This assertion is often echoed in Chicago by men not in the railroad business. On the other hand, I shall be surprised if the railroads do not have to bear a large share of the cost, whatever it may prove to be, because I take it that Chicago will not fail to profit by the experiences of other cities where this problem has already been dealt with, and where it has not been so lightly taken for granted that when railroads are in the way of the people, it is the people, and not the railroads, who must pay to move them out of the way. The sum of present human judgment seems to be that the cost is divisible, and that the railroads should look after their tracks, and the people after their streets.

The entire nation will observe with keen interest the manner in which Chicago

deals with this problem, not with any anticipation of an unjust solution that will trespass on the popular rights, but to note the determination of the lesser question, whether the railroads shall be compelled to sink their tracks in trenches or to raise them on trusses, or whether, as has also been suggested, all the roads shall combine to build and terminate at a common elevated structure curving around the outside of the thick of the city, and capable of transferring passengers from road to road, as well as of distributing them among points easily accessible from every district.

One would think it would be to the advantage of the principal railway corporations to try at once to effect an agreement among themselves and with the city for this reform, because, as I have said, the railroads are now the slowest of Chicago's institutions. The reduced speed at which the municipality obliges them to run their trains must be still further modified, and even the present headway is hindered by the frequent delays at the numerous crossings of the tracks. This is a nuisance. Every occasional traveller feels it, and what must it be to the local commuters who live at a distance from their business? They move by slow stages a quarter of an hour or more before the cars in which they ride are able to get under the scheduled headway. But it is more than a local question. It is one of the peculiarities of Chicago that she arrests a great proportion of the travelling public that seeks destinations beyond her limits in either direction. They may not want to go to Chicago at all, but it is the rule of most roads that they must do so. They must stop, transfer baggage, and change railroads. Often a stay at a hotel is part of the requirement. If this is to continue, the public might at least have the performance expedited. Both the local and the general nuisance will, in all likelihood, be remedied together. It is the aim of all progressive railroad managers to shorten time and prevent transfers wherever possible; and delays against which the entire travelling public protests cannot long avoid remedy.

In interviews with Chicago men the newspapers have obtained many estimates of the number of visitors who will attend the Columbian Exposition. One calculation, which is called conservative, is that ten million persons will see the display,

and will leave three hundred millions of dollars in the city. It is not easy to judge of such estimates, but we know that there is a wider interest in this Exposition than in any that was ever held. We know also that in the foremost countries of Europe workmen's clubs and popular lotteries have been established or projected for the purpose of sending their most fortunate participants to Chicago—a few of many signs of an uncommon desire to witness the great exhibition.

Whatever these visitors have heard or thought of Chicago, they will find it not only an impressive but a substantial city. It will speak to every understanding of the speed with which it is hastening to a place among the world's capitals. Those strangers who travel farther in our West may find other towns that have builded too much upon the false prospects of districts where the crops have proved uncertain. They may see still other showy cities, where the main activity is in the direction of "swapping" real estate. It is a peculiar industry, accompanied by much bustle and lying. But they will not find in Chicago anything that will disturb its tendency to impress them with a solidity and a degree of enterprise and prosperity that are only excelled by the

almost idolatrous faith of the people in their community. The city's broad and regular thoroughfares will astonish many of us who have imbibed the theory that streets are first mapped out by cows; its alley system between streets will win the admiration of those who live where alleys are unknown; its many little homes will speak volumes for the responsibility and self-respect of a great body of its citizens.

The discovery that the city's harbor is made up of forty-one miles of the banks of an internal river will lead to the satisfactory knowledge that it has preserved its beautiful front upon Lake Michigan as an ornament. This has been bordered by parks and parkways in pursuance of a plan that is interrupted to an important extent only where a pioneer railway came without the foreknowledge that it would eventually develop into a nuisance and an eyesore. Its splendid hotels, theatres, schools, churches, galleries, and public works and ornaments will commend the city to many who will not study its commercial side. In short, it will be found that those who visit the exposition will not afterward reflect upon its assembled proofs of the triumphs of man and of civilization without recalling Chicago's contribution to the sum.

THE STONE WOMAN

OF EASTERN POINT.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

AT the turn of the gray and the green,
Where the new road runs to the right
(For the summer people's ease),
And on to the scarlet Light;

Where the tottering barn observes,
And the old farm road looks down
The harbor, and out to sea,
And back to the fishing-town;

Shapen of stone and of chance,
Carven of wind and of time—
Stands the Woman of Eastern Point,
Haunting my heart and my rhyme;

Stunted of stature and thin—
Coast women alive look so—
Wrapped in her blanket-shawl,
Wind-blown and cold, peering low

Past the shivering edge of the barn,
Searching the bay and the sea
For the sail that is overdue,
And the hour that never shall be.

Did she stand like that in the flesh,
 Vigilant early and late?
 For the sake of a scanty love
 Bearing the blasts of fate;

Acquainted with hunger and pain;
 Patient, as women are;
 Work, when he is at home;
 Pray, when he's over the bar;

Loving and longing and true;
 Gilding her idol of clay;
 Bride, when the boat comes in;
 Widow, it sails away.

Waiting and watching and gray;
 Growing old, poor, and alone;—
 Was it worth living for? Say,
 Tell us, thou woman of stone!

Still she stands, face in her shawl.
 If it hide smiles, do they mock?
 If the tears fall, are they sweet?
 Ask. But you ask of the rock.

Dust unto dust taketh wing;
 Granite to granite is grown;
 Seeking the sail overdue
 Turneth the heart to stone.

Wind-blown and grief-worn and brave,
 Gazing the sad sea o'er;
 Dumb in her life and her death—
 Spirit of Gloucester shore!

FIN DE SIÈCLE.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

SHE boarded the train at Pittsburg just as the cars moved out, and was almost dragged on to the platform by the conductor.

"Scotts!" she said, generally, as she entered the Pullman. "That was a close call. But I got there all the same! I thought I was left this time, for sure. But then, walking's good," and a bright laugh rang out.

She took the velvet chair her check called for, first putting her silver-handled umbrella in the rack overhead, her bag at her feet, a paper box, evidently containing lunch, on top of the bag. Then she looked around at the other passengers, adjusting a pin in her hair—the "chiome d'or all'aura sparse" of Tasso—as she did so, her hazel eyes taking everything in. She removed her long gloves,

and wiggled her fingers as though she enjoyed their freedom from the kid compresses, and twirled around several showy rings that she wore. Then she settled herself comfortably, and awaited events.

The conductor went through the car, and she smiled on him. He was passing on, when that smile seemed to arrest him.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked. "I see you are travelling alone."

"Thanks," she returned. "I want something to read the worst kind. I was in such a rush in Pittsburg I didn't even get a paper. I stopped off overnight to see about something for a friend, and I overslept myself. Something real spicy," she called after the blue uniform, who said he would do what he could in the way of literature for her.

A man with a brilliant mustache, and wearing a silk skull-cap, in the chair opposite hers across the aisle, was looking at her. There were several flat leather cases beside his chair—plainly a commercial traveller. He now removed his cap, and addressed her. "I have some novels here, miss, if you will allow me," he said.

"That's awfully kind," she replied. "What have you got?"

"Here's *The Reverberator*, by Henry James; and here's the *Rise of Silas Lapham*."

"Is that by Anna Katharine Green?" she asked.

He told her that Howells was responsible for *Silas Lapham*.

"Howells!" she repeated. "Don't know him. Guess I won't tackle that. You haven't got any detective stories, have you? Oh!"—for the conductor had come back with a pile of books gathered up in the train. "You're awfully kind! Say, your coat's unbuttoned. I've got a gentleman friend on the P., W., and B., and they laid him off because a passenger informed on him for having his coat unbuttoned. Daisy passenger, wasn't it? I guess I'll take this, by 'The Duchess.' It's bound to be full of tony people. I like my stories with the girls' dresses described, don't you know, and where the lovers say, 'My darling, how I have hungered for a sight of your peerless beauty!' exactly like they don't say in real life. You're real good, you are. Remember me to your wife. If you haven't got a wife, you ought to have; you're too nice to be running around loose;" and again her bright laugh filled the car.

The conductor walked away with the rejected volumes, and she drummed the devil's tattoo on the book she had selected, humming to herself.

"Beautiful scenery around here," the commercial traveller remarked.

"Immense," she responded, looking from passenger to passenger.

The commercial traveller waited awhile, and the lady in the chair back of hazel-eyes watched for what might come next. The chair vis-à-vis to the girl was not occupied; the commercial traveller went and took it.

"Been out West?" he asked.

"Ohio," she answered.

"Travelling by yourself?" pursued he.

"Do you see anybody with me?" she asked, though not with ill humor.

The commercial traveller was an old hand. He stroked his handsome mustache. "That's what I like about some girls," he said, genially. "They're not afraid to go about alone."

"What's to be afraid of?" she asked. "Ain't this America?" and again she laughed. "Do you know that gentleman up at the end of the car? He's awfully stylish."

The lady back of her looked at the person thus brought into prominence. The "awfully stylish" gentleman was the lady's husband; at least, he was her husband yet, although—

"I don't know him," the commercial traveller said. "Looks like a dude."

"He looks like a gentleman friend of mine," said the girl, "in Philadelphia. He's got a suit like that. He's in the same office with me. He'll meet me in Philadelphia."

"You're in an office?"

"Type-writer."

"That's a pleasant sort of occupation."

"Think so? The papers make jokes about it—always talk about the type-writer and the married man she works for. It is a 'chestnut' now. The papers are generally 'way off in some things. But everything goes nowadays."

"I suppose you live in Philadelphia?"

"I'm an orthodox Quaker," she laughed. "Don't I look it? Oh yes, I live there."

"A little slow, isn't it?"

She looked him straight in the face. "I bet you were born in some Jersey village six miles from nowhere," she said. "It's always that kind that calls Philadelphia slow. Unless you're from New York; then you call it slow on general principles. It's rapid enough for me; rent-day comes around twice as often as pay-day, it seems. Then look at some of our banks—nothing slow about *them*. I beg your pardon! I didn't know where I was going."

For she had tilted her reclining-chair almost into the lap of the lady behind her. The lady frostily inclined her head, but vouchsafed no reply. She would have liked to take another chair, but she hesitated to do anything so pointed.

The hazel-eyed girl laughed, but in the twinkling of an eye she had taken in every detail of the lady's costume. "That's an imported suit," she whispered to the

commercial traveller. "If she had some jewelry on, it would be lovely. Real pretty, ain't she? But looks used up. She don't like travelling. I think travelling's a snap."

The commercial traveller stroked his mustache and turned his eyes on the lady, who bit her lip and looked out the window.

The girl glanced through the car to the "stylish gentleman," who was now looking up her way. Then she became interested in a baby carried by a white-capped nurse, and left her seat to go and tickle it under the chin. "I'm awfully fond of kids," she remarked, on resuming her seat. She kept on making passes at the baby for some time, till it showed its two teeth in excess of friendliness.

"Well, I've been talking for the last ten minutes," said the commercial traveller, "and you haven't answered me."

"Questions?" she returned. "I've met travelling salesmen before. You're all commercial travellers, though, now, ain't you? No more drummers or travelling salesmen. Like the floor-walkers in the stores, they're all floor or aisle managers now. There ain't any more women, they're all ladies; every girl behind a counter is a saleslady. Pittsburg, last night, I saw a crowd, and asked a boy what was the matter. He told me it was a drunken lady in a wheelbarrow," and she laughed. "No wonder the real swells want to be called only men and women. Well, let's answer your questions. I live in Philadelphia with my mother. She's a widow; I'm all she's got. My friend in Ohio—where I'm coming from, you know—she says I'm a team in myself, with a little dog under the wagon. My mother's paralyzed; I take care of her. Now I'm away, our neighbor takes care of her. She suffers a good deal sometimes, and then it's pretty rough that I have to go down to the office. Anything else?"

"This is your vacation, I suppose?"

"Vacation! Well, if that's what you call it, I suppose it is. I've been to Dayton. I *had* to go; I had to see a lady friend there. Scotts! some women don't know when they're well off."

"How is that?"

"Oh, well, I was thinking of my friend in Dayton. There! if I haven't done it again!"

For she had tilted back into the lady's lap once more.

"Suppose we change our seats?" suggested the commercial traveller. "There are two chairs—mine and the one next to it."

The umbrella, the bag, and the paper box went over there. So did the girl, after she had again tickled the baby and straightened the nurse's cap.

"I know what you wanted to come here for," she said to the commercial traveller, when they were settled. "You wanted to see that lady back of where we sat plainer. It's no good; you're not in it. She's the kind that tells the conductor she's insulted. There, now!"—she opened her book—"I want to read. Figure up your commissions."

Just then the "stylish" gentleman came up the car, and dropping into the chair she had vacated, leaned over to address the lady behind it.

"Ah, there!" laughed the girl to her companion. "You see? You'd been fired if you'd gone any further. That's her husband. I can always tell."

The "stylish" gentleman had brought relief to the lady.

"I saw that you were annoyed," he said.

"Yes; thank you," she answered.

Nothing more was said for quite a while. Then,

"It is certainly rather awkward for us to be travelling in the same car," said he.

"Very," she returned. "It is no fault of mine."

"Nor mine, I assure you," he hastened to say. "It is entirely by accident. I was in Pittsburg, on my way East, and engaged my chair yesterday. You"—he hesitated—"you do not look very well."

A rush of feeling flooded her eyes. "How could I be?" she said.

Again there was a short silence.

"What we have done was the best thing we could do," he said.

"I do not regret it," she answered. "It is better as it is. I am only anxious to get home to mother—and Nannie."

Nannie was their child.

"Nannie is well, I hope?" he said. "I shall expect to see her once a week."

She nodded.

Their position was this: There had been five years of irritating bickering, when a climactic quarrel led to their going to South Dakota, where they had lived long enough to acquire statutory

residence. Then a day came when a decree was duly granted them severing the marriage bond. Copies of the decree had been given them, together with the explanation that, although granted by the court, it would not take effect, and was so much waste paper, until entered and filed in the clerk's office of the county where the court was held. And as yet the decree had not been filed, the husband determining to force his wife to do it, and the wife having it in her mind to mail her instructions to Dakota after she had reached her home in the East and consulted with her lawyer there.

And thus did they meet on the train, and he had come to her relief when the couple in front of her proved annoying. He had a horror of commercial travelers of the stamp of the one in the car, and his wife was not used to going about the world alone. How pale and worn she looked!

As for his wife, she was thinking how well he seemed, quite stout, from his long idleness from business. And that bold girl had admired him, and he had looked at her! Well, he had the right to look at any woman now. Hold! maybe he had not looked admiringly at the girl; he may have been making sure that his wife was annoyed, for she had never found him vulgar. All she wanted was to get home to Nannie, her only one. Her only one! Had not that bold girl said that she was all that *her* mother had, and that she took care of her mother? Maybe Nannie would do as much yet for her mother. Then she checked herself for comparing her child to that girl, herself to that girl's mother.

She looked over at the girl, first noting that her husband's eyes were listlessly fixed upon the beauties of the "Horse-shoe Bend," around which the train was curving. Indeed, it seemed that she and her husband and the girl and the man beside her were the only ones who failed of interest in the panorama spread out before the car windows.

"So you never married, and you think marriage is a failure," the girl was saying. "That's pretty rough on the girls. But I don't take so much stock in marriage myself since I've been West. I used to think, 'Wait till I get married, then mother will be real happy; no more worry about me not being able to do everything, and never separated from

her.' She's the dearest soul in the world—always waiting for me, don't you know. She had a load of trouble, for father—Oh, well, I try to make everything O. K."

"But why don't you believe so much in marriage as you used to?" queried the man.

"Because, it is like this," she explained. "A girl I know, she married and went to Dayton. Tom was as good as they make 'em, and he'll be something yet. Well, the first thing I know, Melie writes me she was going to be divorced. Tom didn't treat her right, and she wasn't going to be sat on. I knew Melie; she once threw a type-writing machine at me for telling her she used too many *esses*. What did I do? I thought it over. I laid awake of nights thinking it over. I knew there wasn't anything serious; only Melie and Tom letting themselves out, and one not taking anything from the other. Well, I made believe to mother our manager wanted me to go to Dayton about something, and I got Mrs. Morgan—that's our neighbor—to tend to mother. Then I got a pass as a railroad employée, which I'm *not*, and they gave a Pullman pass with it. My gentleman friend in our office has the inside track, and got me the pass. So off I went to Dayton. Melie was quite rattled when she saw me. 'Henny,' she says, 'don't go for me till I tell you everything.' Then she began. She and Tom couldn't hit it, were always having scraps, and she was going to stand up for her rights. 'Your rights!' I says. 'You're going a wrong way about getting your rights. There's your rights,' and I pointed to her baby. She hadn't any type-writing machine to throw at me, and the baby wasn't hard enough to hurt, so she didn't throw him. I looked around at her nice little house, and her picture and Tom's done in crayon—you get the pictures for nothing, you know, by buying the frames—and there was a splendid parlor organ and red plush furniture in the parlor, and a lovely vase of artificial flowers in the window, and lace curtains. See? And I asked her what she'd take, and what Tom'd take, and what'd become of Tom. 'And who'll take the baby?' I says. 'I will, of course,' she says, hugging him up to her. 'And you'll bring him up to think hard of his father, of course,' I says; 'for you can't tell him to think well of him, now you don't love him any more. But then Tom may marry again, or he

may die. Oh, rats!" I says. 'You'd rather go on through ~~the~~ world a divorced woman, your little boy told all about it after a while, and maybe not quite believing in you, and all because you're both high-tempered and both acting like round pegs in square holes.' Then I thought of my own mother, and how dear she is to me, and how I saw her fading away day after day, and how I must have been a baby like Melie's baby, and mother with all her trouble with poor father, which she took for my sake rather than have people say my parents were divorced; for my mother's an old-fashioned woman, you know. And I thought how Melie was a baby on *her* mother's breast once, Tom one on his, and I couldn't help it, I just cried; and I told Melie how dreary it would be to go up to our mothers in heaven without them we'd sworn we loved and would cleave to for better or worse, and have the Saviour look sad at us, and take our little babies in His arms, pitying them more than ever because their mothers, for sake of a few angry words that ought never to have been said, had thrown away from them the holiest thing a woman can ever know—her husband's love. Then Melie she looked fierce, but there stood Tom in the doorway, and the baby held its arms out for him. 'Henny!' cries Melie to me; but she walked over to Tom."

She laughed, but her hazel eyes were moist. The commercial traveller looked at her.

"Well," she went on, "that's all."

"But the divorce?"

"There ain't going to be any divorce. That's why I'm going home. My, but men are dumb! A woman would have caught on long ago."

One woman had "caught on." The lady on the other side of the car had her hands tightly clasped in her lap. She glanced at her husband; although he steadily looked out of the window, something in his face—did she not know his every expression over and over?—told her he had heard as much as she.

"And so that's why you don't think so much of marriage as you used to?" the commercial traveller said.

"I think we treat it as a big joke, or worse," answered the girl. "Some boy and girl run over to Camden, if they're where I live, maybe from dancing-school, and a minister makes them man and wife;

or some swell and a rich girl make what they call a good match, the girl perhaps thinking only of her grand wedding and her presents. I think the Bible's got a name for such married people as those, and— But, here! I ain't going to say another word. I'm getting 'way beyond my depth, anyhow. See that?" For the baby in its nurse's arms was cooing at her. "That's the way Melie's little kid did. That's a French nurse," she said, with a twinkle in her eye. "Her name's Honora Sullivan."

"Harrisburg! Fifteen minutes for dinner," was called out some little time later.

What further had passed between the girl and the commercial traveller the lady and the gentleman opposite did not know; they had been engrossed by their own thoughts. It was now past two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Harrisburg!"

The gentleman started. He could not rudely leave his wife; her wants should be attended to; she was travelling alone. And how helpless she looked! "Shall I get anything for you?" he asked.

"Nothing," she responded, and turned her head away.

He left the car with the other people.

The hazel-eyed girl was opening her paper box and getting out some sandwiches.

The commercial traveller was on his feet. "Shall I get you a cup of coffee?" he asked her. "There's a dining-car attached."

"What's the matter with the ice-cooler?" she asked. "Water's good enough for me. You go along. You won't get too much for your dollar anyway. The soup's bound to be scalding, and you've only got about ten minutes to do the whole business in. Say"—and she went over to the nurse-girl—"what's the use of you staying in here eating crackers? I'll mind baby. Your lady won't mind. She's gone in to dinner anyway. Here's a sandwich. Now you go out and stretch yourself. Hide from your lady, if that's all. Go on; you're tired. Babies do drag so. Some people don't know enough to go in out of the rain."

Then there was no one in the car but the baby, the hazel-eyed girl, and the wan-looking lady.

The lady could see her husband wandering about outside, not going to the dining-room, so she turned her eyes away

from the window. The girl was eating a sandwich, and trotting the baby up and down, laughing to it, and amusing it. She was a pretty girl, and she carried the baby very well. She saw that the lady's eyes were on her, and she went up to her.

"I don't believe you mean to have any lunch," she said. "You'd better. Won't you have a sandwich? They're real good."

Somehow or other the lady could not refuse her, so she took a sandwich.

"I guess I was rude to you," she went on. "I didn't know that old chair wobbled so. I'm sure your husband took that seat to keep me from annoying you. Have you got any children?"

"One. A little girl."

"This is a little girl too. See how they've tried to part her hair in the middle and bang it. Her name's Gladys Evelyn McMullan. My! how I love babies! How happy you must be!—an attentive husband and a little child. What's your little girl's name?"

"Nancy."

"That was my grandmother's name. Ain't it funny, it's all the style to have old-fashioned names for babies? Sometimes I take my mother out to grandmother's grave, and read that name 'Nancy' on the tombstone. It's nearly washed away now, she's been dead so long. She died before she was nearly as old as mother. I often think how strange it will be when mother meets her, mother so much older than she was; and yet mother keeps talking about her as though she was a child yet, and her mother as old as when she died. Maybe that's the way it will be with this little child. Don't you want a drink of water? Hold baby, please, and I'll get it for you. No, don't you go yourself; you look dead tired. So."

She transferred the baby to the lady, and went after the water.

Outside, the commercial traveller had sauntered up to the lady's husband.

"That's a good little girl in our car," he said, wiping his mustache. "Do you know, she set me to thinking about one or two things—my wife and children, and so forth. By-the-way, I fear we disturbed your wife. Your wife don't look very strong. I tell you we men ought to be careful of our wives; they're poor helpless things without us, ain't they?"

The gentleman reached the platform

of his car, and looked in. His wife had a baby in her lap, and looked down into its little face as only a mother can look into a young child's eyes. He had so often seen her thus with Nannie. Suddenly she raised her hand, and passed it passionately across her eyes. His throat had a lump in it; he knew she was thinking of her own child. Then the hazel-eyed girl came back, a glass of water in her hand. The lady took it, and tried to drink.

"Why, you're crying," said the girl, taking the baby from her. "Ain't you well? Let me go after your husband."

"No, no," said the lady, hastily. "I am very well. I was only thinking of my own little girl when she was a baby like this, and her father and I were so proud of her. You are not married; you do not understand."

"I am not married yet," returned the girl, looking as though she only half understood. She took the glass to restore it to its rack in the toilet compartment of the car, carrying the baby away with her.

While she was gone the lady's husband left the platform of the car, and went in to the seat he had occupied before he had gone out.

"Annie," he said at once, "maybe things might have been better if we had wanted them to be. It is so easy to go wrong. Did you hear what that girl said about her friend in Dayton? We are all alike, the socially up, the socially down, just poor weak humanity, impulsive, unreasonable with those who ought to claim all our forbearance because we try as we are tried."

"Hush!" she said, sharply.

The girl was back again, and took her seat, fondling the baby. Then there was a commotion outside, and the passengers came tumbling in, as people will who have time to spare before trains start. The commercial traveller had two little baskets of fruit. He presented one of them to the hazel-eyed girl.

"My wife won't mind," he jokingly said. "The other's for the young ones at home."

She laughed. "I knew you were married," she said. "I can always tell. Here, Gladys!" And she put a peach into the little thing's hand as the nurse came up. "Let me kiss her again. Um-m! By-by, darling."

She pressed her even white teeth into a

second peach, while the commercial traveller talked to her in a quieter way.

In the opposite chairs the husband and wife sat buried in thought, the wife leaning back in her chair with closed eyes. The car was quieter now, the afternoon sluggishness coming on. The commercial traveller took out a note-book and made memoranda. The baby slept. The hazel-eyed girl read *The Duchess*, skipping whole chapters to get at the parts she liked the best.

The hours sped on; the train went at slower speed; the commercial traveller exchanged his skull-cap for a light gray Derby with a black band around it; and the engine puffed into Broad Street, Philadelphia.

Under cover of the bustle of departure, the husband had a paper in his hand, which he held out to his wife. "I will destroy mine," he said, quietly, "if you will destroy yours."

His wife looked at him, her eyes suffused. Her trembling hand groped in a little bag she carried. She handed her husband a paper corresponding with the one he had. He put the two together, looked down into her eyes, and then the sharp rattle of tearing paper was heard.

His wife looked around for some one. But that one was gone, the commercial traveller carrying her bag and umbrella for her, she holding only the basket of fruit, minus the two peaches. She made a last foray on the baby down near the car door, and then she passed through the doorway. The lady pressed that way, her husband back of her.

"Henny," she called, timidly.

Hazel-eyes looked around, all her teeth showing in a smile. "Why, how did you know my name?" she asked. "Oh, you want to shake hands? Look out for the peaches. I'm taking them home to mother; she's an invalid. Oh, how do you do?"—for the lady managed to present her husband. "Good-by. Oh, there's my gentleman friend!"

A young man had rushed up the car steps. "I thought you'd never get here, Henny," he said.

"Oh, I'm all here," she laughed. "And how's mother?"

The lady was looking after her as she went along beside the young man, who carried her bag and umbrella in one hand and held her elbow with the other.

"Come," said her husband, gently—"come, Annie, let us go to Nannie."

THE ROYAL DANISH THEATRE.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.


FROM the top of the Round Tower—ascended by a spiral incline, up which Peter the Great is said to have driven a coach and four—the eye can take in the whole of Copenhagen. A dead-level city, flat as Venice or Amsterdam, surrounded, and to some extent intersected, by canals and lagoons. A city of quaint spires, steep roofs, and jutting gables. Distinctly an old-world city, in spite of the handsome new boulevard and avenues towards the northwest. Almost all the prominent public buildings have an air of antiquity. The churches are all old. Christiansborg Palace, now a gaunt ruin, and Rosenborg Castle, with its fantastic lanterns, are relics of the time when the Kings of Denmark held sway from the Elbe to the North Cape. Even Thorwaldsen's Museum—monument of the Dane who, next to Hans Christian Andersen, has achieved the widest fame—seems to have aged prema-

turely. Only one notable structure is obviously modern—the Royal Danish Theatre, whose dome soars over the sea of roofs in the very centre of the city. Even at this distance it proclaims itself a play-house, possessing that first of architectural merits, an outward and visible fitness for its inward and spiritual function; and it is at least as prominent a feature in the intellectual as in the material physiognomy of the city.

Let us descend the spiral corridor, and make our way through the crooked streets towards the theatre. For so large a town—it contains between two and three hundred thousand people—Copenhagen is surprisingly small-townish. The wheel traffic is scanty and jog-trot; the sidewalks are roughly paved; the people one meets, even in the principal thoroughfares, are decidedly provincial in their dress and carriage; and from the number of elaborate salutations one sees on

every hand, it is obvious that everybody knows everybody else. But though life is homely and leisurely, it is not dull. On the contrary, one is impressed by the vivacity of manner, the intelligence of expression, of the average Copenhagen. The display in the shops gives evidence of a high general level of culture and taste. I know of no city where book-sellers so greatly abound, their windows richly stocked not only with Scandinavian, but with French, German, and English literature. And in every window the book most prominently exhibited is pretty sure to be the popular play of the day at the Royal Theatre; for here the stage and literature go hand in hand.

Arriving in the large irregular space known as the King's New Market, we find ourselves opposite the impressive façade of the theatre, with its triple-arched portico and loggia. Immediately under the group of Apollo and two Muses, which crowns the cornice, a tablet bears the inscription

Folket reiste under  denne Bygning for
DEN DANSKE SKUEPLADS

THE PEOPLE ERECTED UNDER CHRISTIAN
IX. THIS BUILDING FOR THE DANISH
STAGE.

On the left-hand panel of the entablature is inscribed the date, 1748, when the theatre, as an institution, was founded. The right-hand panel bears the date, 1874, when the present building was opened. Two bronze statues guard the portico—Ludvig Holberg being seated on the right, Adam Oehlenschläger on the left. They are the tutelary spirits of the Danish stage—the genius of Comedy and the genius of Tragedy.

As the Théâtre Français commemorates its glorious origin in the phrase, "Maison de Molière," so the Danish Theatre might no less justly and no less proudly call itself the House of Holberg. If it cannot be said of Holberg that "he found not but created first the stage," it can, at least, be said that finding the rudiments of a stage, he created the national drama of Denmark. Yet he was not, technically speaking, a Dane. He was born in Bergen, Norway, in 1684, and was eighteen years old before he ever

saw Copenhagen. After a short and intermittent course at the university, he set off on the first of those knowledge-hunting peregrinations which Goldsmith imitated half a century later, and to which, therefore, we indirectly owe *The Traveller*. He spent two years at Oxford. In Paris he was among the crowd of poor students who elbowed each other every morning outside the Mazarin Library, each hoping to slip in first and to secure Bayle's Dictionary for the day. Sailing to Civita Vecchia, his felucca was chased by a Barbary rover, and he stood, "pale, with a drawn sword," mechanically imitating the pious ejaculations of the sailors, and then smiling at his own panic. These wanderings occupied nearly six years in all, and on his final return to Copenhagen he brought with him all the enlightenment of his age wherewith to combat the pedantry and obscurantism which there reigned supreme. His penury was at one time so great that he was compelled to accept aid from a public charity. At last, in 1717, he was offered a Professorship of Metaphysics, the study which he most loathed. The pinch of poverty, however, forced him to accept the post, to become a "teacher of the Meaningless to the Empty-headed," and to preside at disputations *De tribus durationibus et ubietatibus in uno infinitatis puncto*. It was an accusation of plagiarism in a historical work that first provoked him to essay his powers as a satirist. The vein once opened, he worked it diligently; and in 1720 his mock-heroic poem, "Peder Paars," brought the whole world of pedantry about his ears. "Peder Paars" is the first work of European significance in modern Danish literature.

As yet there was no Danish theatre whatever. French and German companies, both operatic and dramatic, had been maintained by the court, and Copenhagen may claim the melancholy distinction of having been the scene of one of the earliest theatrical catastrophes on record—the burning, in 1689, of a temporary opera-house, whereby 180 lives were lost. During the early years of the eighteenth century German and Dutch strollers had visited the town, playing either gross buffooneries or the bombastic and grotesque romances which Holberg afterwards parodied in *Ulysses von Ithacia*. At last, in 1720, the ground

was cleared for a permanent theatre by a *privilegium exclusivum*, granted by King Frederick the Fourth to Étienne Capion, a French actor and tavern-keeper. Capion built a playhouse, and tried to attract the public by performances in French and German, juggling, rope-dancing, and feats of strength. The result was disastrous, and in 1722 a second *privilegium* was grafted on to Capion's, by which he and another French actor, René Montaigu, were permitted to perform comedies "in the Danish tongue." A company was collected, consisting for the most part of students, and the Danish theatre was opened, 23d of September, 1722, with a translation of Molière's *L'Avare*. The next production was Holberg's *Pewterer Politician*, and four of his other comedies followed in rapid succession.

The hope of helping to establish a permanent theatre had spurred him to almost unexampled productiveness. In the three years between the beginning of 1722 and the end of 1724 he wrote more than twenty plays, thus providing the actors with the backbone of their repertory, which, for the rest, consisted of translations from the French. Out of all this labor he reaped not a stiver of profit, nor, for that matter, did the luckless managers. For some time they eked out their meagre receipts by letting the theatre on "off" nights for masquerades; but in 1724, though Holberg defended them in one of his most brilliant comedies, masquerades were forbidden by the police. Both Capion and Montaigu went bankrupt again and again. For a few months the actors carried on the theatre on "sharing terms," and tried to restore their fortunes by playing tragedies and commediettas in French. At last they gave up the battle, and on February 25, 1727, the theatre was closed, after the performance of a little apropos, by Holberg, entitled *The Obsequies of the Danish Comedist*. Here are some fragments of the dialogue between three of the actors, Henrich Wegner, Schumacher, and Mademoiselle Hiort, all appearing in their own persons:

Schumacher. Henrich, what shall we play next week?

Henrich. Bankruptcy.

Schumacher. I don't know that comedy.

Henrich. It's not exactly what you would call a comedy, for it's rather tragical in the long-run.

* * * * *

Mlle. Hiort. But what shall I take to, now that the theatre is to close?

Henrich. If you have any capital, I advise you to live on the interest; but if you haven't, you must go into service.

Mlle. Hiort. Where shall I find employment? Haven't we managed to offend everybody [by means of the satire in Holberg and Molière]—officers, doctors, advocates, pewterers, marquises, barons, barbers?

Henrich. Faith, but that's true. I've never dared to get shaved since we played that comedy about Master Gert.

Thus jesting at a sorrow which was doubtless sincere enough, Holberg consigned to the tomb the earliest Danish theatre. It was revived in the following year, with a small subsidy from the King; but a few months later a great fire laid Copenhagen in ashes, and put an end to all amusements. Before the town had recovered from the catastrophe, Christian the Sixth had come to the throne, and a period of stagnant pietism had set in, during which no theatrical enterprise was to be thought of.

Most of Holberg's plays and all his masterpieces were now written, though some of them still lay in his desk unperformed. It is impossible to define in a single phrase the nature of his genius. One is tempted to call him a prose Molière, or a bourgeois Molière, but such formulas are at once inadequate and misleading. The grace, the distinction, the tenderness of Molière he lacked. He found his subjects and his audience not in a great capital and a brilliant court, but in a small commercial town which happened to be the seat of a narrow, unintelligent, and semi-foreign court, and of an obscurantist university. He wrote a language which charms us by its rocco quaintness rather than by delicacy or polish. The only verse form at his command was the horrible Danish Alexandrine, with its steam-piston rhythm, which he had the good taste to use in mock-heroics alone. It is conjectured, on very slight evidence, that in his boyhood he was once in love; it is certain that he was a confirmed bachelor with little taste for female society.* How different from the much-loving, much-suffering Molière! Yet to enumerate all these limitations is only to enhance one's delight in Holberg's achievement. He performed a smaller

* "Plays of romantic love," he says in one of his prefaces, "are little suited to this country, though they may not be out of place in England and other nations where people hang themselves for love."

task than Molière's with greater thoroughness. His comedies are a very encyclopædia of life in the simple little Denmark of his day. Molière's are, after all, but fragments, "broken lights," as it were, from the vast and complex life of France. A classicist by temperament and training, Holberg would frequently have recourse to conventional intrigues of the classic type, and he used them with a consummate scenic instinct which to this day makes the plays of the Danish professor no less actable than those of the French actor-manager. But his intrigues are perishable stuff—the mere scaffolding from which he painted his great fresco. When we survey his achievement as a whole, the scaffolding fades out of notice, and what we see is an endless procession of delicately observed, vividly drawn characters, steeped in an atmosphere of shrewd, humane, and sympathetic humor. It is true that certain type-figures run through most of his comedies—Jeronimus and Magdelone, the heavy father and mother; Leander and Leonora, the lovers; and Henrik and Pernille, the valet and waiting-woman. But even in these one finds great variety under the identity of name. The Jeronimus of *The Fortunate Shipwreck* is not at all the Jeronimus of *The Christmas Party*; the Henrik of *The Pewterer Politician* is entirely different from the Henrik of *The Masquerade*. It is true, again, that Holberg, like Ben Jonson and the other classicists, would now and then reduce character to a single "humor," as in *The Vacillating Lady*, *The Much-talking Barber*, *The Boastful Soldier*, *The Busy Trifler*. But it is a mistake, I think, to regard this as the prevailing note of his manner. It is certain that in his two master-characters, the drunken boor, Jeppe of the Hill, and Erasmus Montanus, the pedant-martyr of the new learning, he entirely transcends the mere comedy of "humors," and draws living men, solid in three dimensions. This every one admits; and I think the same observation is equally if less obviously true of a dozen other characters; while a hundred more are far from being mere embodied mannerisms, and differ from the greatest character studies only in being more rapidly touched in. Holberg's social philosophy consists of a temperate, sagacious, kindly conservatism. There is nothing of the democrat in his composition. He is no lover

of rank or worshipper of wealth, yet he has more ridicule for the ambitious burgher than indignation against the tyrannous noble. In relation to women, as George Brandes has admirably shown, he was far in advance of his time. In spite of, or perhaps by reason of, the absence of the erotic element in his nature, he anticipated the most modern doctrines as to the equality of the sexes. His morality is rational, not rigorous. He knows that youth will be youth, and is apt to let Leander triumph at the expense of Jeronimus; but Leander's follies are seldom very serious, and never (as in the Restoration comedy) brutal or base. I do not hesitate to call him one of the healthiest writers in all dramatic literature. Prurience and prudery are alike foreign to him, and over all his work there breathes an air of honest gayety—what Danish critics are fond of calling *festivitas*—which is inexpressibly refreshing.

The reign of pietism came to an end in 1746, when Frederick the Fifth ascended the throne. A company was got together in the following year, and opened their performances with Holberg's *Pewterer Politician*; but it was not until December 18, 1748, that the formally constituted Danish comedians gave their first performance in the handsome theatre erected for them on the King's New Market. As his Most Gracious Majesty was to be present, Holberg was not considered courtly enough for the occasion, and a translation of Regnard's *Le Joueur* was therefore performed. Poor Holberg! His genius, as Brandes puts it, had been condemned to twenty years' learned hard labor in the pietistic penitentiary, and he now regained his freedom only to find that his hand had lost its cunning, and that even his earlier masterpieces were regarded by a powerful section of the lettered public as vulgar and old-fashioned! They were far too good acting plays ever to be entirely driven from the stage; they remained, and remain to this day, the corner-stone of the repertory; but there have been several periods when critical sentimentalism or superfiness or romanticism would fain have rejected them. As ill luck would have it, the poet's last years coincided with one of these periods of reaction. He was treated with cold respect by the leaders of critical fashion, and "found his only admirers," says a contemporary, all unconscious of the eulogy

implied in his words, "among the populace who had served as his models." His death, in 1754, passed almost unnoticed, while a ~~not~~ too reputable actress who died nine days later was honored with a public funeral.

It is true that the romantic circumstances of Caroline Thielo's death had helped to raise popular sympathy to fever-heat. Though not yet twenty, she was already the idol of the playhouse, and it was reported that she had been murdered at the instigation of the Russian ambassador, from whom she had succeeded in worming some Masonic secrets. The excitement caused by her death, however, was only one symptom of the keen public interest in the theatre, which had sprung into existence since 1748, and has subsisted in full force even to the present day. Nowhere else, not even in Paris, is the theatre more truly a national institution than it is in Copenhagen. At first, indeed, the actors were regarded as bohemians, and the students of the university, from whom the company has all along been mainly recruited, were held to lose caste in going on the stage. But this prejudice did not at any time prevent the outside public from interesting itself vividly in the affairs of the theatre, both artistic and personal, and during the present century the social stigma has entirely vanished.

A repertory which consisted mainly of the works of Holberg, Molière, Regnard, and the minor French comedy-writers begot a race of great character-actors. The leading members of the company formed in 1748, under Holberg's own eye, were Londemann, Clementin, and Hortulan—a brilliant trio. Holberg is said to have corrected Clementin's conception of *Vielsesgeschrey* in *The Busy Trifler* by bidding him study a living original whom he named; and the anecdote is characteristic, for this practice of "going to nature" has always been and still is the chief strength of the Danish school of acting. For four years the company confined itself entirely to comedy. In the course of their fifth season they made a timid attempt at tragedy, with Deschamps's *Cato*; but it was not until 1757 that the production of Voltaire's *Zaire* brought "the pathetic and sublime" into fashion. As a consequence, the stage fell a prey for nearly twenty years to hollow and bombastic declama-

tion, which reached its height in the first original Danish tragedy, Nordahl Brun's *Zarine*, produced in 1772. Brun, like Holberg, was a Norwegian by birth, and it was another Norwegian who in the following year pricked the bombastic bladder with a keen point of satire. Johan Wessel's burlesque tragedy of *Love without Stockings* is one of the classics of Danish literature. Dealing with the luckless loves of a tailor and his sweetheart, it reproduces with absolute faithfulness all the conventions of French tragedy—the unities of time and place, the soliloquies (in *Zarine* there were no fewer than eighteen soliloquies), the Alexandrines, with alternate masculine and feminine rhymes; in short, the whole outward form of pseudo-classicism. Wessel's travesty, though received with inextinguishable laughter, did not at once drive the stilted Gallicisms from the stage, but it weakened their hold upon popular favor.* Another breath of fresh air was brought to the stage by the lyrical dramas of Johannes Ewald, in one of which, *The Fishers*, occurs the stirring national song, "King Christian stood by the lofty mast," well known in Longfellow's translation. But French bombast died out slowly, and was succeeded by a still worse literary epidemic in the shape of German sentimentality. Kotzebue's *Misanthropy and Repentance* (better known as *The Stranger*) was produced in 1790, and was the forerunner of no fewer than seventy-two other plays from the same pen. The reign of Kotzebue is perhaps the darkest hour in the history of the Danish stage. It gave place to the dawn of Scandinavian Romanticism early in the present century.

The material fortunes of the theatre had meanwhile undergone many vicissitudes. From 1750 to 1770 it belonged to the town of Copenhagen, receiving, however, a small and uncertain subsidy from the King, which was held to justify all sorts of court interference. The Danish players were constantly compelled to give house-room to Italian opera companies,

* English influence did something to strengthen the good traditions of comedy and character-acting. Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, produced in 1761, was the first English play which found its way to the Danish stage, and it was followed by several of the Colmans', Cumberland's, Holcroft's, and Morton's comedies. *The School for Scandal* was very successfully produced in 1784; *She Stoops to Conquer* in 1785; *The Rivals* not until 1799. All three still hold their place in the repertory.

and to see themselves utterly neglected by the King and the nobility, who idolized the foreign interlopers. The court, too, imported and patronized more than one company of French actors, while at one time the stage was overrun with rope-dancers, jugglers, acrobats, and what we now know as "variety entertainments." Even with the strictest economy in salaries and other expenses—five hundred dollars a year was considered ample payment for a leading actor—the theatre managed in twenty years to run deeply into debt. In 1770 the King paid off the greater part of the encumbrances, and the Danish stage became in name as well as in fact a court institution. So it remained until 1849, when it passed into the hands of the nation.

"It was in the year 1805," says Mr. Edmund Gosse, "that the young and unknown poet Adam Oehlenschläger, wearing out a winter in Germany under the worst pangs of nostalgia, found in the university library at Halle a copy of the Icelandic of Snorre Sturleson's *Heimskringla* [the sagas of the Kings of Norway]. The event was as full of import to Scandinavian literature as Luther's famous discovery of the Bible was to German liberty." Oehlenschläger at once began to work the rich vein of dramatic material upon which he had thus stumbled. *Earl Hakon*, his first and perhaps his best tragedy, was produced in 1808, and *Palnatoke*, *Axel and Valborg*, *Stærkodder*, and half a score of other dramas followed in rapid succession. Oehlenschläger was a great poet and a prolific dramatist, but his dramas are of an age, not for all time. They are tragic romances, full of fluent rhetoric and lyric pathos, rather than great tragedies, properly so called. They are written for the most part in somewhat flaccid blank verse, varied by occasional passages in the simple and charming ballad measure of the Danish *Kæmpeviser*. But with all their faults they are works of heroic imagination, appealing irresistibly to youthful sentiment and enthusiasm. Scandinavian antiquity, mythic and historical, which to the eighteenth century had seemed merely barbarous, was now found to be inspiring, fascinating, and infinitely picturesque. Oehlenschläger's dramatic romances were no less epoch-making for Danish litera-

ture than the *Waverley Novels* for our own; they revealed a new world of imagination. The Norwegian dramatists Björnson and Ibsen have reproduced the spirit of the sagas far more faithfully than Oehlenschläger. Their tragedies are tersely, and one may almost say realistically, Scandinavian; his are rhetorically and romantically Teutonic. But Oehlenschläger will always claim respect as a delightful poet—his *Aladdin* is a masterpiece—and as the pioneer of a new era. His statue has every right to its place beside Holberg's at the entrance to the Danish Theatre.

The new romantic tragedy naturally required a new school of actors to represent it. Throughout what may be called the Voltaire period and the Kotzebue period the traditions of character-acting established under Holberg had been kept alive by two generations of fine comedians. Schwarz, an actor who combined great mimetic talent with keen intelligence, had done much during the last quarter of the eighteenth century to refine and elevate the stage, and to heighten the sense of artistic propriety among his comrades. Gjelstrup, who was no less remarkable as a painter than as an actor, played two of Holberg's master-characters, Jeppe and Studenstrup, to absolute perfection; and Frydendahl, Knudsen, and Lindgreen carried the great traditions from the last into the present century. Knudsen, like many other Danish actors, was also an excellent singer; and when the English bombarded Copenhagen in 1801, he collected more than \$100,000 for the Patriotic Fund by travelling through Denmark and Norway singing patriotic songs. But character-actors, however accomplished, could not cope with the warrior-heroes of Oehlenschläger. "Wanted, a tragedian," was the cry of the management; and at last they advertised for one in the newspapers. Strange to say, the advertisement "met the eye" of the right man. A country doctor named Ryge, thirty-three years of age, presented himself for trial; and when the trial was over, one of the committee remarked, "If you are foolish enough to want to go on the stage, I am sure the public will be wise enough to receive you with acclamation." The prophecy was justified. With his gigantic figure and voluminous voice, Ryge seemed born to embody the heroes of Northern legend.

"His words," wrote Bournonville, "rang likesword strokes on shields of copper; they sank into the soul like runes on a memorial stone . . . I seem still to hear him in *Earl Hakon* apostrophizing the gods in the sacrificial grove:

'My Erling have I offered up;
and lo!

My foes in myriads shall follow him.'

The curtain fell, and my hair stood on end at the thought of the sea of blood that was to flow." It must not be supposed, however, that Dr. Ryge was a mere ranter. On the contrary, he was an actor of high intelligence and versatility. He was great not only in Oehlenschläger's *Hakon*, *Jarl*, and *Palnatoke*, but in Holberg's sententious *Pewterer* *Politician* and grotesque *Ulysses von Ithacia*; not only in *Macbeth* and *Lear*, but in *Moses* in *The School for Scandal*. The triumph of Danish romanticism naturally paved the way for the importation of Shakespeare. *Hamlet* was produced in 1813, *King Lear* in 1816, *Macbeth* in 1817. Schiller and Goethe took a more or less prominent place in the repertory; the Danish playwrights Heiberg and Hertz wrote many popular plays on the romantic model; and Oehlenschläger continued to produce a new tragedy every now and then until within a year or two of his death in 1850. When Ryge died in 1842, his mantle fell upon Nielsen, whose wife, too, was a tragic actress of a high order. Thus the first half of the present century may fairly be called the romantic or blankverse period of the Danish stage.

During the second quarter of the century, however, two other influences made themselves felt—the influence of Scribe and the influence of Heiberg. Scribe's *Valérie* was produced in 1824, and ninety-eight other products of his restless manufactory followed in rapid succession.



MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF LUDVIG HOLBERG IN THE BERGEN MUSEUM.

From the Jubilee Number of Ludvig Holberg.

Even Kotzebue had not been so popular. Heiberg, again, created a new and national dramatic form. The French vaudeville owed, if not its origin, at least its prevalence on the boulevard stage, to the monopoly which confined the regular drama to the privileged theatres. The "couplets" with which it was interspersed were apt to be as few and as short as possible, and were generally gabbled through as a tedious matter of form, by actors without voice or musical taste. Heiberg, a man of no genius, but of alert and vivacious talent, seized upon this chance development of the French drama and converted it into something new and strange. The Danish vaudeville, as invented by him and continued by Hertz and Hostrup, is a broad and leisurely study of humorous character, interspersed with gracefully written songs



THE DANISH THEATRE.

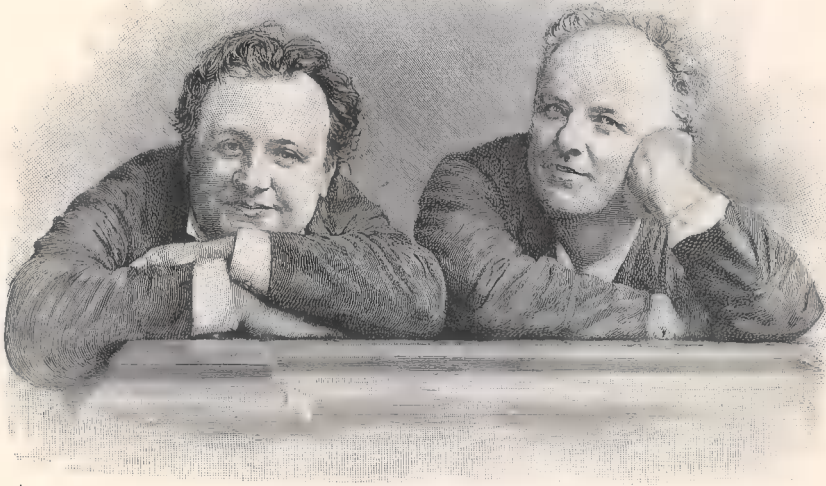
and concerted pieces which call for a good deal of musical accomplishment in their execution. The vaudeville is the opposite of a "well-made play." Its plot is generally farcical, and rapidity of action is systematically sacrificed to the careful reproduction of character and manners. The vaudeville is now regarded with scant tolerance by the reigning school of Danish criticism; but, for my part, I am inclined to accept it as a natural and charming outgrowth of the Holberg tradition. It is founded on direct and delicate observation; it treats intrigue as a mere conventional framework for the presentation of character; and it offers, under a mask of gayety, a homely and healthy philosophy of life. Certain it is that, but for the Holberg school of acting, the Heiberg vaudeville would never have existed. From *King Solomon and Jörgen Hatmaker* onwards, the Danish vaudevilles are all written for, and depend for their effect upon, a large company of finished character-actors. For nearly fifty years Heiberg's wife was the leading actress of the theatre, and for her he wrote many of his most effective characters. At her side stood the elder and the younger Rosenkilde; Michael Wiehe, prince of romantic lovers; Fru Södring, an "old woman" of genius; Mantzius and Hultmann, who made their chief reputation in the de-

lightful fantasies of Hostrup; and the incomparable Phister, certainly one of the most accomplished comedians that ever lived. This great generation has but lately vanished from the stage. I have myself seen Phister, the younger Rosenkilde, Fru Södring, and Hultmann; Fru Heiberg and Michael Wiehe live in the enthusiastic memories of all middle-aged play-goers.

When Denmark, in 1849, became a constitutional monarchy, the theatre was placed under the control of the Ministry of Public Worship, and ultimately, of course, of the Parliament. Heiberg was appointed Director, and great things were expected of his rule. But Heiberg, now getting on in years, was a ninim�-pinim�, cut-and-dried conservative æsthetician, and the ten years of his directorate were, in a literary sense, barren. His principal achievement was to quarrel with Hoedt, a great Hamlet, and the pioneer of the realistic school of acting, whom he drove from the stage in disgust. The period of literary sterility extended right through the sixties. The old plays were admirably performed, but no new plays of any note were produced. The first stirrings of new life came from Norway. Björnson's *Newly Married Couple* was produced in 1865, his *Mary Stuart* in 1867; Ibsen's *League of Youth* in 1870,

and his *Pretenders* in 1871. Since then each new play of Björnson and Ibsen has given a fresh stimulus to dramatic life in Scandinavia. During the seventies a slight romantic revival took place in Denmark, the chief product of which was Molbech's exquisite idyllic comedy *Ambrosius*. The commencement of the

was built partly by the state, partly by the town of Copenhagen, while private citizens contributed liberally to its decoration. It is a vast and roomy building, in the internal arrangements of which comfort and safety have been preferred to display. The vestibule is severely simple; the corridors, all except the prome-



THE POULSEN BROTHERS.

From a photograph by Hansen and Weller, Copenhagen.

eighties saw the rise of a realistic school of Danish playwrights, influenced partly by the Norwegians, partly by the French dramatists. Edward Brandes (a brother of the distinguished critic), Einar Christiansen, and Otto Benzon are the leaders of this school, and around them stands a group of minor writers all doing alert and thoughtful work for the stage.

Altered and remodelled from time to time, the theatre of 1748 remained the home of the Danish comedy for more than a century and a quarter. I well remember the comfortable old-fashioned house, with its lustre of oil lamps, which used to rise majestically into the ceiling when the act commenced, and descend again with the descending curtain. I remember having the seat pointed out to me in which Thorwaldsen was found sitting, dead, on the evening of March 24, 1844. The new theatre, opened in 1874,

nade at the back of the dress circle, are wide, bare, and a trifle grim. The said promenade, however, is gayly decorated, and opens into a handsome foyer not unlike that of the Théâtre Français, but larger, in which stand busts of Holberg, Ewald, Wessel, Oehlenschläger, Heiberg, Hertz, and one or two famous actors. At least half the audience pours out in the entr'actes into the promenade and foyer. From the point of view of London or Paris, it is distinctly a provincial public, homely in appearance and manners, and a little bit dowdy in attire, evening dress being a rare exception. But in point of animation and eager intelligence it yields to no audience as yet known to me. One is particularly struck by the numerical ascendancy of young people, and especially of young ladies. Enter the foyer at any moment, and you may count at least half a dozen groups of three or four



EMIL POULSEN AS SHYLOCK.
From a photograph by Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

girls (I use the term in an elastic sense) unattended by any male. This prevailing youthfulness is partly explicable, of course, by the fact that the older people prefer to remain in their seats; but it is largely due to the *abonnement* system, which makes the theatre above everything a family institution. Almost the whole auditorium, except the floor (parquet and parterre), is let in *abonnement* every evening except Sunday. Authors and actors now and then deplore, like Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the influence of "the young lady in the dress circle." They allege that she preponderates to such a degree as to give an unmistakably feminine tone to the laughter of the audience. This is true enough; but if the Anglo-

Saxon "young lady in the dress circle" were half as appreciative and enlightened, theatrically speaking, as her Danish sister, I think we should have small reason to complain.

The auditorium is cheerful and comfortable, not luxurious. The floors are uncarpeted, the swing-seats cane-bottomed. There are places for about 1600 people, at prices ranging from a dollar and a quarter to twenty-five cents. At ordinary rates the theatre holds something like \$1000. In the first parquet two seats at each end of each row are set apart for the use of the authors, artists, and musicians who are on the free list, and members of the Rigsdag, or Parliament, have seats *ex officio* in this part of the house. The royal box is next to the stage on the grand tier, and is very frequently occupied. I have seen the King and Queen of Denmark at the play four nights in one week. Over the proscenium is the inscription "*Ei blot til Lyst*" (Not for pleasure alone), which for nearly a century held a similar position in the old theatre. The drop scene is a singularly beautiful one, representing a number of winged geniuses drawing back a heavy red curtain and revealing a view of the Acropolis at Athens.

I need scarcely say that the theatre is in decadence. Who ever heard of a theatre that was *not* in decadence? I have little doubt that when Shakespeare was at the height of his genius, the critics in the "yard" of the Globe Theatre would shake their heads mournfully over the decline of the English drama. In Copenhagen no less than in Paris the theatre is understood to be going to the dogs, though to the eye of the outside observer it seems to be flourishing exceedingly. Under the able guidance of Chamberlain Fallesen and his two lieutenants, Herr Bloch and Herr Krohn, a company of admirable actors is playing a rich and varied repertory, and making the theatre one of the leading intellectual forces in the life of the nation. What more can be required of a national theatre? It is true that the system under which it is conducted, as well as the

policy of the existing management, is open to criticisms of detail; but there is a wide difference between admitting that an institution is not perfect, and declaring it decrepit and moribund.

The drama proper—to go straight to the main defect of the system—is to some extent hampered by having to run in

atre devoted to drama alone might be made equally efficient at much less cost, if not at a profit. The system, however, has its compensations. In the first place a representative opera repertory, ranging from Wagner to Offenbach, is very charmingly performed (of course in Danish). The present prima donna, Fröken



SCENE FROM HOLBERG'S "ERASMUS MONTANUS."

Erasmus: Emil Poulsen. Peter the Precentor: Schram.

harness with opera and ballet. This involves the maintenance of three companies, and the sacrifice of two or three evenings a week to music; while the deep proscenium and large orchestra space necessary for opera place the actors in comedy and drama at a great disadvantage. It is the opera, too, which constitutes the chief item of expense, and causes the theatre to cost the state from \$8000 to \$18,000 a year. A smaller the-

Dons, is a dramatic singer of great capacity; and Herr Simonsen, the leading barytone, possesses a noble voice and an admirable method. Furthermore, the close juxtaposition of the three arts of acting, singing, and dancing renders "all-round" accomplishment very common in the company. Almost all the actors can sing, and many of the singers can act. Herr Schram, one of the most original comedians I ever saw, began his



OLAF POULSEN AS JUDGE KRANS IN HOSTRUP'S
"ADVENTURE ON A WALKING TOUR."

career as a bass singer, and was, until age enfeebled his voice, an incomparable Leporello and Mephistopheles. Herr Emil Poulsen, the leading actor of the dramatic company, and Herr Jerndorff, an excellent actor of the second rank, have appeared with great success in important operatic parts. Herr Olaf Poulsen, the principal comedian, is a most accomplished singer of chansonnettes, and there is scarcely one member of the company who has not sufficient musical education to render correctly and gracefully the light music of the Danish vaudevilles. The ballet, too, is not only a delightful and thoroughly national art-form, but serves as an excellent school for the dramatic stage. Fru Eckardt and Fru Hennings, the leading actresses of the day, both came from the ballet; so did Fru Heiberg. Indeed the ballet, as developed by Bournonville, has played such a large part in the history of the Danish theatre as to claim a paragraph to itself.

August Bournonville was a Frenchman born in Denmark, or, if you prefer it, a Dane of French parentage. His father was a pupil of Noverre, the great reformer of dramatic dancing, and from his earliest years the boy learned, as it were, to think in dance forms. Galeotti had converted the *ballet d'action* in Denmark from a mere court amusement into a popular art. Bournonville, with a high ideal

of the dignity of this art, combined perfect technical accomplishment and a strong dramatic faculty. It was his great ambition to vindicate the claim of his beloved profession to a place among the liberal arts. He was all his life contending against the prejudice which regarded a male dancer as an effeminate mountebank, a female dancer as a mere plaything of aristocratic vice. He believed almost as firmly as Milton or Ruskin that noble art must grow out of a noble life, and he certainly succeeded in making the Danish ballet school eminently respectable. This moral preoccupation was perhaps not altogether advantageous to his art. Some critics complain that there is more grace than passion in his ballets, and that actresses who have passed through his school are apt to sacrifice truth of expression to mere elegance. Be this as it may, the Danish ballet, as Bournonville fashioned it, is certainly a delightful entertainment. He composed more than fifty ballets, great and small, of which some ten or a dozen hold the stage: *Valdemar, Napoli, The Bridal in Hardanger, Far from Denmark, The Toreador, a Folk-Tale*, and others. Of these I have seen two: *Valdemar*, a four-act historic drama in ballet form, in which Vilhelm Wiehe, then the leading tragedian of the theatre, played the part of Axel; and *The Bridal in Hardanger*, a charming Norwegian idyl in two acts. Nowhere else have I seen dancing at once so refined and so dramatic; the effects aimed at in the great Italian ballets are coarse, spectacular, and brainless in comparison. Since Bournonville's death, however, only one new ballet of any importance has been produced, and it remains to be seen whether this delightful but somewhat unprogressive art-form will hold its own. Large as is the repertory left behind him by Bournonville, it is not likely that a full ballet company can be maintained year after year for no purpose but to repeat his compositions over and over again. I am told, too, that many of his ballets are practically lost, because no one can decipher the symbols by which he represented the steps and figures.

What, now, of the dramatic company as at present constituted? It is efficient in almost all branches of art, superlative in some. Tragic declamation is its weakest point, character-acting its strongest—

that is to say, the spirit of Holberg triumphs for the moment over the spirit of Oehlenschläger. It is true that Fru Eckardt, whose strength lies mainly in the great ladies of modern comedy, has recently given a very impressive rendering of Oehlenschläger's Queen Margarete in the tragedy of that name; but among the male artists there is no heroic actor of commanding power, no Mounet-Sully, and still less a Salvini. In character-acting, on the other hand, the brothers Emil and Olaf Poulsen are simply incomparable; I use the word in its literal sense. They are the true inheritors of the great tradition. I have never seen actors who approached them in the art of sinking their own individuality in that of their personage. They are not only masters of make-up, they seem to reincarnate themselves in each new character, altering voice, manner, temperament, everything. As may be gathered from their portraits, Emil, the elder, is the more intellectual, reflective artist of the two; Olaf is the more original, irrepressible genius. Emil would have been distinguished in any walk of life; Olaf, though he has some talent as a painter, is in reality born for the stage, and for it alone. The brothers made their first appearance on the same evening, April 16, 1867—Emil as Erasmus Montanus, the student who returns to his native village brimming over with his new knowledge, and throws the whole parish into consternation by impiously asserting that the world is round; Olaf in the character of Jacob Berg, the younger brother of the doughty Erasmus. Emil scored his first triumph as a character-actor in the part of the wily Bishop Nicholas in Ibsen's tragedy *The Pretenders*. Then came his beautiful embodiment of Molbech's Ambrosius, his Helmer in Ibsen's *Doll's House*, his Hamlet, Shylock, Tartuffe, Arnolphe in *L'École des Femmes*, King Erik Glipping in the opera of *King and Constable*, Molbech's Dante, Editor Ramseth in Gunnar Heiberg's *King Midas*, and a host of other characters. Many people to whom I have shown portraits of Emil Poulsen in five or six different characters have found it difficult to believe that the photographs did not represent five or six different actors as well. Olaf Poulsen's physique is, if possible, more plastic than his brother's. In the various Henriks of Holberg's

comedies he employs no make-up at all, yet differentiates them admirably. The shock-headed, grinning journeyman of the *Pewterer Politician* is a totally different personage from the alert and sprightly valet of *The Masquerade* or *Abracadabra*; the only point they have in common is the *festivitas*, the irresistible buoyancy of humor, which informs all this heaven-born comedian's creations. In parts in which he can call in the aid of make-up, he works miracles of metamorphosis. I shall never forget the blank stupidity of his Judge Krans



OLAF POULSEN AS HENRIK IN HOLBERG'S
"PEWTERER POLITICIAN."



FRU BETTY HENNINGS AS CLAIRE IN "THE IRON-MASTER" (LE MAÎTRE DE FORGES).

From a photograph by Hehlenberg, Copenhagen.

in Hostrup's *Adventure on a Walking Tour*, or the twinkling Pickwickian joviality of his Herr Zierlich in Heiberg's *April-fools*. The two brothers are delightful as the Prince and his henchman Kaspar in *Once upon a Time* (a fairy-tale comedy by the great lyric poet Holger Drachmann, founded on Andersen's *Swineherd*), and as the benevolent Abbot and the Demon-Cook in Christiansen's brilliant poetic comedy *Brother Ruus*. Among their very best parts, I am as-

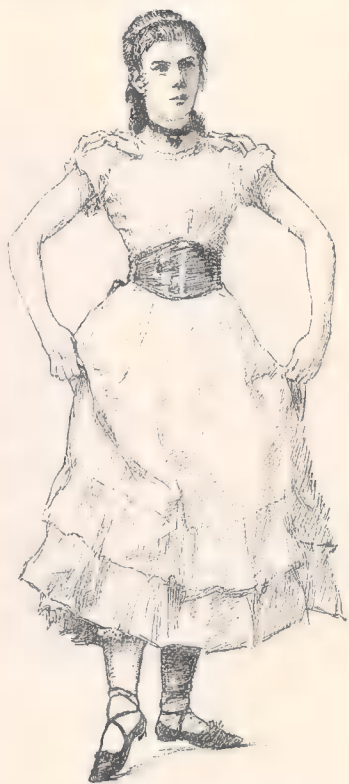
sured, are Hjalmar Ekdal and his broken-down old father in Ibsen's *Wild Duck*—characters which only actors of the rarest intelligence could attempt with any hope of success. I regret few things so much as the chance which debarred me from witnessing this performance.

In *The Wild Duck*, too, Fru Hennings made one of her greatest successes, creating the beautiful character of Hedvig with exquisitely pathetic simplicity. Fru Hennings, like all the leading artists of the Danish school, is exceedingly versatile. She passes with ease from the fourteen-year-old Hedvig to the octogenarian grandmother in Esmann's original little study *In the Almshouse*. She plays Agnes in *L'École des Femmes* as delicately as Reichenberg, and with far more naïveté; she plays Cyprienne in *Divorçons* with the vivacity of Chaumont; and she plays many characters of the class which at the Français would be assigned to Bartet. The very difficult character of Nora Helmer in Ibsen's *Doll's House* is, hitherto, her most famous creation. In the lighter scenes of the first act she is unapproachably perfect. Her play of feeling is so vivid and so subtle as to produce what I am tempted to describe as an iridescent effect, dazzling but captivating. In the later acts it would be possible to conceive a more tragic Nora than Fru Hennings, but scarcely a more human or a more accomplished one. The Princess in *Once upon a Time* is another of this delightful artist's most successful parts, and she has also been highly popular as Claire in *Le Maître de Forges*.

The leading "old woman" of the company is Fru Phister, wife of the great comedian. In her, as in her husband, the Holberg tradition is incarnate. When he played Henrik, the valet, she played Pernille, the waiting-woman; and she still, at an advanced age, plays such parts as the wife of the Pewterer Politician with consummate finesse and amiable, almost touching, humor. One of the youngest members of the company, on the other hand, is Fru Bloch, an actress of delicate talent and subtle charm, of whom

great things may be expected. Her performance of the school-girl, Trina Rar, in *The April-fools*, is one of the most delightful things of its kind I have ever seen. I may say, indeed, that I never saw any play so perfectly acted in every part as this vaudeville of Heiberg's. Fru Phister as the old school-mistress, Fru Hilmer as a gossiping old maid, Zangenberg and the beautiful Fru Emma Nielsen as Siegfried and Constance, Fru Bloch as Trina Rar, Poul Nielsen as her school-boy lover, Schram as the German adventurer, and Olaf Poulsen as Herr Zierlich, were all above criticism. It is only at a theatre where the drama is cultivated as an art, not exploited as an article of commerce, that such perfection of ensemble is possible.

I have barely mentioned, or not at all, some of the most interesting artists of the company. Chamberlain Fallesen has avoided the error into which M. Perrin fell at the Français, of overworking the older generation, and giving the younger generation no chance to develop their talents. The younger generation in Copenhagen, headed by Fru Bloch, Poul Nielsen, and Fru Emma Nielsen, is rapidly preparing itself for the tasks, in the shape of realistic drama, which the immediate future will probably assign to it. If only the Royal Theatre keeps abreast of the literary movement; if only the Danish actors maintain the good traditions of "plain living and high thinking," faithful character study, and loyal co-operation in the cause of art—there is no doubt that the House of Holberg will continue to hold for many a long year its foremost



FRU BLOCH AS TRINA RAR IN HEIBERG'S VAUDEVILLE "THE APRIL-FOOLS."

place among the national institutions of Denmark. If such a theatre be not worth far more than a yearly \$10,000, or even \$20,000, to the nation it helps to educate, my ideas of the value of money are strangely at fault.

OLD SHIPPING MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK.

BY GEORGE W. SHELDON.

THE New York shipping merchants spoken of in this article are the men who owned, wholly or in part, the old packet and clipper ships of the transatlantic service. They left no successors. Where is the American house that exports to-day? The business is in the hands of foreigners, and is done so differently that were the doers of it fifty years ago to make their appearance on 'Change, they could not understand what is going on. It would sorely puzzle them to see their posterity applying to brokers for

the kind of information which they themselves once had a monopoly of, and giving brokers orders for wheat, corn, tobacco, tea, indigo, and so forth, which they themselves were in the habit of giving directly to the owners of such goods. The old merchants were shippers, that is to say, owners or part owners of the cargoes which they despatched to foreign ports, taking the risks of transportation, and receiving the profits or sustaining the losses; but now the leading articles in the Liverpool, Havre, Hamburg, and



"THE CAPTAIN COMPLAINED THAT THEY USED UP EVERY KIND OF MATERIAL."

Eastern trade—cotton, lard, oil, and provisions—are principally sold on "offers" by telegraph, sold before leaving port, and without risks, thus doing away with the necessity for special business training, ability, and experience.

The old shipping merchants, when young men and clerks, were allowed by their employers to make small business ventures of their own. In this way Robert B. Minturn soon became the owner of a small vessel. Many of them had practical experience as sailors. Moses H. Grinnell was supercargo on a ship bound to Trieste *via* Rio de Janeiro; Jonathan Goodhue, supercargo to Aden in 1803, and to Calcutta in 1805; Charles H. Marshall, seaman, mate, and master. Then, too, character and ability counted for something in the line of promotion; and if a

clerk went to church regularly, his boss might take a fancy to him and promote him. Now, it is capital that counts, and the boss does not care whether the clerk goes to church or not. Even the old bills of lading were devout, beginning, "SHIPPED by the grace of GOD in good order and well conditioned," and ending, "And so God send the good ship to her desired Port in Safety. Amen."

The sailing of the old packet-ships at regular intervals first built up the New York shipping trade. From New Orleans, Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston came goods to be shipped to Europe, providing a living for the handlers of the freight, and a handsome return for the capital invested in the ships. But the California gold fever of 1849 gave a greater impetus to commerce than it had ever

received. San Francisco in that year was described by a newspaper correspondent as "a beehive of the largest kind," though "the conveniences for business" were small, there being "only a hundred decent size stores, but shanties enough of all kinds." The retail price of flour in that city was fifty cents a pound; the retail price of pork was from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound; the retail price of bread was from twenty-five to thirty-three cents a pound. Boards sold for \$400 a thousand feet, and brandy for twenty-five cents a glass. Of poverty there was none, with gold worth sixteen dollars an ounce; of prudence, also, there was none. It was cheaper to throw clothes away than to pay for the washing of them. The ship *Oxford* arrived in San Francisco from Boston with sixty-four skilled mechanics, who, during the voyage of one hundred and ninety-six days, had manufactured all their tents, cots, and hammocks, had built a boat, had made daggers of old files, and inlaid the handles with gold, and having landed on some islands and found some pearl-oyster shells, had covered the handles of their knives with pearl in place of buck-

horn. They had constructed a blacksmith's shop on board, and if a man broke his penknife, there was another man who could mend it. The captain complained that they used up every kind of material they could lay hands on, and that it was with difficulty he kept them from cutting up his ship. Even the boys were noted for their wits. A Salem lad eighteen years of age printed on canvas in San Francisco the words "American House" and "Broadway House," and sold them as signs for twenty-two dollars. Another day he earned seventeen dollars, and another fifteen, for doing similar trifles. He and a companion picked up the boxes that had been cast aside as useless in the city after the goods had been sold from them, and got four or five dollars apiece. A youth named Glines, from Newbury, Byfield Parish, Massachusetts, returned home from California with sixty pounds of gold, worth \$13,000. He had come, he said, only to see his gold safe, and was soon on his way back to the diggings. The fever extended to Europe. A stock company in Geneva was organized to freight a ship for California. The round trip was to consume four months,



"WHAT! AN AMERICAN, AND HAVE NEVER BEEN TO CALIFORNIA!"



"THE MUTINEER WAS SOON LODGED IN THE COCKPIT."

two months of which were to be expended in digging gold; and it is expected, said the prospectus, that each passenger will return with \$100,000 in his pocket. A Frenchman met an American in a railway car, and at once began to make minute inquiries about California.

"I have never been there," replied the other.

"What!" exclaimed his questioner, falling back in astonishment, "an American, and have never been to California!"

The quality of the men who officered and sailed the old packets and clippers was no

mean factor of the environment that enabled the old shipping merchants to acquire fame and fortune. Most of them came from New England, and had been trained on board the whalers, which, before the passage by Congress of an act to establish United States naval schools, in tardy response to a memorial drawn up by Mr. Adam P. Pentz in the year 1837, were almost the only source of the supply of seamen for the merchant marine. Take, for instance, a commander like Captain Benjamin I. H. Trask, master successively of the *Virginia*, *Yazoo*, *Garrick*, *Jamestown*, *Switzerland*, *Saratoga*, *Wm. F. Stover*, and *Hamilton Fish*, for whom, when he died, on the 23d of December, 1871, the flags on the shipping in the harbor were at half-mast. "No braver or better man," said one of the newspapers, "ever commanded an American ship. He was about the last of the old sea-kings of the past." This was the kind of man he was: His good ship the *Saratoga* was about to leave Havre for New York at the time when, in honor of the birth of the Prince Imperial (son of Eugénie and Louis Napoleon), many convicts had been liberated from prison. Some of these rascals—the ugliest set of mortals he had ever associated with—shipped as sailors on board his vessel, their character and antecedents, of course, quite unknown to the captain. The first day out the new crew were very troublesome, owing in part, doubtless, to the absence of the mate, who was ill in bed, and who died after a few hours. Suddenly the second mate, (now Captain) G. D. S. Trask, son of the commander, heard his father call out, "Take hold of the wheel," and going forward, saw him holding a sailor at arm's-length. The mutineer was soon lodged in the cockpit; but all hands, the watch below and the watch on deck, came aft, as if obeying a signal, with threatening faces and clinched fists. The captain, methodical and cool, ordered his son to run a line across the deck, between him and the rebellious crew, and to arm the steward and the third mate.

"Now go forward and get to work," he said to the gang, who immediately made a demonstration to break the line. "The first man who passes that rope," added the captain, drawing his pistol, "I will shoot. I am going to call you one by one; if two come at a time, I will shoot both."



"THERE WERE NO STAGES OR HORSE-CARS."

The first to come forward was a big fellow in a red shirt. He had hesitated to advance when called; but the "I will give you one more invitation, sir," of the captain furnished him with the requisite resolution. So large were his wrists that ordinary shackles were too small to go around them, and ankle



CHARLES HENRY MARSHALL.

From a painting by Richard J. Nagle in the New York Chamber of Commerce.

shackles took their place. Escorted by the second and third mates to the cabin, he was made to lie flat on his stomach while staples were driven through the chains of his handcuffs into the floor to pin him down. After eighteen of the mutineers had been similarly treated, the captain himself withdrew to the cabin and lay on a sofa, telling the second mate to wake him in an hour. The next minute he was fast asleep, with the stapled ruffians around him.

Isaac Wright, of Isaac Wright and Son, the founders of the Black Ball Line, lived at Thirty-eighth Street and Third Avenue, and walked down to business and back to his home every day. There were no stages or horse-cars in those days. The site of his home is now occupied by a piano-forte factory. Mr. Wright was an English Quaker from Sheffield, in the dry-goods business.

Jeremiah Thompson, of Jeremiah Thompson and Nephews, also an English Quaker, was a successful cotton merchant. His firm succeeded that of Isaac Wright and Son as agents of the Black Ball Line, after Isaac Wright and Son had failed by speculating in cotton. They in turn failed, and were succeeded by Thompson and Oddie, whose office, in Wall Street, next door to the Bank of America, occupied part of a two-story brick dwelling-house with dormer-window in front. There was a row of such buildings in the neighborhood. The next agents of the line were Goodhue and Company (Jonathan Goodhue and Pelatiah Perit).

Charles Henry Marshall became the principal proprietor and the active manager of the Black Ball Line on the withdrawal of Goodhue and Company, whose interest he had purchased. He was born at Easton, Washington County,

New York, on the 8th of April, 1792. At the age of fifteen he shipped with Captain Solomon Swain, on the *Lima*, for a whaling voyage to the Pacific.

The ship was absent two years, and on her return young Marshall had the pleasure and pride of counting three hundred dollars—his first earnings—into his father's hand. In two or three weeks he was on the sea again, an ordinary seaman aboard a vessel bound for England. His next voyage was to Riga, Russia. The war of 1812 sent him to farming. When peace was declared he sailed as second mate on a ship going to Oporto, the celebrated Captain "Bob" Waterman being her first mate. After several other voyages he became master of the *James Cropper*, of the Black Ball Line in 1822. Having served as master of three other ships of that line, he left the sea, and became a shipping merchant.

Mr. Marshall was a Commissioner of Emigration; president of the Marine Society; trustee of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, the Seamen's Fund and Retreat, and the Home for Seamen's Children; a Commissioner of Pilots; a member of the Union Defence Committee in New York city at the outbreak of the late war; a member of the Union League Club; and chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

Preserved Fish, senior partner in the firm of Fish and Grinnell (1815), later, Grinnell, Minturn, and Company (1826), proprietors of the Swallow-tail Line of Liverpool packets, and the old line of London packets, was recognized anywhere as *sui generis*. He is said to have been picked off a wreck while floating down a river, and named Preserved Fish in consequence by some inhabitants of New Bedford. He lived in East Broadway, and was a Democrat, with the courage of his convictions. "If the Whigs succeed in electing their candidate," he said during one campaign, "I will run around the Seventh Ward in my shirt." The Whigs did succeed, and as Mr. Fish found it inexpedient to carry out his announced intention, they revenged themselves by circulating very extensively a cheapprint representing him clothed in a nightcap and shirt, and running at the top of his speed.

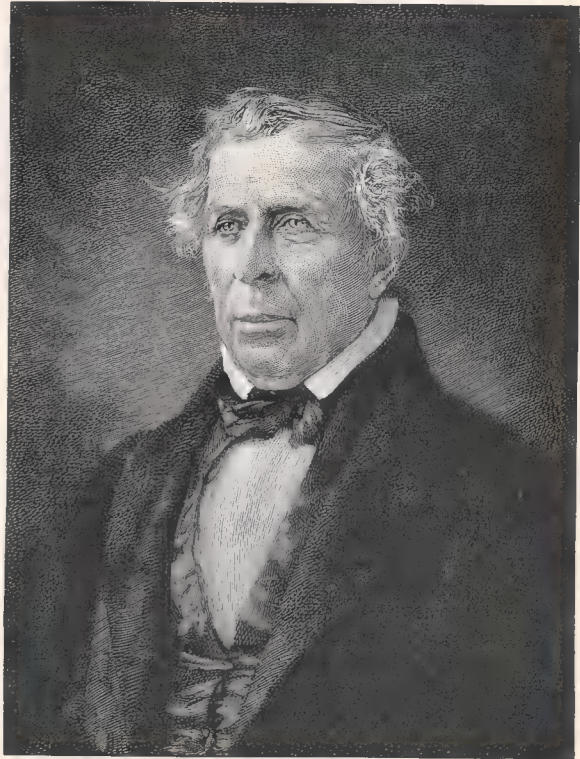
Moses H. Grinnell was one of six sons of a shipping merchant of New Bedford, where he was born, on the 3d of March, 1803. He died of heart-disease at his residence, No. 280 Madison Avenue, New York, on the 24th of November, 1877, after being a member of Congress, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce and of the Phoenix Bank, and Collector of Customs at the port of New York. "In public spirit," said his associates in the Chamber of Commerce, after his retirement from the presidency of that institution in May, 1852, "in mercantile success, in social position, and in the

possession of hosts of friends, he holds a place which makes the name of Moses H. Grinnell a household word almost throughout the land."

Henry Grinnell, brother of Moses H., died in New York city on the 30th of June, 1874. His activity in the business of arctic exploration overshadowed his celebrity as a shipping merchant.

Robert Bowne Minturn (1805-1866) had two grandfathers of prominence—William Minturn, a merchant, and Robert Bowne, one of the founders of the New York Hospital. He himself was a founder of St. Luke's Hospital and of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, president of the Union League Club, and Commissioner of Emigration in 1847, when the Irish famine was crowding the steerage, and the ship-fever depleting it. Mr. Minturn was connected with the firms of Fish and Grinnell and Grinnell, Minturn, and Company for thirty-five years.

Thomas Tileston, born in Boston in 1793, was setting type in a printing-of-



PRESERVED FISH.



MOSES H. GRINNELL.

From a painting by J. O. Eaton.

rice in his thirteenth year. "By going into a printing-office, mother," he had said, "I hope to educate myself and others, and to become able to support you and the whole family." At twenty-five he was in New York, a member of the firm of Spofford and Tileston, commission agents of New England manufactures. There was a line of sloops of 120 tons running between New York and the Massachusetts capital, and by becoming the agents of this line Messrs. Spofford and Tileston got into the shipping business. They sent a little brig, the *Pharos*, to

Cuba for sugars, and soon built the *Havana* and *Christopher Colon* for the Cuban coffee trade, and in 1850 bought of E. K. Collins the Dramatic Line of Liverpool sailing packets. They built the steamers *Southerner* and *Northerner*, and also owned the *Columbia*, *James Adger*, and *Nashville*, of the Charleston and New York Line.

Francis Depau, founder of the first line of Havre packets, was a Frenchman. He died worth \$700,000—a large sum in his day. He lived on the west side of Broadway, between Leonard and Franklin

streets, until he built Depau Row, at the southeast corner of Bleecker Street and Depau Place, a structure now occupied by tenants of the Five Points class.

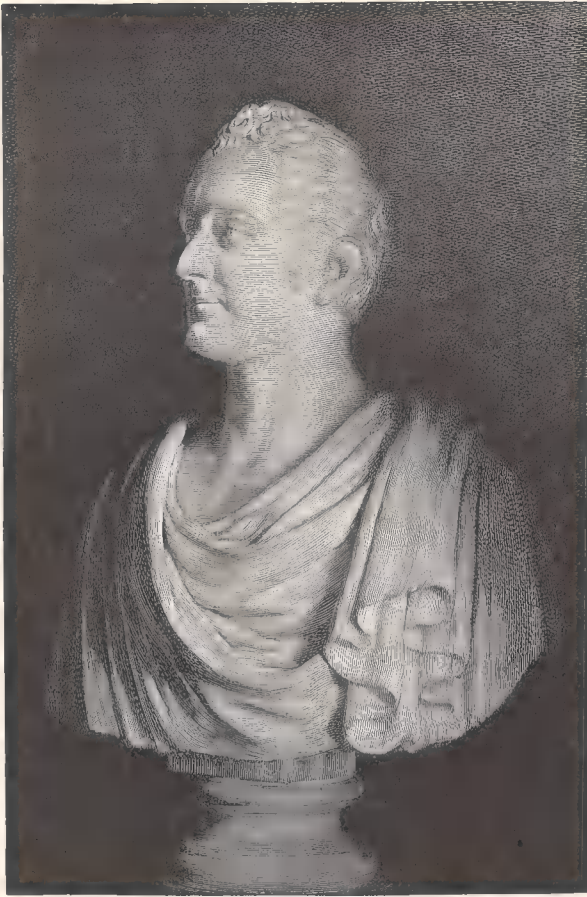
Bolton, Fox, and Livingston were the successors of Francis Depau, the firm consisting of Curtis Bolton, Samuel M. Fox, and Mortimer Livingston; and after the death of Mr. Bolton becoming Fox and Livingston.

John J. Boyd was the agent of the second line of Havre packets. His grandfather was an English quartermaster on an

English vessel which came to this country, and his father a bookkeeper with Leroy, Bayard, and Company, a firm with which John J. Boyd was associated as clerk and manager previous to founding the house of Boyd and Crassous, merchandise brokers. This house became John J. Boyd after the retirement of Mr. Crassous, and is now Boyd and Hincken. The founder died, at the age of seventy-four years, in May, 1863. He was born at No. 22 Pearl Street, in an old-fashioned two-story house, with a wooden stoop, the steps



"MR. BOYD FINALLY MET MR. PAULDING."



GEORGE GRISWOLD.

of which ran along the side of the building; he lived there until the fire of 1835 burned him out. He was superstitious about Friday, never on that day beginning any business on his own account, nor taking an order from a customer. Having furnished supplies for Wilkes's exploring expedition, he sent to Lieutenant Wilkes for vouchers for the same, and was told that the goods had not yet been examined with sufficient care, that the barometers especially must be tested before any receipts could be given. Tired of the delay, he went to Naval Agent James K. Paulding, who, upon one pretext and another, put him off from day to day. Mr. Boyd finally met Mr. Paulding in the street, and gave him a piece of his mind. "It is impossible," he said, "for an honest man to do business with the government. I will never do it again." And

he never did. So strictly did he keep his resolution that the steamer *Washington*, of which he was agent, having been awarded a contract for carrying the United States mails to Havre and Bremen—the price to the latter city being double that to the former—he immediately withdrew from his agency. The vessel became a financial failure, and so did the *Hermann*, built by the same company that owned the *Washington*. Mr. Boyd, like Mr. Collins, had considerable knowledge of commercial law, and was often chosen arbitrator by his contemporaries. His favorite haunt in the evening, and on Sunday morning before church, was the office of the *Courier and Enquirer*, where Mr. Smith, afterward superintendent of the Maritime Association, then an editor of that journal, used to entertain him and other shipping merchants who lived down town with early marine news from Australia by way of Brazil. The announcement of arrivals of vessels in the Lower Bay

was received in New York by signal from Staten Island only a minute or two more slowly than at present by telegraph.

William Whitlock, Jun., proprietor of the third line of Havre packets, was previously in the Savannah trade.

Byrnes and Trimble conducted the Red Star Line of Liverpool packets, in their day almost next in importance to the Black Ball Line. They owned the *Sheffield*, *United States*, *John Jay*, and *England*. The style of the firm originally was Wood and Trimble. Mr. Wood was the first person in New York to erect the modern tenement-house. Byrnes and Trimble sold out to Robert Kermit.

Hicks and Jenkins were contemporaries of Byrnes and Trimble. They owned a line of Liverpool ships, not packets, but traders. Like Byrnes and Trimble, they were Quakers, a class of citizens

who in those days had a fancy for the shipping business, and, as a rule, were extremely successful. The firm name became Samuel Hicks and Sons.

N. L. and G. Griswold were enriched chiefly by the China trade. Nathaniel L. Griswold, the founder of the house, often looked like a Western frontiersman with his slouched hat. He was the first person to introduce the steam-dredge for

"Go and find wind," was the reply; "the wind is all ahead."

Sure enough it was: a heavy squall struck the *John Gilpin* off the west bank of Newfoundland, and not a smitch of her was left—cargo, ship, everything and everybody, went under. That was a favorite expression of shipping merchants in those days—"Go and find wind." Old Commodore Vanderbilt, too, used to use



SUNDAY MORNING IN THE OFFICE OF THE "COURIER AND ENQUIRER."

dock-digging. His brother, George Griswold, was one of our merchant princes, more than six feet high, splendidly proportioned, with pale complexion and eyes black as ink. The Griswolds had a superior lot of captains. Captain Eyre, of their brig *John Gilpin*, had orders to sail for China on a Christmas morning; but on that morning snow was falling, the weather was thick, the seamen were scarce, and the captain did not want to start.

"There is no wind," he said to one of the firm.

it whenever his captains were reluctant to start in unfavorable weather. One of the Griswold ships, the *Panama*, was lost. They built another and called her the *Panama*, and she was lost. Then they built a third *Panama*, a full clipper. The reason for retaining the name was that each chest of tea bore the name of the firm that had imported it and the vessel that had brought it. The first lot of teas by the original *Panama* having been exceptionally fine, there was a popular demand for "tea by the *Panama*." This lot was so profitable that the firm



A. A. LOW.

From a photograph by Fredricks, New York.

was known afterward as "No Loss and Great Gain" Griswold. They were the first merchants to introduce Colt of Paterson's cotton duck, and to use it for square-rigged vessels, *i. e.*, barks or ships. George Griswold died on the 5th of September, 1859. The late John C. Green was a member of the same firm.

A. A. Low and Brother were brought up in the house of Samuel Russell, of China. Their first ship—the *Howqua*, Captain Nathaniel B. Palmer—was pierced with port-holes, with the idea, it is said, of selling her to the Chinese government as a man-of-war. She is supposed to have perished in a cyclone off the coast of Japan in February, 1865. In Mr. A. A. Low's home at Newport are two oil-paintings representing the *Howqua* in a gale. Perhaps the most notable of their fleet was the *Samuel Russell*, built by Brown and Bell in 1847, and wrecked on Glass Rock, in Gasper Strait, at 8.30 P. M. on the 23d of

November, 1870. The Lows have always maintained intimate relations with China, and have kept buyers of their own there. Mr. Low was vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce in 1858, when the first Atlantic cable was laid, and president from 1863 to 1867.

Edward Knight Collins was a great naval architect as well as shipping merchant, whose career was, on the whole, more noteworthy than that of any man engaged anywhere in similar pursuits. This public-spirited citizen, son of Captain Israel G. Collins, the owner and commander of a ship that traded between the United States and England, was born on the 5th of August, 1802. His mother, Mary Allan, a niece of Admiral Sir Edward

Knight, of the British navy, dying ten days after the birth of her only child, the infant was reared by his aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Small, of Truro, Cape Cod, whose kindness and affection Mr. Collins remembered with gratitude to the day of his death. In his fifteenth year, after a course of study at Sandwich, Cape Cod, and Elizabethtown, New Jersey, he entered as a clerk, at No. 41 South Street, New York, the store of Messrs. McCrea and Slidell, the latter gentleman a brother of the Confederate minister John Slidell, who was captured on board the *Trent* by naval officers of the country he had disowned. Five years afterward Mr. Collins was making trips to the West Indies as supercargo for John F. Delaplaine, sharing in the profits of the ventures of his new employer, and experiencing several hairbreadth escapes from pirates and two disastrous shipwrecks on the coasts of Cuba and Florida, so that when, in 1825, he be-

came the partner of his father in the firm of Israel G. Collins and Son, on the north corner of South Street and Burling Slip, he was fully equipped for a notable commercial performance which may be called

junior member of the firm to act in that capacity. A few minutes' reflection was enough to enable him to accept the appointment, and in reply to their question, "How soon can you start?" he said, quiet-



EDWARD KNIGHT COLLINS.

the foundation of his subsequent prosperity. The ship *Canada*, a regular Liverpool trader, had arrived in New York, after a short passage, with the news of a great rise in the price of cotton in England, and a number of speculators forthwith combined to buy all the cotton they could find. Several merchants, also seized with a similar purpose, determined to send an agent to Charleston, South Carolina, and at one o'clock on the day of the *Canada's* arrival proceeded to the office of I. G. Collins and Son, and asked the

ly: "As soon as I can charter a pilot-boat and ship provisions and crew—about three hours. I will be ready to sail at four o'clock this afternoon."

"But the regular Charleston packet leaves at that hour, and the speculators will go out by her, and get there before you."

"Gentlemen," was the reply, "I will go in the way I have named, or not go at all."

Enough said. At precisely four o'clock, from the pier at Burling Slip, the packet

hauled in her hawsers, and the pilot-boat, under command of E.K. Collins, cast loose her moorings, the vessels proceeding down the East River together, much to the amusement of the speculators on board the packet, who mercilessly chaffed the "boy," as they called him, for his temerity in undertaking to beat them. But Collins, being an accomplished navigator, and sailing in a boat of so light draught that it could keep close to shore and take full advantage of tides, currents, and land-breezes, was soon out of sight of the merry-andrews, and reached Charleston long enough in advance of them to buy all the cotton in that city and on the Cooper and Ashley rivers, to arrange his exchanges, make out his invoices, and set sail for New York in his saucy little craft. She was crossing the bar homeward bound, with her whip at the main, when the packet and the speculators hove in sight, and as the two vessels passed each other within speaking distance, an eye-witness relates that the would-be cotton-buyers on board the bigger one laughed this time the other side of their mouths. That was certainly a splendid start for a young business man of twenty-three years.

His marriage the next year to Miss Mary Ann Woodruff, eldest daughter of Thomas T. Woodruff, one of the founders of the Chemical Bank and of the New York and Manhattan Gas companies, the builder of Fort Lafayette and the fortifications at West Point, and, in part, of the High Bridge Aqueduct and the Fifth Avenue Reservoir (on both of which works his name is engraved on tablets), was another felicitous step; and when, four years later (in 1830), under the firm name of E. K. Collins, he had established a line of full-rigged packets between New York and Vera Cruz, his venture was so profitable that he soon built additions to the line, and organized a regular line of fast-sailing schooners between New York and Tampico, and also (in October, 1832) the first regular line of packets between New York and New Orleans. Never had the city of New Orleans seen such vessels as those that Collins sent. They revolutionized the packet service of the American coast.

Here began the cordial and long-continued relations of this great ship-controller with the great ship-builders Brown and Bell, in whose yard had been laid the keels of the *Congress*, *Vicksburg*, and

Mississippi. The plans for these vessels, and for all his later vessels, were devised by Mr. Collins himself, in consultation with the builders who were to execute them, and no persons had a higher respect for his ability as a naval architect than those eminent naval architects David Brown and Jacob Bell themselves.

At the time of her launching from Brown and Bell's yard (1833), the *Mississippi* was the largest ship under the United States flag in the commercial marine, being of 750 tons and 2600 bales of cotton capacity; but larger still was the *Shakespeare*, which followed her in 1834, and began her first voyage to New Orleans on the 27th of January, 1835, commanded by Captain John Collins, an uncle of her owner. She was constructed to resemble a man-of-war, and having made several round trips to the Louisiana port, was despatched with a cargo to Liverpool. Entirely different in model from the ships then engaged in the transatlantic packet service, and much larger than they, she awakened much curiosity on sailing up the Mersey. The pier heads of that river were crowded with spectators, and after she had been docked, the crowd of visitors from all parts of the neighborhood made it necessary for the captain to ask for the interference of the police, he promising, however, in a public notice, to show the ship as soon as her cargo had been discharged and her decks cleaned. He kept his word, and for one week held a continuous reception on board.

What could have been more natural than for a man like Mr. Collins to make the glowing success of the *Shakespeare* the occasion for establishing between New York and Liverpool a packet line of his own? He had sent one ship to that port, and she had returned to him overflowing with profitable passengers and cargo, after rejecting for lack of room three times the number of people and the quantity of freight. Prosperous as were the ocean packet lines already in operation, not one of them sailed a ship that could approach within hailing distance of the *Shakespeare*. Already he had in frame in Brown and Bell's yard the *Garrick* and the *Sheridan*, which had been intended for the New Orleans service. He proceeded to add to them the *Siddons*, and his famous Dramatic Line was an accomplished fact.



DEPARTURE OF BLACK BALL AND DRAMATIC PACKETS FROM NEW YORK FOR LIVERPOOL.

When the English steamers *Sirius*, *Great Western*, *British Queen*, *Royal William*, *Liverpool*, and *President* had successfully crossed the Atlantic, Mr. Collins said, "There is no longer chance for enterprise with sails; it is steam that must win the day." To his friend William Aymar, Mr. Collins said, in the autumn of 1840, "I will build steamers that shall make the passage from New York to Europe in ten days and less." It took him ten years to get his line in operation, but he kept his word.

In 1850-1 the summit of his ambition was reached, and the splendid steamships of the Collins Line were launched—the *Arctic*, *Baltic*, *Atlantic*, and *Pacific*. A fierce competition ensued between them and the steamships of the Cunard Line. In twenty-six passages to Liverpool in 1852, the average time of the Cunarders was one hour and forty-three minutes faster than that of their American rivals; but in the same number of passages from Liverpool to New York, the

average time of the Collins steamships was not less than twenty-one hours and thirty minutes faster than that of their English rivals.

Captain Asa Eldridge once exclaimed, when about to leave New York for Liverpool on the Collins steamship *Pacific*, "If I don't beat the *Persia* [Cunarder], I will send the *Pacific* to the bottom."

The misfortunes that soon befell the line—the sinking of the *Arctic* in September, 1854, with the loss of more than three hundred persons, among them Mr. Collins's wife and two of his children; the foundering of the *Pacific* not long afterward; and the withdrawal of the government subsidy—were too disastrous to be survived, and in December, 1856, Mr. Collins petitioned Congress to relieve him from his contract, and to take his steamships off his hands. Two years afterward the business was wound up. The country felt grateful to Mr. Collins, and sympathized with him in his misfortunes. He died in 1878.



AN INTRODUCTION.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

—“Auntie Darling, this is my new friend Georgie Jones—he is nice!—and isn't it funny—my birthday is the ninth January, and his is the tenth—so you see we only just escaped being twins!”

Editor's Easy Chair.

IF the persistent Puritan drop in our American blood makes our gayety a little like the antics of a deacon, it is yet true that we no longer take our pleasure sadly. We are still under the delusion that money will supply every defect, and on every hand there are amusing illustrations of the fancy that Worth dresses make a woman Parisian, and that London clothes make an American English. It is a droll blunder, but it provides a great deal of entertainment. Indeed, the chief value of our Croesus and Midas is the amusement they afford. The gravity with which they take themselves is irresistible. Mr. Seward used to say that the President, who is always and most properly treated with profound personal respect, gradually acquires a certain consciousness of royalty, and extends his hand as if he anticipated a reverent osculation upon it.

This is a long descent in Presidential state from Jefferson's dressing-gown and slippers. Yet that excess was no less foolish. The child who was asked what he meant to be when he grew up, and answered, "Only a common gentleman, like papa," described something which is not so easily attained as described. A hundred men may succeed in making a fortune for one who makes himself a gentleman, and it is the assumption that money is a patent of gentility which makes much of the comedy of society. None the less the comedians lay us under obligation, for their performance relieves what otherwise would be a lamentable aridity of interest. If the spectacle of society were deprived of its humor, participation in it would demand a very much higher standard of heroism than is now necessary. It is an ordeal which requires some courage, perhaps, at the best. But it is greatly alleviated by the pleasant sight of commonplace which is swathed in purple if not born in it, and of vulgarity which believes itself to be refinement because it is gilded.

This involuntary amusement, however, for which every sensible person is grateful, does not make those who produce it, and who themselves live only to be amused, more capable of enjoyment. Jean Crapaud never expressed his instinctive feeling for his neighbor across

the Channel more characteristically, nor with a more polished sting, than in saying that his neighbor took his pleasure sadly. In our modern phrase we put it less urbanely, "He doesn't know how to enjoy himself." Yet, at least, our censor would now change his phrase could he see the three great winter holidays—Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New-Year's day.

We are advanced far enough in the holiday spirit to take kindly to a new holiday, even if we don't know exactly what to do with it. The Indian liked the gift of a watch, because he could enjoy the tick, although he could not tell the time of day. There is a complacent pleasure in wearing our Sunday clothes, even if we feel a little awkward in them. The growth of the holiday spirit is something, and this is evident in the modern extension of one of the three days of pleasure, Thanksgiving, which was for a long time peculiar to New England, and was naturally more a sacred than a secular festival. It was a week-day Sunday, but in that very fact it was an inroad upon the severity of the old Sabbath. The roast turkey and pumpkin pie were some concession to bodily delight, and that blind-man's-buff in the parlor on the same day with a sermon in the pulpit was not rebuked as papistical, showed plainly a breath of spring in the wintry ecclesiastical air.

But the day itself, possibly because of its Puritan origin, did not become at once—indeed, it became only gradually and almost recently—a national day. So agreeable is it to our modern feeling that it has extended steadily, and so completely is it now established that a Governor of one of the States was censured last autumn for issuing his Thanksgiving proclamation before the President had named the day. Yet it was originally peculiarly a State day. The observance began in Massachusetts, and many a graybeard remembers with what delight as a youngster he heard the Governor's proclamation of pumpkin-pie day read sonorously from the pulpit after the sermon, and the tone of lofty pride is unforgotten with which the pastor clinched and confirmed the glad tidings as he folded up the paper in the prayer, God save the commonwealth

of Massachusetts! It was not a tone of supplication or doubtful entreaty, it was the full-voiced expression of perfect assurance that of course the divine benignity must save such a commonwealth.

Doubtless the secular character of the day, as of Christmas, has largely superseded the religious. That is true of all our holidays. The Thanksgiving sermon became a speech, but it has lost hold of the congregation, and the Christmas service is a decorated musical spectacle. But the bower of evergreen, into which the church was more transformed in the olden time than in the new, had a pleasant suggestion of catholicity. For it recalled the ancient woods and the Druids and the picturesque worship of the heathen, who differed from the heathen who now fill the pews. Indeed, although the religious part of all the holidays is disappearing, it is their most precious part, because it is full of the spirit of religious fraternity and not of religious difference. We prize these differences so highly that it seems sometimes as if we were happier in the difference than in the agreement with our Christian brethren. The appeal to aid a denominational object is usually more blessed than that which aims at a purely religious or humane purpose. Or is the Easy Chair mistaken?

Certainly it is not mistaken in its observation of the wider diffusion of the disposition of enjoyment and of the contribution of Croesus and Midas to that enjoyment. They enable us to take our pleasure less sadly. The assumption that living for amusement is something better than living for usefulness and service, and confers a kind of coroneted rank upon its votaries, is in itself the source of an exhilarating entertainment, for which we ought to be grateful to those who furnish it. The great benefit of the "Snob Papers" was that they revealed to that class of our fellow-creatures how truly they were human benefactors in promoting the gayety of nations.

FASHION, which, like Sardanapalus, wears of its own enjoyment, found a certain languid stimulus a few years ago in Buffalo Bill's circus, and the reports of that entertainment in London were among the most suggestive of the time. This winter the same jaded potentate has found its chief spur in the Horse Show which opened the season. But, like all such re-

sorts when they are truly fashionable, the show was not so much of horses as of spectators, among whom were what is called the fashionable world.

So far as the horses were concerned, it was largely a show of fashionable cruelty and ignorance. It left a profound regret that the human part of the show had not been equal to the equine part, and emphasized the fact that the care of animals by men shows mainly how unfit they are for the responsibility. This is the daily lesson of the Park and the streets, but it was even more terrible in the show. There was one loiterer to whom the memory of St. Francis was precious, and who looked at the spectacle in the Franciscan spirit.

"And ever since, all loving hearts which heed
The woes of dumb things, as they toil and bleed
Beneath man's cruelty and life's hard chances,
In grateful memory of the legend old,
Offer love's incense to the tender-souled,
Gentle, and dear St. Francis."

"I wonder," said this loiterer to the Easy Chair, "how these gayly appressed dames, for whose comfort and luxury all zones and all animated and inanimate nature are despoiled, whom silks and satins and woollens and furs in every device of delicate form drape and defend from both the fervid and the frosty rigors of the air, would like to be marshalled for exhibition to please a select circle of Houyhnhnms, shorn of their affluent tresses and tended by ignorance and conceit and carelessness? How would they like to be forced to feats beyond their power by dull young colts that pawed and kicked and stung them if they faltered with conscious inability? The golden rule is not pure gold if it does not embrace the animal as well as the man, and how many men or women rival in fidelity, in devotion, in patient endurance of wrong, and in the forgiveness which we call Christian, as if it were the crowning virtue of our religion, the dumb servitors of their convenience or pleasure?"

The critic of the show spoke with feeling as he sauntered and looked. "Which of us," he exclaimed, as he watched the noble animals, helplessly deformed by their human masters—"which of us is half as good a man as these horses are horses? Which of us so truly fulfils the purpose of his being as the animals and the trees? You and I resent not only every wrong, but every absurd fancy of

what we call an injury. Some other fool calls us liar, or pulls our nose, or trails his coat tail defiantly, or bites his thumb, and for those favors we offer him the chance of completing them by killing us if only we can have an equal chance to kill him, and we call it a high sense of honor. No horse or tree was ever such an unspeakable fool as that. The old teacher sent us to the ant to learn wisdom. He might have sent us to the horse and the dog to learn what we call Christian behavior."

When the Easy Chair asked his fervent companion for a bill of particulars, the loiterer answered: "Certainly. How many horses have you seen in this show that have not been disfigured and cruelly wronged by the brutal 'docking' of their tails? Contempt and wrath contend for the proper expressions to describe such an outrage. What is a horse's tail?" exclaimed the censor, in a tone which drew attention to him from those whom the wrongs of horses do not disturb, as a turbulent person whom the police should take in hand.

"Certainly," murmured the Easy Chair, sympathetically, to mollify the aroused censor; "what is a horse's tail?"

"It is his pride, his ornament, his defence while in our service," responded the interlocutor. "And to cut it down to a stump is to cut off his hands; and having crippled him, we put on a red coat and corduroy breeches buttoned up at the side, and bestride him, and try to make him jump over a fence which he can no more jump over than his rider in a ridiculous red coat, and then the noble horse is beaten for his impotence by a red-coated donkey—I beg the jackass's pardon; he would never make a zany of himself."

The censor was warm, but with reason. He, and not the brilliant figure in the boxes or the buck in the arena, was the friend of the horse. The fate of poor Rosebery at Chicago impeaches the Horse Show. In a company of really intelligent and humane and civilized persons such an outrage would have been impossible. The horse was forced to a leap which was plainly beyond his power, and was so cruelly injured that he died. If he had fallen upon his rider and killed him, why would not the rider have died as the fool dieth?

The distinction of Henry Bergh was

not only that he saw how unfit we are generally for the proper care of animals, but that he compelled the law to recognize it. The law, indeed, forbids a cruelty which was one of the chief sights of the late Horse Show. But the law conflicts with a "fad" of fashion, that is to say, with an ignorant, tasteless, and dull fancy, and there was apparently not pluck enough or sympathy enough in those who attended the show to procure the enforcement of the law.

It is a sharp comment on our semi-civilization that it was necessary in the city of New York to found a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; but the necessity of the society is constantly illustrated in the treatment of horses. Their helpless dependence, their faithful service, their patient endurance were not enough to save them from the maltreatment of those who delight to describe themselves as a little lower than angels. We were forced to make laws to protect dumb animals from man's inhumanity.

THE self-conceit of an individual is always entertaining to the observer, because of the unconsciousness which it discloses of the disparity between the fact and the individual estimate of it. It is like the complacency of the royal savage in supposing himself amply attired because clad in a hat and pair of spectacles. So Sir Anthony Absolute fiercely exhorts his son to emulate his moderation. Yet conceit is not only comfortable to him who cherishes it, but it is in a certain sense a comfort to others, because it dispenses them from the exercise of a sympathy which is sometimes difficult. If, for example, a man who is neither an Apollo nor an Adonis plumes himself upon his personal attractions, his friends are at once relieved from commiserating his singular lack of such endowments, and they are grateful to the temperament which spares them the pain.

Yet while conceit may thus produce a negatively agreeable effect, it cannot be called a positive charm. We do not think a person more pleasing because of his conceit, and we do not encourage it in those who are dear to us. A parent represses rather than stimulates it in his child, and a person who should plainly and laboriously cultivate it would not be in peril of canonization. It is doubtful

if conceit ever accompanies real greatness. A great man, indeed, may have the self-confidence that springs from the consciousness of power; but consciousness of power is very different from conceit of it. The one is a fact; the other, a fancy.

It is, however, curious that a community of individuals are apt to regard their collective or public conceit as a virtue to be encouraged and developed. The observation which detects in such a community its weakness or fault, and which suggests a remedy, is resented as an insult to the aggregate of individuals and a depreciation of their superiority and general excellence. Individual conceit is one of the most fatal defects of character, because it disdains the suggestion of improvement. It is not conscious of the need of improvement. The actual situation is quite good enough. That also is the misfortune of public conceit. The community which is its victim sees no need of the change to which it is exhorted. It is an aspersion upon the actual situation to insist that it can be improved.

Yet, again, public conceit is the defect of a virtue. A community which is conscious of intelligence, public spirit, and prosperity easily gets a conceit of these qualities, and then its danger is that the conceit will take their place. Thus it happens that we Yankees are very loath to admit either that in any point we are surpassed by any other people, or that any other system of accomplishing public results is as good as ours. If an individual Yankee proceeds to produce facts and statistics to show that the rest of us are mistaken, we take a short course with him, by branding him as a recreant Yankee. It is an old method, and it is often very effective. It is known as giving a dog a bad name. How many a noble dog, the most faithful of friends, has been hunted to death as mad, because of an earnest dumb desire to aid his master!

There was recently an interesting illustration of this disposition, and of the mischief wrought by this kind of conceit. There is no more vital and indispensable quality in a government like ours than independence, that is to say, honest thought untrammelled by fear of consequences, and speech as free as the thought. These are presupposed in true popular government. Where they do not exist among

enlightened people capable of such government, it is because of some kind of despotism which represses such thought and speech. This instinctive independence led a Yankee of great intelligence and good sense, after long and studious observation of the methods of great cities in securing the chief objects of municipal administration, to contrast the economy and efficiency of other cities, and the methods by which superior results were obtained, with those which are familiar in our great city, which we fondly call the metropolis of the New World.

This is the way in which progress is attained. The world is his oyster, which the Yankee will open. All the experience of all time and every people is before him from which to choose what may be of service, or to leave as offering him nothing for his purpose. His insatiable inquisitiveness will spare nothing, and no State or city shall be able to hide from him any information that he seeks, or any good practice that may be useful. If any community in Europe, Asia, or Africa can protect itself against fire or supply itself with water more completely, or clean its streets more thoroughly, or light them more brilliantly, or pave them more permanently, or drain them more satisfactorily, and do all these things more cheaply than New York, the Yankee will make sure of the fact, then hasten home and take care that no city in the world shall surpass his great metropolis in any detail of public convenience.

At least this is what the independent Yankee instinctively does. But if he has somehow mistaken the situation, if his great metropolis refuses to learn of any mouldy old city in effete Europe, if it is quite satisfied that it knows more and does better and more effectively and more economically than any city anywhere upon the globe—if, in a word, it is the victim of its conceit, it will say to its benefactor that he is a fool for his pains, that he has become Europeanized and does not comprehend the majestic genius of the New World, that he is a renegade, an aristocrat, a turncoat, whom the unbought patriotism of the noblest and greatest of all lands, and the best-governed and cleanest of all cities, indignantly spurns and spews out of its mouth.

That is precisely what happened. The clear-eyed observer who studied other cities as a Yankee, who mastered the ex-

perience of other people for Yankee advantage, then returned and told his story, and pointed out the gainful way to his fellow-Yankees, was not opposed with reason, was not shown that he was mistaken, that New York was really cleaner and more orderly and better drained and lighted than any city on the globe—facts which the singular intelligence that is called to the city government could doubtless easily have demonstrated—but he was simply crushed by the conceit of a superior situation.

The soldier who in other lands wins a battle for his native country, whatever the merits of the war, and whether his country is right or wrong, and whether it gains by the victory or not, is received with pæans and crowned with bay. But the peaceful citizen who brings from the same lands the knowledge and experience which, properly applied, would greatly benefit his own and deprive other cities of any claim of superiority, is very apt to fall a victim not to the patriotism, nor wisdom, nor virtue of his own land, but to its conceit.

At the opening of the Croton Aqueduct, nearly fifty years ago, the city of New York dilated with just pride, and celebrated the great event with sonorous eloquence. It took on airs as it took in water, and felt more than it had felt since De Witt Clinton led Lake Erie to the ocean that it had come of full age. It was a noble achievement, and the health and security of the city, so far as they depended upon a copious supply of water, seemed to be assured.

If on that happy day some *advocatus Diaboli* had whispered to a congratulating citizen that after enlargement and further enlargement, and the adoption of a magnificent system of aqueous supply from a vast territory, the city fifty years later would be brought close to a deprivation of water, the good Knickerbocker would have smiled with disdainful incredulity, and have told the Satanic counsel that he was reflecting so grossly upon the official competency and fidelity of future New-Yorkers that his prophecy was futile because absurd.

"Advocate of the Devil," would Knickerbocker have said, "it is not long since De Witt Clinton resigned a Senatorship of the United States to become Mayor of New York. That is the standard which

New York proposes to herself hereafter in her chief magistracy and her officers of administration, and this sparkling stream now pouring into the city is but the symbol of the cleanliness of her future government and her future streets. An intelligent and self-respecting body of citizens, constantly becoming more so under the benign influence of our institutions, and especially of our school system, which in a half-century, say in 1892, will be even more complete and satisfactory than it is now, will naturally select for the administration of their municipal affairs representatives of the highest character, and the carefully cultivated intelligence of the city.

"We may reasonably anticipate, O Devil's Advocate, that by the same time, say in 1892, the Board of Aldermen or the municipal Legislature may be described as Chatham described the Continental Congress when he said that no assembly of lawgivers in Greece or Rome could be compared with it. If I should survive until that date, I have no doubt that his words will prove to be true, and that Grecian and Roman annals would be searched in vain to find a civic body like the New York Aldermen. Nay, although De Witt Clinton was one of the most eminent of citizens and magistrates, we may confidently expect that the lustre of his eminence will pale before that of his successor chosen by a population of perhaps a million of the flower of American citizens.

"By that time also, Advocate of the Devil, trying to sow doubt and distrust in the municipal mind on this triumphant day, the great public works of the city will have been completed, monuments of the thrift and wisdom and good sense of the freest and most favored citizens of any city in the world. To-day is but the overture. This aqueduct will have been succeeded by other aqueducts, the work of public spirit as well as of public sagacity and scientific ability, and its management will be directed by such knowledge, foresight, and prudence that the metropolitan supply of water will be no more imperilled than the metropolitan supply of food. To assert its possibility is to assume that New York will have declined into a community unfit to govern itself, and proving it by selecting for trusts of vital importance unworthy agents, wholly unfit for their duties.

"If such should be the result of popular government, if a city of perhaps a million of the most enlightened citizens in the world, where suffrage would be practically unlimited except by sex, could not prevent a failure of its water supply when the means of prevention are simple and practicable, it would be not only the water that failed, but popular government. If such a city could be supposed, you may, with the same reason, suppose that its government would be a huge job; that extravagance and swindling would be general in its affairs; that its chief agents would be citizens generally unknown, representative of its most ignorant and dangerous, not of its intelligent classes; in a word, that the great American city would be a byword of contempt for mis-

government, a huge satire upon the system of popular government.

"That single fact, Advocate of the Devil, shows how foolish is your whispered suggestion. The city of New York, in filling her veins with the limpid Croton, reveals a public spirit which makes the fancy of the ghastly and anarchical consequences of a water famine impossible. But in the joy of this hour I forgive your doubt as *ex officio*, and let us pledge in a deep draught of this pure water the stately, clean, well-ordered, efficiently, honestly, and economically governed city—the New York of '92."

This would have been the proud and triumphant reply of the happy Knickerbocker of fifty years ago to the malevolent vaticinations of the Devil's Advocate.

Editor's Study.

I.

WHEN an author has expressed for the first time a quality of a place or a people, he has added something to literature, and this is what Mr. Thomas A. Janvier has done in his volume, *The Uncle of an Angel, and other Stories*. The distinctive quality of New England has been often in literature; the rank flavors of the Far West are familiar to the critical palate; we know the savor of the South, in Tennessee, Virginia (Mr. Frank Hopkinson Smith's Colonel Carter of Cartersville stands for the simple-hearted, high-minded Virginia gentleman, as Don Quixote stands for Spain), Louisiana, and Carolina; New York has imparted a characteristic taste to many books; but till now Philadelphia had awaited the chymic art that could distil the peculiar gust and aroma of her society life and present it in unmistakable types. It is a great little triumph that Mr. Janvier has achieved, and it takes nothing from the genuineness of the result that it is penetrated and perfumed with a humor that is as finely his as his people and conditions are Philadelphian. It is all the more a triumph because the material which embodies it is slight, and the structure of his stories is sometimes fantastically airy. It is always the work of an artist who feels keenly and clearly the things he renders evident with a touch so gay and bold. *The Uncle of an*

Angel is a conception so freshly charming, and a performance so delicately and surprisingly original, in the character of the Angel as well as the Uncle, that we are in little danger of overpraising it, though we praise it a great deal. The wilful young girl who "works" her parents and guardians has probably existed since the world began, but she had waited her historian till now; and the kind of elderly relative whom she finds an easy victim had never been studied, apparently, till Mr. Janvier came to him. Then he found a master to portray him, and she fell into the hands of an artist with the courage to be true to her at every hazard. Nothing in the whole fine affair is finer than letting the Angel marry the staid old crony of the Uncle, as she would actually have done, instead of *making* her marry the dashing young reprobate swell whom she had simultaneously flirted with. That kind of young girl needs some one whom she can work through life, and the Angel always had her heavenly orbs wide open.

II.

In some studies of East-side German life in New York, Mr. Janvier is very gratifyingly faithful to localities and conditions, but in the stories that he evokes from them he wanders too far for our following in the *selva oscura* of romanticism. We could not ask him to do

more than take a lesson from himself as he will find it in *The Uncle of an Angel*: a man is his own best model where he is at his best; and something like this is what we should like to suggest to the author of *Iduna, and other Stories*, whom we find too often lingering on romantic ground. Mr. George A. Hibbard's work must have impressed the magazine reader long before his volume appeared with a certain felicity of execution and a certain ideal of performance which are not common. The wish to deal with poetic material in the region of psychical conjecture is curiously blended with the desire of portraying the life of the society world as one begins to find it in the country colonies where society makes longer or shorter sojourn. We have now a society that "rides to hounds," and though it is still a "far cry" from it to the English original, the American imitation is worth the artist's study. Some notion of what this sort of society is like gets into Mr. Hibbard's brilliant and animated story of *The Dark Horse*, though we fancy the report of it is more or less hampered and hindered by the artist's just reluctance to take snap-shots with the kodak at localities and characters. The result is a picture a little conventionalized, but still valuable as the first of its kind. One aches to have a closer semblance, even while one respects the artist's forbearance; by-and-by it will be possible for him somehow to give us a more perfect sense of society conditions without trenching upon private conditions. From Mr. Hibbard's cleverness we may hope almost anything, unless he should be content to let it remain cleverness. His attitude toward life reminds us much of Mr. Henry James's in his earlier work: there is the same acquaintance with society material, the same love of the purely ideal, the same feeling for dramatic effect, the same limitation of perspective. Mr. Hibbard's *Iduna*, the girl who never heard of death, is a poetical motive delicately treated; *The Woman in the Case* is a deeply tragical episode approaching the melodramatic; *The Dark Horse* is a vivid society piece; and these things tolerably suggest his range. But none of them quite indicates his potential scope, which we find more distinctly given by another art; for he is, like Mr. Janvier, able to express himself in two sorts, and is a painter as well as a poet. It is a picture which

represents this author at his best, and which those who saw it at an Academy exhibition of some four or five years ago cannot have forgotten. Through a bleak foreground of snowy country road, overhung by leafless trees, and sparsely bordered by dead weeds and naked shrubs thrusting stiffly from the livid drifts, approaches a bob-sled with an elderly man and woman on the seat in front; his right hand rests on her hands folded in her lap; in the wagon body behind stretches a coffin. Another sled follows from the middle distance, out of a background of cold sky meeting the level of a frozen lake. Beside it a farmer-like figure in high boots drags itself over the snow. That is all. But the picture's solemn realism expresses an anguish of pent pathos that wrings the heart; and it shows a mastery that we believe Mr. Hibbard capable of in literature when he remembers there that humanity is wider than any world, and that its simplest facts and nearest are its greatest.

III.

A sense of this is what gives their austere charm to the studies of New England life which Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke calls *Huckleberries*. The name intimates the whimsical humor which relieves their sadness and grimness, and imparts its freakish color to their tragedy. They are such stories as Miss Wilkins has made us familiar with of late; but we ought in justice to remember how long ago Mrs. Cooke began to write them, and how true she was in her art, when truth in art was considered a minor virtue if not a sordid detail. They are longer and looser in structure than Miss Wilkins's tales; they are not so fine as Miss Jewett's; but they are faithful and strong, and they are as important as any work of their kind, which, as the reader of the Study ought to know by this time, we think a very high and good kind. The present group does not vary greatly in kind or quality from that called *Somebody's Neighbors*, and other groups of Mrs. Cooke's short stories, which are all to be commended as the work of a poet and a moralist.

IV.

For some estimate of the kind and quality, we advise our readers to go to Mr. W. M. Griswold's excellent *Descrip-*

tive Lists of Novels, which have now included Novels of American Country Life, Novels of American City Life, International Novels, Romantic Novels, and British Novels. The reader who happens not to have seen these *Lists* can have little notion of their interest and value. They are really very full catalogues of the different sorts of novels, but they are critical catalogues, and intended to embrace not everything, but the best of everything. The title of each book is given, with the author's and publisher's names, and the place and date of publication; then follow passages of one or more reviews from the most respectable authorities, which are chosen not merely to embody the reviewers' opinion of the book, but also to show what the book is in scope and plot. So they form a body of good criticism as well as offer a prospect of the whole field of fiction. The careful and faithful work which their selection implies, and the vastness of the editor's reading in contemporary fiction and criticism, are facts which will strike every one; and we wish every one might gratefully feel how fresh and important a service Mr. Griswold has done not only the reader who is seeking a novel for his own entertainment, but the librarian, the teacher, the parent, who is choosing novels for others. Simply, it is incalculable, and the Study finds it a pleasure as well as a duty to recognize these agreeable and valuable lists, which may be had of the author, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. In any branch of inquiry concerning fiction, they are indispensable.

V.

The originator of the scheme they so delightfully realize could not help being original at several points, and the Study wishes to express its joy in the reformed spelling which Mr. Griswold uses, and has apparently invented. It is not radical, it does not go all lengths, but its simplifications of our orthography are many and very great. The surprising thing is that while they commend themselves to the reason, they do not affront the eye, accustomed though it is to the established barbarities. The time must come, of course, when these will no more be suffered than cannibalism, slavery, or polygamy; and Mr. Griswold has gone a long way to meet that time. He has done it quietly and straightforwardly,

as if there were no other course for a thoughtful and self-respectful writer to take.

VI.

The Study gathers courage from the spectacle of his boldness to perform one of those acts of contrition and of reparation which it always finds so difficult and distasteful. We accepted the estimate of Mr. Thomas L. Harris given in the *Life of Laurence Oliphant*, without going behind that record and seeking to verify its statements. That is what the whole cry of reviewers did, but we had the less excuse because we felt, as few of them seem to have felt, the grotesqueness of Mrs. Oliphant's suggestion that her brilliant kinsfolk were lured into Mr. Harris's community and kept there by hypnotic influences. Since our criticism appeared we have learned from friends of Mr. Harris, whom it wounded, that the Oliphants' association with him was not only wholly voluntary, but that when they left him, it was to take from the community much more money value than they put into it. We think it right to let these assertions meet the light here, though we have no means of supporting them, and can only testify to our respect for the people who make them. Mr. Harris is a mystic of the most incomprehensible to the world, but these life-long friends and followers of his affirm his generosity of purpose, and his absolute unselfishness of deed. One of them, a member of his community at Fountaingrove, California, writes:

"All his life, Mr. Harris's one aim has been to bring relief to human suffering . . . and for this end he has taken to his heart and home, for the last thirty years, all sorts and conditions of men and women . . . If people have brought money, he has been glad of the help it gave in taking care of those who brought none; but for himself he wants too little to be bothered with any one's possessions. At this place, for instance, he has organized three beautiful and even luxurious homes for his friends, who carry on the business of the estate; but he is rarely here, preferring his simple little mountain hermitage, that all told, to build and furnish, did not cost over a thousand dollars."

Mr. Harris himself makes a passing reference to the accusations of Mrs. Oliphant in a recent pamphlet, *The Brotherhood of the New Life*, saying merely

that "the real facts have long been known," and that these have been embodied in a statement to the English public; he declares that he has been "greatly wronged," and has "been in no case the wrong-doer." The whole matter is apparently susceptible of proof, and it is mere justice to make known that there are two sides to the question.

VII.

Mr. Harris apparently does not care a great deal about it. He has for the last three years been trying to solve the far vaster question, namely: "By what process shall the man who, by consequence of inspiration opened into God and the resultant life of service rendered to mankind, has fitted himself mentally and socially for that service, with powers amplified from an hundred to a thousand fold, overcome the universal social tendency to physical deterioration and disease, and renew the outer structures of his person, and lead on a renaissance of the vitalities and vigors of the prime? How, in a word, without passing through physical decease, shall man practically embody and realize the resurrection?" Mr. Harris thinks he has found the answer, and he says that by virtue of it he is "no more an old man of seventy, but" is "now renewed in more than the physical and mental prowess of the early prime."

VIII.

This faith, exultantly proclaimed, can be no less than pathetic to many; to those who are able to make it their own, it must be precious; and we will confess that we have no heart to deride it. At the same time we cannot understand why any one should wish twice to describe the round of human experience. To be again young is to be again old; to be restored is to be doomed to a second decay. The dream would be futile if it were possible.

Yet we must respect the dreamer; it may be, in fact, that we stand at the verge of a great realm, hitherto strange, which our steps are about to penetrate. In his wonderful romance of *Peter Ibbetson*, Mr. Du Maurier has shown how sleep might become a city of refuge from waking, and the soul, even in earthly bonds, find there a contemporaneous life, richer and fuller, than any that mind or body knows in the world of their activi-

ties. The plummet of his suggestion plunges into depths not sounded before, and his fancy intimates a consolation and a fruition divinely satisfying. It is a beautiful story, not to be judged by the ordinary canons, but to be valued aright only by the most recondite consciousness of the reader, where he is aware of the encounter and co-operation of reason and passion, elsewhere dissevered by the sordid exigencies of life in a remorseless ennuity.

IX.

In the artist, in the poet, the union of principles apparently antagonistic is by no means a rare or strange experience, and the supreme poet has his being in their mystical convergence. This is what makes Dante's dream of Hell and Purgatory and Heaven at once drama and vision, and sublimely real as to all things material and spiritual. It is not inconceivable that the things he had imagined must have remained to him afterwards as vivid as the things he had done, and that his journey through the world of souls should have seemed as veritable as his exile from Florence and his sojourn in Verona and Ravenna. We shall never get any precise answer to such conjectures, however closely we press them; but we must be grateful for any new approach to his presence, any fresh opportunity to interrogate him, as it were, for ourselves. It is some such approach, some such opportunity, that Professor Charles Eliot Norton has offered us in his prose version of the "Divine Comedy."

Translation no longer assumes to content us by telling us what an author is like; it does its best to tell us what an author is; and in this it obeys the universal artistic impulse towards reality. The history of the different versions of Dante would alone form a most interesting prospect of the movement from the time when the translator authoritatively proclaimed that his office was to impart the "spirit" of the original, to the present day, when he faithfully seeks to repeat his very thoughts in the exactest equivalents that can be found for his very words. It is extremely interesting to see a man of Professor Norton's scholarly and conservative quality practically ranging himself with the boldest of the literary reformers. He has peculiar gifts for metrical translation; doubtless his work in that sort can be equalled, but we doubt

whether it has ever been excelled. His knowledge is not only fine and close; it is sensitive and sympathetic; he is a poet without the poet's egoism; his passion for beauty is so impersonal that it does not imply appropriation. He loves a beautiful thing too generously to wish to make it his own; to take it from the hand of its creator, and to offer it unqualified and as little as possible changed, to such as can receive it only at second hand, is his conception of the translator's office, as we find it expressed in his prose rendering of Dante.

Some such version was almost the only word left to say about Dante. Longfellow had followed the Italian step by step; it was with his own gait, to be sure, but it was with a fidelity that must amaze

whoever examines and compares the original and the imitation. But Longfellow discarded rhyme, and aimed only to keep the measure of the Italian, for the rhythm was hopeless. Professor Norton goes farther in his endeavor at an exact report of meanings, and frankly trusts himself to the movement and temper of prose. He will not be satisfied with less than the closest analogue. Another word, almost as good, and metrically preferable, he will not use because it is not the utmost truth to Dante. This is his will, and this is his deed, in the latest English for the "Divine Comedy." What that English is in itself, how elect, how clean, how clear, those who know his work know already without our superfluous praises, which could convey no true sense of it to others.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 11th of December.—The first session of the Fifty-second Congress opened on the 7th of December. Charles Frederick Crisp, of Georgia, was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The Governor of Maryland on the 19th of November appointed Charles H. Gibson to succeed the late Ephraim K. Wilson as United States Senator from that State.

On the 24th of November Ira J. Chase, Lieutenant-Governor, succeeded the late Alvin P. Hovey as Governor of Indiana.

In Chili, November 20th, Admiral Jorge Montt was unanimously elected President of the republic.

In Brazil the dissatisfaction arising from President Da Fonseca's assumption of dictatorial powers continued to increase. An army of insurgents was organized in Rio Grande do Sul and threatened to march upon the capital. On the 23d of November a revolution was inaugurated in Rio Janeiro, and Da Fonseca, finding himself unable to maintain his position, resigned. On the following day General Floriano Peixotto, who as Vice-President legally assumed the executive power, issued a manifesto declaring his abandonment of the dictatorial policy of his predecessor, and the re-establishment of the former order of affairs. The dissolution of the existing Congress, decreed by Da Fonseca, was annulled, and that body was summoned to reassemble on the 18th of December and resume its functions. A new cabinet was formed, with Senhor Alves at its head.

On the 6th of December Don Rafael Nuñez was, for the fourth time, elected President of the South American republic of Colombia.

Dr. E. Welti, President of the republic of Switzerland, resigned December 8th, owing to the result of a plébiscite, in which the majority of the electors voted against the government's purchase of the Swiss Central Railway.

Revolutionary movements of an anti-dynastic character were reported in many parts of China. An insurrectionary force organized in Manchooria,

and marching upon Pekin, was met by the imperial army on the 27th of November, and defeated with a loss of 600 men. News was received on the 6th of December of a riot and massacre at Tien-Tsin and an attack on the Belgian mission there. The missionaries and other Europeans escaped, but many native Christians were barbarously killed.

DISASTERS.

November 24th.—Despatches were received from Bangkok, Siam, announcing that the towns of Chai-Ya and Bandon had been practically destroyed by a cyclone, in which over 300 lives were lost.

November 25th.—A landslide on the track of the Northern Pacific Railroad near Canyon Station, Washington, overwhelmed sixty workmen, killing fourteen and injuring others.

December 5th.—Additional details were received of the great earthquake which occurred in Japan in the latter part of October. On the 9th of November the shocks had not ceased. A portion of the Fifu Mountains had disappeared, and a large lake had been formed at Nagoya. More than 400,000 people had been made homeless.

December 6th.—An explosion of fire-damp occurred in a coal mine at St.-Etienne, France, resulting in the death of sixty-seven miners.

December 7th.—One hundred and eighty lives were lost in a coal-mine disaster at Nifka, in Russian Poland.

OBITUARY.

November 19th.—In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, William James Florence, the comedian, aged sixty years.

November 24th.—In Paris, France, the Right Hon. Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, Earl of Lytton, British Ambassador to France, aged sixty years.—In Indianapolis, Indiana, Alvin P. Hovey, Governor of Indiana, aged seventy years.

November 30th.—In Vienna, Austria, Archduke Henry of Austria, aged sixty-three years.

December 4th.—In Paris, France, Dom Pedro II. (de Alcantara), ex-Emperor of Brazil, aged sixty-six years.



Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer has been remiss in not proposing a remedy for our present social and economic condition. Looking backward, it sees this. Its scheme may not be practical, any more than the Utopian plans that have been put forward, but it is radical and interesting, and requires, as the other schemes do, a total change in human nature (which may be a good thing to bring about), and a general recasting of the conditions of life. This is and should be no objection to a socialistic scheme. Surface measures will not avail. The suggestion of the Drawer for a minor alleviation of inequality, which seems to have been acted on, namely, that women should propose, has not had the desired effect if it is true, as reported, that the eligible young men are taking to the woods. The workings of such a measure are as impossible to predict in advance as the operation of the McKinley tariff. It might be well to legislate that people

should be born equal (including equal privileges of the sexes), but the practical difficulty is to keep them equal. Life is wrong somehow. Some are born rich and some are born poor, and this inequality makes misery; and then some lose their possessions, which others get hold of, and that makes more misery. We can put our fingers on the two great evils of life as it now is: the first is poverty; and the second is infirmity, which is the accompaniment of increasing years. Poverty, which is only the unequal distribution of things desired, makes strife, and is the opportunity of lawyers; and infirmity is the excuse for doctors. Think what the world would be without lawyers and doctors!

We are all born young, and most of us are born poor. Youth is delightful, but we are always getting away from it. How different it would be if we were always going towards it! Poverty is unpleasant, and the great strug-

gle of life is to get rid of it; but it is the common fortune that in proportion as wealth is attained the capacity of enjoying it departs. It seems, therefore, that our life is wrong end first. The remedy that the Drawer suggests is that men should be born rich and old. Instead of the necessity of making a fortune, which is of less and less value as death approaches, we should have only the privilege of spending it, and it would have its natural end in the cradle, in which we should be rocked into eternal sleep. Born old, one would, of course, inherit experience, so that wealth could be made to contribute to happiness, and each day, instead of lessening the natural powers and increasing infirmities, would bring new vigor and capacity of enjoyment. It would be going from winter to autumn, from autumn to summer, from summer to spring. The joy of a life without care as to ways and means, and every morning refitted with the pulsations of increasing youth, it is almost impossible to imagine.

Of course this scheme has difficulties on the face of it. The allotting of the measure of wealth would not be difficult to the socialists, because they would insist that every person should be born with an equal amount of property. What this should be would depend upon the length of life; and how should this be arrived at? The insurance companies might agree, but no one else would admit that he belongs in the average. Naturally the Biblical limit of threescore and ten suggests itself; but human nature is very queer. With the plain fact before them that the average life of man is less than thirty-four years, few would be willing, if the choice were offered, to compromise on seventy. Everybody has a hope of going beyond that, so that if seventy were proposed as the year at birth, there would no doubt be as much dissatisfaction as there is at the present loose arrangement. Science would step in, and demonstrate that there is no reason why, with proper care of the system, it should not run a hundred years. It is improbable, then, that the majority could be induced to vote for the limit of seventy years, or to exchange the exciting uncertainty of adding a little to the period which must be accompanied by the weight of the grasshopper, for the certainty of only seventy years in this much-abused world.

But suppose a limit to be agreed on, and the rich old man and the rich old woman (never now too old to marry) to start on their career towards youth and poverty. The imagination kindles at the idea. The money would hold out just as long as life lasted, and though it would all be going down hill, as it were, what a charming descent, without struggle, and with only the lessening infirmities that belong to decreasing age! There would be no second childhood, only the innocence and elasticity of the first. It all seems very fair, but we must not forget that this is a mortal world, and that it is liable to various acci-

dents. Who, for instance, could be sure that he would grow young gracefully? There would be the constant need of fighting the hot tempers and impulses of youth, growing more and more instead of less and less unreasonable. And then, how many would reach youth? More than half, of course, would be cut off in their prime, and be more and more liable to go as they fell back into the pitfalls and errors of childhood. Would people grow young together even as harmoniously as they grow old together? It would be a pretty sight, that of the few who descended into the cradle together, but this inversion of life would not escape the woes of mortality. And there are other considerations, unless it should turn out that a universal tax on land should absolutely change human nature. There are some who would be as idle and spendthrift going towards youth as they now are going away from it, and perhaps more, so that half the race on coming to immaturity would be in child asylums. And then others who would be stingy and greedy and avaricious, and not properly spend their allotted fortune. And we should have the anomaly, which is so distasteful to the reformer now, of rich babies. A few babies inordinately rich, and the rest in asylums.

Still, the plan has more to recommend it than most others for removing poverty and equalizing conditions. We should all start rich, and the dying off of those who would never attain youth would amply provide fortunes for those born old. Crime would be less also; for while there would, doubtless, be some old sinners, the criminal class, which is very largely under thirty, would be much smaller than it is now. Juvenile depravity would proportionally disappear, as not more people would reach nonage than now reach over-age. And the great advantage of the scheme, one that would indeed transform the world, is that women would always be growing younger. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

PUTTING IT MILDLY.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, the great humorist, was always in sore straits for ready cash; and his money troubles at length came to such a pass that his creditors lost patience, and sent a sheriff's officer to arrest him. Happily for poor Sheridan, he chanced to be away from home when this ominous caller "dropped in"; and his house-maid, guessing the visitor's errand from his appearance (for in those days the dreaded "bailiffs" were known to every child by their glaring red waistcoats), took care to be profoundly ignorant as to when her master might be expected back. But when the latter came home next morning, the girl, not liking to hurt his feelings by saying plainly that a sheriff's officer had come to seize him, put the case thus:

"Please, sir, there was a gen'l'man called while you was away as was *rather in a red weskit than otherwise.*"

DAVID KER.



BY ROBERT BRIDGES.

GOOD Saint Valentine, I pray,
While around this town you
stray,
You will keep your eyes alert
For a maid who loves to flirt.

If among the hurrying crowd—
Beauties fair and beauties proud—
You should see one like a queen,
Eyes of blue, with golden sheen
In her hair that's flecked with
brown,
And a grace about her gown,
That's Diana!

Catch her eye
As she's gayly tripping by;
Say you know a sorry wight,
Slow of speech and slow to write,

Who would tell her through these
flowers
That her eyes are bright as stars
In the blue; that her speech
Haunts his mem'ry (out of reach
Like their perfume faint but fine);
That her laugh is like rare wine.
As you leave her touch her lips;
Say that men are like old ships,
Easy towed, but hard to steer;
Then just whisper in her ear,
"Lovers change, but friends are true
Like these violets." Then, "Adieu."

This, Saint Valentine, I pray,
On the morning of that day
When you keep your eyes alert
For all maids who love to flirt.

ARCADY, February Fourteenth.

THE MAN OF IDEAS.

HE entered the office with a brisk and confident air, hardly in consonance with his battered hat and buttonless coat.

"Well, sir?" said the Busy Man, looking up from his desk for the space of one-eighth of a second.

"I will not detain you five minutes," said the stranger. "You would not care to hear my name. In fact it is immaterial. I am a Man of Ideas."

"Thirteen—twenty-three—eight—thirty—one—What's that?" said the Busy Man, who had not paid very much attention to what his visitor was saying.

"Ideas," replied the unknown, removing his hat and rubbing his forehead briskly. "I am full of ideas, and I give them forth on certain occasions for a consideration. There are few people who know how much the world—especially the business world—is indebted to me. Perhaps *you* do not know?"

The Busy Man smiled vacantly, then recovered himself, and said, sharply, "What are you talking about?"

"Yes, yes," said the Man of Ideas, mildly; "of course. They all begin that way. I'm used to it. No one wants to listen to me until I let one of my ideas drop."

"You'd better let some of them drop pretty soon," observed the Busy Man, with asperity, "or travel out of here. What do you want, anyhow?"

"Want to tell you who I am," was the brisk answer.

"Well, who are you?"

"Man of Ideas. I'm the man who conceived the idea of holding the beer-glass thirty inches from the spigot. This effects a saving of \$2 20 on each barrel of beer, or somewhere between seven and eight million dollars a year."

"What did you get for that idea—a million?" asked the Busy Man, curiously.

"No, sir," answered the Man of Ideas. "That's what makes me liked. I sell my ideas very cheap. I got a mere nothing for the idea of making 200-yard thread spools run 150—a clear saving of 25 per cent.—and making eleven ounces of knitting-wool weigh a pound."

The Busy Man sold wool and cotton, and he rubbed his chin with a ruler reflectively.

"It was my idea," continued the visitor, "to effect 33 per cent. saving in lead-pencils by omitting the final third of lead. Observation convinced me that the average man never uses but two-thirds of a lead-pencil—the rest was easy."

"But," asked the Busy Man, who was getting interested, "suppose he sharpens the pencil at the bogus end?"

"He won't," responded the Man of Ideas, calmly. "We put the gilt stamp on the bogus end, and no man is bold enough to cut that stamp."

"True enough," assented the Busy Man.

"I am also the man who introduced 'opera' cigars, at a saving to cigar manufacturers of forty per cent., or sixteen millions a year. You see, it was like this: All cigars used to be five inches long, of which about two inches were thrown away. I suggested cutting the cigar down to three inches, and having paragraphs inserted in the newspapers to the effect that little cigars were *en règle*, or tony. That did the business."

"Are you the man who invented paper soles for shoes?" asked the Busy Man.

"Yes, sir; also paper Russian-leather pocket-books, and paper alligator bags. The world also owes sawdust mahogany door-knobs to me, and real hair mattresses stuffed with dyed excelsior."

"And Chinese silk made of cotton?"

"Exactly. And wolf robes made of goat-skins. A week would be too short for me to recite all my ideas, and I am always thinking up new ones. For instance"—he left the fire, where he had been warming his frame, and came closer to the Busy Man—"I have a new idea just now."

"And you want to confide it to me?"

"For our mutual benefit—yes, sir. My idea is to make a saving of 50 per cent. to the government in printing bank-notes, and you may calculate what the idea is worth."

"Yes; but how?"

"Like this," picking up a blotter. "We will print on the obverse a one-dollar bill, and on the reverse a five-dollar bill; or we may make it ten and twenty, or any possible combination."

"Well?" said the Busy Man, puzzled.

"Don't you see the idea? Each bill is practically two bills. If you owe a man a dollar, you give it to him dollar side up; if five dollars, why, five-dollar side up. Or, if you owe him four dollars, you turn the five-dollar side up; he takes it, turns it over, hands it back to you, and there's your change."

"I see," said the Busy Man, with a dangerous glitter in his eyes. "But why not divide the note with red lines, front and back, into four quarters, giving each a different denomination?"

"Ah, I see you also are a man of ideas," said the other, warmly. "But would it not be well to try my idea first? I would suggest that you give me a five and a one, and I will go off and paste them together. I think I can find a man somewhere to whom I owe a dollar, and I will experiment on him."

"Will six dollars be enough?" queried the Busy Man.

"Quite sufficient," replied the Man of Ideas, rubbing his hands softly.

Then the Busy Man descended from the stool brandishing the ruler, and there was a swishing sound, and also one of falling bodies, for the space of perhaps a minute. Then the Busy Man bent over his ledger in solitude and quiet.

SIDNEY.

NOT TOO EASY.

A FAMOUS railway president while out for a constitutional a few weeks since noticed a son of toil digging a ditch.

"Pretty hard work," suggested the railway magnate.

The laborer slowly put down his pick and shovel, and replied, with deliberation, "Well, it ain't lawn-tinnus." IRVING S. UNDERHILL.

QUICK-WITTED.

AN actor now famous made his first appearance on the stage in a provincial city where theatre-goers were accustomed to make their disapproval felt when an entertainer did not succeed in pleasing them. He was young and nervous, and failed dismally in the part he was endeavoring to present, and soon found himself the target for an assortment of objectionable bric-à-brac. When the uproar was at its highest, one of his disgusted auditors flung a cabbage-head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the foot-lights. He raised his hand to command silence, and when his tormentors paused

to hear what he had to say, exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage-head,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that any one in the audience would lose his head over it."

He was allowed to proceed without further molestation. P. MCARTHUR.

UNACCOUNTABLE DELAY.

IN the days when the stage was still the prevailing mode of travel in the West, a traveller one day grew incensed at the slow progress made by the vehicle in which he was a passenger. Remonstrating with the stage-driver, he said:

"What's the matter with the team this trip? We're going as slow as a New England prayer-meeting. I was over this route ten years ago, and we went fast enough then."

"We do seem to be gittin' a leetle less hump on ourself's than we did then fur a fac, pard," said the driver; "but the why of it beats me. These here's the *identical broncos* we hed then."

J. P. POLLARD.



A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.

NATIVE. "Well, mister, how are ye gettin' along with yer picter?"

ARTIST. "Oh, pretty badly. You see the effect changes so rapidly that I have to work very fast to get anything at all; and I haven't done much this evening."

NATIVE. "Yes, sir, the light do fall pretty fast; but why don't two or three of yez go at it at oncet?"

"A KENTUCKY GENTLEMAN, SAH."

AN Easterner, while riding along a bowlder-strewn road in Kentucky, espied an old fellow approaching, dragging his feet as if they were encumbrances, and shaking his fist toward the skies above.

"Good-morning, dear sir. What's the matter with you?" was the horseman's greeting.

"No matter 'tall; jes fresh cut!"

"I mean no offence. You looked like a man suffering some unusual trouble."

"Am sufferin'; but 'ta'nt nuthin' unusual; jes as usual as daylight, sah."

"Would you object to telling me your trouble? I might assist you."

"I don't object ter telling ye, but as fer assistin' me, nuthin' short of death can do that."

"Is it that bad?"

"Yes, an' wus too. I'm a married man, sah!"

"Family trouble, then?"

"No; jes my trouble. All the others o' the family are enjoyin' themselves, while I suffer, an' weep, an' pray to die."

"How does it all come?"

"Comes with a second wife, sah. A mean painter of a woman that I married a week ago. Oh, Lordy! you don't know how I suffer, an' how that wild-cat watches my life-blood a-drippin' away! I once had a good woman. Oh, she was a woman right! For thirty blessed years we lived together. Durin' that ar time no woman ever served a man better. She 'tended fifteen acres of co'n ever' summer, an' never was the woman ter say to me, 'Jake, hadn't you better help me a little ter-day?' or, 'Jake, how would you like to go an' feed the hogs an' fodder the cattle this mornin'?' No, sah; she loved her man too well fer that. But I reckon I'm treated right fer not obeyin' her death-bed request. Jes afore death cum ter take her, she sed: 'Jake, don't never marry. Don't do it, Jake. You'll not find ever'body like Becky. Some varmint of a woman, I'm afraid, will git you, an' expect ye to he'p do the work.' I'm a Kentucky gentleman, sah; never wuz raised to work, sah. Catch more foxes than anybody in the county; that's a gentleman's sport, sah. Well, I didn't take Becky's advice, sah. I married agin a week ago, as I sed afore. The next mornin' arter the splice she wanted me ter git up an' make the fire. Two days later she tried ter force me to he'p gather a load o' co'n. Yisterday she wanted me to go up on the mountain an' haul down a load o' pine knots, sah. I, of course, refused, sah, as become a Kentucky gentleman, sah, and she threw a gourd of soft soap on me! An hour ago, jus' afore I started off, she larripped me with a sled standard ter try ter make me turn the grinstone while she ground the axe. I'm a Kentucky gentleman, sah, an' won't stand it, sah! I'm goin' down ter Squire Jimmison's ter git a divorce, sah. I must be in a hurry, sah, as the squire is goin' off to-day. Good-mornin', sah."

JAMES NOEL JOHNSON.

THE UTOPIAN FARMER.

COME here, my dear, I want ter say a word or two ter you

'Bout what I think's the proper thing for me 'n' you ter do.

Ye've gave me mighty good advice sence we was wed that day

'Way back in sixty-one, 'n' now I'd like to have ye say

Ef you don't think I've got a right ter do as others does,

'N' sell the crops before they grows, jest like them Easterners.

Why, Meg, a man out in Noo York hez sold a lot o' corn

Thet's several thousand bushels more then what the country's borne—

'N' got his money too, I'm told, 'n' didn't have a peck

Of grain of any kind in hand to back his little spec. He cleared a hundrid thousand cash! 'N', Meg,

that's more'n we Have cleared at farmin' all our days, or ever will, by gee!

'N' I can't say I sees the use o' workin' day by day 'N' only sellin' what we raise for mighty little pay.

When them as hasn't any grain can sell up there in town

A million pecks of wheat 'n' corn, 'n' git their money down.

The modern plan's a dandy, Meg, 'n' ef we makes it go,

I'll get you that pianner, 'n' the trottin'-horse for Joe.

We'll raise the mortgage off the roof, 'n' paint the old barn red,

'N' send the gals to Paris, France, and buy a rose-wood bed.

We'll get new carpets for the floors, 'n' keep a hired man,

Ef only I can go to town 'n' learn to work the plan. 'N' mebbe, Meg, I'd make enough ter run for Governor,

Or get sent down to Washin'ton a full-fledged Senator.

I tell yer, gal, this is an age thet beats creation. Say,

What would yer father've said, d'ye think, if he wuz here to-day,

Ter see folks sellin' wheat and corn, and hull cars full o' rye,

'N' 'leven-twelfths of all they sold nowhere but in their eye?

How he would yell ter think of us a-makin' of a pot O' gold at sellin' fellers things we haven't really got!

What's that ye say? It isn't straight to sell what ye don't own?

'N' if I goes into the spec, I goes it all alone?

The music on the piannay ye think would drive yer mad,

If it was bought from sellin' things ye never rightly had?

Waal, have yer way; I'll let it go; I didn't mean no harm;

But what is straight in cities can't be crooked on a farm.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



"HUSKIE" DOGS ON THE FROZEN HIGHWAY.

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"TALKING MUSQUASH."

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE most sensational bit of "musquash talk" in more than a quarter of a century among the Hudson Bay Company's employés was started the other day, when Sir Donald A. Smith, the president of the oldest of England's great trading companies, sent a type-written letter to Winnipeg. If a Cree squaw had gone to the trading-shop at Moose Factory and asked for a bustle and a box of face-powder in exchange for a beaver-skin, the suggestion of changing conditions in the fur trade would have been trifling compared with the sense of instability to which this appearance of machine-writing gave rise. The reader may imagine for himself what a wrench civilization would have gotten if the world had laid down its goose-quills and taken up the type-writer all in one day. And that is precisely what Sir Donald Smith had done. The quill that had served to convey the orders of Alexander Mackenzie had satisfied Sir George Simpson; and, in our own time, while men like Lord Idlesleigh, Lord Kimberley, and Mr. Goschen sat around the candle-lighted table in the board-room of the company in London, quill pens were the only ones at hand. But Sir Donald's letter was not only the product of a machine; it contained instructions for the use of the type-writer in the offices at Winnipeg, and there was in the letter a protest against illegible manual chirography such as had been received from many factories in the wilderness. Talking business in the fur trade has always been called "talking musquash" (musk-rat), and after that letter came the turn taken by that form of talk suggested a general fear that from the Arctic to our border and from Labrador to Queen Charlotte's Islands the canvassers for competing machines will be

"racing" in all the posts, each to prove that his instrument can pound out more words in a minute than any other—in those posts where life has hitherto been taken so gently that when one day a factor heard that the battle of Waterloo had been fought and won by the English, he deliberately loaded the best trade gun in the storehouse and went out and fired it into the pulseless woods, although it was two years after the battle, and the disquieted Old World had long known the greater news that Napoleon was caged in St. Helena. The only reassuring note in the "musquash talk" to-day is sounded when the subject of candles is reached. The governor and committee in London still pursue their deliberations by candle-light.

But rebellion against their fate is idle, and it is of no avail for the old factors to make the point that Sir Donald found no greater trouble in reading their writing than they encountered when one of his missives had to be deciphered by them. The truth is that the tide of immigration which their ancient monopoly first shunted into the United States is now sweeping over their vast territory, and altering more than its face. Not only are the factors aware that the new rule confining them to share in the profits of the fur trade leaves to the mere stockholders far greater returns from land sales and storekeeping, but a great many of them now find village life around their old forts, and railroads close at hand, and Law setting up its officers at their doors, so that in a great part of the territory the romance of the old life, and their authority as well, has fled.

Less than four years ago I had passed by Qu'Appelle without visiting it, but last

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summer I resolved not to make the mistake again, for it was the last stockaded fort that could be studied without a tiresome and costly journey into the far north. It is on the Fishing Lakes, just beyond Manitoba. But on my way a Hudson Bay officer told me that they had just taken down the stockade in the spring, and that he did not know of a remaining "palisade" in all the company's system except one, which, curiously enough, had just been ordered to be put up around Fort Hazleton, on the Skeena River, in northern British Columbia, where some turbulent Indians have been very troublesome, and where whatever civilization there may be in Saturn seems nearer than our own. This one example of the survival of original conditions is far more eloquent of their endurance than the thoughtless reader would imagine. It is true that there has come a tremendous change in the status and spirit of the company. It is true that its officers are but newly bending to external authority, and that settlers have poured into the south with such demands for food, clothes, tools, and weapons as to create within the old corporation one of the largest of shopkeeping companies. Yet to-day, as two centuries ago, the Hudson Bay Company remains the greatest fur-trading association that exists.

The zone in which Fort Hazleton is situated reaches from ocean to ocean without suffering invasion by settlers, and far above it to the Arctic Sea is a grand belt wherein time has made no impress since the first factory was put up there. There and around it is a region, nearly two-thirds the size of the United States, which is as if our country were meagrely dotted with tiny villages at an average distance of five days apart, with no other means of communication than canoe or dog train, and with not above a thousand white men in it, and not as many pure-blooded white women as you will find registered at a first-class New York hotel on an ordinary day. The company employs between 1500 and 2000 white men, and I am assuming that half of them are in the fur country.

We know that for nearly a century the company clung to the shores of Hudson Bay. It will be interesting to peep into one of its forts as they were at that time; it will be amazing to see what a country that bay-shore territory was and is.

There and over a vast territory three seasons come in four months—spring in June, summer in July and August, and autumn in September. During the long winter the earth is blanketed deep in snow, and the water is locked beneath ice. Geese, ducks, and smaller birds abound as probably they are not seen elsewhere in America, but they either give place to or share the summer with mosquitoes, black-flies, and "bull-dogs" (*tabanus*) without number, rest, or mercy. For the land around Hudson Bay is a vast level marsh, so wet that York Fort was built on piles, with elevated platforms around the buildings for the men to walk upon. Infrequent bunches of small pines and a litter of stunted swamp-willows dot the level waste, the only considerable timber being found upon the banks of the rivers. There is a wide belt called the Arctic Barrens all along the north, but below that, at some distance west of the bay, the great forests of Canada bridge across the region north of the prairie and the plains, and cross the Rocky Mountains to reach the Pacific. In the far north the musk-ox descends almost to meet the moose and deer, and on the near slope of the Rockies the wood-buffalo—larger, darker, and fiercer than the bison of the plains, but very like him—still roams as far south as where the buffalo ran highest in the days when he existed.

Through all this northern country the cold in winter registers 40°, and even 50°, below zero, and the travel is by dogs and sleds. There men in camp may be said to dress to go to bed. They leave their winter's store of dried meat and frozen fish out-of-doors on racks all winter (and so they do down close to Lake Superior); they hear from civilization only twice a year at the utmost; and when supplies have run out at the posts, we have heard of their boiling the parchment sheets they use instead of glass in their windows, and of their cooking the fat out of beaver-skins to keep from starving, though beaver is so precious that such recourse could only be had when the horses and dogs had been eaten. As to the value of the beaver, the reader who never has purchased any for his wife may judge what it must be by knowing that the company has long imported buckskin from Labrador to sell to the Chippeways around Lake Nipigon in order that they may

not be tempted, as of old, to make thongs and moccasins of the beaver; for their deer are poor, with skins full of worm-holes, whereas beaver leather is very tough and fine.

But in spite of the severe cold winters, that are, in fact, common to all the fur territory, winter is the delightful season for the traders; around the bay it is the only endurable season. The winged pests of which I have spoken are by no means confined to the tide-soaked region close to the great inland sea. The whole country is as wet as that orange of which geographers speak when they tell us that the water on the earth's surface is proportioned as if we were to rub a rough orange with a wet cloth. Up in what we used to call British America the illustration is itself illustrated in the countless lakes of all sizes, the innumerable small streams, and the many great rivers that make waterways the roads, as canoes are the wagons, of the region. It is a vast



INDIAN HUNTERS MOVING CAMP.

paradise for mosquitoes, and I have been hunted out of fishing and hunting grounds by them as far south as the border. The "bull-dog" is a terror reserved for especial districts. He is the Sioux of the insect world, as pretty as a warrior in buckskin and beads, but carrying a red-hot sword blade, which, when sheathed in human flesh, will make the victim jump

a foot from the ground, though there is no after-pain or itching or swelling from the thrust.

Having seen the country, let us turn to the forts. Some of them really were forts, in so far as palisades and sentry towers and double doors and guns can make a fort, and one twenty miles below Winnipeg was a stone fort. It is still standing. When the company ruled the territory as its landlord, the defended posts were on the plains among the bad Indians, and on the Hudson Bay shore, where vessels of foreign nations might be expected. In the forests, on the lakes and rivers, the character and behavior of the fish-eating Indians did not warrant armament. The stockaded forts were nearly all alike. The stockade was of timber, of about such a height that a man might look over it on tiptoe. It had towers at the corners, and York Fort had a great "lookout" tower within the enclosure. Within the barricade were the company's buildings, making altogether such a picture as New York presented when the Dutch founded it and called it New Amsterdam, except that we had a church and a stadt-house in our enclosure. The Hudson Bay buildings were sometimes arranged in a hollow square, and sometimes in the shape of a letter H, with the factor's house connecting the two other parts of the character. The factor's house was the best dwelling, but there were many smaller ones for the laborers, mechanics, hunters, and other non-commissioned men. A long, low, whitewashed log house was apt to be the clerks' house, and other large buildings were the stores where merchandise was kept, the fur-houses where the furs, skins, and pelts were stored, and the Indian trading-house, in which all the bartering was done. A powder house, ice-house, oil-house, and either a stable or a boat-house for canoes completed the post. All the houses had double doors and windows, and wherever the men lived there was a tremendous stove set up to battle with the cold.

The abode of jollity was the clerks' house, or bachelors' quarters. Each man had a little bedroom containing his chest, a chair, and a bed, with the walls covered with pictures cut from illustrated papers or not, according to each man's taste. The big room or hall, where all met in the long nights and on off days, was as bare as a baldpate so far as its

whitewashed or timbered walls went, but the table in the middle was littered with pipes, tobacco, papers, books, and pens and ink, and all around stood (or rested on hooks overhead) guns, foils, and fishing-rods. On Wednesdays and Saturdays there was no work in at least one big factory. Breakfast was served at nine o'clock, dinner at one o'clock, and tea at six o'clock. The food varied in different places. All over the prairie and plains great stores of pemmican were kept, and men grew to like it very much, though it was nothing but dried buffalo beef pounded and mixed with melted fat. But where they had pemmican they also enjoyed buffalo hunch in the season, and that was the greatest delicacy, except moose muffle (the nose of the moose), in all the territory. In the woods and lake country there were venison and moose as well as beaver—which is very good eating—and many sorts of birds, but in that region dried fish (salmon in the west, and lake trout or white-fish nearer the bay) was the staple. The young fellows hunted and fished and smoked and drank and listened to the songs of the *voyageurs* and the yarns of the "breeds" and Indians. For the rest there was plenty of work to do.

They had a costume of their own, and, indeed, in that respect there has been a sad change, for all the people, white, red, and crossed, dressed picturesquely. You could always distinguish a Hudson Bay man by his capote of light blue cloth with brass buttons. In winter they wore as much as a Quebec carter. They wore leather coats lined with flannel, edged with fur, and double-breasted. A scarlet worsted belt went around their waists, their breeches were of smoked buckskin, reaching down to three pairs of blanket socks and moose moccasins, with blue cloth leggins up to the knee. Their buckskin mittens were hung from their necks by a cord, and usually they wrapped a shawl of Scotch plaid around their necks and shoulders, while on each one's head was a fur cap with ear-pieces.

The French Canadians and "breeds," who were the *voyageurs* and hunters, made a gay appearance. They used to wear the company's regulation light blue capotes, or coats, in winter, with flannel shirts, either red or blue, and corduroy trousers gartered at the knee with bead-work. They all wore gaudy worsted



TALKING MUSQUASH.



SETTING A MINK-TRAP.

belts, long heavy woollen stockings—covered with gayly fringed leggins—fancy moccasins, and tuques, or feather-decked hats or caps bound with tinsel bands. In mild weather their costume was formed of a blue striped cotton shirt, corduroys, blue cloth leggins bound with orange ribbons, the inevitable sash or worsted belt, and moccasins. Every hunter carried a powder-horn slung from his neck, and in his belt a tomahawk, which often served also as a pipe. As late as 1862, Viscount Milton and W. B. Cheadle describe them in a book, *The Northwest Passage by Land*, in the following graphic language:

"The men appeared in gaudy array, with beaded fire-bag, gay sash, blue or scarlet leggins, girt below the knee with beaded garters, and moccasins elaborately embroidered. The (half-breed) women were in short, bright-colored skirts, showing richly embroidered leggins and white moccasins of cariboo-skin beautifully worked with flowery patterns in beads, silk, and moose hair."

The trading-room at an open post was—and is now—like a cross-roads store, having its shelves laden with every imaginable article that Indians like and hunters need—clothes, blankets, files, scalp-

knives, gun screws, flints, twine, fire-steels, awls, beads, needles, scissors, knives, pins, kitchen ware, guns, powder, and shot. An Indian who came in with furs threw them down, and when they were counted received the right number of castors—little pieces of wood which served as money—with which, after the hours of reflection an Indian spends at such a time, he bought what he wanted.

But there was a wide difference between such a trading-room and one in the plains country, or where there were dangerous Indians—such as some of the Crees, and the Chippeways, Blackfeet, Bloods, Sarcis, Sioux, Sicannies, Stonies, and others. In such places the Indians were let in only one or two at a time, the goods were hidden so as not to excite their cupidity, and

through a square hole grated with a cross of iron, whose spaces were only large enough to pass a blanket, what they wanted was given to them. That is all done away with now, except it be in northern British Columbia, where the Indians have been turbulent.

Farther on we shall perhaps see a band of Indians on their way to trade at a post. Their custom is to wait until the first signs of spring, and then to pack up their winter's store of furs, and take advantage of the last of the snow and ice for the journey. They hunt from November to May; but the trapping and shooting of bears go on until the 15th of June, for those animals do not come from their winter dens until May begins. They come to the posts in their best attire, and in the old days that formed as strong a contrast to their present dress as their leather tepees of old did to the cotton ones of to-day. Ballantyne, who wrote a book about his service with the great fur company, says merely that they were painted, and with scalp locks fringing their clothes, but in Lewis and Clarke's journal we read description after description of the brave costuming of these color-and-ornament-loving peo-

ple. Take the Sioux, for instance. Their heads were shaved of all but a tuft of hair, and feathers hung from that. Instead of the universal blanket of to-day, their main garment was a robe of buffalo-skin with the fur left on, and the inner surface dressed white, painted gaudily with figures of beasts and queer designs, and fringed with porcupine quills. They wore the fur side out only in wet weather. Beneath the robe they wore a shirt of dressed skin, and under that a leather belt, under which the ends of a breech-clout of cloth, blanket stuff, or skin were

given out, each Indian had to surrender his knife before he got his tin cup.

The company made great use of the Iroquois, and considered them the best boatmen in Canada. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, of the Northwest Company, employed eight of them to paddle him to the Pacific Ocean by way of the Peace and Fraser rivers, and when the greatest of Hudson Bay executives, Sir George Simpson, travelled, Iroquois always propelled him. The company had a uniform for all its Indian employés—a blue, gray, or blanket capote, very loose, and



WOOD INDIANS COME TO TRADE.

tucked. They wore leggins of dressed antelope hide with scalp locks fringing the seams, and prettily beaded moccasins for their feet. They had necklaces of the teeth or claws of wild beasts, and each carried a fire-bag, a quiver, and a brightly painted shield, giving up the quiver and shield when guns came into use.

The Indians who came to trade were admitted to the store precisely as voters are to the polls under the Australian system—one by one. They had to leave their guns outside. When rum was

reaching below the knee, with a red worsted belt around the waist, a cotton shirt, no trousers, but artfully beaded leggins with wide flaps at the seams, and moccasins over blanket socks. In winter they wore buckskin coats lined with flannel, and mittens were given to them. We have seen how the half-breeds were dressed. They were long employed at women's work in the forts, at making clothing and at mending. All the mittens, moccasins, fur caps, deer-skin coats, etc., were made by them. They were also the washer-women.

Perhaps the factor had a good time in the old days, or thought he did. He had a wife and servants and babies, and when a visitor came, which was not as often as snow-drifts blew over the stockade, he entertained like a lord. At first the factors used to send to London, to the head office, for a wife, to be added to the annual consignment of goods, and there must have been a few who sent to the Orkneys for the sweethearts they left there. But in time the rule came to be that they married Indian squaws. In doing this, not even the first among them acted blindly, for their old rivals and subsequent companions of the Northwest and X. Y. companies began the custom, and the French *voyageurs* and *courriers du bois* had mated with Indian women before there was a Hudson Bay Company. These rough and hardy woodsmen, and a larger number of half-breeds born of just such alliances, began at an early day to settle near the trading-posts. Sometimes they established what might be called villages, but were really close imitations of Indian camps, composed of a cluster of skin tepees, racks of fish or meat, and a swarm of dogs, women, and children. In each tepee was the fireplace, beneath the flue formed by the open top of the habitation, and around it were the beds of brush, covered with soft hides, the inevitable copper kettle, the babies swaddled in blankets or moss bags, the women and dogs, the gun and paddle, and the junks and strips of raw meat hanging overhead in the smoke. This has not changed to-day; indeed, very little that I shall speak of has altered in the true or far fur country. The camps exist yet. They are not so clean (or, rather, they are more dirty), and the clothes and food are poorer and harder to get; that is all.

The Europeans saw that these women were docile, or were kept in order easily by floggings with the tent poles; that they were faithful and industrious, as a rule, and that they were not all unprepossessing—from their point of view, of course. Therefore it came to pass that these were the most frequent alliances in and out of the posts in all that country. The consequences of this custom were so peculiar and important that I must ask leave to pause and consider them. In Canada we see that the white man thus made his bow to the redskin as a brother

in the truest sense. The old *courriers* of Norman and Breton stock, loving a wild, free life, and in complete sympathy with the Indian, bought or took the squaws to wife, learned the Indian dialects, and shared their food and adventures with the tribes. As more and more entered the wilderness, and at last came to be supported, in camps and at posts and as *voyageurs*, by the competing fur companies, there grew up a class of half-breeds who spoke English and French, married Indians, and were as much at home with the savages as with the whites. From this stock the Hudson Bay men have had a better choice of wives for more than a century. But when these "breeds" were turbulent and murderous—first in the attacks on Selkirk's colony, and next during the Riel rebellion—the Indians remained quiet. They defined their position when, in 1819, they were tempted with great bribes to massacre the Red River colonists. "No," said they; "the colonists are our friends." The men who sought to excite them to murder were the officers of the Northwest Company, who bought furs of them, to be sure, but the colonists had shared with the Indians in poverty and plenty, giving now and taking then. All were alike to the red men—friends, white men, and of the race that had taken so many of their women to wife. Therefore they went to the colonists to tell them what was being planned against them, and not from that day to this has an Indian band taken the war-path against the Canadians. I have read General Custer's theory that the United States had to do with meat-eating Indians, whereas the Canadian tribes are largely fish-eaters, and I have seen ten thousand references to the better Indian policy of Canada; but I can see no difference in the two policies, and between the Rockies and the Great Lakes I find that Canada had the Stonies, Blackfeet, and many other fierce tribes of buffalo-hunters. It is in the slow, close-growing acquaintance between the two races, and in the just policy of the Hudson Bay men toward the Indians, that I see the reason for Canada's enviable experience with her red men.

But even the Hudson Bay men have had trouble with the Indians in recent years, and one serious affair grew out of the relations between the company's servants and the squaws. There is etiquette



IN A STEEP CURRENT.



A VOYAGEUR OR CANOE-MAN OF GREAT
SLAVE LAKE.

even among savages, and this was ignored up at old Fort St. Johns, on the Peace River, with the result that the Indians slaughtered the people there and burned the fort. They were Sicanie Indians of that region, and after they had massacred the men in charge, they met a boat-load of white men coming up the river with goods. To them they turned their guns also, and only four escaped. It was up in that country likewise—just this side of the Rocky Mountains, where the plains begin to be forested—that a silly clerk in a post quarrelled with an Indian, and said to him, "Before you come back to this post again, your wife and child will be dead." He spoke hastily, and meant nothing, but squaw and pappoose hap-

pened to die that winter, and the Indian walked into the fort the next spring and shot the clerk without a word.

To-day the posts are little village-like collections of buildings, usually showing white against a green background in the prettiest way imaginable; for, as a rule, they cluster on the lower bank of a river, or the lower near shore of a lake. There are not clerks enough in most of them to render a clerks' house necessary, for at the little posts half-breeds are seen to do as good service as Europeans. As a rule, there is now a store or trading-house and a fur-house and the factor's house, the canoe-house and the stable, with a barn where gardening is done, as is often the case when soil and climate permit. Often the fur-house and store are combined, the furs being laid in the upper story over the shop. There is always a flag-staff, of course. This and the flag, with the letters "H. B. C." on its field, led to the old hunters' saying that the initials stood for "Here before Christ," because, no matter how far away from the frontier a man might go, in regions he fancied no white man had been, that flag and those letters stared him in the face. You will often find that the factor, rid of all the ancient timidity that called for "palisades and swivels," lives on the high upper bank above the store. The usual half-breed or Indian village is seldom farther than a couple of miles away, on the same water. The factor is still, as he always has been, responsible only to himself for the discipline and management of his post, and therefore among the factories we will find all sorts of homes—homes where a piano and the magazines are prized, and daughters educated abroad shed the lustre of refinement upon their surroundings, homes where no woman rules, and homes of the French half-breed type, which we shall see is a very different mould from that of the two sorts of British half-breed that are numerous. There never was a rule by which to gauge a post. In one you found religion valued and missionaries welcomed, while in others there never was sermon or hymn. In some, Hudson Bay rum met the rum of the free-traders, and in others no rum was bartered away. To-day, in this latter respect, the Dominion law prevails, and rum may not be given or sold to the red man.

When one thinks of the lives of these factors, hidden away in forest, mountain

chain, or plain, or arctic barren, seeing the same very few faces year in and year out, with breaches of the monotonous routine once a year when the winter's furs are brought in, and once a year when the mail-packet arrives—when one thinks of their isolation, and lack of most of those influences which we in our walks prize the highest, the reason for their choosing that company's service seems almost mysterious. Yet they will tell you there is a fascination in it. This could be understood so far as the half-breeds and French Canadians were concerned, for they inherited the liking; and, after all, though most of them are only laborers, no other laborers are so free, and none spice life with so much of adventure. But the factors are mainly men of ability and good origin, well fitted to occupy responsible positions, and at better salaries. However, from the outset the rule has been that they have become as enamored of the trader's life as soldiers and sailors always have of theirs. They have usually retired from it reluctantly, and some, having gone home to Europe, have begged leave to return.

The company has always been managed upon something like a military basis. Perhaps the original necessity for forts and men trained to the use of arms suggested this. The uniforms were in keeping with the rest. The lowest rank in the service is that of the laborer, who may happen to fish or hunt at times, but is employed—or enlisted, as the fact is, for a term of years—to cut wood, shovel snow, act as a porter or gardener, and labor generally about the post. The interpreter was usually a promoted laborer, but long ago the men in the trade, Indians and whites alike, met each other half-way in the matter of language. The highest non-commissioned rank in early days was that of the postmaster at large posts. Men of that rank often got charge of small outposts, and we read that they were "on terms of equality with gentlemen." To-day the service has lost these fine points, and the laborers and commissioned officers are sharply separated. The so-called "gentleman" begins as a 'prentice clerk, and after a few years becomes a clerk. His next elevation is to the rank of a junior chief trader, and so on through the grades of chief trader, factor, and chief factor, to the office of chief commissioner, or resident American manager, chosen by

the London board, and having full powers delegated to him. A clerk—or "clark," as the rank is called—may never touch a pen. He may be a trader. Then again he may be truly an accountant. With the rank he gets a commission, and that entitles him to a minimum guarantee, with a conditional extra income based on the profits of the fur trade. Men get promotions through the chief commissioner, and he has always made fitness, rather than seniority, the criterion. Retiring officers are salaried for a term of years, the original pension fund and system having been broken up.

Sir Donald A. Smith, the present governor of the company, made his way to the highest post from the place of a 'prentice clerk. He came from Scotland as a youth, and after a time was so unfortunate as to be sent to the coast of Labrador, where a man is as much out of both the world and contact with the heart of the company as it is possible to be. The military system was felt in that instance; but every man who accepts a commission engages to hold himself in readiness to go cheerfully to the north pole, or anywhere



VOYAGEUR WITH TUMPLINE.

between Labrador and the Queen Charlotte Islands. However, to a man of Sir Donald's parts no obstacle is more than a temporary impediment. Though he staid something like seventeen years in Labrador, he worked faithfully when there was work to do, and in his own time he read and studied voraciously. When the Riel rebellion—the first one—disturbed the country's peace, he appeared on the scene as commissioner for the government. Next he became chief commissioner for the Hudson Bay Company. After a time he resigned that office to go on the board in London, and thence he stepped easily to the governorship. His parents, whose home was in Morayshire, Scotland, gave him at his birth, in 1821, not only a constitution of iron, but that shrewdness which is only Scotch, and he afterward developed remarkable foresight, and such a grasp of affairs and of complex situations as to amaze his associates.

Of course his career is almost as singular as his gifts, and the governorship can scarcely be said to be the goal of the general ambition, for it has been most apt to go to a London man. Even ordinary promotion in the company is very slow, and it follows that most men live out their existence between the rank of clerk and that of chief factor. There are two hundred central posts, and innumerable dependent posts, and the officers are continually travelling from one to another, some in their districts, and the chief or supervising ones over vast reaches of country. In winter, when dogs and sleds are used, the men walk, as a rule, and it has been nothing for a man to trudge a thousand miles in that way on a winter's journey. Roderick Macfarlane, who was cut off from the world up in the Mackenzie district, became an indefatigable explorer, and made most of his journeys on snow-shoes. He explored the Peel, the Liard, and the Mackenzie, and their surrounding regions, and went far within the Arctic Circle, where he founded the most northerly post of the company. By the regular packet from Calgary, near our border, to the northernmost post is a three-thousand-mile journey. Macfarlane was fond of the study of ornithology, and classified and catalogued all the birds that reach the frozen regions.

I heard of a factor far up on the east side of Hudson Bay who reads his daily

newspaper every morning with his coffee—but of course such an instance is a rare one. He manages it by having a complete set of the London *Times* sent to him by each winter's packet, and each morning the paper of that date in the preceding year is taken from the bundle by his servant and dampened, as it had been when it left the press, and spread by the factor's plate. Thus he gets for half an hour each day a taste of his old habit and life at home.

There was another factor who developed artistic capacity, and spent his leisure at drawing and painting. He did so well that he ventured many sketches for the illustrated papers of London, some of which were published.

The half-breed has developed with the age and growth of Canada. There are now half-breeds and half-breeds, and some of them are titled, and others hold high official places. It occurred to an English lord not long ago, while he was being entertained in a government house in one of the parts of newer Canada, to inquire of his host, "What are these half-breeds I hear about? I should like to see what one looks like." His host took the nobleman's breath away by his reply. "I am one," said he. There is no one who has travelled much in western Canada who has not now and then been entertained in homes where either the man or woman of the household was of mixed blood, and in such homes I have found a high degree of refinement and the most polished manners. Usually one needs the information that such persons possess such blood. After that the peculiar black hair and certain facial features in the subject of such gossip attest the truthfulness of the assertion. There is no rule for measuring the character and quality of this plastic, receptive, and often very ambitious element in Canadian society, yet one may say broadly that the social position and attainments of these people have been greatly influenced by the nationality of their fathers. For instance, the French *habitants* and woodsmen far, far too often sank to the level of their wives when they married Indian women. Light-hearted, careless, unambitious, and drifting to the wilderness because of the absence of restraint there; illiterate, of coarse origin, fond of whiskey and gambling—they threw off superiority to the



VOYAGERS IN CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.

Indian, and evaded responsibility and concern in home management. Of course this is not a rule, but a tendency. On the other hand, the Scotch and English forced their wives up to their own standards. Their own home training, respect for more than the forms of religion, their love of home and of a permanent patch of ground of their own—all these had their effect, and that has been to rear half-breed children in proud and comfortable homes, to send them to mix with the children of cultivated persons in old communities, and to fit them with pride and ambition and cultivation for an equal start in the journey of life. Possessing such foundation for it, the equality has happily never been denied to them in Canada.

To-day the service is very little more inviting than in the olden time. The loneliness and removal from the touch of civilization remain throughout a vast region; the arduous journeys by sled and canoe remain; the dangers of flood and frost are undiminished. Unfortunately, among the changes made by time, one is that which robs the present factor's surroundings of a great part of that which was most picturesque. Of all the prettinesses of the Indian costuming one sees now only a trace here and there in a few tribes, while in many the moccasin and tepee, and in some only the moccasin, remain. The birch-bark canoe and the snow-shoe are the main reliance of both races, but the steamboat has been impressed into parts of the service, and most of the descendants of the old-time *voyageur* preserve only his worsted belt, his knife, and his cap and moccasins at the utmost. In places the *engagé* has become a mere deck hand. His scarlet paddle has rotted away; he no longer awakens the echoes of forest or cañon with *chansons* that died in the throats of a generation that has gone. In return, the horrors of intertribal war and of a precarious foothold among fierce and turbulent bands have nearly vanished; but there was a spice in them that added to the fascination of the service.

The dogs and sleds form a very interesting part of the Hudson Bay outfit. One does not need to go very deep into western Canada to meet with them. As close to our centre of population as Nipigon, on Lake Superior, the only roads into the north are the rivers and lakes, traversed

by canoes in summer and sleds in winter. The dogs are of a peculiar breed, and are called "huskies"—undoubtedly a corruption of the word Esquimaux. They preserve a closer resemblance to the wolf than any of our domesticated dogs, and exhibit their kinship with that scavenger of the wilderness in their nature as well as their looks. To-day their females, if tied and left in the forest, will often attest companionship with its denizens by bringing forth litters of wolfish progeny. Moreover, it will not be necessary to feed all with whom the experiment is tried, for the wolves will be apt to bring food to them as long as they are thus neglected by man. They are often as large as the ordinary Newfoundland dog, but their legs are shorter, and even more hairy, and the hair along their necks, from their shoulders to their skulls, stands erect in a thick bristling mass. They have the long snouts, sharp-pointed ears, and the tails of wolves, and their cry is a yelp rather than a bark. Like wolves they are apt to yelp in chorus at sunrise and at sunset. They delight in worrying peaceful animals, setting their own numbers against one, and they will kill cows, or even children, if they get the chance. They are disciplined only when at work, and are then so surprisingly obedient, tractable, and industrious as to plainly show that though their nature is savage and wolfish, they could be reclaimed by domestication. In isolated cases plenty of them are. As it is, in their packs, their battles among themselves are terrible, and they are dangerous when loose. In some districts it is the custom to turn them loose in summer on little islands in the lakes, leaving them to hunger or feast according as the supply of dead fish thrown upon the shore is small or plentiful. When they are kept in dog quarters they are simply penned up and fed during the summer, so that the savage side of their nature gets full play during long periods. Fish is their principal diet, and stores of dried fish are kept for their winter food. Corn meal is often fed to them also. Like a wolf or an Indian, a "husky" gets along without food when there is not any, and will eat his own weight of it when it is plenty.

A typical dog-sled is very like a toboggan. It is formed of two thin pieces of oak or birch lashed together with buckskin thongs and turned up high in front.



THE FACTOR'S FANCY TOBOGGAN.

It is usually about nine feet in length by sixteen inches wide. A leather cord is run along the outer edges for fastening whatever may be put upon the sled. Varying numbers of dogs are harnessed to such sleds, but the usual number is four. Traces, collars, and backbands form the harness, and the dogs are hitched one before the other. Very often the collars are completed with sets of sleigh-bells, and sometimes the harness is otherwise ornamented with beads, tassels, fringes, or ribbons. The leader, or foregoer, is always the best in the team. The dog next to him is called the steady dog, and the last is named the steer dog. As a rule, these faithful animals are treated harshly, if not brutally. It is a Hudson Bay axiom that no man who cannot curse in three languages is fit to drive them. The three profanities are, of course, English, French, and Indian, though whoever has heard the Northwest French knows that it ought to serve by itself, as it is half-soled with Anglo-Saxon oaths and heeled with Indian obscenity. The rule with whoever goes on a dog-sled journey is that the

driver, or mock-passenger, runs behind the dogs. The main function of the sled is to carry the dead weight, the burdens of tent covers, blankets, food, and the like. The men run along with or behind the dogs, on snow-shoes, and when the dogs make better time than horses are able to, and will carry between 200 and 300 pounds over daily distances of from twenty to thirty-five miles, according to the condition of the ice or snow, and that many a journey of 1000 miles has been performed in this way, and some of 2000 miles, the test of human endurance is as great as that of canine grit.

Men travelling "light," with extra sleds for the freight, and men on short journeys often ride in the sleds, which in such cases are fitted up as "carioles" for the purpose. I have heard an unauthenticated account, by a Hudson Bay man, of men who drove themselves, disciplining refractory or lazy dogs by simply pulling them in beside or over the dash-board, and holding them down by the neck while they thrashed them. A story is told of a worthy bishop who complained of the

slow progress his sled was making, and was told that it was useless to complain, as the dogs would not work unless they were roundly and incessantly cursed.

performances of the drivers are the more wonderful. It was a white youth, son of a factor, who ran behind the bishop's dogs in the spurt of 40 miles by daylight that



HALT OF A YORK BOAT BRIGADE FOR THE NIGHT.

After a time the bishop gave his driver absolution for the profanity needed for the remainder of the journey, and thenceforth sped over the snow at a gallop, every stroke of the half-breed's long and cruel whip being sent home with a volley of wicked words, emphasized at times with peltings with sharp-edged bits of ice. Kane, the explorer, made an average of 57 miles a day behind these shaggy little brutes. Milton and Cheadle, in their book, mention instances where the dogs made 140 miles in less than 48 hours, and the Bishop of Rupert's Land told me he had covered 20 miles in a forenoon and 20 in the afternoon of the same day, without causing his dogs to exhibit evidence of fatigue. The best time is made on hard snow and ice, of course, and when the conditions suit, the drivers whip off their snow-shoes to trot behind the dogs more easily. In view of what they do, it is no wonder that many of the Northern Indians, upon first seeing horses, named them simply "big dog." But to me the per-

I mention. The men who do such work explain that the "lope" of the dogs is peculiarly suited to the dog-trot of a human being.

A picture of a factor on a round of his outposts, or of a chief factor racing through a great district, will now be intelligible. If he is riding, he fancies that princes and lords would envy him could they see his luxurious comfort. Fancy him in a dog-carriage of the best pattern—a little suggestive of a burial casket, to be sure, in its shape, but gaudily painted, and so full of soft warm furs that the man within is enveloped like a chrysalis in a cocoon. Perhaps there are Russian bells on the collars of the dogs, and their harness is "Frenchified" with bead-work and tassels. The air, which fans only his face, is crisp and invigorating, and before him the lake or stream over which he rides is a sheet of virgin snow—not nature's winding-sheet, as those who cannot love nature have said, but rather a robe of beautiful ermine fringed and embroidered with

dark evergreen, and that in turn flecked at every point with snow, as if bejewelled with pearls. If the factor chats with his driver, who falls behind at rough places to keep the sled from tipping over, their conversation is carried on at so high a tone as to startle the birds into flight, if there are any, and to shock the scene as by the greatest rudeness possible in that then vast silent land. If silence is kept, the factor reads the prints of game in the snow, of foxes' pads and deer hoofs, of wolf splotches, and the queer hieroglyphics of birds, or the dots and troughs of rabbit-trailing. To him these are as legible as the Morse alphabet to telegraphers, and as important as stock quotations to the pallid men of Wall Street.

Suddenly in the distance he sees a human figure. Time was that his predecessors would have stopped to discuss the situation and its dangers, for the sight of one Indian suggested the presence of more, and the question came, were these friendly or fierce? But now the sled hurries on. It is only an Indian or half-breed hunter minding his traps, of which he may have a sufficient number to give him a circuit of ten or more miles away from and back to his lodge or village. He is approached and hailed by the driver, and with some pretty name very often—one that may mean in English "hawk flying across the sky when the sun is setting," or "blazing sun," or whatever. On goes the sled, and perhaps a village is the next object of interest; not a village in our sense of the word, but now and then a tepee or a hut peeping above the brush beside the water, the eye being led to them by the signs of slothful disorder close by—the rotting canoe frame, the bones, the dirty tattered blankets, the twig-formed skeleton of a steam bath, such as Indians resort to when tired or sick or uncommonly dirty, the worn-out snowshoes hung on a tree, and the racks of frozen fish or dried meat here and there. A dog rushes down to the water-side, barking furiously—an Indian dog of the currish type of paupers' dogs the world around—and this stirs the village pack, and brings out the squaws, who are addressed, as the trapper up the stream was, by some poetic names, albeit poetic license is sometimes strained to form names not at all pretty to polite senses, "All Stomach" being that of one dusky princess, and serving to indicate the lengths to

which poesy may lead the untrammelled mind.

The sun sinks early, and if our traveller be journeying in the West and be a lover of nature, heaven send that his face be turned toward the sunset! Then, be the sky anything but completely storm-draped, he will see a sight so glorious that eloquence becomes a naked suppliant for alms beyond the gift of language when set to describe it. A few clouds are necessary to its perfection, and then they take on celestial dyes, and one sees, above the vanished sun, a blaze of golden yellow thinned into a tone that is luminous crystal. This is flanked by belts and breasts of salmon and ruby red, and all melt toward the zenith into a rose tone that has body at the base, but pales at top into a mere blush. This I have seen night after night on the lakes and the plains and on the mountains. But as the glory of it beckons the traveller ever toward itself, so the farther he follows, the more brilliant and gaudy will be his reward. Beyond the mountains the valleys and waters are more and more enriched, until, at the Pacific, even San Francisco's shabby sand hills stir poetry and reverence in the soul by their borrowed magnificence.

The travellers soon stop to camp for the night, and while the "breed" falls to at the laborious but quick and simple work, the factor either helps or smokes his pipe. A sight-seer or sportsman would have set his man to bobbing for jackfish or lake trout, or would have stopped awhile to bag a partridge, or might have bought whatever of this sort the trapper or Indian village boasted, but, ten to one, this meal would be of bacon and bread or dried meat, and perhaps some flapjacks, such as would bring coin to a doctor in the city, but which seem ethereal and delicious in the wilderness, particularly if made half an inch thick, saturated with grease, well browned, and eaten while at the temperature and consistency of molten lava.

The sled is pulled up by the bank, the ground is cleared for a fire, wood and brush are cut, and the deft laborer starts the flame in a tent-like pyramid of kindlings no higher or broader than a teacup. This tiny fire he spreads by adding fuel until he has constructed and led up to a conflagration of logs as thick as his thighs, cleverly planned with a backlog

and glowing fire-bed, and a sapling bent over the hottest part to hold a pendent kettle on its tip. The dogs will have needed disciplining long before this, and if the driver be like many of his kind, and works himself into a fury, he will not hesitate to seize one and send his teeth together through its hide after he has beaten it until he is tired. The point of order having thus been raised and carried, the shaggy, often handsome, animals will be minded to forget their private grudges and quarrels, and, seated on their haunches, with their intelligent faces toward the fire, will watch the cooking intently. The pocket knives or sheath knives of the men will be apt to be the only table implement in use at the meal. Canada had reached the possession of seigniorial mansions of great character before any other knife was brought to table, though the ladies used costly blades set in precious and beautiful handles. To-day the axe ranks the knife in the wilderness, but he who has a knife can make and furnish his own table—and his house also, for that matter.

Supper over, and a glass of grog having been put down, with water from the hole in the ice whence the liquid for the inevitable tea was gotten, the night's rest is begun. The method for this varies. As good men as ever walked have asked nothing more cozy than a snug warm trough in the snow and a blanket or a robe; but perhaps this traveller will call for a shake-down of balsam boughs, with all the furs out of the sled for his covering. If nicer yet, he may order a low hollow chamber of three sides of banked snow, and a superstructure of crotched sticks and cross-poles, with canvas thrown over it. Every man to his quality, of course, and that of the servant calls for simply a blanket. With that he sleeps as soundly as if he were Santa Claus and only stirred once a year. Then will fall upon what seems the whole world the mighty hush of the wilderness, broken only occasionally by the hoot of an owl, the cry of a wolf, the deep thug of the straining ice on the lake, or the snoring of the men and dogs. But if the earth seems asleep, not so the sky. The magic shuttle of the aurora borealis is oftentimes at work up over that North country, sending its shifting lights weaving across the firmament with a tremulous brilliancy and energy we in this country get but

pale hints of when we see the phenomenon at all. Flashing and palpitating incessantly, the rose-tinted waves and luminous white bars leap across the sky or dart up and down it in manner so fantastic and so forceful, even despite their shadowy thinness, that travellers have fancied themselves deaf to some seraphic sound that they believed such commotion must produce.

An incident of this typical journey I am describing would, at more than one season, be a meeting with some band of Indians going to a post with furs for barter. Though the bulk of these hunters fetch their quarry in the spring and early summer, some may come at any time. The procession may be only that of a family or of the two or more families that live together or as neighbors. The man, if there is but one group, is certain to be stalking ahead, carrying nothing but his gun. Then come the women, laden like pack-horses. They may have a sled packed with the furs and drawn by a dog or two, and an extra dog may bear a balanced load on his back, but the squaw is certain to have a spine-warping burden of meat and a battered kettle and a pappoose, and whatever personal property of any and every sort she and her liege lord own. Children who can walk have to do so, but it sometimes happens that a baby a year and a half or two years old is on her back, while a new-born infant, swaddled in blanket stuff, and bagged and tied like a Bologna sausage, surmounts the load on the sled. A more tatterdemalion outfit than a band of these pauperized savages form it would be difficult to imagine. On the plains they will have horses dragging travois, dogs with travois, women and children loaded with impedimenta, a colt or two running loose, the lordly men riding free, straggling curs a plenty, babies in arms, babies swaddled, and toddlers afoot, and the whole battalion presenting at its exposed points exhibits of torn blankets, raw meat, distorted pots and pans, tent, poles, and rusty traps, in all eloquently suggestive of an eviction in the slums of a great city.

I speak thus of these people not willingly, but out of the necessity of truth-telling. The Indian east of the Rocky Mountains is to me the subject of an admiration which is the stronger the more nearly I find him as he was in his prime.

It is not his fault that most of his race have degenerated. It is not our fault that we have better uses for the continent than those to which he put it. But it is our fault that he is, as I have seen him, shivering in a cotton tepee full of holes, and turning around and around before a fire of wet wood to keep from freezing to death; furnished meat if he has been fierce enough to make us fear him, left to starve if he has been docile; taught, ay, forced to beg, mocked at by a religion he cannot understand, from the mouths of men who apparently will not understand him; debauched with rum, despoiled by the lust of white men in every form that lust can take. Ah, it is a sickening story. Not in Canada, do you say? Why, in the northern wilds of Canada are districts peopled by beggars who have been in such pitiful stress for food and covering that the Hudson Bay Company has kept them alive with advances of provisions and blankets winter after winter. They are Indians who in their strength never gave the government the concern it now fails to show for their weakness. The great fur company has thus added generosity to its long career of just dealing with these poor adult children; for it is a fact that though the company has made what profit it might, it has not, in a century at least, cheated the Indians, or made false representations to them, or lost their good-will and respect by any feature of its policy toward them. Its relation to them has been paternal, and they owe none of their degradation to it.

I have spoken of the visits of the natives to the posts. There are two other arrivals of great consequence—the coming of the supplies, and of the winter mail or packet. I have seen the provisions and trade goods being put up in bales in the great mercantile storehouse of the company in Winnipeg—a store like a combination of a Sixth Avenue ladies' bazar and one of our wholesale grocer's shops—and I have seen such weights of canned vegetables and canned plum-pudding and bottled ale and other luxuries that I am sure that in some posts there is good living on high days and holidays if not always. The stores are packed in parcels averaging sixty pounds (and sometimes one hundred), to make them convenient for handling on the portages—"for packing them over the carries," as our traders used to say. It is in following these sup-

plies that we become most keenly sensible of the changes time has wrought in the methods of the company. The day was, away back in the era of the Northwest Company, that the goods for the posts went up the Ottawa from Montreal in great canoes manned by hardy *voyageurs* in picturesque costumes, wielding scarlet paddles, and stirring the forests with their happy songs. The scene shifted, the companies blended, and the centre of the trade moved from old Fort William, close to where Port Arthur now is on Lake Superior, up to Winnipeg, on the Red River of the North. Then the Canadians and their cousins, the half-breeds, more picturesque than ever, and manning the great York boats of the Hudson Bay Company, swept in a long train through Lake Winnipeg to Norway House, and thence by a marvellous water route all the way to the Rockies and the Arctic, sending off freight for side districts at fixed points along the course. The main factories on this line, maintained as such for more than a century, bear names whose very mention stirs the blood of one who knows the romantic, picturesque, and poetic history and atmosphere of the old company when it was the landlord (in part, and in part monopolist) of a territory that cut into our Northwest and Alaska, and swept from Labrador to Vancouver Island. Northward and westward, by waters emptying into Hudson Bay, the brigade of great boats worked through a region embroidered with sheets and ways of water. The system that was next entered, and which bore more nearly due west, bends and bulges with lakes and straits like a ribbon all curved and knotted. Thus, at a great portage, the divide was reached and crossed; and so the waters flowing to the Arctic, and one—the Peace River—rising beyond the Rockies, were met and travelled. This was the way and the method until after the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, but now the Winnipeg route is of subordinate importance, and feeds only the region near the west side of Hudson Bay. The Northern supplies now go by rail from Calgary, in Alberta, over the plains by the new Edmonton railroad. From Edmonton the goods go by cart to Athabasca Landing, there to be laden on a steamboat, which takes them northward until some rapids are met, and avoided by the use of a singular combination of ba-

teaux and tramway rails. After a slow progress of fifteen miles another steam-boat is met, and thence they follow the Athabasca, through Athabasca Lake, and so on up to a second rapids, on the Great Slave River this time, where oxen and carts carry them across a sixteen-mile portage to a screw steamer, which finishes the three-thousand-mile journey to the North. Of course the shorter branch routes, distributing the goods on either side of the main track, are still traversed by canoes and hardy fellows in the old way, but with shabby accessories of costume and spirit. These boatmen, when they come to a portage, produce their tomlines, and "pack" the goods to the next waterway. By means of these "lines" they carry great weights, resting on their backs, but supported from their skulls, over which the strong straps are passed.

The winter mail-packet, starting from Winnipeg in the depth of the season, goes to all the posts by dog train. The letters and papers are packed in great boxes and strapped to the sleds, beside or behind

which the drivers trot along, cracking their lashes and pelting and cursing the dogs. A more direct course than the old Lake Winnipeg way has usually been followed by this packet; but it is thought that the route *via* Edmonton and Athabasca Landing will serve better yet, so that another change may be made. This is a small exhibition as compared with the brigade that takes the supplies, or those others that come plashing down the streams and across the country with the furs every year. But only fancy how eagerly this solitary semiannual mail is waited for! It is a little speck on the snow-wrapped upper end of all North America. It cuts a tiny trail, and here and there lesser black dots move off from it to cut still slenderer threads, zigzagging to the side factories and lesser posts; but we may be sure that if human eyes could see so far, all those of the white men in all that vast tangled system of trading centres would be watching the little caravan, until at last each pair fell upon the expected missives from the throbbing world this side of the border.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY HORATIO BRIDGE.

Third Paper.

XII.

IMEDIATELY after General Pierce's election to the Presidency, in 1852, he offered Hawthorne the Liverpool consulate, an office then considered the most lucrative of all the foreign appointments in the Presidential gift, and soon after his inauguration he gave him that place.

In July, 1853, Hawthorne and his family sailed for England.

A few of his letters are here given, which speak of some of his annoyances at the prospect of his official emoluments being decreased by legislation, and of some other matters of public and private concern.

LIVERPOOL, March 30, 1854.

MY DEAR BRIDGE,—You are welcome home, and I heartily wish I could see Mrs. Bridge and yourself and little Marian by our English fireside.

I like my office well enough, but any official duties and obligations are irksome to me beyond expression. Nevertheless, the emoluments will be a sufficient inducement to keep

me here, though they are not above a quarter part what some people suppose them.

It sickens me to look back to America. I am sick to death of the continual fuss and tumult and excitement and bad blood which we keep up about political topics. If it were not for my children I should probably never return, but—after quitting office—should go to Italy, and live and die there. If Mrs. Bridge and you would go too, we might form a little colony amongst ourselves, and see our children grow up together. But it will never do to deprive them of their native land, which I hope will be a more comfortable and happy residence in their day than it has been in ours. In my opinion, we are the most miserable people on earth.

I wish you would send me the most minute particulars about Pierce—how he looks and behaves when you meet him, how his health and spirits are—and above all what the public really thinks of him—a point which I am utterly unable to get at through the newspapers. Give him my best regards, and ask him whether he finds his post any more comfortable than I prophesied it would be.

I have a great deal more to say, but defer it to future letters. Mrs. Hawthorne sends her

love to Mrs. Bridge. She is not very well, being unfavorably affected by this wretched climate. The children flourish, and will, I think, be permanently benefited by their residence here.

Write me often, for I have now learned to know how valuable a friend's letters are in a foreign land. Most truly yours,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

U. S. CONSULATE, LIVERPOOL, *April 17, '54.*

DEAR BRIDGE,—I trust you received my letter written a fortnight or thereabouts ago.

As you are now in Washington, and, of course, in frequent communication with Pierce, I want you to have a talk with him on my affairs. O'Sullivan, who arrived here a day or two ago, tells me that a bill is to be brought forward in relation to Diplomatic and Consular offices, and that, by some of its provisions, a salary is to be given to certain of the Consulates. I trust in Heaven's mercy that no change will be made as regards the emoluments of the Liverpool Consulate—unless, indeed, a salary is to be given in addition to the fees; in which case I should receive it very thankfully. This, however, is not to be expected; and if Liverpool is touched at all, it will be to limit its emoluments by a fixed salary—which will render the office not worth any man's holding. It is impossible (especially for a man with a family and keeping any kind of an establishment) not to spend a vast deal of money here. The office, unfortunately, is regarded as one of great dignity, and puts the holder on a level with the highest society, and compels him to associate on equal terms with men who spend more than my whole income on the mere entertainments and other trimmings and embroidery of their lives. Then I feel bound to exercise some hospitality toward my own countrymen. I keep out of society as much as I decently can, and really practise as stern an economy as ever I did in my life; but, nevertheless, I have spent many thousands of dollars in the few months of my residence here, and cannot reasonably hope to spend less than six thousand per annum, even after all the expenditure of setting up an establishment is defrayed. All this is for the mere indispensable part of my living, and unless I make a hermit of myself, and deprive my wife and children of all the pleasures and advantages of our English residence, I must inevitably exceed the sum named above. Every article of living has nearly doubled in cost within a year. It would be the easiest thing in the world for me to run in debt, even taking my income at \$15,000 (out of which all the clerks, etc., are to be paid), the largest sum that it ever reached in Crittenden's time. He had no family but a wife, and lived constantly at a boarding-house, and nevertheless went home, as he assured me, with an aggregate of only \$25,000, derived from his official savings.

Now the American public can never be made

to understand such a statement as the above, and they would grumble awfully if more than six thousand per annum were allowed for a Consul's salary; yet it would not be worth my keeping at ten thousand dollars. I beg and pray, therefore, that Pierce will look at the reason and common-sense of this business, and not let Mr. Dudley Mann shave off so much as a half-penny from my official emoluments. Neither do I believe that we have a single Consulship in any part of the world the net emoluments of which overpay the trouble and responsibility of the office. If these are lessened the incumbent must be compelled to turn his official position to account by engaging in commerce—a course which ought not to be permitted, and which no Liverpool Consul has ever adopted.

After all, it is very possible that no change is contemplated as regards the large Consulships. If so, I beg Mr. Dudley Mann's pardon.

Tell the President that I was a guest at a public entertainment the other day where his health was drunk standing immediately after those of the Queen and the Royal family. When the rest of the party sat down, I remained on my legs and returned thanks in a very pretty speech, which was received with more cheering and applause than any other during the dinner. I think it was altogether the most successful of my oratorical efforts, of which I have made several since arriving here.

I wish you would get some of your Congressional friends to send me whatever statistical documents are published by Congress, and also any others calculated to be of use. I am daily called upon for information respecting America, which I do not always possess the materials to give in a reliable shape.

Your friend in haste,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

April 18, 1854.

DEAR BRIDGE,—

To drop the subject of my official emoluments and take up your own affairs, I must say, after due thought, I feel somewhat desirous that you should remain at Washington, not on your own account, but on Pierce's. I feel a sorrowful sympathy for the poor fellow (for God's sake don't show him this), and hate to have him left without one true friend, or one man who will speak a single word of truth to him. There is no truer man in the world than yourself, and unless you have let him see a coolness on your part he will feel the utmost satisfaction in having you near him. You will soon find, if I mistake not, that you can exercise a pretty important influence over his mind; and such is my confidence in your good judgment, and perfect faith in your honesty, that I doubt not your influence would be for his good. Of course it requires a good deal of tact to fill such an office as I suggest, but upon my honor, so far as actual power goes, I

would as lief have it as that of Secretary of State. At all events, if you did nothing else, you might do his heart good.... Regards to Mrs. Bridge.

Truly yours,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

U. S. CONSULATE, LIVERPOOL, Dec. 8, 1854.

I should really be ashamed to tell you how much my income is taxed by the assistance which I find it absolutely necessary to render to American citizens who come to me in difficulty or distress. Every day there is some new claimant for whom the Government makes no provision, and whom the Consul must assist, if at all, out of his own pocket.

It is impossible (or at any rate very disagreeable) to leave a countryman to starve in the streets, or to hand him over to the charities of an English workhouse; so I do my best for these poor devils. But I doubt whether they will meet with quite so good treatment after the passage of the Consular bill. If the Government chooses to starve the Consul, a good many will starve with him.

Your friend,

N. H.

U. S. CONSULATE, LIVERPOOL, March 23, 1855.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I thank you for all your efforts against this Bill, but Providence is wiser than we are, and, doubtless, it will all turn out for the best.

All through my life I have had occasion to observe that what seemed to be misfortunes have proved in the end to be the best things that could possibly have happened to me; and so it will be with this—even though the mode in which it benefits me should never be made clear to my apprehension. It would seem to be a desirable thing enough that I should have had a sufficient income to live comfortably upon for the rest of my life, without the necessity of labor; but, on the other hand, I might have sunk prematurely into intellectual sluggishness—which now there will be no danger of my doing; though, with a house and land of my own, and a good little sum at interest beside, I need not be under very great anxiety for the future. When I contrast my present situation with what it was five years ago, I see a vast deal to be thankful for; and I still hope to thrive by my legitimate instrument—the pen.

One consideration, which goes very far toward reconciling me to quitting the office, is my wife's health, with which the English climate does not agree, and which I hope will be greatly benefited by a winter in Italy. In short, we have wholly ceased to regret the action of Congress (which, nevertheless, was most unjust and absurd), and are looking at matters on the bright side.

I don't see how the next Consul is to get along here, unless he be either a rich man or

a rogue. God knows he will find temptations enough to be the latter.

Give our best regards to Mrs. Bridge. How I wish you could spend the next two years with us in Italy.

Truly your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, April 13, 1855.

We are in good spirits—my wife and I—about official emoluments. I shall have about as much money as will be good for me. Enough to educate Julian, and portion off the girls in a moderate way—that is, reckoning my pen as good for something. And if I die, or am brain-stricken, my family will not be beggars, the dread of which has often troubled me in times past.

I pray Heaven that your little girl is doing well. We have been rather alarmed about her ever since you wrote that she had a congestion of the lungs—at least my wife has, and she alarmed me. But we hope and pray for the best.

With our kindest regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Your friend,

N. H.

LIVERPOOL, April 26, 1855.

MY DEAR BRIDGE,—May God support you and your wife in this great affliction. I hardly feel as if so old a friend as myself could venture a word of consolation; but, some time or other, I trust you will be able to feel that, though it is good to have a child on earth, it is likewise good to have one safe in heaven. She will await you there, and it will seem like home to you now. My wife joins with me in the deepest sympathy for you and yours.

Most affectionately,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

The health of Mrs. Hawthorne, always delicate, being unfavorably affected by the English climate, the President, in 1855, considerably thought it might be beneficial to her, as well as gratifying to her husband, if he were transferred to a post where the climate was milder, and where Hawthorne himself would hold a diplomatic instead of a consular position.

As I was then stationed in Washington, the President authorized me to offer, in a private letter to Hawthorne, the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires at Lisbon.

The subjoined letters show the considerations that governed the decision arrived at.

U. S. CONSULATE, LIVERPOOL, August 24, 1855.

MY DEAR BRIDGE,—I do not find it easy to come to any conclusion as respects the matter broached in your last. Many objections occur to me; for instance, my unacquaintance with

diplomacy, and my dislike of the forms and ceremonies amid which diplomatists spend their time; also that I do not understand the Portuguese lingo, and have not any practice in French as a spoken language. Furthermore, it is a question whether Pierce can show me any further favors without exciting the remark that he is doing too much for a private friend. It is also a question with me whether I can afford to take the office, it being still, according to Cushing's opinion, a mere *chargéship* with only \$4500 salary; and such it must remain for some months to come. I am inclined to think, therefore, that I had better hold on for another year to my Consulship, and suffer the forfeiture of salary during my absence on the Continent, since it cannot be helped. I should not wish to keep the Portuguese mission more than a year, and I think it would not pay its expenses for that time. But it was a most kind and generous thing in the President to entertain the idea of transferring me thither, and you must express to him my sense of his kindness. My stay on the Continent will not probably be very long. I shall merely establish Mrs. Hawthorne there, and return.

On the other hand, it will be so delightful to carry her to a delicious climate, and to remain there with her, that I feel no small hesitation in absolutely deciding to refuse the Portuguese place, should it be offered me. I hope Pierce will not offer it, for I cannot answer for myself that I shall do what really seems to me the wisest thing—that is, refuse it.

You will observe that the higher rank and position of a Minister, as compared with a Consul, have no weight with me. This is not the kind of honor of which I am ambitious.

With best regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

U. S. CONSULATE, LIVERPOOL, Aug 31, 1855.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I wrote you per last steamer in reference to what you suggested about the Lisbon mission. My ideas have not changed as respects the inexpediency of my taking that post should it be offered me. I shall act more wisely to remain here, where I have gained some facility in transacting the business; and (unless Congress interferes unfavorably with the present arrangement) I think this Consulate will be as good as the Lisbon mission, in pecuniary way.

But, though I conclude not to go thither myself, I am going to send Mrs. Hawthorne to Lisbon in my stead. The O'Sullivans have earnestly invited her to come; and as they spent a considerable time with us in England, she is on the most affectionate terms with them, and has consented to go. This relieves me of a very great care and anxiety. It is not improbable that I shall wish to pay her a short visit before spring, but I might go and come in a fortnight

or three weeks. Julian remains with me in England. Mrs. Hawthorne and the other two children will probably sail in the course of a month. If O'Sullivan goes to Vienna he can convoy my wife to Malta, or to any part of Italy. Her health is better than it was, but I think it best to be on the safe side by sending her out of England.

I made a blunder in my last letter to you. A new appointment to Lisbon would at once enable me to receive the increased salary of \$7500. I don't want it, however.

Truly yours,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, June 6, 1856.

DEAR BRIDGE,—

You will see by the newspapers that John Bull is in a pretty high state of excitement in relation to American affairs; but, in my opinion, Frank Pierce has taken the right course to bring matters to an amicable settlement. The recognition of Walker was a prudent measure as well as a decided one. It has angered the British, and has mortified them to the heart's core; but it has satisfied them that we are in earnest, and that their further action will be in peril of a war, which they would be very loth to encounter. They show unmistakable tokens of backing out. I should have been glad if intelligence of Grafton's dismissal had accompanied that of the recognition, for it seems impossible that our Government can mean to retain him there, and any delay only serves to keep the sore open.

I am expecting Mrs. Hawthorne back from Madeira in about ten days. The last accounts of her health have been encouraging, but I see little reason to think that she will be able to encounter another English winter. Unless she proves to be perfectly cured of her cough, I shall make arrangements to give up the Consulate in the latter part of autumn, and we will be off for Italy. I wish I were a little richer, but when I compare my situation with what it was before the publication of the *Scarlet Letter*, I have reason to be satisfied with my run of luck. And, to say the truth, I had rather not be too prosperous. It may be superstition, but it seems to me that the bitter is very apt to come with the sweet, and bright sunshine casts a dark shadow. So I content myself with a moderate portion of sugar and about as much sunshine as that of an English summer's day. In this view of the matter I am disposed to thank God for the gloom and chill of my early life, in the hope that my share of adversity came then when I bore it alone, and therefore it need not come now when the cloud would involve those whom I love.

I make my plans to return to America in about two years from this time. For my own part, I should be willing to stay abroad much longer, and perhaps even to settle permanently in Italy; but the children must not be kept

away so long as to lose their American characteristics, otherwise they would be exiles and outcasts through life.

Give my most sincere regards to Mrs. Bridge. I shall have few pleasanter anticipations when I return to America than that of seeing you both.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, *June 20, 1856.*

You pain me by your gloomy view of political affairs, but I have great hope and faith that all will turn out well. As regards our relations with England, the course of our Government deserves all praise, and the result is a triumph that will be felt and recognized long hereafter. Frank has brought us safely and honorably through a great crisis, and England begins now to understand her own position and ours, and will never again assume the tone which hitherto she has always held toward us.

Mrs. Hawthorne arrived at Southampton about a fortnight since, in much better health than I expected to see her, with little or no cough or other disorder of any kind. She thinks, with great certainty, that she can safely spend another winter in England, and, if so, I shall not resign until the next Administration comes in. She is now staying at a country house near Southampton, but I shall establish her in the neighborhood of London in the beginning of July.

I am sorry Frank has not the nomination if he wished it. Otherwise I am glad he is out of the scrape.

With best regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, *Dec. 19, 1856.*

DEAR BRIDGE,—Your being located at Washington may, perhaps, enable you to assist me in a matter which I wish to have suitably arranged. I do not wish to retain the Consulate for any long period under the next Administration; and I intend to leave England for the Continent early in the ensuing autumn, unless Mr. Buchanan should take it into his head to remove me (which I do not see why he should, as we are personally friends, and there are no official grounds against me). I shall resign, to take effect on the thirty-first of August at furthest, and I wish the fact to be communicated to him at the proper time, as he will doubtless be glad to have the office at his disposal. If he wishes for it sooner than the time above mentioned, he will have to make the vacancy; and in view of the possibility that he may choose to do so, I do not like to do what, in effect, would be asking for a few months of official tenure; but I authorize you to let my purpose be known in the proper quarter, and I shall consider myself bound in honor to resign at the time stated. God knows I am weary of

the office, and would not have kept it a great while longer under any circumstances.

Mrs. Hawthorne and the children are now residing in Southport, a little watering-place in this vicinity, and I am happy to say that her health is essentially improved. A year or two in Italy will, with God's blessing, entirely set her up.

Remember me kindly to Frank when you see him. With my best regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Truly yours,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, *Jan. 15, 1857.*

DEAR BRIDGE,—Yours of the 23d ult. is received, and I have read it with much interest. I regret that you think so doubtfully (or, rather, despairingly) of the prospects of the Union; for I should like well enough to hold on to the old thing. And yet I must confess that I sympathize to a large extent with the Northern feeling, and think it is about time for us to make a stand. If compelled to choose, I go for the North. At present we have no country—at least, none in the sense an Englishman has a country. I never conceived, in reality, what a true and warm love of country is till I witnessed it in the breasts of Englishmen. The States are too various and too extended to form really one country. New England is quite as large a lump of earth as my heart can readily take in.

Don't let Frank Pierce see the above, or he would turn me out of office, late in the day as it is. However, I have no kindred with, nor leaning toward, the Abolitionists.

To return to Frank Pierce, is it true that he thinks of returning into the Senate? I see nothing better to be done. He must have an occupation, and this would give him one, as well as a dignified and useful position. And it would afford him an opportunity to explain himself to the country, and to win a better fame than he now retires with. But could he be elected?

I wrote to you a short time since, communicating my purpose to resign at an early date, under Buchanan's Administration, and authorizing you to communicate the purpose to the President-elect. I think by next steamer (or very soon, at any rate) I had better write a formal letter of resignation, and send it to your care, to be delivered as soon as the new Administration comes in. My successor could then be nominated before the Senate adjourns, and, on many accounts, I should like to know who it will be. He will have a difficult post, and not a lucrative one, for my English clerks will retire with me, and he cannot supply their places with Americans at twice the expense. The new Consul should be a hard-working man of business, for the emoluments of the office will no longer admit of his devolving its duties on subordinates. It is really a pity that such a comfortable berth should have

been spoiled, but it has served my turn pretty well.

Mrs. Hawthorne is tolerably well, and the children perfectly so. With kindest regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Most truly yours,
NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, *Feby.* 13, 1857.

DEAR BRIDGE, —I enclose a letter to the President (*viz.*, Buchanan, but I cannot address him as such by name until after the fourth of March) resigning my office, to take effect on and after the 31st of August next. This I wish you to deliver as soon as you think proper after the Inauguration. If he wants the office sooner, he is welcome to remove me, but I should suppose, as it could not be done without some slight odium, that he would prefer my offered resignation.

Mrs. Hawthorne and the children are all pretty well, and still continue at Southport. Mrs. H. and myself intend to travel about England and Scotland pretty extensively between now and August, and we shall leave the children at Southport under the care of the governess until we all go to the Continent together.

It will be a great relief to me to find myself a private citizen again; and I think the old literary instincts and habits will begin to revive in due season. I doubt, however, whether I publish a book until after my return to the United States, which probably will not be in less than two years. I expect to live beyond my income while on the Continent, but hope to bring myself up again after my return with my literary labor, and the economy of living on my own homestead.

I wish you would see Pierce, and beg him, from me, to say one word to Buchanan in reference to O'Sullivan. He has spent more than his income during all the time that he has been at Lisbon, until since the commencement of the present year. If turned out now he is irretrievably ruined. He is (as Pierce well knows) a most excellent Minister; and I do entreat him, by all the love I feel for him (Pierce, I mean), to do O'Sullivan this kindness.

My best regards to Mrs. Bridge.

Your friend,
NATH HAWTHORNE.

Early in the third year of Hawthorne's residence at Liverpool he became weary of his position, and contemplated resigning it. He had realized enough to live upon "with comfortable economy," his income from his literary work was considerable and increasing, and he wished to travel about England and Scotland, and to spend some years upon the Continent before returning to America. The con-

sulate had become less profitable, and, more than all, the climate of England had proved injurious to Mrs. Hawthorne's health. This last and weightiest consideration was obviated for a time by an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan to spend the winter with them in Lisbon and Madeira. So great benefit to Mrs. Hawthorne's health resulted from the visit that the contemplated resignation was deferred until after the election of President Buchanan. At length Hawthorne determined to resign, and he authorized me to inform the President of his purpose, at the same time enclosing to me his resignation, which was duly delivered.

In the September next ensuing, a new Consul was sent to relieve Hawthorne, and he gladly returned to the condition of a private citizen. He had at different times held three offices under the United States government, *viz.*, those of Weigher and Gauger in the Boston Custom-house, of Surveyor in the Salem Custom-house, and, finally, of Consul at Liverpool. In all these places he for the time subordinated his finer and higher faculties to his matter-of-fact duties, and applied his common-sense to the prosaic tasks that those commercial offices imposed. In all of them he performed his obligations faithfully, and to the entire satisfaction of the government and of those persons with whom he had official intercourse. I received the following letter from Hawthorne after his successor had been appointed.

LIVERPOOL, *Sept.* 17, 1857.

DEAR BRIDGE, —I have received your letter and the not unwelcome intelligence that there is another Liverpool Consul now in existence. It is a pity you did not tell me how soon he will be here, for that is a point which must have a good deal of influence on my own movements. I am going to set out for Paris in a day or two with my wife and children, and shall leave them there while I return to await my successor. Poor fellow! being such as you describe him, he will soon find the resources of the Consulate too narrow for him.

I expect great pleasure and improvement during my stay on the Continent, and shall come home at last somewhat reluctantly. Your pledge in my behalf of a book shall be honored in due time if God pleases; but I doubt much whether I do anything more than observe and journalize while I remain abroad. It would be a crowning pleasure to Mrs. Hawthorne and me if Mrs. Bridge and you could join us in

Italy. It is within the bounds of possibility that we may yet meet there.

Mrs. H. and the children are now a hundred miles off, at Leamington, in the centre of England, or she would cordially join me in regards and remembrances to yourself and wife.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

XIII.

In the story of Hawthorne's life in England, there is nothing more characteristic, nothing more noble, than his care for those Americans who came to him for advice or aid. Besides numerous instances of generosity never heard of by the public, there was a notable one in the case of Miss Delia Bacon, casually mentioned in *Our Old Home*, under the head of "Recollections of a Gifted Woman."

Without assuming any credit for his action in the case, or referring to his disinterested aid to one who had no other claim upon him than that she was a lonely and friendless country-woman, he describes her patient labor in pursuit of what she devoutly believed to be the true secret of Shakespeare's identity.

Whether her theories were wholly visionary or not, she had the courage of her convictions, opposed as they were to the settled belief of the rest of the world, and she lived and died a martyr to the truth of history, as she regarded it.

When this singular woman had exhausted all her financial means, when her family and friends declined to assist her unless she would give up her chimerical pursuit and return to America, she, almost despairingly, appealed to Hawthorne; and he responded in a way that displayed the nobleness of his heart—the way in which he aided the forlorn enthusiast in her direst need. It gives one a higher estimate of human nature to hear of such unselfishness, such unwearied patience, and such rare delicacy as were exhibited by Hawthorne in extending the moral and material aid which she was too proud to solicit.

The interesting *Life of Delia Bacon*, by Theodore Bacon, published in 1888, contains some twenty letters of Hawthorne's—therein for the first time made public—which charmingly display, in the words of Mr. Bacon, "the noble generosity, the unwearied patience, the exquisite considerateness with which for two years he (Hawthorne) gave unstinted

help, even of that material sort which she would not ask for, to this lonely country-woman."

In a postscript to one of these letters to Miss Bacon, Hawthorne writes, in almost apologetic terms: "You say nothing about the state of your funds. Pardon me for alluding to the subject, but you promised me to apply to me in case of need. I am ready." Could an offer of assistance be more delicately expressed?

If there were no other proof of Hawthorne's appreciative regard for the friendless, it shines forth brightly in these private letters.

In 1860 Hawthorne returned to this country, after a seven years' absence, and found the nation embroiled in an angry contest between the two great political parties of the day, and he viewed with the utmost solicitude the premonitory symptoms of civil war, apparent in the press and in Congress.

Early in the year next following, the war-cloud burst, and the struggle continued for four years of tremendous effort and sacrifice on the part of those who strove to destroy the Union, as well as of their opponents, who, happily, were able to preserve it.

It is well known that Hawthorne was a Democrat in principle. He was, however, neither extreme nor narrow in his views, nor did he ever take an active part in political controversies. His *Life of Pierce* was written from personal friendship and the true spirit of comradeship. Political preference had little controlling force in the matter.

In regard to Hawthorne's politics, let me here revert to our college days and to the Presidential election of 1824, which was preceded by the usual political excitements, into which boys, as well as men, entered zealously. The students showed their individual preferences as strongly as, and much more disinterestedly than, the average voter at the outside polls. At that time Pierce, Cilley, Hawthorne, and the writer were enthusiastic supporters of General Jackson.

In later years, when the doctrine of abolition was prominently brought forward, Hawthorne, like conservative men of all parties, was outspoken against it. He held that the Constitution was valid and binding upon all the States, and that no one who did not recognize a higher law could honestly interfere with the in-

stitutions of the Southern States, as guaranteed to them by the Constitution.

But when the South declared for disunion, and fired on the old flag at Fort Sumter, Hawthorne, as did most Northern Democrats, unhesitatingly took his stand with the North, and strongly espoused the cause of the Union.

Like many other loyal men, he almost despaired of success; but he wished to fight to the death for the northern slave States, and let the rest go. He had no sympathy with the South during the rebellion, but he rejoiced in every Union victory, and approved and applauded the granting of liberal military supplies, and the vigorous prosecution of the war. In short, he was a Democrat before the rebellion, a War Democrat after it broke out.

XIV.

My own duties as Paymaster-General in charge of a naval bureau at Washington were too arduous and engrossing to allow much time to be given to private matters either of interest or friendship, yet I was glad to have a month's visit from Hawthorne in March and April of 1862.

He went occasionally to Congress, to the White House, and to other places of interest in Washington. He visited some of the neighboring battle-fields in company with Mrs. Bridge and Dicey, the English writer, and he made an excursion to McClellan's headquarters, another to Harper's Ferry, and a steamer trip with me to Norfolk.

During his visit he met many distinguished men, and gained a much clearer view of the war than he had before. His clever article in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1862, entitled "Chiefly about War Matters," embodied the results of his observations.

The letter next following speaks of the Wayside, which was just finished, and gives some of Hawthorne's views in relation to the war, as do the two letters immediately following it.

CONCORD, May 26, 1861.

I am about making the final disbursements on account of my house, which, of course, has cost me three times the sum calculated upon. I suppose every man, in summing up the cost of a house, feels considerably like a fool; but it is the first time, and will be the last, that I make a fool of myself in this particular way.

At any rate, the result is a pretty and convenient house enough, no larger than was necessary for my family and an occasional friend, and no finer than a modest position in life demands. The worst of it is, I must give up all thoughts of drifting about the world any more, and try to make myself at home in one dull spot.

It is rather odd, with all my tendency to stick in one place, I yet find great delight in frequent change; so that, in this point of view, I had better not have burdened myself with taking a house upon my back. Such change of quarters as makes up the life of you Naval men might have suited me.

The war, strange to say, has had a beneficial effect upon my spirits, which were flagging wofully before it broke out. But it was delightful to share in the heroic sentiment of the time, and to feel that I had a country, a consciousness which seemed to make me young again. One thing, as regards this matter, I regret, and one I am glad of. The regrettable thing is that I am too old to shoulder a musket myself, and the joyful thing is that Julian is too young. He drills constantly with a company of lads, and he means to enlist as soon as he reaches the minimum age; but I trust that we shall either be victorious or vanquished before that time. Meantime (though I approve of the war as much as any man) I don't quite understand what we are fighting for, or what definite result can be expected. If we pummel the South ever so hard they will love us none the better for it; and even if we subjugate them, our next step should be to cut them adrift. If we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery, to be sure it may be a wise object, and offers a tangible result, and the only one which is consistent with a future reunion between North and South. A continuance of the war would soon make this plain to us, and we should see the expediency of preparing our black brethren for future citizenship by allowing them to fight for their own liberties and educating them through heroic influences.

Whatever happens next, I must say that I rejoice that the old Union is smashed. We never were one people, and never really had a country since the Constitution was formed.

I trust you mean to come and bring Mrs. Bridge to see us this summer. I shall like my house twice as well when you have looked at it. We are all well. Write again.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

CONCORD, Oct. 12, 1861.

DEAR BRIDGE,—

I am glad you take such a hopeful view of our national prospects so far as regards the war; but my own opinion is that no nation ever came safe and sound through such a confounded difficulty as this of ours. For my part I don't hope, nor indeed wish, to see the

Union restored as it was. Amputation seems to me much the better plan, and all we ought to fight for is the liberty of selecting the point where our diseased members shall be lopt off. I would fight to the death for the northern slave States, and let the rest go.

I fully expected that you would pay me at least a flying visit while at the North this summer, but I suppose your time was brief and filled up with more essential matters.

I have not found it possible to occupy my mind with its usual trash and nonsense during these anxious times, but, as the autumn advances, I find myself sitting down to my desk and blotting successive sheets of paper, as of yore. Very likely I may have something ready for the public long before the public is ready to receive it.

We are all very well, and, in spite of public troubles, have spent a quiet and happy summer. I am glad Mrs. Bridge has had a little respite from Washington life, and heartily wish you had been with her. But honest men are of too much value and too rare to be spared from their posts in these times.

Do write again, and enlighten me so far as you may as to what is going on.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

CONCORD, Feb. 14, 1862.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Your proposition that I should pay a visit to Washington is very tempting, and I should accept it if it were not for several "ifs"—neither of them, perhaps, a sufficient obstacle in itself, but, united, pretty difficult to overcome. For instance, I am not very well, being mentally and physically languid; but I suppose there is about an even chance that the trip and change of scene might supply the energy which I lack. Also, I am pretending to write a book; and though I am nowise diligent about it, still, each week finds me a little more advanced, and I am now at a point where I do not like to leave it entirely. Moreover, I ought not to spend money needlessly in these hard times, for it is my opinion that the book trade, and everybody connected with it, is bound to fall to zero before the war and the subsequent embarrassments come to an end.

I might go on multiplying "ifs," but the above are enough. Nevertheless, as I said, I am greatly tempted by your invitation, and it is not impossible that, in the course of a few weeks, I may write to ask you if it still holds good. Meanwhile I send you enclosed a respectable old gentleman, who my friends say is very like me, and may serve as my representative. If you will send me a similar one of yourself, I shall be truly obliged.

Frank Pierce came here and spent a night, a week or two since, and we mingled our tears and condolences for the state of the Country. Pierce is truly patriotic, and thinks there is nothing left for us but to fight it out, but I should be sorry to take his opinion implicitly

as regards our chances in the future. He is bigoted to the Union, and sees nothing but ruin without it; whereas I (if we can only put the boundary far enough south) should not much regret an ultimate separation. A few weeks will decide how this is to be, for, unless a powerful Union feeling shall be developed by the military successes that seem to be setting in, we ought to turn our attention to the best mode of resolving ourselves into two nations. It would be too great an absurdity to spend all our Northern strength for the next generation in holding on to a people who insist on being let loose. If we do hold them, I should think Sumner's Territorial plan the best way.

I trust your health has not suffered by the immense occupation which the war must have brought upon you. The country was fortunate in having a man like yourself in so responsible a situation—"faithful found among the faithless."

My wife and family are quite well, and send their kindest regards to Mrs. Bridge and yourself.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

P.S.—I ought to thank you for a shaded map of negroedom,* which you sent me a little while ago. What a terrible amount of trouble and expense in washing that sheet white, and after all I am afraid we shall only variegate it with blood and dirt.

After his month's visit to the capital, Hawthorne returned home, much improved in health and spirits. The change of climate and scene, the relief from literary work, and the excitement of the war spirit effervescing all around him, seemed to have a beneficial effect upon him, and he went back to Concord with apparently renewed strength.

CONCORD, April 13, 1862.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Yours enclosing two photographs of Prof. Henry is received.

I reached home safe and sound on Thursday after a very disagreeable journey.

It was a pity I did not wait one day longer, so as to have shared in the joyful excitement about the Pittsburg victory and the taking of Island No. 10.

I found the family in good health, except that Una has a cold, and Rosebud is blossoming out with the mumps, which the other two children will probably take in due course.

They all think me greatly improved by the journey and absence, and are grateful to Mrs. Bridge and yourself for your kind attentions.

Your friend ever,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

* This refers to a map showing the proportion of negroes to whites in the different slave States, as indicated by darker or lighter shades.

The letters just given show that though Hawthorne came to Washington "feeling not very well," he returned greatly improved by the journey and the social life at the capital.

In that year and the one next following he published *Our Old Home*, and did some other literary work, but the springs of life were running low, and the great brain was growing tired.

His lassitude increased, and he failed gradually, till, on that last journey with Pierce towards the White Mountains, the volume of his life was closed.

The sad news reached me in Washington at a time when I was confined to my room by an accident, and I could not have the melancholy privilege of looking once more on that loved face. Nor could I join the little band of devoted friends who mournfully bore his body to its resting-place—upon the hill-top and under his favorite pines.

XV.

Pierce's friendship for Hawthorne was warm and tender to the last. The health of the latter had been gradually failing for two or three years, until, in May, 1864, Pierce persuaded him to take a trip with him to the White Mountains. The travellers had only reached Plymouth, New Hampshire, where they rested at the village hotel to refresh Hawthorne from the fatigue resulting from the journey.

On retiring that last sad night they occupied connecting rooms, with the door open between them.

Hawthorne slept quietly at first, and Pierce went in once or twice during the night to see to the invalid's comfort. A little after midnight he found him lying in that seemed a quiet sleep; but it was the "sleep that knows no waking."

Hawthorne had died apparently without a struggle.

Five years afterwards Pierce himself died.

XVI.

Unquestionably Nathaniel Hawthorne owed much of the success in his career to the cheerful aid and encouragement of his wife. She held up his hands when he was listless or despairing, she made his home a happy one, and she brought out the sunshine of his nature even when the clouds of life were darkest.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Hawthorne was a woman of highly intellect-

ual gifts. Capable of thoroughly appreciating her husband's rare qualities, and always ready and earnest to cheer and brighten his path, their union was most fortunate, and the world owes much to the wife's felicitous influence over her gifted husband for the results of his literary labors.

I have thought that, as a corollary to the foregoing sketches of Hawthorne, some of his wife's letters to me might fittingly be contributed as suitable accessories in showing his manliness and loving devotion to his wife and family, as well as in displaying more fully some of his finer characteristics.

CONCORD, July 4, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote you a long letter some days since, which, not meeting entire approval from my lord, I laid aside. It was only a freak of fancy that was condemned, however, and so I will write the same letter over again, with that omission, for in all matters of taste and fitness he is absolutely correct. I must say to you again that I like your book very much for various reasons. Its truth and sincerity and unprejudiced observation make it valuable, independent of its excellent sense. It has the grace of simplicity and ease, and is, at the same time, sufficiently strong. It is also very entertaining. I am extremely fastidious in books, and am seldom held fast by one, but this I could not bear to lay down whenever I had a moment to read it. For your sake I am glad your cruise ended so soon; yet, for the sake of the public, I could wish it had been longer, that we might have had two volumes instead of one. There cannot be too much of such true and living history of countries and peoples.

How impossible to find the limit to the consequences of a good action! Through your magnanimous desire to benefit my husband you have given the public a pleasant glimpse of Africa. Now my husband has returned your favor of the past with regard to his *Twice-told Tales*. You first procured his appearance in a book, and now he introduces you in a fair volume to the present age.

With regard to our visit to you, I fear you know not what you undertake. Unless I have a servant with me I cannot go, and a servant would make our party too large. I know that your hospitality is as magnificent as that of the Grecian hero who slew an hundred bees to entertain his guests; but this is no reason why it should be abused. There would still be an advantage in my taking my woman, because she would take the whole care of us, and we should be no additional trouble to your domestics. But are not four of us too many? I wish, too, you would tell me about the military arrangements of your citadel. Is there a great deal of mar-

tial music and parade, so that Una's sleep would be murdered every noon? Her little life is rounded with a sleep every day, and if these naps are prevented I will not answer for her serenity and agreeableness of behavior; and you might wish her in Jericho instead of in your house. I must be perfectly frank with you, dear sir, in another regard. The length of our visit to you will make a great difference about our household arrangements here, and therefore I wish you would not think me wholly wanting in etiquette and propriety if I request you to tell me whether you desire us to stay one, two, or three weeks. I sincerely wish to know which. I believe you appointed the 25th of July for the appearance of our constellation in your heavens. Is it not so? We certainly could not appear before that time. Your beautiful engraving of the Transfiguration shines down upon us superbly all day long. I, too, should like to command gold, so as to perform such splendid acts for my friends. I have often thought it would be enchanting to be an Aladdin's Lamp, and astonish people with unexpected pearls and diamond houses.

Una says she wishes very much to see Mr. Bridge, and to go to Portsmouth and breathe the sea-air. When I question her upon the subject, the enthusiasm of her assent far surpasses our insignificant yes. In her eloquent speeches she always points with the forefinger of her right hand, which proves the legitimacy of that gesture in oratory. Her language continues in that unintelligible, divine idiom to which we have no grammar nor lexicon.

My husband is spending this great day upon the river. He has not yet said he shall go to Portsmouth. He thinks he is too poor, I believe; but I shall persuade him to the contrary, I suspect. Una wishes to be remembered to you, with the gracious permission to kiss her lily-white hand. I am very sorry I have had to write with a spoiled steel pen, but perhaps you can make out my name. With cordial congratulations upon your new dignities, I am yours with much regard.

S. A. HAWTHORNE.

SALEM, Dec. 20, 1846.

DEAR MR. BRIDGE,—My husband enjoins upon me to answer your very welcome letters of August 20th and October 20th, which he received yesterday. As he has a high regard for you and an utter detestation of pen, ink, and paper, I am glad to relieve him of assuring you, by means of these appliances, how cordially we remember you, and how rejoiced we always are to hear of your safety and well-being. I find my husband calls you "the truest and warmest friend he has in the world." From him such an assurance is, in my opinion, equal to a crown of glory. Besides most kindly thinking of you from an inward impulse as a friend in need and deed, we are perpetually reminded by the African idol upon the mantelpiece of Mr. Horatio Bridge.

Una often inquires after you, and now understands perfectly that you are upon the great sea in a great ship. She is still a charming little person, though, like the moon, she holds her course sometimes behind clouds and slender storms, but they can only for a short time conceal her shining smiles and gracious countenance. I have never discovered any ugliness in her heart and behavior, for wrong has hardly power to cast a shadow upon her before she breaks forth all contrition and sweetness. She is in perfect health and bloom, and just now enchanted with the snow, which, for the first time, she is big enough to play with.

Her little brother is an entire contrast to her ladyship. His father called him the Black Prince during the first weeks of his life, because he was so dark in comparison with her. He is decidedly, I think, a *brun*; but his complexion is brilliant and his eyes dark gray, with long black lashes, like Mr. Hawthorne's. We thought he looked very much like you at first, but he does not now. He is a Titan in strength and size, and though but six months old, is as large as some children of two years. His father declares he does not care anything about him because he is a boy, and so I am obliged to love him twice as much as I otherwise should. He is as pleasant and smiling as a summer's day, and his temperament is very sturdy and comfortable, quite unlike Una's, in not being at all sensitive; nor is he as delicately organized. She enjoys him very much, and he admires her beyond all things.

We are residing in the most stately street in Salem, but our house is much too small for our necessities. My husband has no study, and his life is actually wasted this winter for want of one. He has not touched his desk since we came to Salem, nor will not, until we can remove to a more convenient dwelling, I fear.

I am very glad to have such good news of your book. The old and new world seem to agree in its favor. It certainly has had a wonderful success, and I am quite content that you are writing more. I believe that you will write better than ever, now that you are a husband and a happy man, for marriage, with true sentiment and comprehension, is, I think, a great apocalypse, and opens a new world. I rejoice that you have ceased to be a stray comet, and have come into a regular orbit, for I should imagine you to be a person who might particularly enjoy a harmonious domestic life.

I only saw Mrs. Bridge once, and then in the street in Boston, after your departure, for I found it impossible to call upon her before the birth of my little boy. She was with her mother, and I greeted her and shook hands with her very cordially. She looked very lovely in blue, but pale. I hope I shall know her some day, for her face and manner promise a noble and lovely woman. It seems to me that human beings are wretched Arabs until they find central points in other human beings around which all their brightest and richest

sentiments shall revolve. Every true and happy family is a solar system that outshines all the solar systems in space and time.

April 5, 1864, CONCORD.

MY DEAR MR. BRIDGE,—Mr. Hawthorne has gone upon a journey, and I opened your letter this morning. When you write anything I must not see you must put *private* at the top of the page, and then I will reverently fold up the letter and put it aside.

Alas! it was no "author's excuse" which was published in the *Atlantic*, but a most sad and serious truth. Mr. Hawthorne has really been very ill all winter, and not well, by any means, for a much longer time; not ill in bed, but miserable on a lounge or sofa, and quite unable to write a word, even a letter, and lately quite unable to read. I have felt the wildest anxiety about him, because he is a person who has been immaculately well all his life, and this illness has seemed to me an awful dream which could not be true. But he has wasted away very much, and the suns in his eyes are collapsed, and he has had no spirits, no appetite, and very little sleep. Richard was not himself, and his absolute repugnance to see a physician, or to have any scientific investigation of his indisposition, has weighed me down like a millstone. I have felt such a terrible oppression in thinking that all was not doing for his relief that might be done that sometimes I have scarcely been able to endure it—at moments hardly able to fetch my breath in apprehension of the possible danger. But, thank Heaven, Mr. Ticknor has taken him out of this groove of existence, and intends to keep him away until he is better. He has been in New York at the Astor House since last Tuesday night, a week from to-day. I have had six letters, five from Mr. Ticknor, and one at last from my husband, written with a very tremulous hand, but with a cheerful spirit.

My dear Mr. Bridge, you, with your deep, warm, tender heart, can easily imagine how I have suffered in all this. My faith has been tried in its central life. I bless God it has not failed me; but yet I cannot conceive of myself as surviving any peril to my husband. Though I would not complain, because I know that God must do right, and that He is also love itself.

I should not be surprised if you should see Mr. Hawthorne in Washington. I wish he could be persuaded to stay southward until these piercing east winds of spring abate here. But he intends to go a little later to the Isles of Shoals, to stay until the advent of visitors in the fashionable season. I see that Concord is not the place for him. He needs the damp sea-air for health, comfort, and enjoyment. I wish, with all my heart, that our dear little Wayside domain could be sold advantageously for his sake, and that he could wander on seabeaches all the rest of his days.

The state of our country has, doubtless, excessively depressed him. His busy imagination has woven all sorts of sad tissues. You

know his indomitable, untamable spirit of independence and self-help. This makes the condition of an invalid peculiarly irksome to him. He is not a very manageable baby, because he has so long been a self-reliant man; but his innate sweetness serves him here, as in all things, and he is very patient and good. . . .

With my kindest regards to Mrs. Bridge, I am
Very truly yours,

S. A. HAWTHORNE.

CONCORD, MASS., The Wayside, Nov. 7, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. BRIDGE,—Can you send me any memories or incidents of Mr. Hawthorne's college life, when you were with him so much?

I am now very much occupied in copying his journals, or portions of them, for papers for the *Atlantic*; and something is demanded of his life, and these records in his own words are the best of all autobiography—I mean are the best biography, being *auto*. They are very rich as studies of nature and man, and now and then a glimpse of his personal character gleams through in a radiant way, though he puts himself aside as much as possible, as always. The *Augusta Journal* is all copied, in which I have ventured to put Mr. B. for your name. You figure there in a commanding way, being lord of the Manor in position and character.

The reason I wish to have you write down your reminiscences is because by-and-by these papers will all be collected into a volume, and these connecting links will be wanted. The earliest remaining journal begins in 1835.

I have requested his sister to write her recollections of his childhood and early youth, for she alone can now do that.

It is a vast pleasure to pore over his books in this way. I seem to be with him in all his walks and observations. Such faithful, loving notes of all he saw never were put on paper before. Nothing human is considered by him too mean to ponder over. No bird, nor leaf, nor tint of earth or sky is left unnoticed. He is a crystal medium of all the sounds and shows of things, and he reverently lets everything be as it is, and never intermeddles, nor embellishes, nor detracts. It is truth itself, and has all the immortal charm of truth, even in the smallest details. For do we not like to see even a common object of still-life truthfully represented by the great masters of Dutchland? It is only the great masters in any art who trust to truth.

I hoped to see you again, summer before the last, with Mrs. Bridge. My constant expectation of seeing her prevented me from replying to her very kind letter. Will you tell her so with my love? Perhaps she will come this next summer, if she can bear to come now my king has gone, and so the cottage is no longer a palace.

I shall be glad of any occasion to hear from you, dear Mr. Bridge.

Very sincerely yours,

SOPHIA A. HAWTHORNE.

THE RIVAL MINSTRELS.

BY JAMES G. BURNETT.

HAROUN AL RASCHID loved his harem's maids;
He loved his gardens, with their winding shades;
He loved to watch his crystal fountains play;
He loved his horses, and his courtiers gay;
He loved all royal sports that please a king,
But most he loved to hear his minstrels sing.

And so it happened that his fame had brought
Two rival singers to the Caliph's court.
Who pleased him best, full well each minstrel knew,
Would be proclaimed the greater of the two.
So well they pleased him that they found him loath
To choose between them, for he loved them both.

"Let all the nation judge," at length said he;
"Who pleases best my people, pleases me."
Through all the land the rival poets sung;
Their names and music were on every tongue,
Until at last they never reached a door
Where Fame had not sung all their songs before.

Ben Olaf sang of deeds the Caliph wrought,
The riches and the splendors of his court;
The mighty warriors every nation boasts,
And armies vanquished by the Prophet's hosts;
How Islam's valor was beloved, and feared;
And when he finished, listening thousands cheered.

Mustapha's songs were all of simpler things;
Forgotten was the pride of earthly kings.
He sang to them of home, and truth, and love;
How Allah watched his children from above.
Close to their hearts the poet's music crept;
And when he finished, all the people wept.

For though Ben Olaf charmed them with his arts,
It was Mustapha's songs that reached their hearts.

FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

II.

IN taking leave of Ulm we leave behind us the river of the dam and paddle, and enter upon the stream whose flow is interrupted by nothing more serious than a few rapids and whirlpools, and is consequently to us the Danube of sail as well as paddle. Our departure from the float of the Donau "Ruderverein" was attended with every circumstance calculated to stimulate the vanity of men less modest than canoeists. For the members laid

aside their business, congregated at the club-house, raised their glasses collectively and individually in our honor, expressed warm affection for the President of the United States, joined in toasting the Queen of England, and drank perpetual concord among the three nations we represented. The Royal Canoe Club of London, the New York Canoe Club, the Ruderclub Donau, each in turn was made the subject of enthusiastic eulogy and the



AN EARLY VISITOR.

pretext for another "Krügerl"; and we are quite sure that if the sentiments expressed by the boating men who gathered together on that occasion are any test of the general feeling of the three countries they represented, then Germany has in England and the United States a triple alliance compared to which that with Austria and Italy is as a bond of straw.

We tore ourselves away; not that there was no more beer in Ulm, or that our list of toasts was exhausted, but it was already late in the afternoon, and time was precious. So, hoisting sail for the first time, and giving three hearty parting cheers, we turned our bows out into the swift current and shot down towards the middle arch of the stone bridge. We were accompanied by two members, who very cleverly paddled a square-sided, flat-bottomed canoe, built only for one, and which rested dangerously low in the water. The supernumerary paddler sat on deck immediately behind his mate, and both man-aged very skilfully. Like all Germans, these two were expert swimmers, or the sport would have been risky in such a stream.

At Günzburg we went ashore for supper, and entertained our German escort. They sent their canoe back to Ulm, at a cost of fifty pfennigs, or twelve cents, and had no more trouble until they got back to the railway station—a very convenient arrangement indeed, it struck us. For, so far as our experience goes, the canoeist is better treated in Germany than in America or England; the fares are low, and the boats carefully handled. We sent our boats, for instance, from Flushing to Donaueschingen—from the western edge of Holland to the Black Forest—a distance of about 450 miles, for 12.90 marks each, or about \$3 25. The boats arrived without a scratch, although they were not crated.

Günzburg was our first landing in Bavaria; we left Würtemberg behind with Ulm, to say nothing of Baden and Prussia before that. We seemed indeed to be doing quick work, to cross in four days as many frontiers, and in no quicker boat than a canoe. The change, too, was complete; the peasants became more conservative in clinging to their broad hats and metal buttons. Every house had a niche in which the gaudily painted image of a saint reposed; and in the guest room of the tavern our beer was sipped beneath a

crucifix that reached from the ceiling to the window-sill. In the gateway of the town wall a lamp burned night and day before the Virgin Mary. On all sides was the evidence of complete devotion to religion.

In this place, full of quaint bits of mediæval architecture, we had supper of Gulash and beer, a few more toasts to the pretty Kellnerin, to the "Watch on the Rhine," to German oarsmen, and to the family of storks that had their well-poised nest on the steep gable over the way, and who peered curiously in the direction of three little canoes which three un-Bavarian-looking men had left in charge of the bathing-master of Günzburg. We parted shortly before the last light had faded from the long day. Our German friends took the train to Ulm. We paddled out into the broad rushing stream, and pitched our camp on a little point of meadowland just large enough to accommodate the boats comfortably, with a grove of trees between us and the world of possible disturbers.

We had at last the luxury of tents. Not such as are used on shore, that smell of fermented grass and mud; that require a dozen pegs and awkward poles; that are clumsy to rig and clumsier still to stow away. No; our tents do not touch the ground at all; come in contact with nothing but what is clean. The top is hung between the foremast and the mizzen; the sides fall gracefully about the well of the canoe, and are buttoned at convenient intervals along the edges. The top is so high that the canoeist sits comfortably on his floor, can read and write, sketch, or mend his trousers, and when he lies down to sleep, secures such a pleasant circulation of air as no land-tenter ever had. Sleeping in his boat, the moisture of the ground does not affect him; nor need he feel nervous in regard to ants, beetles, earwigs, scorpions, and the many restless insects that delight in camps; not even a mosquito can get at him. For the sides of this tent are of two different materials—one of "cheese-cloth," that excludes mosquitoes and admits the air; the other of duck, that protects against bad weather. Each can be used in turn, or both together, according to circumstances.

From behind our tent we snapped our fingers at the murderous mosquito music, and fell asleep to wake at four next morning. And if ever the early bird

found profit, here was a case in point, for on this morning we reached Lauingen—a place of importance when this stream was the frontier of the Roman Empire, and when Cæsar's legions ruled along the Rhine and Danube as do those of England along the Indus and the Ganges. The place to-day preserves interesting traces of every century of our era, and that artist must be hard to please who could not spend a useful summer here with a white umbrella and a box of colors. The houses of the town have had difficulty in finding standing-room within the huge walls; many of the streets are narrower than our sidewalks, and even these have their sky obscured by many-tiered buildings, whose successive stories reach out foot by foot above one's head. The old town wall is almost hidden by the dwellings that have overrun it like creeping plants—the citizens living in it, under it, on it, and against it. Hardly a corner that is not worth a study, hardly a house that would not give material for a chapter. It was a very rich town once, and its burghers men of taste, who, like those of Venice, spent their wealth in splendid houses and monuments that made their city famous.

Lauingen suggests one of the once rich cities of northern Italy, the creation of merchant princes who thought no tax too heavy if it made their home more beautiful, and amidst whom to be an alderman was to be an artist as well as a patriot. Facing the central square is a town-hall of noble and harmonious proportions, fit to embellish a great capital; on one side, a lofty clock tower that would lose no-

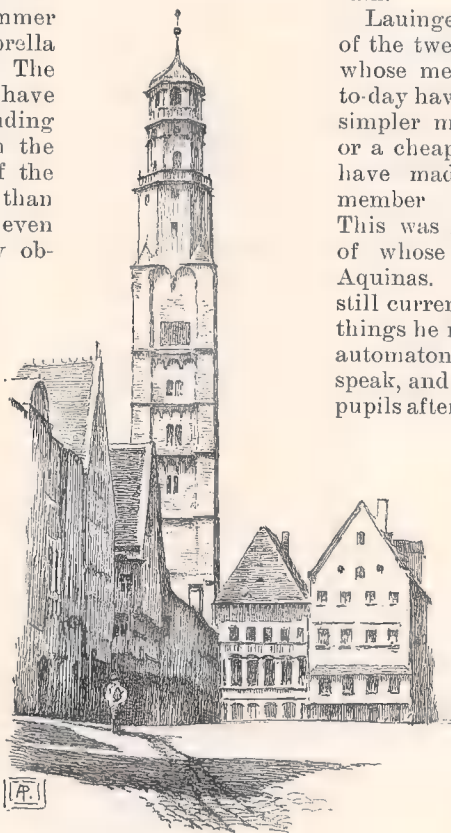
thing of its effect were it in Florence and called a campanile. Ancient and noble mansions are here in abundance, each with its carvings and massive arches, reminding the spectator of a greatness that is past. And to complete this picture of beyond the Alps, there runs along one side a stone arcade, whose well-carved pillars and arches shield the pedestrian from the sun and rain.

Lauingen gave birth, at the end of the twelfth century, to a man whose mechanical talent would to-day have led him to discover a simpler method of telegraphing or a cheaper fuel than coal, and have made him the honorary member of learned societies. This was Albertus Magnus, one of whose pupils was Thomas Aquinas. A mass of stories are still current of the extraordinary things he made; for instance, an automaton which could move and speak, and which one of his pious pupils afterward destroyed, think-

ing he was thereby serving God and spiting the devil. We know of him nothing but legends, and these prove only that he understood the forces of nature better than the people who denounced him. He once entertained his emperor with fruit produced in the midst of winter, which to his generation was abundant evidence that he was in league with the evil spirit.

In our day, however, the town has sought to atone for past neglect by erecting in the beautiful market-place a bronze statue worthy of the first scholar of his day as well as of Lauingen's early fame.

The scenery from Ulm downwards, though offering no striking elevations, is anything but dull. The effect of long flat reaches of water or meadow is always suggestive and full of varied color; the sky seems to unfold more of its mysteries to us then. Or is it that our attention is



*The Bell tower
Lauingen.*

less diverted by nearer objects? But no part of the Danube can be monotonous when moving in tiny canoes that feel the twist of every eddy, that dance to the music of every rapid, that rush with impetuous zeal down slopes of pale green shallows, and that narrowly escape being sucked into the back current at the river corners. Let us admit that the Danube can be grander at some points than others, but uninteresting—never. Even with an overcast sky, the effect produced by moving with a volume of water so vast, so irresistible, must be ever impressive—something like that produced by the never changing, yet never the same, waves of the ocean. So one with the river had our canoes become that we scarcely noted the rapidity with which the landscape shifted, until we sought to mark down the features of a castle, or one of the huge water-mills, whose wheel hung between two anchored barges, and whose splash-splash paddle sound warned us against collision. The note-book of Alfred Parsons mentions that along this flat reach, "for a long way above and below Ulm, the banks are lined with small willows and coarse grasses; occasional bunches of forget-me-not and some iris and valerian are the only flowers. On a hill-side below Donauwörth I saw bright pink dogroses, campanulas, geranium, veronica, epipactis, Turk's-cap lilies, pink cornilla, which is abundant, and a tall white composite with groups of daisy-like flowers and a leaf like the tansy; also a white erigeron."

The river here, and all the way to the mountains of eastern Bavaria, is sought to be "regulated" by the construction of stone dikes intended to keep the main channel clear, and prevent in a measure the consequences of floods. We were favored with fairly high water, however, and the dikes were therefore not so high but that we could occasionally get a glimpse of the meadows from our decks. From Hochstadt to Donauwörth we passed ground which in 1704 was the scene of the battle of Blenheim, so called after the little village of Blindheim, about two miles and a half northeast of Hochstadt. It "was a glorious victory." It did Europe the doubtful service of propping up the Hapsburg dynasty for a few years, and made England forget all about treacherous Jack Churchill by directing her attention to the great Duke of Marlborough.

The pompous lines of Addison have helped to make respectable the butchery of that day by exalting the "mighty soul" of the conqueror, and making the world believe that here was "glory."

The simple people of the neighborhood for many years after pretended that ghosts of the slain returned on the battle's anniversary to haunt this spot.

At Donauwörth we stopped long enough to admire its ruins of tower and wall; the beautiful coloring of the old houses, that straggled back from the Danube along a sluggish stream that entered here; pretty gardens; black timbered bridges—in short, another of the many places from which we parted with regret. We staid here sketching and exploring until the sun had set, and then moved on reluctantly to find a place where we might go ashore and sleep comfortably in our canoes.

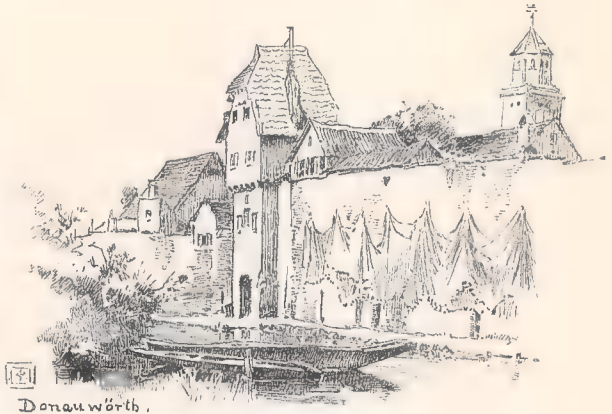
Now to find a good camp site along the upper Danube requires presence of mind, quickness of decision, and, above all, knowledge of what is needed. The Danube is a swift stream, and while a camp-finder is making up his mind, his boat may carry him below his objective, whence it is not easy to paddle back. The camp must not be low, for fear of malaria; it must not be high, for we have to carry our boats; it must not be in the bushes, for we dislike insects—and yet a little shelter is a good thing. Fortunately in our cook we have combined not only the camping experience of two wars, but a genius for rapid selection, to which the rest of us are only too glad to pay tribute by appointing him a chooser of camps as well as *chef de cuisine*. When the evening shadows warn us that we are near the end of our day, our camp-finder paddles a bit ahead of the other two and reconnoitres for a landing-spot with an eye that sees not merely height and depth, bush and beach, but intuitively detects what is beyond. On landing there is but one feeling in every breast—to sacrifice everything to the comfort of the cook. His boat is first hauled out, carried up to the softest spot, carefully sponged, covered with its tent, and disposed for the night. While one of us helps here, the other, who is intrusted with carrying the pots and pans, quickly places the spirit stoves in position, spreads out a few deck hatches to serve as trays, disposes on these such articles as our

cook may need, opens up the butter and milk, sees that the soup-stirring spoon is handy, that the salt-cellar is full, and that no ants are in the sugar. By this time cook's tent is in order, he enters the kitchen, and the remaining two hurry to attend to their canoes, animated by the cheerful rattle of the kitchen utensils. The three boats are drawn up close to one another, according to the nature of the ground, the stern being a trifle higher than the bow, as our heads are at the after end, and a little slope is good in case of rain. Clothing for the night is laid where it can readily be got at, tents are raised, the boats propped so that they will not roll over; perhaps we have a swim, if the cook permits; but eventually we are assembled around the flame on and over which our soup depends. Everything goes well with soup, as well as into it, but some things go better than others, particularly canned meats and "extracts." We found that of all our stores nothing did us so much good as our pan of soup along with a large piece of strong German bread.

The utensils are all cleaned before turning in, so that cook may have nothing to complain of, and early in the morning he prepares us another meal—sometimes, by way of a special treat, making us a dish of genuine Yankee corned-beef hash in addition to the usual coffee; then comes the washing up, furling of tents, stowing of baggage, a slide down the banks, and off for another day.

Our camping-ground that night was on a clean meadow well situated above the point where the pale green water of the Lech runs its icy Alpine current into the darker and warmer Danube. We feasted here on eggs and soup, and curled into our sleeping-boxes shortly after nine. At six next morning we had our morning swim before luxuriating in our breakfast of coffee and bread, to which was, on this occasion, added a mess of fried fresh fish.

The Danube was full of interest next day. The song of the cuckoo greeted us. There was no steamship travel here, and the few barges that struggled up the stream drawn by horses appeared to be



doing very hard work. The stream was carrying us at the rate of about six miles an hour, while we did not touch a paddle or hoist a sail, and we could hear the clinking of the pebbles as they rattled in the bottom of the stream. We might have fancied ourselves far from human life were it not for the flat-boats that ferried peasants, and also loads of hay and droves of cattle, from one side to the other, swinging across by means of a cable which spans the river, from which runs on a trolley a lighter line made fast to the boat. We frequently passed such ferry-boats containing, besides many people, two loads of hay, with teams complete, the horses enjoying the cool rest upon the river apparently as much as the peasants, who saluted us with their pious "God greet you!"

Towards noon we passed under the arches of a stone bridge at Neuburg, a town that is built about and upon a wooded bluff that runs up strikingly from the river, crowned by castle and towers, and betokening another mediæval stronghold. Here our boats nearly met with disaster; first, from the eddy, that caught one of the canoes below the bridge and swung it with such force against the stone quay of the town as to make a dent in the bow and a tremendous jangling amidst the kitchen utensils in the stern locker. The stream is furious, and no little care is required to make a landing on a narrow shingle beach below this wall. We succeeded, however, in getting ashore, and in pulling the boats' noses up a little, and were clambering up the stone steps to hunt up an inn, when down through the same bridge came a huge raft, the crew

gesticulating wildly to the effect that they were going to make fast at this point. Had they come five minutes later, we would have been unconscious of the danger, and our boats would have been torn away or ground to splinters by the irresistible mass that was hurrying down. We rushed to our boats by leaps and bounds, pulled them as far ashore as the narrow beach allowed, then plunged into the river to press against the raft, and help the crew in their efforts to clear our tiny boats. The situation was most critical. It was only a matter of a few inches more, but these meant life or death to the canoes. The crew worked with a will; we strained every muscle. The population on shore saw our peril, and gave us their sympathy: and, in short, the boats were saved.

As we sat at dinner listening to the daughter of our host, who entertained us with Viennese waltzes, we determined never again to be pinched between a raft and a stone wall. Neuburg detained us only long enough for a stroll amidst its old walls, in its many handsome but neglected buildings, with the traces of past greatness. The river bore us on again, and soon we passed Ingolstadt, the next Danube fortress below Ulm—a city of uniforms, pontoons, guns, and drums—an interesting place historically, but choked with the spirit of modern war.

The first place we reached after breaking camp next morning was the prettily situated village of Vohburg, which still maintains the custom of paying 50 gulden (about \$25) to each maiden of blameless reputation upon her marriage. We passed from the water's edge through a dark passage under a massive tower of

the old town wall, which is now in ruin, and climbed up through the crooked streets to what was once the citadel, and where now stands the church about which clusters the interest of Vohburg to the outside world. The approach to this church leads under another ruined tower, the spaces of which are filled with pictures and figures of sacred character, before which are praying-benches that invite the faithful to pause.

Below our pretty little Vohburg the river suddenly parted company with the flat fields, and with a rapidity most surprising whirled us around a sharp mountain spur, hurried us between steep, rocky, and thickly wooded hills. Another quick bend was made, and we paddled in betwixt eddies under the crosses and spires of one of the richest monasteries of Germany, devoted to the glory of St. Benedict, and called Weltenburg. The chapel was built at a time when everything that every art could furnish and money buy went to making church edifices splendid. Clouds are built out above the altar, over which angel figures climb and look down with lifelike agility upon the spectator. What parts of the edifice are not ornamented with stained-glass windows, chapels, or costly columns, are covered with paintings. One of these represents Columbus discovering America, with the Virgin Mary on the fore-castle, and a Benedictine monk marking the channel. The profusely decorated altar is of course the central feature in this display of wealth; and it would be hard to exaggerate its impressiveness as a decorative feature—rich, harmonious in form and color, exquisite carving and modelling, a very palace of devotion.



THE FERRY.

As we left the monastery gates and sought the beach, the sacred bells tolled noon, and all the peasants bared their heads in reverential devotion, no other sound being heard but the water whirling in the eddies and the note of a bird now and then.

After a little lunch beneath the wall of the Benedictines' garden, during which we were watched by a friar who seemed ashamed of such curiosity, we drifted with the stream all too rapidly, amidst rock scenery wild and beautiful—lofty walls that seemed to hang above us, and so steep that not even a foot-path could help the boatman in his struggle up the stream, and iron rings have to be placed in the rock for his assistance.

After a too short rush down this splendid stretch, the river opened out, and

we saw before us, perched on a hill above Kelheim, what looked like a Roman temple. It was the so-called "Hall of Liberation," erected to the memory of the men who freed Germany from the domination of Napoleon in the beginning of this century. It was under a very hot sun that we climbed the steep hill above Kelheim in order to testify our sympathy with German independence. The temple is a very costly dome, inside of which are slabs bearing the names of such as the King of Bavaria recognized as the liberators of the father-land. We were struck by the names of many Austrians and south German military mediocrities, and the absence of such as really did make their country free. Wellington is conspicuous by his absence; so the noble Boyen and Lützow. The man whose far-sighted legislation lifted Prussia from out of the results of Jena is not to be found here—we mean Stein—nor his able successor, Hardenberg. The poets and thinkers, the patriotic spirits that stirred the people to heroic exertion—these were the ones that fought Katzbach and Leipzig; but they are not noticed on these pagan slabs. Schiller



Between Weßtenburg &
Kelheim.

and Körner, whose songs of liberty fired the German heart and sent every school-boy into the army; Arndt and Jahn, Uhland and Fichte—names that in 1813 did more for German success than a fresh army corps—of these this Bavarian mausoleum says nothing.

We needed a glass of beer to wash away the effects of this hot climb, and this we enjoyed at a little water-side inn frequented by the boatmen of the river—an honest, intelligent, and hardy race of men, interesting to meet, for their life is full of change, and not without danger. The fact of our coming in canoes and not by land made us the more welcome, for, as one of them said to us energetically, "I am an old water-rat, and wish to be nothing else." It was therefore as "fellow-craftsmen" that we invited them to share our beer and tell us of their life. And indeed it adds much to the charm of this river to see their great rafts curving around the bends, and kept in the current by a number of sweeps at bow and stern, so long as to reach beyond the eddies, and heavy enough to require many hands to control them. Whole families



LOCAL FREIGHT FLAT-BOAT.

live on these rafts, and the rude frame huts knocked together for their shelter are happy homes to some for weeks and weeks during the long descent. Many a travelling mechanic gets a lift, and his board besides, by volunteering at the sweeps of one of these huge floating caravansaries, and this mode of travelling is much patronized, for it is obviously more agreeable than plodding along the dusty highway. Many of the flat-bottomed but sharp-nosed barges that go down this stream never return, being rudely built, and ultimately broken up for timber. Others that we passed are intended to last longer, and had in tow a second and smaller barge, in which were a pair of stockily built horses, at present enjoying the river view over a trough of feed, but who soon will be struggling up the tow-path, splashing through the mire, now floundering up to their bellies at points where the river is over the banks, now clambering like cats along the foot of the rocks, always keeping a tight strain on the long line that pulls their barge; and woe to horse and rider if any misstep hurls man and beast down into the dangerous current! When many teams are pulling at one heavily laden boat, the effort to save one may endanger the lives of all. These river-side rough riders waste little time in prayer at such a moment, but whip out their knives, and cut loose the rope of the fallen ones, quieting their conscience by the reflection that it may be their turn to-morrow. Loss of life in this manner is not uncommon, for, owing to the sudden swelling of the river after a rain, and the great difficulty of maintaining a tow-path in good condition, the work of man and beast along the Danube partakes much of picking one's way across a very bad and little known coun-

try, for the path is never twice the same to even a veteran teamster.

But while these men have some of the cowboy's recklessness and roughness, they have, too, the warm heart that usually beats in tune with courage. When our party boarded one of these great scows, they were immediately made the guests of the boat. Beer was brought forward; they were compelled to share in the noon-day dinner of beef, so generously dispensed that even a canoeist could not eat it all, and some of it had to be dropped secretly over the side, lest the feelings of our hosts might be hurt by the thought that their food had not been duly appreciated.

From these people we borrowed a good idea in the way of protection against cold, wind, and rain—a garment good to sleep in, sleep on, stand in, or paddle in, falling below the knees; one long piece, through which the head is thrust at the middle, leaving one half to fall in front, the other half behind. The sides are open, and there are no sleeves. It sounds as though the ventilation had been too generously cared for, but such is not the case. On the contrary, it is the favorite overcoat of the Danube watermen, and we promptly got the address of a tailor at the head-waters of the river Traun, in the Tyrolean Mountains, and had three sent down to us in every respect like those of our good friends the Danube raftsmen.

We camped that night in sight of the spires of Regensburg Cathedral—an event that encouraged us to wash our flannel shirts with great energy, for on the forenoon of the next day we made our entry into the whilom capital of the Holy Roman Empire, called by the French Ratisbonne, and famous as the starting-place of many crusading columns who sought Jerusalem by way of the Danube.

"There came a bold crusader,
 With fifty harnessed men,
 And he embarked at Ratisbon
 To fight the Saracen.
 This gallant knight, Sir Gottfried hight,
 Leads forth a noble band,
 Whose flag shall wave triumphantly
 In Judah's hallowed land."

With the exception that the Saracen had rather the best of it as far as the flag-waving in Judah was concerned, this po-

the basket of an equally fresh peasant lassie, who delighted in seeing us eat her fruit. But the monument most interesting to a canoeist is the stone bridge, claimed by Regensburgers to be the strongest in the world. At any rate, the span between the piers is no wider than the buttresses, and the river rushes through so turbulently as to create very risky-looking whirlpools and rapids below. The engineer troops of Ingolstadt have to take



ON THE TILE-BOAT.

etic version is correct enough in illustrating the early importance of Regensburg as a shipping-point; it was, in fact, the first town above Vienna to send a regular packet once a week down the river (in 1696); and considering the state of the river then, and, above all, the moral view of highway robbery entertained by the landed gentry along the banks, this enterprise was no light one.

Few towns, I fancy, combine within their walls so many buildings of interest, and so many memories dear to mankind. We sat down upon the pavement in the market-place to muse of these things, our backs to a church wall, and our hats full of freshly picked strawberries, from

pilots when they pass this town, and we were strongly urged to do the same; but we had no room, and consequently determined to try for ourselves. We succeeded by choosing the right-hand arch, and our success was in spite of the devil; for his share in its construction was very great, as every Danube sailor will attest.

The story runs that while the cathedral was in course of construction, the chief architect intrusted to a very clever apprentice the task of making this bridge. The young man felt so confident that he offered to span the Danube before his master had finished the cathedral. But he finally found that he had undertaken too much, for the sacred pile went up with



REGENSBURG, FROM THE BRIDGE.

great steadiness, while the bridge moved with great difficulty. The youngster finally vented his discouragement in blasphemous wishes that the devil might take over the job.

No sooner spoken than a venerable monk appeared and offered to do the work. In his sandals were cloven hoofs, and a tail whisked under the sacred garb; but nevertheless a bargain was made, and it was agreed that when the bridge was done, the devil was to have the first three living things that crossed.

The devil kept his word. All the material came to hand with such devilish rapidity that the morning broke upon a completed bridge.

It was May-day, and of course a great crowd was present, each eager to be first in crossing so new and magnificent a thoroughfare. The devil, delighted with his bargain, rubbed his hands under the second arch from the shore, and waited for his victims.

"Stop!" said the architect to the crowd. "Stand back! In the opening of this bridge we have a solemn ceremony to perform before it can be pronounced safe. Jacob," said he, with a wink to his foreman, "let the strangers take precedence."

At these words a rough wolf-dog, followed by a cock and a hen, was set at

large, and crossed the first arch of the bridge. At the same time a dreadful noise was heard under the piers. The mangled remains of the three animals flew in all directions, and the devil was seen to disappear, screaming, "Cheated! cheated of my fee!" The monks now sprinkled holy water on the bridge, and the happy people rejoiced.

The second arch of the Regensburg Bridge, as if to prove the legend, is still savagely bent upon destroying the boatman venturing beneath it; and as we had no desire to measure the strength of our paddle with that of the devil's pitchfork, we carefully avoided it, and advise all others to do the same.

The graceful Gothic spires of Regensburg cathedral now rapidly faded away behind us, and we passed down stream towards a rocky promontory on which has been built a temple to German fame, called the Walhalla. The proportions are those of the Athenian Parthenon, and the situation is admirably chosen for the display of its striking beauty. All the branches of the German family are here united in the one sentiment of pride and gratitude touching the deeds of their ancestors, and it is eminently gratifying that Bavaria, of all German states, should set the example of honoring the work of Germans as citizens of a great

empire rather than as subjects of petty princes.

The little village of Sossau, which we soon passed, has an image of the Virgin Mary which makes grimaces when a heretic comes near her. If any one doubts my words, he can read all about it in an exhaustive work printed *cum licentia superiorum*—how in 1534 some iconoclastic Lutherans sought to destroy this picture; how it miraculously escaped them; how the angels bore it up the Danube, themselves rowing the boat; and how, finally, pious monks protected it in this little church.

In this camp we had, at about midnight, such a storm of thunder and lightning, wind and rain, as ought to have blown to pieces any ordinary tents. We awoke, however, next morning with nothing worse than one or two ears full of water, and proceeded merrily down our charming stream, rejoicing in the sunshine that played about the lone little chapel of Oberau, rising as if from a little mound in the river shortly above Straubing, where we had dinner at a mediæval inn, with a room full of as fat, jolly, and prosperous-look-

ing peasants as ever drank Bavarian beer. For all this country, from Regensburg on, is the paradise of peasants, famed for rich soil and rich living. They have changed little since a learned German professor visited them in 1818, and was amazed at their luxury. "A wedding here," he wrote, "is a regular orgy. At eight or ten tables sit ten to twelve people who feast several days three times a day." The professor tells us that "the peasant has meat every day; the servants get nudels and kraut; they even despise potatoes."

Straubing has been from the days of Rome a place of commercial as well as military importance, and the strength of its private houses is a counterpart to the massive arches of its town wall. It has now only about 10,000 people, but in 1635 the town chronicle tells us that 18,000 died of the plague alone—an indication that in that day the population must have been large, and certainly very dirty. One historian says that Straubing was 150 years without a carpenter's shop, because a fire once originated in such a place, and the city fathers thought an ordinance of



RETURNING FROM MARKET, REGENSBURG.

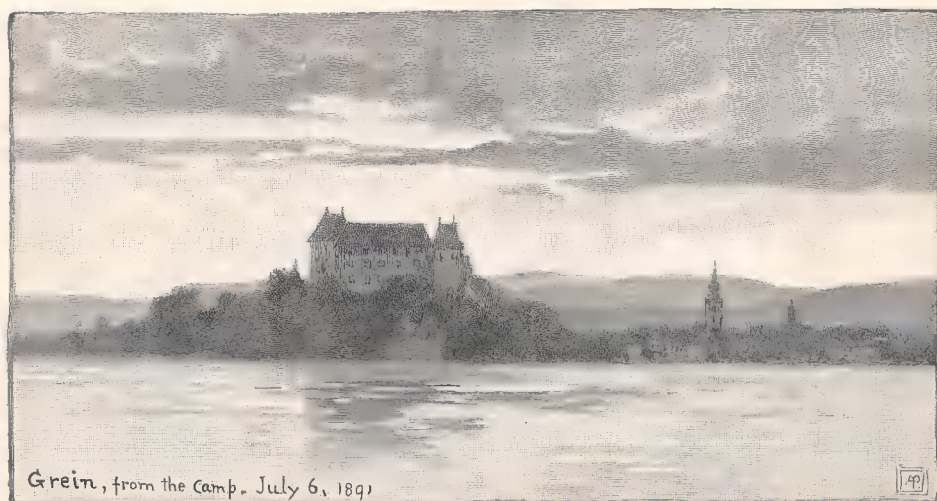
this kind would spare them a repetition of the same misfortune!

From Straubing we paddled on to the pretty little village of Bogen, about whose village church thousands of pious peasants periodically congregate to be cured through the efficacy of a stone image of the Virgin, which once floated twenty-four hours up the Danube. Here, as at Sossau, we were greeted with such a hurricane, followed by rain, thunder, and lightning, as drove us ashore, at the risk of smashing our boats into bits on the rocky beach.

Lenzing was the name of the place where we sought refuge, made up entirely of the farm belonging to a prosperous peasant. He welcomed us when we had dragged our boats beyond the reach of the savage waves, and took us into his big dwelling-room, which was like a baronial hall. Here was space for fifty people to sit and feast or have a romp. Substantial rafters made the ceiling; the tables and benches were of wood well scrubbed. He offered us beer, and then his wife gave us bowls of milk fresh from the cow and strong country bread, all the

while entertaining us as invited guests. While the storm raged we inspected the premises with great interest, for one roof covered dwelling-house for cows and horses as well as family and servants. The anteroom outside of the main dwelling "hall" opened on one side to the kitchen, above to the bedrooms, on the right to our "hall," and on the left to the stables. But let us hasten to add that cows and horses were cleanliness itself, that every part of their quarters indicated scrupulous neatness, from the round little windows to the extreme recesses of the vaulted ceiling. The roof was supported by stone columns that would have graced a monastery. Their eating and drinking troughs were of stone; their wants were ministered to by two as dainty and graceful maidens as ever figured in a pastoral, and such was the behavior of these animals that no well-regulated housekeeper could have objected to them as fellow-lodgers. The veranda that passed the dining-hall continued past the stables, wherein were about a dozen horses and twice as many cows. The manure was





Grein, from the Camp. July 6, 1891

shovelled across this walk and stacked up immediately near it, and yet this veranda was the agreeable gathering-place of a warm evening. As we chatted, two colts, a few weeks old, walked up and about us, nibbled at our trousers and fingers, rubbed their noses affectionately against each of us in turn, and played with the big watch-dog as happily as if all three were pups in the same litter. With such evidence of kind treatment, is it a wonder that their live-stock is gentle and willing?

We asked our host if he found no ill effects from so much manure beneath his windows, and he assured us that he considered it wholesome. He certainly appeared healthy, and his household as well—radiant with prosperity and good spirits, generous with his substance; a good illustration of the Straubing peasant as described by the learned professor half a century ago. He would receive nothing himself for our entertainment, but finally accepted a contribution for the poor.

Early next morning we passed Deggen-dorf, where we were made welcome by the rowing-club, whose boat-house contains two single sculls. We looked up the pretty church, which is far-famed in this country for possessing several miraculous objects, from which it derives an enormous revenue. As many as 50,000 to 60,000 people have come here as pilgrims in the course of a single year, often sleeping in the streets for want of a roof. In 1837—a great festival—the number was 100,000.

From Deggen-dorf on, the scenery becomes mountainous, rocky, even wild; particularly between Passau and Linz, where the river reminded us forcibly of the Hudson Highlands between Haverstraw Bay and Newburgh. We have parted with the black soil and luxurious peasants of Straubing, and come now amongst people whose habits are more those of mountaineers, where lumbering is the chief industry, and where settlements are few and far between. Every sharp river corner carries on its crest the remnants of a feudal castle, whose tower still remains in token of its former grandeur and political importance, and a picturesque protest against the free commerce on the Danube.

At the frontier of Austria we were ordered to stop, to come ashore, to show our passport, and to pay sixteen kreutzers apiece—quite in the spirit of the castles whose ruins we were passing. None of our boats were searched, however, and we were assured that the tax was merely a formality connected with passing into Austria. No such tax was demanded on passing into Holland or Germany. The tax is, to be sure, small in amount, but a grievous one in principle.

In the midst of this wildest and most beautiful part of the Danube—a stretch that may be said roughly to include Deggen-dorf and Dürrenstein—is the strikingly situated village of Grein, in the midst of a cluster of ragged peaks, each overlooking the stream, each with a ruin-



PUMP AT PÖCHLARN.

ed tower on it, and each meaning that here once ruled a robber knight who lived by the wrecks on his shores; for here are the famous rocks that cause the eddies and whirlpools and rapids called Wirbel and Strudel. We slept the night opposite Grein—a rainy night, not calculated to raise our spirits. After a cheerless breakfast, one of us floundered along the frequently flooded tow-paths in the hopes of getting a glimpse around the corner of this much-talked-of ground

of danger; but it was useless, for an island (Wörth) interfered.

We jumped into our canoes, resolved to make the best of it, stopped our ears to the warnings of friends on shore, forgetting for the moment that a party of recent canoeists transferred their boats to a Danube barge at this place, stuffed our most valuable papers inside our waistbands, and pushed out into the stream in search of the enemy. Our hatches were fastened on with particular care, our sails and spars carefully lashed to the deck. Nothing was omitted to prevent a capsize, or at least to render one harmless.

As we reach the dreaded corner, around which we anticipate the gyrating monster to lie in wait for us, each grasps more firmly his trusty blade, plants his feet solidly, and watches keenly the signs of the stream. Grein disappears, with its castle, its spire, its many holy shrines, at which the Danube boatmen pray before

venturing on these troublous reaches. The spire of St. Nikolai peers up ahead—the little church built by the offerings of such as have escaped the terrors of the Strudel. As we hold our canoes amidst the eddies here, and think of what is before us, a dismal booming sound greets our ears, and convinces us that now at last our fate is present. Two reckless members of our party make sketches of St. Nikolai as we bob up and down in the rapid stream before her rocky ledge, and

F. D. Miller

the other notes the square tower of lofty Werfenstein, that stretches itself up and over the black water. An ominous word, this Werfenstein—the *rock-hurler*—and one that has sunk many a good ship before its own ribs were cracked.

The booming, muffled, roaring sound grows louder. Will this preliminary torture never cease? Surely the worst must soon be upon us; for we have passed St. Nikolai, and beyond us is another robber castle, that gives us another shiver as we think of the cruel wrecks it has caused. We pass another spire, another crucifix. The roaring still continues, and the water grows normally smooth. Can this be the lull before the storm? we ask ourselves.

No; we have, without knowing it, passed both Strudel and Wirbel, and the booming roar comes from the boiler of a powerful tow-boat blowing off steam against the bank!

The mighty stream carried us rapidly along under many more ruins of castles built in the interest of plunder and wreck, and emerged from between the mountains at Pöchlarn, where we dined in the garden of a charming inn. The Roman and mediæval remains made us wish to make

a long stop. So did the amiable daughter of the host, who not only served us with the best in the house, but placed a nose-gay in the button-hole of each ere we started.

Hardly had we reached the middle of the stream when there loomed up before us a vast pile of architectural magnificence, growing up from a bold, sharply rising bluff, whose rocky sides close in a fringe of wood. It was Melk, another of the magnificent monasteries that adorn this river—perhaps the most striking of all. We climbed to its lofty terrace, enjoyed a view of the upper river that combined what is most beautiful in hill and water, forest and meadow—the whole bathed in sunshine and warm color. The vast apartments were shown us—the refectory where hundreds of glasses twinkled in the sideboard, bedrooms where royalty had slept, an apartment where Napoleon is said to have burnt his papers after the battle of Aspern, a chapel full of elaborate ornament, and a courtyard full of pretty maidens plucking chickens for dinner, and flowers in profusion along the borders of the well-kept garden. And here we must again borrow the note-book of the floral member



of the party to give an idea of what the Danube offers to the botanist as well as canoeist:

"Below Weltenburg there are pinks and other rock flowers, . . . and at Kelheim, climbing to the Befreiung's Halle, I found a herbaceous clematis with flowers like *flammula*, or *erecta*, and with glaucous leaves. The river banks are mostly devoid of flowers, but on a shingly beach below Regensburg, where we camped, I noticed a yellow *sedum* and a dwarf *phlox*, not in flower. Lower down, when getting near the hills, there were large patches of pink *coronilla* and a pale yellow *mullen*, also *willow-herb* and a white cruciferous plant. In the woods behind our camp, opposite Rannriedl, I noticed *pyrola*, *hepatica*, *lady-fern*, and oak and beech fern, *Spiraea aruncus*, *Solomon's-seal*, *lactuca*, and a fine *campanula*. In the meadow where we camped above Vilshofen were herbaceous clematis and *lychnis* with drooping white flowers and a berry-like seed-pod, *Anthericum ramosum* and *loosestrife*.

"The high woody hills below Passau are almost entirely covered with beech and pine,

but round the houses near the river are walnuts, plums, cherry, and other trees. On the rocks grows a *genista* with slender twigs and a spike of yellow blossoms, and there are patches of evening-primroses in the more open places. Though vines, hops, and other tender crops grow well, the flora has quite a subalpine character, and the houses are often like Swiss chalets.

"By our camp at the mouth of the Traun (July 6th) I noticed purple and yellow loosestrife, meadowsweet, meadow-rue, white convolvulus, and the same flowers generally that grow by English rivers. Sea-buckthorn grew among the willows. By wood opposite Grein saw cyclamen, *pyrola*, *hepatica*, and various ferns, and monk's-hood just below."

After leaving Melk we camped for the night beneath the ruins of the castle where Richard the Lion-hearted was held a prisoner, where the faithful minstrel sang under his dungeon window—a ruin whose every stone is dear to us and all Anglo-Saxons. We had reached Dürrenstein Castle.





"A BYTOWN C'EST UN' JOLI' PLACE."

JOHNNIE RAWSON AND CHUNKY PETERS.

BY WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

DE firs' time w'at I'll see Johnnie Rawson was at Le May's, de big tavern at Bord-à-Plouffle. 'E was come down boss of de big raf' for Québec, an' I'll was go h'up for Bytown wid my cousin Phinée Daoust, w'at was promis' de littl' modder for take care of me for make my firs' winter on de bush. Phinée was h'of'en dere, but me I'll was h'only 'bout twelve, t'ir-

teen year h'ol', an' dat's de firs' time w'at I'll be from 'ome.

Dey sen' me on Le May's for wait for Phinée, w'at was come de nex' day, an' w'en I'll wait dere dose feller h'all come. W'en dey 'ave deir supper de fun go h'on, an' de room was clear', an' de h'ol' Le May, big, fat man, bring in de fiddle, an' de dance begin.

Well, de music don' go ver' good, an' de boys not dance ver' strong; an' bymby I'll see de big feller, more big' nor anybody on de room, go up on de fiddler, an' 'e say somet'ing on 'eem, an' 'e laugh, an' de h'ol' Le May laugh, an' den somebody take a chair an' stick 'eem on de table, an' de big man jump dere wid de fiddle on 'es 'an', an' 'e 'oller h'out, "'Ere, boys! You don' call *dat* dancin'! Shout, you devil! shout!" An' de fiddle go h'up onder es chin; an' de bow come down on 'er like 'e go for cut 'er on two; an' de fiddle give de scream; an' den dey laugh; an' 'es foot go h'up an' down, h'up an' down, an' e' sing:

*"A Bytown c'est un' jol' place,
Où il s'ramass' bien d'la crasse;
Où y a des jol'is filles,
Et aussi des jolis garçons,
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!"*

Bagosh! I'll never 'ear nodding like dat; dem boys sing so strong dey scare de smoke h'out de room. An' de way dey dance!

I'll go roun' on de h'ol' Le May, an' I'll h'ax 'eem w'o dat big feller was, an' 'e say, "'You be know 'eem pretty well 'nough, littl' feller, ef 'e let you grow h'up. Dat's Johnnie Rawson!"

"W'at Johnnie Rawson?"

"W'y, Johnnie Rawson; 'Gatineau' Johnnie; de Walking Boss for de Richardson Shanty."

Well, for sure I'll know Johnnie Rawson pretty good after dat, an' 'e was de devil! But jus' one time dey get square wid 'eem; h'all 'cep' one feller.

Dat was 'bout four mont' h'after dat time, an' Mosé Snow was de boss for our shanty, an' Johnnie was for de 'ole of de camp.

Well, dere come one of dose wet, rainy Sunday, w'en de rain rain, an' de snow snow, an' de trees an' h'everyt'ing was wet like warm water. De boys h'all sit roun' de fire, more nor forty feller, an' dey play cards, an' dey smoke, an' dey men' deir clo'es; but nobody sing, nobody talk, nobody play de fiddle, nobody do nodding 'cep' spit an' swear on de rain an' de wet.

Bymby good strong talk begin w'ere Johnnie was, an' de mos' of us stop doin' nodding an' lis'en. 'E was talk wid h'Irish Mike, an' bymby I'll 'ear Mike say, "Oh, d— de Queen!"

An' den Johnnie spit h'over 'es shoulder an' 'e yell, "Mosé!" An' w'en Mosé

come, 'e turn an' 'e say, sof' an' slow like, "Mosé Snow, you 'ear w'at dis gennelman was say?"

An' Mosé 'e say jus' de same way, quit't, quit't: "No, Johnnie. W'at 'e was say?"

Bagosh! I'll not like de way dey was speak so sof'.

An' Johnnie 'e say some more, "W'y, Mosé Snow, 'e say, 'D— de Queen!'"

Well, Mosé 'e jus' give one 'oller, an' de fight begin.

You bet your life I'll skin for de door h'all de fas' I'll be h'able; an' bymby, w'en I'll get my win', I'll come back, an' w'en I'll come on de shanty, I'll 'ear Johnnie sing,

"O! dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!"

An' w'en I'll look t'rough de windy, I'll see Mosé w'at stan' on front w'ere h'all de h'axe was pile, an' de boys try for get pas' 'eem, but nobody like for come too near de h'axe w'at 'e swing. An' Johnnie was beside 'eem, an' 'e 'ave de h'iron fire-shovel wid de long 'ic'ory 'andle, an' w'en h'ever 'e get de lick at de feller, down dey go. One man was crawl h'out de camboose firew'ere 'e was knock' by Johnnie, an' dere was plenty on de floor. De res' dey t'row de firewood, de bake kettle, de tin pan, so fas' you can 'ardly see, an' h'all de time dey was yell an' swear jus' de same like dey was fight.

Bymby I'll see Phinée Daoust an' t'ree h'odder feller pick h'up de long bench an' run for Mosé. An' 'e yell for Johnnie, an' dey bot' rush for de boys. An' de h'axe go, an' de fire-shovel go, an' bymby de boys go too, an' de door wasn' 'ardly big 'nough for let dem h'out so fas' dey want.

An' w'en de shanty's h'all clear, Johnnie an' Mosé dey sit down, an' dey swear an' dey laugh w'en dey get deir win' like 'e's h'all some good jokes.

I'll not like dose jokes me! Ef de man wan' for fight bad, w'y don' 'e go h'out an' fight wid de tree, or lick 'es dog, or do somet'ing w'at don' 'urt nobody?

Well, den Johnnie an' Mosé dey start an' dey fix h'up de fellers w'at dey was 'urt de wors', an' w'en dey was h'all come back, an' h'everyt'ing was quit't some more, I'll come on de h'inside too, an' sit near de door. An' den Johnnie say:

"Well, boys, dis is Sunday, an' now you h'all 'ave your fon, don' let's 'ave no 'ard feelin'. An' Mosé an' me we go

h'up on de widdy Green, an' we tote down littl' wiskey jus' for fix h'up any 'eads w'at's littl' sore."

An' dey go, an' nobody don' min' me, so I'll foller for see w'at arrive. Well, sir, dem fellers dey was reg'lar 'ogs. Dey was not be satisfy wid fight like de h'animals de 'ole day, but w'en dey get h'on de widdy Green, dey tell de h'ol' woman, an' dey h'all laugh, an' dey drink an' drink, an' I'll see dere's not much show for de boys.

So I'll go back, an' w'en I'll tell dem, h'Irish Mike yell, "Come h'on, boys, we'll fix dem now!" An' dey h'all start.

Well, dose fellers dey was worse dan de h'odders! W'en dey get dere, Johnnie an' Mosé dey couldn' 'ardly stan', an' Johnnie t'ink 'e was h'all some jokes, an' 'e sing 'out, "Come h'on, boys! 'Ere's de wiskey for de crowd!" an' 'e 'ol' h'up de bottl'. An' Mike say, "Let's see if 'e's strong!" An' 'e grab de bottl', an' 'it Johnnie smash on de 'ead wid 'eem, an' down 'e go. An' den Mike an' de man w'at was knock' on de fire, dey lick Johnnie an' Mosé till dey can' stir; an' de h'ol' woman run h'off on de bush an' yell "Murder! Murder!" An' dey h'end up de act by lick dem bot' wid de h'ol' gun-barr'l; an' all de h'odder feller jus' look on an' laugh; an' den dey take h'all de wiskey w'at was lef' an' go on de camp.

W'en dey h'all go, I'll look roun' 'an I'll don' see de widdy, an' I'll go an' look on dose two 'ogs, an' I'll be disgust' wid dem, an' den I'll 'it Johnnie 'leven or h'eight kick, an' den I'll kick Mosé. Bagosh! I'll never kick nodding so big like dat before, an' w'en I'll get t'rough, I'll go on h'after de boys.

Well, de nex' day Mike was gone, an' 'e never h'ax for no pay, an' don' tell nobody w'ere 'e go. An' Johnnie an' Mosé don' never say nodding; but, bagosh! h'every time Johnnie look on me I'll get col' h'all down my back, an' 'e make me sick on my 'eart. An' h'every time 'e look, h'every time I'll be sorry for kick 'eem.

Well, de nex' fall, on September, one day 'bout four a-clock, we was h'all sit on de store to McTaggart', an' wait for de h'up stage; an' Johnnie was dere, an' we see some feller ride h'up so quick's 'e can, an' 'e pull h'up, an' 'e say, "Johnnie Rawson 'ere?"

An' Johnnie come h'out, an' de man tol' 'eem somet'ing, an' 'e point h'up w'ere

de down stage was come on de h'odder side de river. An' Johnnie jus' turn an' run for de bank, an' give one 'oller to de driver, and 'e don' wait for no boat nor nodding; 'e jus' wade in, an' we see 'eem swim h'over an' climb h'on de stage, w'at was wait, an' swing 'es h'arm, an' h'off dey go.

An' den we turn on de man, an' we say, "W'at's de matter, Sam?"

And 'e say, "Noddings de matter, h'only Johnnie 'e go for meet somebody w'at come on de h'up boat."

An' dat's h'all 'e say,—an' we 'ave for go by the nex' stage. But on de nex' day, w'en Johnnie catch h'up wid us, Mosé 'e say,

"W'o you was go for meet, Johnnie?"

An' Johnnie 'e say, qu'it an' slow: "Oh, dat feller? W'y, dat was h'Irish Mike!"

An', bagosh! I'll feel so sick w'en 'e say dat, I'll 'ave for go 'way widout 'ear w'at arrive.

* * *

But dat Johnnie Rawson 'e was good frien' for me once, an' dat arrive like dis.

Dose feller on de shanty, w'en dey h'eat deir breakfas', or deir dinner, or deir supper, or on de bad wedder w'en dey can' work, or w'en h'ever dey don' got somet'ing h'else for do, dey 'buse me. Dat was deir fon; but h'all peoples don' t'ink de same togadder 'bout de fon; an' de wors' was Chunky Peters. 'E was h'awful big feller, 'mos' so big like Johnnie, but more worse too.

Chunky 'e was h'always call me "Pea Soup," an' "Bannaner Skin," an' "Roun' Toes," an' ef 'e's stan' h'up w'en I'll pass, 'e 'mos' h'always give me kick, an' ef I'll be carry de soup or somet'ing 'ot, 'e yell so strong 'e nearly make me fall down.

Well, one Sunday I'll 'ave pretty bad time. De cook 'e was littl' drunk, an' 'e's ver' mad h'all de time. 'E swear ver' strong, an' 'e call me h'all de bad names w'at 'e know. An' w'en I'll carry de potato for de table, Jimmie Green stick h'out 'es leg, an' I'll not see 'eem, an' I'll fall, an' de potato go all h'over de floor; an' Chunky 'e swear, an' 'e 'it me h'awful lick wid de boot w'at 'e 'ave on 'es 'an'. An' dey h'all laugh, an' my 'eart get so big I'll lose my win', an' w'en I'll get h'up for try an' gadder de potato, 'nodder feller give me push, an' I'll fall all h'over dem some more.

Bagosh! I'll be near cry, an' I'll 'ear



"'E LAUGH WIDOUT MAKE NO NOISE."

Johnnie Rawson say, "'Ere, you d— 'ogs, lef' dat boy 'lone, h'else you wan' for talk wid me!"

An' den dey lef' me 'lone, but nodding was go right. You see t'ings go like dat some time, *hein*?

Bymby, after w'ile, de dinner was h'all t'rough, an' I'll be 'ongry, an' tire', an' sore, an' I'll wan' somet'ing for h'eat bad, an' de pea soup was good an' strong dat day.

Well, I'll look roun', an' I'll can' fin' my tin. 'E was gone! An' bymby I'll see Chunky sit near de door an' 'e 'ave my tin on 'es knee an' 'e cut 'es 'baccy on 'eem. An' w'en 'e see me see 'eem, 'e laugh widout make no noise.

Well, bagosh! dat was de las' h'act. I'll

not care for nodding, I'll h'only wan' for be 'ome some more. An' I'll go h'out quit, an' I'll go on de bush, an' I'll sit down h'on de log, an' h'everything was like I'll be ver' far h'off. An' bymby I'll can' 'elp 'eem; my 'eart 'e get more big an' more big, an' bymby I'll t'ink 'e broke, an' I'll cover h'up my 'ead wid my h'arm, an' I'll cry an' I'll cry.

Well dat was make me some good, an' after w'ile I'll h'only be cry quit on myself like, w'en I'll feel somebody grab me on de shoulder. An' den I'll make myself 'ard, ready for de kick I'll be sure was come, an' I'll 'ear Johnnie Rawson say, sof' an' quit, "W'at's de matter, Frenchy?"

An' I'll not be sure 'e's not some jokes, an' I'll keep myself 'ard, but no kick come, an' den I'll feel 'es 'an' come h'off my shoulder, an' 'e put 'eem for littl' minute on my 'ead, an' 'e say some more, "W'at's de matter, boy?" An' den I'll can' 'elp 'eem, I'll jus' tell 'eem 'ow I'll wish I'll was 'ome wid de littl' modder, an' 'e sit down h'on de log, an' bymby, after w'ile, 'e say,

"Look 'ere, Frenchy! You wan' for be bully boy, an' de feller won' touch you some more. De boy on de bush mus' be de man, an' not be scare' for nodding. I'll see dat Chunky wid your tin. You jus' come 'long wid me, an' I'll fix dat h'all right."

Den we go back on de shanty, an' 'e tell me w'at for do. An' jus' w'en we get dere, 'e turn me roun' an' 'e say, "Now, boy, ef you be scare' an' don' do w'at I'll tol' you, I'll lick your 'ead h'off myself. Now go, an' don' forget I'll be dere." An' 'e stan' on de door, an' I'll go h'on de inside.

My 'eart was go so 'ard 'e h'almost bus' on my ches', but I'll go h'up on Chunky, an' I'll say, "Please, Chunky, dat's my tin." An' 'e say, "Go to 'ell!" An' I'll say, "Look, my mark!" An' I'll turn de tin top-side down on 'es knee. An' I'll don' wait for see w'at arrive, I'll jus' skin for de door, an' I'll feel 'eem be'in'. An' I'll run on de bush, w'en I'll 'ear Johnnie yell, "Stop, stop, you fool!"



"W'AT'S DE MATTER, BOY?"

Come back!" An' I'll look an' I'll see
 Chunky was stan' h'over 'eem wid de h'axe-
 'andle. Den I'll stop; an' Johnnie say,
 "Come 'ere!" An' w'en I'll come, ver'

slow, Johnnie 'e say, "Kick 'eem!" An'
 I'll kick 'eem littl' kick; an' Johnnie 'e
 say, "Kick 'eem good, h'else I'll lick
 your 'ead h'off!" An' I'll kick 'eem h'all
 de 'ard I'll be h'able. An' Johnnie

laugh, an' h'every time Chunky try for get h'up, Johnnie knock 'eem down; an' h'every time 'e knock 'eem down, I'll kick 'eem.

An' bymby Johnnie 'e say, "Dere,

Frenchy, dat's 'nough for de firs' day." An' 'e say, "Now go on de shanty an' get your dinner."

An' I'll go, an' I'll never h'eat de pea soup so good like dat on my life.

OUR GRAY SQUIRRELS: A STUDY.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

DOWN past my window, as I sit writing beside it, falls a twig from the black oak at the corner of the house. Half a minute later another sinks wavering downward, buoyed by its broad leaves, which are green and healthy. This happens in July, far in advance of their natural time to fall. What is the cause? A glance informs me. One of our gray squirrels is out on the end of an overhanging limb, and I am just in time to see him bite off another leafy twig and carry it away. It is evident that he had dropped the other one accidentally. What is he doing? I vault out of the window, and keep him in view as he makes his way nearly to the summit of a tall white oak, where he leaves his branch as a contribution to a half bushel or so of sticks and leaves lodged in a convenient notch. Another squirrel is there, and together they scramble over the mass, packing and entangling it together, and occasionally disappearing into its interior, showing that it is hollow.

I know this pair of squirrels very well. They have been tenants of the grove ever since we came to live in this edge of the city, and though the town has now grown beyond and around us, and the grove is given a perpetual moonlight from the electric lamp on the corner, the trees and bushes remain, nuts and acorns come with each returning autumn, and in midwinter provender is spread upon friendly window-sills.

Almost the only advantage the squirrels have taken of civilization, however, has been to occupy the boxes that my benevolent neighbor, Dr. J. P. Phillips, has put up for them in the trees, which are tenanted more or less all the year round, one family occupying each box and tree by itself as long as it wishes, and putting in its own furniture—a new bedroom set of grass and soft leaves. By midsummer these tenements become so hot and vermin-infested that the squirrels leave

them and construct bowers of leaves, as my friends in the oak were doing when they attracted my attention; and they occasionally inhabit them all winter, when the family nestles into a fluffy mass of loose leaves and grass, forming the centre of the ball, and thus keeps warm.

This squirrel is the one which in the older books is called the Northern gray squirrel, *Sciurus migratorius*, in contrast with the Southern gray squirrel. Several other closely related species have been described from the interior and the Pacific coast, besides the very distinct "fox," "red," "flying," and other sharply distinguished members of the family. Certain differences of size and coat noticeable between types of our gray squirrel from widely separated regions, accompanied by local peculiarities of habit, at first misled naturalists, but only one species is now recognized—*Sciurus carolinensis*.

The first litter of young among the wild gray squirrels is seen in March in the warmer parts of the country, and somewhat later in the more northern States and in Canada. At least one more brood usually follows before winter. Our friends in the grove, however, sure of food and lodging, bring out their broods with little regard to season. One female, which has been known to us for years as the "mother squirrel," seems rarely without a family; and Dr. Phillips assures me that he has known her to bear four litters in a single twelvemonth.

This exhibits the hardihood of these little animals. No weather seems cold enough to daunt them. They endure the semi-arctic climate north of Lake Superior, remain all the year on the peaks of the Adirondacks, where their only food is the seeds of the black spruce, and appear in midwinter in Manitoba; but when a sleet-storm comes, and every branch and twig is incased in ice, then the squirrel stays at home. I remember one such storm which was of unusual

severity and did vast damage. The ice clothed the trees for several days in succession, and the imprisoned animals became very hungry. The doctor and I had swung from tree to tree a line of bridges made of poles, along which the squirrels scampered, no less to their delight than to ours, often leaping one over the other with extraordinary agility and grace when two met on this single-track airline road.

One of these bridges led to a window-sill in each residence, where food was often spread, and it was amusing to see the circumspection with which, at last, they crept toward it along the icy poles, digging their claws into the glazed surface, and often slipping astride or almost off.

In the tree-tops, where they rush and leap at full speed, they are by no means safe from falling, but usually manage to catch hold somewhere, often by only a single toe, apparently, yet are able to lift the body up, like gymnasts, to a firmer foothold. Their strength is remarkable, especially in the region of the great hams, whose development accounts for the really astonishing jumping powers these animals possess.

Should they fall clear to the ground, as sometimes happens, they alight right side up like a cat, and seem none the worse for the accident. The feet are wide-spread in such a case, and the loose skin over the ribs is stretched and flattened out very perceptibly. It would seem only a step from that condition to the parachute with which the flying-squirrel is provided; but if the development of this formation in the latter came about through natural selection, it must have begun very long ago, for Cope has found a fossil (*Allomys*) which he considers representative of the flying-squirrel type as far back as the Jurassic.

The spring and early summer is most



"THEY HAD VERY PRETTY WAYS."

uniformly the season of reproduction, and this is the period when we see least of our pets. The mothers are awaiting the birth of their annual or perhaps semiannual broods, and spend most of their time at rest in their homes, while all the males of the grove go wandering away to visit other temporary bachelors. To call them *temporary husbands* would be nearer truth, however, for, so far as we can discover, the mating is only for a single season, and as soon as gestation begins the mothers become vixenish, and not only turn their husbands out of doors, but expel them from the premises.

Usually four kittens arrive in one litter, blind and helpless, and during the first month remain within the nest, closely attended by the mother, who permits no other squirrel—even the presumed mate—

to come near her. Each family, in fact, pre-empt a tree, and their sense of property is so strong that usually a trespasser will depart with little resistance, as if conscious of being where he has no right. Old males will sometimes kill their young, so that the mother does well to keep all at a distance.

At the end of a month the young are half grown, and begin to scramble awkwardly about their doorway, yet the mother won't let them leave the nest until she thinks they are fully ready.

One morning in the middle of October I observed that a family of four young squirrels was venturing forth from a box just outside my study window. They were not more than six weeks old, and were very timid. It was not often that more than two or three would appear at once, and one of these seemed much farther advanced than the rest, while another was very babyish. Their prime characteristic was inquisitiveness. What a fine and curious new world was this they had been introduced to! How much there was to see! How many delightful things to do! They ceaselessly investigated everything about them with minute attention, and had very pretty ways, such as a habit of clasping each other in their arms around the neck. They frequently scratched and stroked one another. Once I saw one diligently combing another's tail with his fore feet. Young red squirrels, of which we also had a family or two, play somewhat differently, having a peculiar way of regularly boxing with their fore paws.

Gradually they gain strength and confidence, and then you will see how far the liveliness of the young can surpass even the tireless activity of old squirrels. Both old and young are exceedingly fond of play, springing from the ground as if in a high-jumping match, and turning regular summersaults in the grass; but the most amusing thing is this: Finding a place where the tip of a tough branch hangs almost to the ground, they will leap up and catch it, sometimes with only one hand, and then swing back and forth with the greatest glee, just like boys who discover a grape-vine in the woods or a dangling rope in a gymnasium. These and many similar antics seem to be done "just for fun."

The kittens continue to be nursed by the mother until they have grown to be

almost as heavy as herself. It seems impossible that her system can stand such a drain—in fact she does grow weak and thin—and my neighbor, who has been an extremely close observer of their economy for several years, has come to the conclusion that the mother weans the kittens gradually by giving them food which she has regurgitated, or, at any rate, has thoroughly chewed up in her own mouth.

No animal is more motherly than one of these parent squirrels, and it is delightful to watch her behavior when the newly grown brood has begun to make short excursions, and is undergoing instruction. All the other families in the grove take an interest in the proceedings, and chatter about it at a great rate; but if one comes too near and attempts any interference in the instruction, he is likely to be driven away most vigorously by the jealous mother. Every morning lessons in climbing and nut-hunting are given, and pretty scenes are enacted. The pride of the little mother as she leads her train out on some aerial path is very noticeable. They are slow and timid about following. Squirrels must learn to balance themselves on the pliant limbs by slow degrees. It is many a long day after they are able to chase one another up and down and under and around a rough oak trunk in the liveliest game of tag ever witnessed before they can skip about the branches and leap from one to the other with confidence in their security. The patient mother understands this, and encourages them very gently to "try, try again." I remember one such lesson. The old one marched ahead slowly, uttering low notes, as if to say: "Come on, my dears. Don't be afraid!" Every little while she would stop, and the two well-grown children following would creep up to her, and put their arms around her neck in the most human fashion, as if protesting that it was almost too hard a task.

This loving-kindness is extended to other young squirrels whenever no question of family rivalry interferes.

In spite of this I do not believe that, generally speaking, the gray squirrel is a very intelligent animal or has much brain power, though he is not wholly stupid. It took our squirrels a very short time to learn that cracked nuts of several varieties, grains of corn, and other food were to be had on the window-sills. The squirrels know, furthermore, that the nuts

are placed there from the inside, and if, as occasionally happens, the sill is empty, they will often stand up and tap upon the glass, as if to attract notice to their hunger. Moreover, they know very well when meal hours come round, and will present themselves at the windows pretty regularly, since they have learned to expect

to our presence, while they will raise a great clamor whenever a stranger walks about under the trees. More than this, they know the doctor's horse and carriage, and pay no attention to it, but become excited whenever another vehicle enters the premises. They will stay quietly eating on the window-sill while one of us sits



"THE LIVELIEST GAME OF TAG EVER WITNESSED."

more than ordinary attention then, even when the meal is occasionally omitted, so that no noise of preparation could have apprised them of the time. The doctor has had a few come timorously to take corn from his fingers, as the same squirrels on Capitol Hill, in Richmond, and in some other city parks will do from almost any one. I should add, however, that my neighbor and some others have a somewhat higher idea of their mental capabilities than I have formed.

It is plain that they recognize all of us as acquaintances from their indifference

just inside the glass, but if they see a visitor in the room will almost invariably seize a nut and scamper away as fast as they can go. Furthermore, their actions convince us that when, as often happens in midsummer, Dr. Phillips meets one of our squirrels in some far-away street, the little animal recognizes him, and shows its confidence in his accustomed kindness.

Though these squirrels have few enemies, they have never lost their wariness. Sometimes a tremendous clamor will break out in the tree-tops—a mixture of sharp ch-r-r-rs and whines, easily intelligible

as notes of alarm and indignation. These usually mean that a strange dog or cat is somewhere near. No hawks or owls (save the little screech-owl) ever come to disturb them, and, of course, none of the wild-cats, weasels, or large serpents which kill them in the wild forest is here to molest or make them afraid, yet the population of the grove never seems to increase, though the eight or ten pairs more than double their numbers every six months.

The explanation is that the young leave us on coming to maturity. As a rule, their family had moved from the house where they were born to new quarters as soon as the young could take care of themselves, and here a new litter would soon be forth-coming.

These family flittings are often amusing spectacles. Sometimes the mother transports her kittens when blind and hairless, carrying them in her teeth; but generally she waits until they are able to travel. I recall one instance where early in the morning a mother had got her kittens down from the old nest to the end of a bridge that ran across to the chinquepin, in which her new home was to be. But to go out on that bridge was too much for the youngsters. She would run ahead, and one or two of them would creep after her a few yards, then suddenly become panic-stricken and scramble back. Again and again did the little mother, with endless patience and pains, counsel and entice them, until at last one was induced to keep a stout heart until he was safely over. Then ensued another interval of chattering and repeated trials and failures, and so the second and third were finally got across. It was now noon, and the poor squirrel looked quite fagged out, her ears drooped, her fur was ruffled, her movements had lost their *verve*, her tail hung low, and her cries became sharp and short. Her patience was exhausted. Instead of tenderly coaxing the last one of the four, she scolded at him, driving rather than leading the terrorized youngster along the shaky cable, and when it had reached the further tree, she seized it in her mouth, and fairly shoved it through the door of the new box.

It is probable that in their wild state, before their forest range was restricted and men began to slaughter them, all the arboreal squirrels were able by longevity and rapid increase to more than keep pace with the deaths in their ranks. Their

natural term of life probably approaches twenty years. We have known continuously for eight years one female who was apparently an old mother when she came, and is yet hale and hearty. During this time she has regularly produced at least two broods a year. At such a rate squirrels would multiply until they overbalanced the ratio of numbers assigned them by nature. Accounts by early writers show that they must formerly have been amazingly numerous. Godman says that the gray-coat was a fearful scourge to colonial farmers, and that Pennsylvania paid £8000 in bounties for their scalps during 1749 alone. This meant the destruction of 640,000 within a comparatively small district. In the early days of Western settlement regular hunts were organized by the inhabitants, who would range the woods in two companies from morning till night, vying as to which band should bring home the greater number of trophies; the quantities thus killed are almost incredible now.

Out of these excessive multitudes grew those sudden and seemingly aimless migrations of innumerable hosts of squirrels which justly excited wonder half a century ago. Thousands upon thousands, of this species usually, would suddenly appear in a locality, moving steadily in one direction. These migrations occurred only in warm weather, and at intervals of about five years, and all that I have been able to find notes upon were headed eastward. Nothing stopped the column, which would press forward through forests, prairies, and farm fields, over mountains and across broad rivers, such even as the Niagara, Hudson, and Mississippi. This little creature hates the water and is a bad swimmer, paddling clumsily along with his whole body and tail submerged. A large part, therefore, would be drowned, and those which managed to reach the opposite shore were so weary that many could be caught by the hand. Of course every floating object would be seized upon by the desperate swimmers, and thus arose the pretty fable that the squirrels ferried themselves over by launching and embarking upon chips, raising their tails as sails for their tiny rafts.

The motive which impelled the little migrants to gather in great companies from a wide area, and then in a vast coherent army to begin a movement, and continue it steadily in one direction for

hundreds of miles, is hard to discover. It did not seem to be lack of food, for they were always fat. The migration was leisurely performed, too—never in too great a hurry to prevent feasting upon any fields of corn or sometimes of unripe grain that came in the way. Such a visitation, therefore, was like a flight of devouring locusts, one chronicler alleging that the sound they made in the maize in stripping off the husks to get at the succulent kernels was equal to that of a field full of men at harvesting. There is no difficulty, moreover, in judging of the effect such migrations would have in restoring equilibrium in sciurine population, since, of the surplus which started, few survived long, and the remnant at last faded away among the Alleghanies or in some other distant locality without seeming to increase the number of squirrels there.

The curiosity and gayety of the gray squirrel are perhaps his strongest personal characteristics. Nothing unusual escapes his attention, and he is never satisfied until he knows all about it. He is the Paul Pry, the news-gatherer, of the woods.

When a new building is in course of erection in or near the grove, the workmen no sooner leave it than half a dozen squirrels go over and under and through it, examining every part. If I trim away branches and lay them in a heap, or repair a fence, or do anything else, Mr. Gray inspects it thoroughly the moment my back is turned; and when once the house was reoccupied after a long vacancy, we caught the squirrels peering in at the windows and hopping gingerly to the sill of each open door, to make sure the matter was all right.

It is most amusing to watch them on these tours of inspection. Two or three times a day each one makes the rounds of the premises, racing along the fences, and into one tree after another, as if to make certain that nothing had gone

wrong. He will halt on the summit of each post, rear up, and look all about him; or, if his keen ears hear an unwonted sound, will drop down upon all-fours, ready to run, his tail held over his back like a silver-edged plume, twitching ner-



"HE WILL HALT ON THE SUMMIT OF EACH POST."

vously and jerking with each sharp utterance, as though it were connected with his vocal organs by a string. "All his movements," said Thoreau, "imply a spectator."

Their tails, which are flat, and have the wavy hair growing laterally from a careful parting along the muscular middle, are subjects of great pride. They are no doubt useful as a wrapper in cold weather, and certainly assist the agile acrobats as a balancing-pole; but that they are highly appreciated as ornaments is very plain from the abashed demeanor of their owners when a portion of the brush is lost. The generic name *Sciurus* (from which comes "squirrel," through the French) is derived from Greek words meaning a creature which sits under the shadow of its tail; and the



FATAL CURIOSITY.

name *shade-tail* is in use in the South to-day. We might appropriately translate the Greek in this case as designating "an animal whose tail puts all the rest of him into the shade."

The excessive inquisitiveness I have described often gets them into trouble, and is taken advantage of by their enemies. A wise serpent will coil himself at the foot of a tree where squirrels are playing, and will slowly wave his tail or display his red tongue, sure that the squirrel will see him. No doubt they know him for what he is—a deadly enemy; but they cannot resist a nearer look at the curious object and that extraordinary motion. Whining, ch-r-r-r-ring, bark-

ing, they creep down the tree trunk. The snake lies motionless, his glittering eyes fixed upon the excited little quadruped. Step by step, impelled by a fatal desire to learn more about that fascinating thing in the grass, Bunny steals forward—and is lost!

In winter they are more active, if anything, than in summer, racing about the trees at a furious rate, as if invigorated to fresh activity by the keen air. Yet the book-writers insist that their habit is otherwise, and have described extensively their alleged hibernation. Certainly *our* squirrels do not hibernate nor become torpid in winter. During the twenty years they have been under observation here in

New Haven there has never been a day—excepting very sleety ones, perhaps—when they did not appear.

The same denial must be made in respect to the hoards of food reported laid up for winter use. Our grays store no “hoards” in the ordinary sense of the word, though both our red and our ground squirrels do so.

What the gray squirrels do is this: as soon as nuts and acorns begin to ripen in the autumn, they gather them with great industry, and bury them one by one, separately. They do this diligently and furtively, attracting no more attention than they can help. Hopping about in the grass until they have chosen a place, a hole, perhaps two inches deep, is hastily scraped out, the nut is pushed to the bottom and covered up. The animal then stamps down the earth and hurries away.

They never bury the food given them or found in the summer, but in the fall will save and bury along with their wild provender the nuts and occasionally grains of corn taken from the window-sills.

Whether any of these are dug up before midwinter I do not know; I think not. The squirrels wander off into the woods when the mast is ripe, and get fat upon the oily food. But when this harvest is over, and their stores must be drawn upon, their ability in discovering them is wonderful. They seem to know precisely the spot in the grass where each nut is buried, and will go directly to it; and I have seen them hundreds of times, when the snow was more than a foot deep, wade floundering through it straight to a certain point, dive down, perhaps clear out of sight, and in a moment emerge with the nut in their jaws.



BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

I.

AS it was Saturday, many visitors came to the villa, Giuseppe receiving them at the open door, and waving them across the court or up the stone stairway, according to their apparent inclination, murmuring as he did so: “To the garden; the Signora North?” “To the salon; the Signora Tracy?” with his most inviting smiles. Dorothy probably was with Mrs. North in the garden. And ev-

erybody knew that the tea and the comfortable chairs were upstairs. The company therefore divided itself, the young people as far as possible, the men who like to appear young, and the mothers who have heavier cares than the effects of open-air light on a middle-aged complexion, crossing the paved quadrangle to the north hall, while the old ladies, and the ladies (not so old) who detest gardens, ascended the stairs, accompanied

by, first, the contented husbands; second, the well-trained husbands; third, other men, bond or free, who cherish no fondness for damp belvederes, for grassy mounds, or for poisoning themselves on a parapet which has a yawning abyss below.

Giuseppe was the gardener; he became a footman once a week, that is, on Saturday afternoons, when the American ladies of the Villa Dorio received those of their friends who cared to come to their hill-top above the Roman Gate of Florence—a hill-top bearing the appropriate name of Bellosguardo. For fair indeed is the outlook from that supremely blessed plateau, whether toward the north, south, east, or west, with perhaps an especial loveliness toward the west, where the Arno winds down to the sea. Enchanting as is this occidental landscape, Mrs. Tracy had ended by escaping from it.

"When each new person begins: 'Oh, what lovely shadows!' 'Oh, the Carrara Mountains!' we cannot look at each other, Laura and I," she explained; "it's like the two Roman what-do-you-call-ems—augurs. I'm incapable of saying another word about the Carrara Mountains, Laura; and so, after this, I shall leave them to you."

This was the cause of Giuseppe's indicating the drawing-room, and not the garden, as Mrs. Tracy's domain.

It was not difficult for Giuseppe to turn himself into a footman; Raffaello, the butler (or cameriere), could have turned himself into a coachman, a cook, a laundress, a gardener, or even a parlor-maid, if occasion had so required; for Italian servants can do anything. And if Mrs. Sebright sighed, "Ah, but so badly!" (which was partly true from the English point of view), the Americans at least could respond, "Yes, but so easily!" In truth, it was not precisely in accordance with the English standard to be welcomed by smiles of personal recognition from the footman at the door, nor to have the tea offered by the butler with an urgent hospitality which was almost tender. But Italy is not England; radiant smiles from the servants accord perhaps with radiant sunshine from the sky, both things being unknown at home. As for the American standard, it does not exist, save as a vacillating pennon.

The Villa Dorio is a large, ancient structure of pale yellow hue; as is often

the case in Tuscany, its façade rises directly from the roadway, so that any one can drive to the door, and knock by simply leaning from the carriage. But privacy is preserved all the same by the massive thickness of the stone walls, by the stern iron cages over the lofty lower windows, and by an entrance portal which resembles the gateway of a fortress. The villa, which, in the shape of a parallelogram, extends round an open court within, is large enough for five or six families; for in the old days, according to the patriarchal Italian custom, the married sons of the house, with their wives and children, were all gathered under its roof. In these later years its tenants have been foreigners, for the most part people of English and American birth—members of that band of pilgrims from the land of fog and the land of haste, who, having once fallen under the spell of Italy, the sorcery of that loveliest of countries, return thither again and yet again, sometimes unconscious of their thralldom, sometimes calling it staying for the education of the children, but seldom pronouncing the frank word "living." Americans who have staid in this way for twenty years or more are heard remarking, in solemn tones, "In case I die over here, I am to be taken home to my own country for burial; nothing less could content me." This post-mortem patriotism probably soothes the conscience.

Upon the Saturday already mentioned the Villa Dorio had but one tenant; for Mrs. Tracy had taken the entire place for a year—the year 1881. She could not occupy it all, even with the assistance of Mrs. North and Dorothy, for there were fifty rooms, besides five kitchens, a chapel, and an orange-house. She had selected, therefore, the range of apartments upstairs which looked toward the south and west, and the long, frescoed, echoing spaces that remained were left to the ghosts. For there was a ghost, who clanked chains. The spectre of Belmonte, another villa near by, was more interesting; he was a monk in a brown gown, who glided at midnight up the great stairway without a sound, on his way to the tower. The American ladies had chosen for their use the northwestern garden. For the Villa Dorio has more than one garden; and it has also vineyards, olive groves, and the fields of the

podere, or farm, in the valley below, with their two fountains, and the little chapel of the Holy Well. The northwestern garden is an enchanting spot. It is not large, and that adds to the charm, for its secluded nearness, so purely personal to the occupier, yet overhangs, or seems to, a full half of Tuscany; from the parapet the vast landscape below rolls toward the sunset as wide and far-stretching as the hidden shelf, one's standing-point, is private and small. When one ceases to look at the view—if one ever does cease—one perceives that the nook has no formal flower beds; grass, dotted with the pink daisies of Italy, stretches from the house walls to the edge; here and there are rose-bushes, pomegranates, oleanders, and laurel, but all are half wild. The encircling parapet is breast-high; but, by leaning over, one sees that on the outside the ancient stones go plunging down, in course after course, to a second level far below, the parapet being in reality the top of a massive retaining wall. At the corner where this rampart turns northward is perched a little belvedere, or arbor, with vines clambering over it. It was upon this parapet, with its dizzy outer descent, that the younger visitors were accustomed to perch themselves when they came to Villa Dorio. And Dorothy herself generally led them in the dangerous experiment. But one could never think of Dorothy as falling; her supple figure conveyed the idea that she could fly—almost—so lightly was it poised upon her little feet; in any case one felt sure that even if she should take the fancy to throw herself off, she would float to the lower slope as lightly as this-tle-down. The case was different regarding the Misses Sebright; they too were handsome girls, but they would certainly go down like rocks. And as for Rose Hatherbury, attenuated though she was, there would be, one felt certain, no floating; Rose would cut the air like a needle in her swift descent. Rose was thin (her aunts, the Misses Wood, called it slender); she was a tall girl of twenty-five who ought to have been beautiful, for her features were well cut, and her blue eyes lustrous, while her complexion was delicately fair. Yet somehow all this was without charm. People who liked her said that the charm would come. The Misses Wood, however, spent no time in anticipation; to them the charm was al-

ready there; they had always believed that their niece was without a fault. These ladies had come to Florence twenty years before, from Providence, Rhode Island; and they had remained, as they said, "for art" (they copied as amateurs in the Uffizi Gallery). Of late they had begun to ask themselves whether art would be enough for Rose.

At five o'clock on this April afternoon three Misses Sebright, Rose, Owen Charrington, a pink-cheeked young Englishman, long and strong, Wadsworth Brunetti, and Dorothy, were all perched upon the parapet, while Miss Maria Wood hovered near, pretending to look for daisies, but in reality to catch Rose by the ankles in case she should lose her balance. Miss Jane Wood was sitting with Mrs. North in the aguish belvedere. With remarkable unanimity, the group of men near by had declared that in order to see the view, one must stand.

"Your garden is like an opera-box, Mrs. North," said Stephen Lefevre; "you sit here at your ease, and see the whole play of morning, noon, and night sweeping over Tuscany."

"A view like this is such a humanizer," remarked Julian Grimston, thoughtfully; "one might call it a hauberk."

To this mysterious comparison Miss Jane Wood responded, cheerfully, "Quite so." She did not ask for explanations (Julian's explanations were serious affairs), she spoke merely on general principles; for the Misses Wood considered Julian "such an earnest creature!" Julian, a wizened little American of uncertain age, was protected by a handsome mother, who possessed a firm eye and a manlike mouth; this lady had almost secured for her son an Italian countess of large circumference and ancient name. Julian so far held back. But he would yet go forward.

"Its most admirable quality, to my mind, is that it's here," Mr. Illingsworth remarked, after Julian's "hauberk." "Generally, when there is a noble view, one has to go noble miles to see it; one has to be out all day, and eat hard-boiled eggs on the grass. You can't think how I loathe hard-boiled eggs! Or else one has to sleep in some impossible place, and be routed out at dawn. Can any one admire anything at dawn?"

"There isn't much dawn in this," answered Daniel Ashcraft. "Up to noon

the view's all mist, and at noon everything looks too near. It doesn't amount to much before four o'clock, and only shows out all its points as the sun goes down."

"And have you discovered that, Mr. Ashcraft, on your third day in Florence?" demanded Illingsworth, with admiration. "But it's only another instance of the quick intelligence of your wonderful nation. Now I have lived in the town for twenty-five years, and have never noticed that this Carrara view was an afternoon affair. Yet so it is—so it is!"

Daniel Ashcraft surveyed the Englishman for a moment. "Oh yes! our quick intelligence. It makes us feel as though we were being exhibited. Sixpence a head."

More visitors appeared; by half past five there were forty persons in the garden. Mrs. North received them all very graciously, without stirring from her beloved. Dorothy, however, was everywhere, like a sprite; and wherever Dorothy was, Owen Charrington soon appeared. As for Wadsworth Brunetti, his method was more direct, he never left her side.

"They are both her *shadows*," said Beatrice Sebright in an undertone to Rose Hatherbury, as they sat perched side by side on the parapet.

"She is welcome to them," answered Rose. "A burly creature like Owen; and that Waddy!"

"Waddy?" repeated Beatrice, inquiringly.

"A simpleton," pronounced Rose, with decision.

Honest Beatrice surveyed her companion with wonder, into which crept something almost like envy. If she, Beatrice, could only think that Owen was burly; and if it were but possible, by trying hard, to regard Wadsworth Brunetti as a simpleton, how much easier life would be! As it was, she was convinced that Owen was not burly at all, but only athletic. And as to Waddy Brunetti, he was simply Raphael's young St. John, in the Tribune of the Uffizi—the St. John at twenty-two and in the attire of to-day. Wadsworth Brunetti's American mother had done her best to make an American of her only child. Waddy could speak the language of New York (when he chose); but in all other respects—his ideas, his manner, his intonations, his hair arranged after the fashion of King Humbert's, his

shoes, his collar and gloves—he was as much a Florentine as his father. The Misses Sebright were not mistaken in their estimation of his appearance; he was exceedingly handsome. And the adverb is used advisedly, for his beauty exceeded that degree of good looks which is, on the whole, the best for every-day uses; one hardly knew what to do with young Brunetti in any company, for he was always so much handsomer than the other guests, whether women or men.

"Isn't it enough that he allows himself to be called Waddy?" Rose had demanded, in the same contemptuous undertone.

"Waddy—wadding. What a name!"

"But Madame Brunetti tells us that Wadsworth is one of the very best of American names," objected Beatrice, timidly, still clinging to her idol.

"She's mad! There are no best American names, unless one cares for those attached to the Declaration of Independence. The thing is, the best American men; and do you call Waddy that?"

Beatrice did. But she dared not confess it.

"Dorothy, I have forgotten my shawl," said Mrs. North, as Dorothy happened to pass the arbor.

"I'll go for it," said Charrington.

"Is it in the drawing-room?" inquired Julian Grimston. "A blue and white, with knotted fringe?"

Dorothy, meanwhile, was crossing the grass toward the house; Lefevre followed her; Waddy accompanied her.

"Nobody can get it but Dorothy—thanks; it is in my own room," said Mrs. North.

Charrington and Julian paused; Lefevre came back. Mrs. North said to Lefevre,

"Praise my prudence in sending for a shawl." Then she added, laughing, "You dare not; prudence is so elderly!"

She could afford to make a joke of age; tall, thin, with abundant drab-colored hair and a smooth complexion, she did not look more than thirty-five, though she was in reality ten years older. She was a widow; her husband, Richard North, had been an officer in the American navy, and Dorothy was her step-daughter.

Dorothy and Waddy had gone on, and were now entering the north hall. This vacant stone-floored apartment, as large as a ball-room, with a vaulted ceiling

twenty-four feet high, was the home of an energetic echo; spoken words were repeated with unexpected force, in accents musical but mocking. It was one thing for Waddy to murmur, "Give me but a grain of hope, only a grain," in pleading tones, and another to have the murmur come back like an opera chorus. Dorothy paused demurely, as if waiting for the conclusion of the sentence. But her picturesque suitor, still hearing his own roaring "grrrrain," bit his lips and tried to hasten their steps toward the other door.

"Oh, I thought you had something to say?" remarked Dorothy, innocently, when they reached the arcade within. "But you never have, have you?"

And with this she crossed the quadrangle to welcome four new guests who were about to ascend the stairway in answer to Giuseppe's "The salon! Signora Tracy!" Waddy went up the stairs also. But he could not hope to follow to the remote region of Mrs. North's chamber, so he accompanied the new guests through the anterooms to the drawing-room at the end of the suite, where Mrs. Tracy, the second hostess, received them all with cordial greetings. Mrs. Tracy's years were fifty. She hoped that she was fine-looking, that epithet being sometimes applied to tall persons who hold up their heads, even if they are stout; even, too, if their noses are not long enough for classical requirements. She certainly held up her head. And she was always very well dressed; so well that it was too well. After saying a few words to Waddy, she passed him on to Miss Philipps, who stood near her. Felicia Philipps despised the beautiful youth. But she was willing to look at him for a few minutes as one looks at—a statue? Oh no, that would never have been Felicia's word; at wax-works, that was more like it; Felicia had a sharp tongue. She now chaffed the wax-works a little, pretending to compliment its voice, for Waddy could sing.

"As I sing too. Mr. Brunetti, we're companions in soul," she said. "But, unfortunately, when *I* sing, my soul does not come to my eyes, as yours does."

"The comfort of Waddy is that you can make mince-meat of him to his face, when you feel savage, and he never knows it," she had once remarked.

There was, however, another side to this:

Waddy did not know, very possibly, but the reason was that he never paid sufficient heed to Miss Felicia Philipps to comprehend what she might be saying, good or bad; to his mind, Felicia was only "that old maid." Mrs. Tracy, for the moment not called upon to extend her tightly gloved hand to either arriving or departing guests, expanded her fingers furtively in order to rest them, and glanced about her. Her rooms were full; there was a steady murmur of conversation; the air was filled with the perfume of flowers and the aroma of tea, and there were suggestions also of the *petits fours*, the *bouchées aux confitures*, and the delicate Italian sandwiches which Raffaello was carrying about with the air of an affectionate younger brother. Waddy, who cherished a vision of Dorothy coming to get a cup of tea for her mother (Waddy had noticed upon other Saturdays that "my shawl" meant tea), detached himself as soon as he could from Felicia, and made his way towards the tea table in the opposite corner. Here Nora Sebright was standing behind a resplendent samovar. Mrs. Tracy had purchased this decorative steam-engine in Russia; but she had not dared to use it until Nora, seeing it at the villa one day, had offered to teach her its mysteries. Mrs. Tracy never learned them, but Nora came up every Saturday and made the tea in her neat exact way. She was number one of the Misses Sebright. Six sisters followed her. But this need not have meant that Nora was very mature, because hardly more than a year separated the majority of the Sebright girls (one could say the majority of them or the minority, there were so many). As it happened, however, Nora was twenty-nine, although Peggy, the next one, was barely twenty-five; for the six younger sisters were between that age and sixteen. These younger girls were tall, blooming, and handsome. Nora was small, insignificant, and pale; but her eyes were charming, if one took the trouble to look at them, and there was something pretty in her soft dark hair, put back plainly and primly behind her ears, with a smooth parting in front: one felt sure that she did not arrange it in that way from a pious contentment with her own appearance, but rather from some shy little ideal of her own which she would never tell.

"Do you think they have all had tea?"

she was saying anxiously as Waddy came up. She addressed a gentleman by her side who had evidently been acting as her assistant.

"I think so," he answered, looking about the room with almost as much solicitude as her own.

Her face cleared, she laughed. "It's so kind of you! You have carried cups all the afternoon."

"I only hope I haven't broken any," responded her companion, still with a trace of responsibility in his tone.

"It is terribly dangerous, with so many people pushing against one. How you can do it so cleverly, I can't think. But indeed, Mr. Mackenzie, I do not believe you *could* let anything drop," Nora went on, paying him her highest compliment. "This is the fourth Saturday you have given to these teacups, I am afraid it has been tiresome. Raffaello ought to do it all; but Italian servants—"

"They are not like yours in England. I can understand that. But Raffaello, now—Raffaello has seemed to me rather a good fellow," said Mackenzie.

At this moment Dorothy, carrying a shawl, appeared at the door; she made her way to the table. "May I have some tea, Miss Sebright, please, for mamma?"

"I will carry it for you," said Waddy, eagerly.

"Won't you take some tea yourself, Miss Dorothy, before you go back to the garden?" suggested Mackenzie, in his deferential tones.

"I? Do you think I take tea? And how can *you* like it, Mr. Mackenzie? You're not an Englishman."

Waddy thanked fate that his mother had entered human existence in New York. Charrington, who was now near the table also, only laughed good-naturedly. On the whole he was of the opinion that Dorothy liked him. Her ideas about tea, or about other English customs, were not important. He could alter them.

"I am afraid I must acknowledge that I do like it," Mackenzie had answered.

"Do you take it in the morning? For breakfast?" inquired Dorothy, with the air of a judge.

Mackenzie confessed that he did.

"Then you are lost. Oh, coffee, lovely coffee of home!" Dorothy went on. "Coffee that fills the house at breakfast-

time with its delicious fragrance. Not black, as the Italians make it; not drowned in boiled milk, as the French drink it. As for the English beverage—! But ours, the American—brown, strong, and with real cream. I wish I had a cup of it now. Three cups; and six buckwheat cakes with maple syrup!"

The contrast between this evoked recast and the girl herself was so comical that the Americans who heard her broke into a laugh. Dorothy was very slight, there was something ethereal in her appearance, although the color in her cheeks, the brilliancy of her hazel eyes, and the bright hue of her chestnut hair indicated a vivid vitality. As a whole, she was charmingly pretty. The Americans who had laughed were but two—Mackenzie himself and Stephen Lefevre, who had now joined the group. Lefevre wished that his adorable little countrywoman would not say "lovely coffee." But Lefevre was, no doubt, a purist.

Felicia Philipps now came to the table with outstretched hands. "*Poor* Nora, I have only just observed how tired you are. You must have one of your fearful headaches?"

"Oh dear no," answered Nora, surprised. "I haven't a headache in the least."

"Fancy! But you are overtired without knowing it; you must be, or you would not look so pale. I am sure Mr. Mackenzie sees it. Don't you think, Mr. Mackenzie, that Miss Sebright has been here quite long enough? I'm so anxious to relieve her."

"It's very good of you, I'm sure," replied Mackenzie.

And then Felicia, pulling off her gloves, came round behind the table and took possession of the place with an amiability and a rearrangement of the cups that defied opposition.

"I am afraid this tea will be cold," Waddy meanwhile had suggested to Dorothy.

"Yes; do take it down to mamma, Mr. Brunetti. And take this shawl too, won't you?"

"Aren't you coming?" said Waddy, in a discomfited voice, as, shawl in one hand and teacup in the other, he stood waiting.

"In five minutes. I have taken a fancy for spending just five minutes in that big yellow chair."

"That is wise. I'm very pleased to

hear it," remarked Nora, who, though dispossessed, still lingered near. "We come up here, stay awhile, and then go away; but you are kept on your feet for three or four hours at a time."

"You don't go away, do you, Nora?" said Felicia. "You are so kind. I dare say you have been here since noon?"

"The samovar—" began Nora.

"Dear samovar!" commented Felicia, smiling.

And then Nora, at last understanding the sarcasm of the tone, left the table and crossed the room, her cheeks no longer colorless. Alan Mackenzie, who had heard this little dialogue, thought that the two ladies had been very kind to each other.

Mrs. Tracy, on her way back from the anteroom, whither she had gone to escort Julian Grimston's mother, who was taking leave, now stopped at the tea table. She drew Felicia aside.

"Stay and dine with us, won't you? We are always tired on Saturday evenings, and it will be delightful to hear you sing. The carriage shall take you home."

"You're awfully good," Felicia answered. "But don't trouble to send out the carriage. Ask Mr. Mackenzie too. He will be enchanted to stay, and then we can go down together on foot, and nobody need be bothered."

"You don't mind?"

"At *my* age!" answered Felicia, smiling. Felicia's smile always had a slightly hungry look.

"We shouldn't think of it. But then we're Americans," responded Mrs. Tracy. "Over here no woman seems to be safely old."

"Is that why so many of you come over?" demanded Felicia, who at heart detested all American women, especially those who, like the tenants of Villa Dorio, had plenty of money at their disposal. Then curbing her tongue, she added: "What you say is true of wives and widows. But I assure you that old maids are shelved over here as soon and as completely as they are with you in Oregon."

"In Oregon!" repeated Mrs. Tracy. "You English are too extraordinary." And she went away, laughing.

During this conversation Dorothy was leaning back in the gold-colored easy-chair. Charrington and Stephen Lefevre were standing beside her, and presently

Julian Grimston joined the group, rubbing his dry little hands together gleefully, and murmuring to himself something that sounded like "Aha! aha!"

"Is it the pure joy of living, Mr. Grimston?" Dorothy inquired. For this was said to have been Julian's answer when an acquaintance, upon passing him in the street one day and overhearing him *ahaing*, had asked him what it meant.

At this moment Waddy came from the anteroom. "And mamma's tea?" Dorothy asked.

"Raffaello was just going down; I gave it to him."

"Oh—thanks. I'm thinking how little mamma will like that." And Dorothy played thoughtfully a soundless tune with her right hand upon the arm of the easy-chair.

Waddy pursed up his lips in an inaudible whistle. Then with swift step he left the room.

Five minutes later he was back again. "It's all right. I caught up with him," he said, briefly.

"Now mark that," began Charrington. "This impostor gave those things to Mrs. North. I'll warrant, with rolling eyes that seemed to say that even to have touched them had been a huge joy." Waddy did not defend himself. "I wouldn't be a cherub as you are, even if I could," went on Charrington. "You belong to Christmas cards—your chin on your clasped hands. What is a cherub out of business—a cherub going about clothed, and with an umbrella? It's ghastly."

Mrs. Tracy to Miss Jane Wood: "How do you do, Miss Wood?"

To Miss Maria: "How do you do?"

Behind the Misses Wood came Rose Hatherbury and three of the Misses Sebright, who were tired of sitting on the wall. Felicia, very busy, sent tea to them all, Mackenzie carrying the cups. Raffaello presented himself at the table to assist; Felicia did not know much Italian, but she did know her own mind, and she wished for no second assistant. She therefore said to Raffaello, "Andate via!" Raffaello, astounded by this unexpected "Clear out!" gazed at her for a moment with wild eyes, and then escaped from the room.

The tea was not good—so the Misses Wood thought as they tried to sip it. Nora Sebright, who was now walking with quick steps through the Via Roma—

na on her way home, would have been distressed to see how bad it was.

"I wonder if there is any one in the garden now?" said Dorothy.

"There are fifty-seven persons," answered Rose, who had seated herself on a sofa near. "I know, because I counted them."

"Then I must go down," said Dorothy, rising.

She nodded to Rose and to the others and left the room, Waddy following as usual. Two minutes later, Charrington, Julian Grimston, and Stephen Lefevre had also disappeared.

Miss Jane Wood (having given up the tea) now began, graciously, "Did you get your ride this morning, Mr. Charrington?"

"Aunt Jane, Mr. Charrington is not here now," said Rose, in her distinct tones.

"Oh," said Miss Jane, bewildered, and fumbling quickly for her eye-glasses, which she had removed when she took her teacup. "He was here a moment ago; I saw him."

"What wonderful elocutionary powers Miss Hatherbury has!" said Felicia, in an aside to Mackenzie. "I really think she could be heard in the largest hall."

"Upon my word—now that you mention it—I believe she could," answered Mackenzie, admiringly.

Rose divined that she was the subject of Felicia's aside. She said to her aunt, in an interested tone, "How well one sees the Belmonte tower from here!"

Miss Jane came to look, and then (in order that she should see to advantage) her niece pulled the cord, and rolled the window-shade up to the top, letting in a broad shaft of sunset light, which fell directly across the tea table and the persons in attendance there. Rose took this moment to carry her aunt's cup back to the table, and having put it down, she remained standing by Felicia's side while she began composedly a conversation with Alan Mackenzie. Mackenzie responded; his head immediately assumed the little bend which with him signified devoted listening; he stood, meanwhile, exactly where Rose had intended that he should stand, namely, in front of the two ladies, facing them. Felicia, even in her youth, had had no beauty; now all the faults of her sharp features were pitilessly

magnified by the same clear light which brought out the fine-grained purity of Rose's complexion, and turned her golden hair into glittering glory. Felicia was too intelligent to cherish illusions about her appearance; she quivered under the radiance in which the golden motes danced: she too had color now, but it was an ugly vermilion in spots and streaks. She glanced at Mackenzie; he was listening to Rose; now he was offering one of his civil little questions—those attentive, never-failing small interrogatories for which he was celebrated.

"I should like to strangle him!" thought the older woman, bitterly. "I believe he would keep up those everlasting little questions on his death-bed. In reality, he doesn't care the turn of his finger for that screaming popinjay. Yet he stands there and listens to her, and will do it unflinchingly as long as she talks—if it's all night!"

The popinjay at this moment turned, and fired back at Felicia her own gun. "You are tired, Miss Philipps. Doesn't she look tired, Mr. Mackenzie?"

Mackenzie turned obediently; he inspected Felicia's flushed face. "Yes, ah, really; I am afraid you *are* tired," he said, kindly.

Felicia, unable to bear his gaze, seized her gloves and fled.

But the popinjay could not sing, and had no invitation to stay. Alan Mackenzie loved music. As he never spoke of the love, but few persons had discovered it; Felicia was one of the few.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before the song began. They had gone out after dinner to the small stone terrace that opened from the drawing-room, in order to look at the valley by the light of the moon. "For we really like our view when we don't have to talk about it," Mrs. Tracy explained. After a while, "Come, Felicia," she said.

Felicia went within and opened the piano; Mrs. Tracy following, sank into the easiest chair; Mrs. North placed herself in the doorway, with her face toward the moonlight. Dorothy remained outside, using the hammock as a swing, pushing herself to and fro slowly by a touch on the parapet now and then. On the other side of the terrace, in a garden chair, sat the second guest.

Felicia's voice was a contralto which had not a range of many notes, but each



"DOROTHY REMAINED OUTSIDE, USING THE HAMMOCK AS A SWING."

one of the notes was perfect. Her singing was for a room only; it was intimate, personal; perhaps too personal sometimes. The words were for her a part of it as much as the melody.

"Through the long days and years
What will my loved one be,
Parted from me,
Through the long days and years?"

The music upon which these words were borne was indescribably sweet. Dorothy had stopped swinging. But it was the melody that held her vaguely given attention; she paid no heed to the spoken syllables.

"Never on earth again
Shall I before her stand,
Touch lip or hand,
Never on earth again,"

sang the voice, the strains floating out to the moonlight in a passion of sorrow. Dorothy was now looking at the tower of Belmonte, near by. "I wish our villa had a tower," was the thought in her mind. As her gaze turned, she saw that Mackenzie's eyes were resting upon her, and she smiled back at him, making a mute little gesture of applause.

"But while my darling lives,
Peaceful I journey on,
Not quite alone,
Not while my darling lives."

And now the music rose to that last courage, that acceptance of grief as the daily portion of one's life, which is the highest pathos. Then there was a silence.

Dorothy made her little motion of applause again, save that this time the applause was audible; the words on her lips, ready to utter, were, "How pretty that is!" Perhaps Mackenzie divined what these words would be, for, with a quick movement, he rose and went to the end of the terrace, where he stood with his back towards her, looking down the valley. But Dorothy had accomplished her duty; she was perfectly willing to be silent; she sank lazily back in the hammock again and resumed her swinging.

"Mr. Mackenzie, wasn't that exquisite?" said Mrs. Tracy's voice within.

Mackenzie, thus summoned, crossed the terrace and re-entered the drawing-room. Felicia kept her seat at the piano; as Mrs. Tracy was standing behind her, and as Mrs. North's head was turned away, she was freed for the moment from feminine observation, and she therefore gave her-

self the luxury of letting all the pathos and passion with which she had sung remain unsubdued in her eyes, which met his as he came up.

"Lovely, wasn't it? But so sad," continued Mrs. Tracy.

"Yes," Mackenzie answered; "it is rather sad." Then, "What song is it, Miss Philipps?" he inquired. "I do not remember having heard it before."

"'Through the long days,'" answered Felicia, who was now looking at the piano keys.

"Ah! And the composer?"

"Francis Boott."

"Ah, Francis Boott, yes. And the words?" His head had now its attentive little bend.

"They are by John Hay." To herself she added, "You *shall* stop your little questions; you *shall* say something different!" And again she looked up at him, her eyes strangely lustrous.

And then at last he did say, "May I take the music home with me? You shall have it again to-morrow. It is a very beautiful song."

Felicia rolled up the sheet and gave it to him, her hand slightly rigid as she did so from repressed emotion.

At midnight the two guests took leave, Mrs. Tracy accompanying them down to the entrance portal. The irregular open space, or piazza, before the house had a weird appearance; the roadway looked like beaten silver; the short grass had the hue and gleam of new tin; the atmosphere all about was as visibly white as it is visibly black on a dark night.

"It's the moment exactly for our ghost to come out and clank his chains," said the lady of the house. "This intensely white moonlight is positively creepy; it is made for hobgoblins and sheeted spectres; the Belmonte monk must certainly be dancing on the top of his tower."

"Oh no," said Felicia; "it's St. Mark's eve, so we're all under good protection. Hear the nightingales!"

She was in high spirits; her words came out between little laughs like giggles. Mrs. Tracy watched the two figures cross the grass and turn down the narrow passage whence the road descends in zigzags to Florence.

"Poor Felicia!" she said, when she had returned up the stairs to the drawing-room; "she is talking about St. Mark's eve, in order, I suppose, to bring up the



"AND AGAIN SHE LOOKED UP AT HIM."

idea of St. Agnes's. It's late, isn't it? They must want to walk."

"They?" said Mrs. North. "*She.*"

"Well, then, I wish she could," responded Mrs. Tracy. Going to the terrace door, she looked out. "Where is Dorothy?"

"I sent her to bed; she was almost asleep in the hammock. If there is one thing she likes better than another, it is to curl herself up in some impossible place and fall asleep. Would you mind

closing the glass doors? The nightingales hoot so."

Mrs. Tracy closed and fastened the terrace entrance for the night.

"What do you mean by saying that you wish she could?" Mrs. North went on. "You wouldn't have Alan Mackenzie marry that plain-looking, ill-tempered old maid, would you?"

"Perhaps she is ill-tempered just because she is an old maid, Laura. And as to looks—if she were happy—"

"Mercy! Are the Mackenzie millions to be devoted to the public charity of making a Felicia Philipps happy?"

"Why, isn't it as good an object as a picture-gallery? Or even an orphan asylum? Felicia would be a great deal happier than all the happiness combined of the whole three hundred orphans out at St. Martin's at a Christmas dinner," suggested Charlotte Tracy, laughing.

"Absurd! Rose Hatherbury is the one—if it's any one in Florence."

"Oh, Rose is too young for him."

"In years, yes; but Rose's heart can be any age she pleases. Alan isn't really old in the least; but he was born middle-aged; he is the essence of middle age and mediocrity; one always knows beforehand what he will say, for it will simply be, on every occasion, the most polite and the most commonplace thing that could possibly be devised under the circumstances. How came you to ask him to stay to dinner?"

"Felicia made me. Funny, wasn't it, to see Waddy hanging on, hoping for an invitation too."

"You might have given him one. It would have entertained Dorothy."

"Well, to tell the truth, Laura, I am a little afraid of Waddy; he is so handsome!"

"She doesn't care for him."

"She likes him."

"Yes, as she likes a dozen more. If she has a fancy for one over another, it is, I think, for Owen Charrington," continued the mother. "She would have to live in England. But I dare say his people would take to her; they are very nice, you know—his people."

"How can you talk so? Dorothy is thoroughly American; she would be wretched in England. When she marries—which I hope won't be for five or six years more—she must marry one of our own countrymen, of course. The idea!"

"Very well; I've no objection. But in that case we must take her home again before long," said Laura North, rising. As she spoke she indulged in a stretch, with her long arms extended first horizontally, and then slowly raised until they were perpendicular above her head, the very finger-tips taking part in the satisfactory elongation.

"How I wish I could do that!" said Charlotte Tracy, enviously. "But you

don't say 'Ye-ough!' at the end, as you ought to."

They put out the wax candles and left the room together, Mrs. Tracy lighting the way with a Tuscan lamp, its long chains dangling. "By this time Felicia, 'delicately treading the clear pellucid air,' is going through the Porta Romana," she suggested.

"Never in the world! She has taken him round by the Viale dei Colli; she won't let him off for two good hours yet," responded Mrs. North.

II.

"On Thursday, January 5th, at the English Church, Florence, by the Reverend J. Chaloner-Bouverie, Alan Mackenzie, to Dorothy, daughter of the late Captain Richard North, United States Navy."—*Galvani's Messenger of January 10, 1882.*

III.

It was St. Mark's eve again, April 24th, and again there were many visitors at Bellosguardo. Upon this occasion they were assembled at Belmonte, the villa with the old battlemented tower, where Mr. and Mrs. Alan Mackenzie were receiving their Florentine friends for the first time since their marriage: they had been travelling in Sicily and southern Italy through the winter months.

"We shall be going home in 1883, I suppose," Mackenzie had said to the ladies of Villa Dorio; "I shall be obliged to go then; or at least it would be better to go. In the mean while, as Dorothy appears to be rather fond of Bellosguardo—don't you think so?—I have had the idea of taking Belmonte for a time. That is, if you yourselves intend to continue here?"

"Oh, we shall continue, we shall continue," Mrs. Tracy had answered, laughing. "For detached American ladies, who haven't yet come to calling themselves old—for the cultivated superfluous and the intelligent remainders—there is nothing like Europe!"

The flat highways down in the Arno Valley, west of Bellosguardo, are deep in dust even as early as April; the villages, consisting for the most part of a shallow line of houses on each side of the road, almost join hands, so that it is not the dust alone that afflicts the pedestrian, but children, dogs, the rinds of fruit and vegetables—all the far-reaching untidiness of a Southern race that lives in the street.

The black-eyed women sit in chairs at the edge of the dry gutter, plaiting straw; up to middle age they are all handsome, with thick hair and soft dark eyes. On this April afternoon they laughed (waiting with Italian politeness until she had passed) as an English woman trudged by them on her way back to Florence. Her plain dress was short, revealing long shoes white with dust; her unbeautiful face was mottled by the heat; she looked tired enough to lie down and die. But to the straw-plaiting matrons she was simply ridiculous, or else mad; for how otherwise should a foreigner be toiling along their plebeian highway on foot, when she could so easily have a carriage? Felicia was finishing her daily walk of miles—a walk without an object, save to tire herself. As she passed the olive-crowned heights of Bellosguardo rising on the right, she lifted her eyes.

"He is there—seeing everybody. All the same people who were there a year ago to-day. And what are they thinking—perhaps saying? 'See this dull, middle-aged man, with that flighty little creature for a wife! She cares nothing for him; she turns him round her finger, and always will.' O fool! fool too noble to see or to doubt; simple, generous nature, never asserting itself, always repressed, that I understood, while all these other people, that girl at the head of them, only laughed at it!"

She hastened on, passed through the city gate, and made her way down the dirty, evil-smelling Borgo San Frediano to San Spirito beyond, where, high up in an old palace, she had a small apartment, crowded with artistic trumpery. After climbing the long stairs, and letting herself in with a latch-key, she entered her minute drawing-room, and sank into a chair, her feet, in their dusty shoes, like two blocks of wood on the matting before her. And the plates and the plaques and the pots, the bits of silk and tapestry and embroidery, the old sketches and old busts and old shrines that adorned the walls, looked down upon her with their usual heterogeneous glimmer. This time the glimmer seemed personally sarcastic, seemed inhuman.

While she sat there, the people at Belmonte were beginning to take leave. Rose was to remain (with Miss Jane Wood). As Waddy Brunetti was to remain also, the Misses Sebright looked at

Rose with envy. Six of the sisters were now united in a single admiration. For Owen Charrington had gone to Australia before Christmas—it was about the time that Dorothy's engagement had been announced—and he had not returned; admiration could not stretch to the antipodes. Waddy, too, had been absent through January, February, and March; but he was now at home again, so there was some use in going once more to teas and receptions.

"How lovely Mrs. Mackenzie is looking!" said Miss Maria Wood, on the way down to Florence.

She had accepted a seat in Mrs. Grimston's carriage, and it was that lady who answered her.

"Yes, fairly; it's her youth more than anything else. Strictly speaking, there are but two kinds of beauty—dimpled youth like that, and the noble outline and bearing that come from distinguished birth."

This was a double shot. For Rose certainly had no dimples. And the birth of distinction pointed of course to the widowed countess. But Julian, who sat facing his mother, had no longer any courage to resist; his poor little eyes, like those of a sick monkey, had shed their two slow tears on Christmas eve, when, at last allowed to retreat to his own (cold) room, he had accepted drearily the tidings of Dorothy's engagement, and had given up his struggle against fate.

Mr. Illingsworth walked down the hill with Mrs. Sebright, her girls following at a little distance, two and two. "Don't I miss one of your charming daughters?" he said, gallantly, as, happening to look back at the turn of a zigzag, he caught sight of the procession coming round the higher bend.

"Dear me! I wish he might miss three or four!" thought the mother. But this was nothing worse on her part than a natural desire to translate three or four of them to richer atmospheres—a Yorkshire country house, for instance, or a good vicarage; even army life in India would do. Meanwhile she was replying: "Yes, Nora. Nora has been at St. Martin's Orphan House, out in the country, since Christmas. She is greatly interested in the work there; so much so that I have consented to let her remain."

Nora's secret only one person had discovered, and this one was the benevolent

stranger, Charlotte Tracy, who had happened to see the expression in the girl's eyes for one instant, when the news of Alan Mackenzie's engagement had come upon her suddenly, and taken her (as it took all Florence) by surprise. The American lady, instantly comprehending, had (while her own face showed nothing) screened Nora skilfully from observation for several minutes. And ever since she had kept her knowledge hidden away very closely in a shaded corner of her heart.

"A true Sister of Charity," Mr. Illingsworth had responded to the mother's reply about the orphan house. But as he said this he was thinking, "And if I had married, as I came so near doing, I too might have had at my heels this moment—great heavens!—just such another red-cheeked affectionate train!"

That evening the ladies who had dined at Belmonte were taking their coffee in the garden; there was no moon, but the splendid stars gave a light of their own as they spangled the dark blue sky. From the open door of the boudoir at this end of the house, the light, streaming forth, fell upon Dorothy as she sat talking to Rose. After a while the gentlemen joined the ladies; and then Waddy talked to Rose. But while he talked, his eyes followed the hostess, who was now strolling up and down the honeysuckle path with one of her guests. Some one asked Waddy to sing. Nothing loath, he went within, brought out Dorothy's guitar, and sang one of Tosti's serenades. The song and his voice, a melodious tenor, accorded so perfectly with the old Italian garden that there was much applause. And then Waddy, having moved his chair into the shadow of the trees, sent forth after a while from the darkness, unasked, a second song, and this time the words were English:

"Thro' the long days, the long days and the years,
What will my loved one be,
Parted from me, parted from me,
Thro' the long days and years?"

The lady who had been strolling with Dorothy had stopped to speak to some one, and for the moment the young wife, who had reached the end of the honeysuckle path, was alone. Mackenzie came up quietly and stood beside her as the song went on. When it had ended, she looked up at him.

"Do you like it so much?" she asked,

in surprise, as she saw, in the starlight, the expression of his face.

"It's because I have so much more than I ever dreamed of having, Dorothy," he answered, in a low tone, just touching her hair in the shadow. "A year ago—do you remember? That same song, on the terrace? It expressed what I felt; for then I had no hope. But now—"

Here a voice from the group of ladies said, "Mr. Mackenzie will know; ask him." And Mackenzie, returning to the light, was the attentive host again. Waddy, meanwhile, crossed the grass quickly to the honeysuckle path.

He was the last to take leave; when Mackenzie returned, after escorting Mrs. North and Mrs. Tracy to the Villa Dorio, he was still in the garden with Dorothy.

Fifteen minutes later, through the open windows of Mrs. North's chamber, there came the sound of steps.

"Waddy," said Charlotte Tracy, peeping through the closed blinds, and recognizing his figure. "He has outstaid everybody."

"You are no longer afraid of him, I trust?" inquired Mrs. North.

"Certainly not," said the older lady, with decision. After a moment she added, "She must always amuse herself, I suppose."

"She has the very best of safeguards."

"Now there you go, with your cold-blooded judgments, Laura! Dorothy has as deep feelings as anybody. I don't know where you get your knowledge of her; you are her step-mother, it is true, but I have been with her as constantly as you have for years."

"Quite so. May I ask how well you knew her father?"

"I don't care!" was Charlotte's reply. She left the room with majesty. The majesty lasted through the hall, and into her own chamber, as she reflected: "I have feelings. And Dorothy has feelings. But Laura is a stone!" At this moment she caught a glimpse of herself in the full-length mirror, and majesty collapsed. "Do I look like that?—do I? Stout, short-nosed?" And she sank down on a sofa overwhelmed. But presently a laugh broke through her discomfiture. "The very next crumpled little old man I see, I'll be nice to him. I'll ask who is his favorite poet, and I'll get him to quote—yes, even if it's Byron!" Mrs. Tracy's favorite author was Ibsen.

"You will do it if I wish, won't you, Alan?" said Dorothy, the next day.

"Why, if you really wish it—if you think it best—" began Mackenzie.

"She doesn't in the least," interposed Mrs. North. "Don't indulge her so; you will spoil her."

Mackenzie's eyes turned towards his wife.

"Don't look at me to see whether mamma is right," said Dorothy, laughing. "Invent an opinion of your own about me—do! But let us have something striking; consider me capable of murder, for instance, not of mere commonplace selfishness. Every woman is capable of murder once—I am perfectly sure of it."

"My dear!" said Mackenzie, expostulatingly.

"I don't know whether I could quite do it with my own hands," Dorothy went on, stretching out her palms and looking at them. "But Felicia Philipps could; yes, with her long fingers. Brrrr!" And she rushed to her husband and hid her face on his arm.

She had her way, which was not a murder, but a ball. Soon afterwards there was a summer-night party at Belmonte, with music and dancing; the tower and the garden, illuminated, were visible for miles roundabout, like a fairyland on the dark hill. Then followed excursions, long drives, and, more frequently, long rides; for Dorothy had taken to riding. Mackenzie accompanied the riding parties cheerfully. But Dorothy was often far in advance with one of the younger cavaliers.

"I believe I should come back from the dead, Alan, to see you pounding along, always at the very end of the procession, with Miss Jane Wood," said the young wife one day. "I know you don't care much about riding. But why do you always escort Miss Jane? She must weigh one hundred and eighty."

"She is a little timid, I think," answered Mackenzie; "at least I have fancied so. She only goes to see to Miss Hatherbury."

"As you see to me?"

Mackenzie liked long walks.

"But walking is so dull. And the people who take long walks have such an insufferable air of superiority," commented Dorothy. "Not that you have come to that, Alan; with you it's just simple vanity."

And making the motion of turning up trousers at the bottom, she crossed the garden, holding her riding-whip like a cane, with her shoulders put back, her head run out a little, and a long step with a dip in the middle of it—the whole an amusing caricature of her husband's gait when starting on a long excursion. Mackenzie had taught himself that gait; he had even been a little proud of it. But now he joined irrepressibly in his wife's merriment as she loped down the broad walk, and then came running back to him with her own light swiftness.

Occasionally, however, she went with him for a stroll. One day, late in the afternoon, they passed Villa Dorio together. The sun, low in the west, was shining on all the square Tuscan towers that dot the hill-tops in every direction. May was now more than half spent, and the air was like that of July in Northern countries. The ladies of Villa Dorio saw them go by; Dorothy's straw hat was hanging by its ribbons from her arm.

"He hates to have her out without her hat," remarked Mrs. Tracy, leaning forward to watch them for a moment.

"Well, in that dress, she doesn't look more than fourteen," answered Mrs. North.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie went on down the hill. When they came to the first zigzag, they left the main road, and, turning, crossed a grassy little piazza; beyond, clinging to the side of the hill, with a cluster of cypresses before it like tall green candles, is the small church of San Vito, commanding a magnificent sweep of the valley below. As they passed, San Vito's chimes rang the Angelus, swinging far out from the open belfry against the sky with all the abandon of Italian bells, which seem forever joyous—almost intoxicated—even for the dead. San Vito's has a path of its own which follows a narrow shelf overhanging the valley; the two pedestrians turned down this path. As the bells ceased, Dorothy began to sing:

"Ring out across the sunset sky, Angelus—"

"Go on, go on," said Mackenzie, delightedly.

"Oh, I can't sing."

"Dear, I think you could; your voice is so sweet. If you would take lessons—"

"Well, by-and-by. We have lots of time for everything, Alan." When they

came to the turn where there is a rustic shrine, she paused. "I won't go any further, I think. But don't stop because I do; you like your walk. Go on, and come back through the olive groves just beyond Belmonte. I will be waiting for you at our wall."

"I don't like to leave you here alone."

"Not under the shrine? What's more, here is the priest."

The priest of San Vito's was coming down the path. He was an old man, with a large sensible face, and a somewhat portly person, dressed in well-brushed black. He aided his steps with a cane. His bearing was serene and dignified. As he passed, Mackenzie saluted him, raising his hat.

"For a Unitarian," said Dorothy, after the worthy man had gone by, "aren't you showing a good deal of courtesy? But you would be courteous to any religion; you would respect the fetish of a South Sea Islander. Do you know, Alan, that you have too many respects? Please go now, so that you can be back the sooner." Mackenzie, who had been leaning against the parapet, turned and began to go down the descent. His wife followed him for a step or two, in order to brush some mortar from his sleeve. "You see it is I that must keep you respectable, in spite of your respects."

How pretty she was! They were alone under the high wall. "My darling," he murmured.

And Dorothy, laughing, raised herself on tiptoe to kiss him.

Half an hour later, when he reached the wall near Belmonte, there was no Dorothy. He went within. The signora had gone to Villa Dorio, the servant said. He came out and followed her thither. Yes, Dorothy had been there; but Waddy Brunetti had happened in, and they had strolled down as far as San Vito's.

Mackenzie did not say, "But she has just been to San Vito's." He sat talking with the ladies for twenty minutes or more; then he remarked, offering it as a suggestion for their approval, "I think I will walk on to San Vito's and meet them."

"Yes, do," said Mrs. North. "And make that foolish Dorothy put on her hat."

"It is as warm as midsummer. And the air is perfectly dry, I think; no dew," Mackenzie answered.

"He defends her, even when she vexes him," commented Charlotte Tracy, after he had gone.

"He might as well be amiable, seeing that he cannot be interesting," Mrs. North responded.

Dorothy was not at San Vito's. And she had not gone down the zigzags of the carriage road; he went down to see. He returned to Belmonte. It was now late twilight. But there was still a band of orange light in the west, and, outlined against it, on the top of the tower, were two figures. He recognized them instantly—Dorothy and young Brunetti.

Dorothy waved her hand to him through one of the embrasures. "Send up some one with candles," she called.

"With what?"

"Candles; it's too dark now to come down without lights. But don't send immediately; wait fifteen minutes more, so that we can see the moon rise. And, Alan?"

"Yes?"

"Please tell them that Mr. Brunetti will stay and dine with us."

IV.

On the 29th of December of this same year, 1882, Reginald Illingsworth was paying a visit to Mrs. Sebright.

"What a career that little girl will have!" he said, with deep gustatory appreciation.

Before this, for half an hour, he had been making remarks of a nature best described by the following examples: "That excellent fellow, Mackenzie! You can't think how I miss him!" "There is something so tragic in such a death—a man who had everything to live for." "How could they go to Rome! That pernicious Roman fever is the curse of Italy." "Those poor ladies! Directly I heard they had returned to Belmonte, I went up at once to inquire and to leave cards; it is a stricken house!" Having said everything that decorum required, he now finally allowed himself to bring out the thought which was in reality filling his mind: "What a career that little girl will have! Only nineteen, and so very pretty, so charming. He has left her everything without a condition (save in the event—most improbable at her age—of her dying without children, in which case it goes back to his own relatives), and I am told that he had nearly eight

millions of dollars; that is one million six hundred thousand pounds! They are shrewd in their American way—those ladies; Mrs. North is very shrewd. And mark my words, madam, that little girl will make one of the great matches yet; not pinchbeck; something really good!" (His "good" had a deeply solid sound.)

This same afternoon the following words were exchanged in another quarter of Florence.

"Rose dear," said Miss Jane Wood, "you will go up again to-morrow, won't you, to see poor Dorothy?"

"I have been twice—all that is necessary for appearances, Aunt Jane. Why should I bother Dorothy now?"

"Sympathy—" began Miss Jane.

"Sympathy! She is in a position to extend it to me. I think she is the very luckiest girl I have ever heard of in my life. All another girl can do in the face of such luck as that is to keep away from it, and not think about it—if she can."

Miss Jane Wood: "I am *astonished*."

Miss Maria: "!!!!"

That evening, at Belmonte, Dorothy walked and walked about the drawing-room; now she stopped at a table, took up something and put it down again; now she moved a statuette to another position; now she gazed at the etchings on the wall as though she had never seen them before; now she added pine cones to the already blazing fire, kneeling on the rug with the hot flame scorching her face; finally she went to the window, and parting the curtains, stood looking out. It was a dark night without stars; in addition to the freezing temperature, the wind was fierce; it drove furiously against the windows of the villa; it came round the corner of the tower with a shriek like that of a banshee.

"It's dreadfully cold," said the girl at last, as if speaking to herself.

"Surely not here?" replied Mrs. Tracy. Dorothy came wandering back to the fire, and then the aunt drew her down by her side. "Dear child, don't keep thinking of Rome," she whispered. "He is not there; there is nothing there but the lifeless clay." And she kissed her.

"Try not to be so restless, Dorothy," said Mrs. North, from her warm corner. "You have walked about this room all day."

"It's because I'm so tired; I'm so tired

that I cannot keep still," Dorothy answered.

"I think a change would be a good thing for all of us," Mrs. North went on. "We could go to Cannes for two months. We could be as quiet at Cannes as here."

Dorothy looked at her with vague eyes, as if waiting to hear more.

"It is warmer there. And then there is the sea—to look at, you know," pursued Mrs. North, seeing that she was called upon to exhibit attractions.

"Egypt would be my idea," said Mrs. Tracy. "A dahabeeyah on the Nile, Dorothy. Camels, temples."

Dorothy listened, as if rather struck by this idea also.

"But Egypt would be a fearful trouble, Charlotte," objected Mrs. North. "Who is going to get a good dahabeeyah for us at this time of year?"

"Don't spoil it. I'll get twenty," responded the other lady.

And then there was a silence.

"Well, Dorothy, are you going to leave it to us to decide?"

"Yes, mamma," Dorothy answered. Her eyes had grown dull again; she sat listening to the wind as if she had forgotten what they were talking about.

"It's decided, then. We will go to Cannes," remarked Mrs. North, serenely.

Her aunt Charlotte's discomfited face drew a sudden laugh from the niece. And this laughter, once begun, did not cease; peal succeeded peal, and Dorothy threw herself back on the cushions of the sofa, overcome with merriment. Mrs. North glanced toward the doors to see if they were well closed; but Charlotte Tracy was so glad to hear the sound again that she did not care about comments from the servants; Dorothy's face, dull and tired, above the dead black of the widow's attire, had been like a nightmare to her.

They went to Cannes. And Mrs. North's suggested "two months" had now lengthened, in her plans, to three. But before two weeks had passed they were again at Belmonte.

"Now that we have made one fiasco, Charlotte, and taken that horrible journey, all tunnels, twice within twenty days, we must not make another; we must decide to remain where we are for the present. If Dorothy grows restless again, be firm. Be firm, as I shall be."

"Surely we ought to be indulgent to her now, Laura?"

"Not too much so. Otherwise we shall be laying up endless bother for ourselves. For we have a year of hourly employment before us, day by day. In the way of seeing to her, I mean."

"She will not make us the least trouble," said Mrs. Tracy, indignantly.

"I am not finding fault with her. But she cannot help her age, can she? She is exceedingly young to be a widow; and she has a large fortune; but for a year, at any rate, if I know myself, gossip shall not touch my daughter."

"A year? I'll guarantee ten," said Mrs. Tracy, still indignant.

"I don't care about ten; three will do. Yes, I see you looking at me with outraged eyes. But there's no need. I liked Alan as much as you did; I appreciated every one of his good points. With all that, you cannot pretend to say that you believe Dorothy really loved him. She was too young to love anybody. The love was on his side, and you were as much surprised as I was when she took a fancy to accept it."

Mrs. Tracy could not deny this. But she belonged to that large class of women who, from benevolent motives, never acknowledge unwelcome facts. "I think you are perfectly horrid!" she said.

Dorothy, back at Belmonte, was troublesome only in the sense of being always in motion. Having exhausted the garden, she began to explore the country. She went to Galileo's tower; to the lonely little church of Santa Margherita; the valley of the Ema knew her slender black figure. Once she crossed the Greve, and, following the old Etruscan road, climbed to the top of the height beyond, where stands the long blank Shameless Villa.

"Do you know, I am afraid I am lame," said Mrs. Tracy, the morning after this long tramp to the Shameless.

"Well, why do you go? One of us is enough," answered Mrs. North.

To the walks Dorothy now added lessons in German and Italian. Mrs. North drove down to Florence and engaged Fräulein Bernstein and Mademoiselle Scarlatti. Next, Dorothy said that she wished to take lessons in music.

"A good idea. You ought to play much better than you do," said her mother.

"Piano; but singing too, please," Dorothy answered.

Again Mrs. North descended to Florence; Fräulein Lundborg was engaged for instrumental music, and Madame Fari-nelli for vocal. Dorothy wished to have a lesson each day from each of her teachers. "It's a perfect procession up and down this hill," thought Mrs. Tracy. There was a piano in the billiard-room, and another in the drawing-room; but now Dorothy wished to have a third piano in her own sitting-room upstairs.

"But, my dear, what an odd fancy! Are you going to sing there by yourself?" her mother inquired.

"Yes," said Dorothy.

"Do you think she is well?" asked Mrs. Tracy, confidentially, with some anxiety.

"Perfectly well. It is the repressed life she is leading," Mrs. North answered. "But we must make the best of it. This is as good a place as any for the next three months."

But again this skilful directress was forced to abandon the "good place." Early in March, when the almond-trees were in bloom, Dorothy, coming in from the garden, announced: "I *hate* Belmonte! Let us go away, mamma. Anywhere. Let us start to-morrow."

"We took you to Cannes, and you did not wish to stay. We shall be leaving Belmonte in any case in June; that isn't long to wait."

"You like Paris; will you go to Paris?" the girl went on.

"What can you do in Paris more than you do here?"

"I love the streets, they are so bright; so many people. Oh, mamma, if you could only know how dull I am!" And sinking down on the rug, Dorothy laid her face on the sofa cushion at her mother's side.

Mrs. Tracy, coming in and finding her thus, bent and felt her pulse.

"Yes, one hundred and fifty," said Dorothy, laughing. "Take me to Paris, and to the opera or theatre every night, and it will go down."

"Oh, you don't mean that," said the aunt, assuringly.

"Yes, but I do," Dorothy answered. And then, with her cheek still resting on the cushion, she looked up at her mother: "You will take me, mamma, won't you? If I tell you that I *must*?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. North, coldly.

They went to Paris. And then, for

four weeks, almost every night at the back of a box, at the opera or at one of the theatres, were three ladies in mourning attire, the youngest of the three in widow's weeds. Mrs. Tracy was so perturbed during these weeks that her face was constantly red.

"Why are you so worried?" Mrs. North inquired. "I manage it perfectly; people don't in the least know."

"Do I care for 'people'? It's—it's—" But she would not say, "It's Dorothy." "It's ourselves," she finally ended.

"Always sentimental," said Laura.

Midway in the first week of April, Dorothy suddenly changed again. "I can't stay here a moment longer," she said.

"Perhaps you would like to take a trip round the world?" suggested Mrs. North, with a touch of sarcasm.

"No. I don't know what you will say, mamma, but I should like to go back to Belmonte."

"I have a good deal of patience, my dear; but I must say that you wear it out."

"I know I do. But if you will take me back, I promise to stay there this time as long as you like."

"I like—" began Mrs. North. But Dorothy, with a frown, had rushed out of the room.

"What shall we do now?" said the aunt.

"Go back, I suppose; I have always thought Belmonte the best place up to really hot weather. One good thing: if we do go back, we can take the opportunity to rid ourselves definitely of both of those villas. My idea is the Black Forest country for August and September. Then we could come here again for a few weeks. For the winter, what do you say to a long cruise toward the south somewhere, in a yacht of our own? We could select the right people to go with us."

They returned to Italy, reaching Bellosguardo again on the 11th of April.

On the 6th of May, Charlotte Tracy said: "Laura, to me this is dreadful! Waddy is here morning, noon, and night."

"So many people have left Florence that it hardly matters; nobody knows what is going on up here. He amuses her; and that is something gained."

"I wish he wouldn't be forever singing," said the aunt, irritably.

"He sings very well. And Dorothy has shown a new interest in singing lately. Don't you remember that she took lessons herself, before we went to Paris?"

"You don't mean to intimate that Waddy had anything to do with that?"

"Why not? A girl of that age has all sorts of changing interests and tastes; there will be something new every month or two, probably, for a long time yet."

In June, Mrs. Tracy demanded, "Is Owen Charrington one of your something-news?"

"I dare say he is," Mrs. North answered, smiling.

For Owen Charrington had come back from Australia. He found the zigzags which led to Belmonte very hot and very solitary; there was no Waddy going up or coming down, either on foot or in a carriage, although his ascents and descents had been as regular as those of the postman during the six preceding weeks. Shortly before Charrington's return, Dorothy, entering the boudoir one evening at ten o'clock, said:

"Mamma, Aunt Charlotte, will you tell the servants, please, that whenever Mr. Brunetti calls, after this, they are to say that we are engaged, or not at home? I don't suppose *you* care to see him?"

"What can have happened?" said Mrs. Tracy, when the girl had gone out again without explanation.

"There hasn't been time for much to happen. I have been out there with them all the evening; I only came in for my tea," answered Mrs. North, sipping that beverage.

"Since then he has been singing; at least I thought I heard his voice—not very loud."

"Perhaps she is tired of his voice—not very loud."

Mrs. Tracy threw a lace scarf over her head and went out to the garden. The long aisles under the trees were flooded with moonlight, the air was perfumed with the fragrance of the many flowers; but there was no Dorothy. She entered the house by another door, and, going softly up the great stairway, turned toward Dorothy's rooms at the south end of the long villa. Here a light was visible, coming under the door of the sitting-room; the aunt did not lift the latch, she stood outside, listening. Yes, Dorothy was there, and she was singing to herself

in a low tone, playing the accompaniment with the soft pedal down:

"Thro' the long days, the long days and the years,
What will my loved one be,
Parted from me, parted from me,
Thro' the long days and years?"

"She is up there singing; singing all alone," reported the aunt, when she came back to the boudoir down-stairs.

"I suppose you like that better than not alone?" suggested Mrs. North.

Waddy came to Belmonte five times without success. Then he left Florence.

Dorothy did not stroll in the garden with Owen Charrington; if her mother and aunt were outside when he came, she remained with them there; but if they were in the drawing-room or the boudoir, she immediately led her guest within; then she sat looking at him while he talked. Charrington talked well; all he said was amusing. Dorothy listened and laughed. If he paused, she urged him on again. This urgency of hers became so apparent that at last it embarrassed him. To carry it off, he attacked her:

"You force me to chatter, Mrs. Mackenzie—to chatter like a parrot!"

"Yes," answered Dorothy; "you must talk; you must talk all the time."

"All the time"—awfully funny Americanism!"

"And the French 'tout le temps'?"

"Oh, French; I don't know about French."

"Of course you don't. We are willing to be funny with the French. Are you 'very pleased' to be here to-day? Answer."

"Of course I am very pleased."

"And you would say—wouldn't you?—'Directly I returned to Florence, I bought a horse.'"

"But I didn't," said Charrington, laughing; "I only hired one. And that reminds me, Mrs. Mackenzie; you can't think how divine it is now at four o'clock in the morning. Won't you go for a ride at that hour some day soon? Mrs. North and Mrs. Tracy could follow in the carriage," with a look toward those ladies.

"Ride?" repeated Dorothy. A flush rose in her cheeks. "No," she answered, in an altered voice—"no!"

She said nothing more, and she did not speak again; she sat looking at the floor. Mrs. North filled the pause with her placid sentences. But Dorothy's manner was so changed and constrained that the young

Englishman soon went away. The girl had taken something into her head. But it would not last long; nothing ever did last long with Dorothy.

This belief of his was soon jostled by the fact that Dorothy would not see him. Mrs. North covered the refusal as well as she could by saying that her daughter was not well; that she was not seeing any visitors at present. But Florence was empty, there were no visitors to come; it simply meant, therefore, that she was not seeing Owen Charrington. He lingered on through the month, coming every day to Belmonte. Mrs. North received him graciously. But he was obliged to content himself with a close investigation of their plans for the summer. At last, on the 2d of July, unable any longer to endure the burning, glaring Lung' Arno and the furnace-like atmosphere of the Hôtel d'Italie, he took his departure. He went to Baden-Baden, writing home to his family that he should probably spend the summer in the Black Forest country with friends.

The morning after Charrington's departure, illness (real illness this time) seized Dorothy. For a week she remained motionless on a couch, her face white, her eyes closed.

"We must take her to Switzerland; we must go straight up to the snow," said Charlotte Tracy. "When she sees the glacier water she will revive at once. The gray glacier water, you know; one begins to meet it at Chiomonte; it comes rushing over the rocks, gray and cool, with sometimes a little foam; but gray, always gray—a sort of lead-y gray."

She said gray so many times that Mrs. North cried out at last, "Oh, do call it green!"

Speedy preparations were made for departure, the trunks were packed, and sent down to the railway station. Dorothy remained passive, making no objection to their plans, but showing no interest in them. Caroline, her maid, dressed her for the journey. But when the little black bonnet with its long black veil had been put on, and the black gloves, and the young mistress of the house rose to walk to the carriage, after a few steps her figure swayed, and she sank to the floor; she had fainted. She remained unconscious for so long a time that it was evident there could be no travelling that day; they must wait until she was strong-

er. They waited, therefore, from one day to the next, each morning expecting to start, and each morning postponing departure. The 15th of July found them still at Belmonte. The thick stone walls of the majestic old house kept out the burning sunshine, and Dorothy appeared to like the warm air that came in through the shaded windows; she lay breathing it quietly, with her eyes closed. The American physician of Florence had gone to New York for six months. An English doctor came up daily. But there was nothing to combat. There was no fever, no malady save this sudden physical weakness. Everything possible was done for this, but with small results. At last Dr. Hotham advised them to attempt the journey in any case. A nurse was engaged, Dorothy was to be carried on a couch to the station, where a railway carriage, provided with an invalid's bed, was waiting. But before they had traversed a quarter of the length of the Via dei Serragli, the clatter of the carriage wheels and the other noises of the street threw the girl into a delirium, and they returned hastily to Bellosguardo. The delirium passed away, and they made another attempt. This time they were to cross Florence in the middle of the night, and a special train was to take them northward. But the paroxysm came on again, and with greater violence; before they had reached the bottom of the Bellosguardo hill, Dorothy threw up her arms like a wild creature; the nurse could scarcely hold her. This time high fever followed; the girl, now in bed, lay with scarlet cheeks and glassy eyes, knowing nobody. Dr. Hotham conquered the fever. Then she was as she had been before, save that the weakness was increased.

With the exception of Dr. Hotham, there was now no one in Florence whom they knew. Nora Sebright remained at St. Martin's Orphan House out in the country; but she knew nothing of events in town. One day Dr. Hotham, having been called to the orphan house to see a child, spoke to Nora of the puzzling illness of Mrs. Mackenzie; he knew that the Sebrights were among the acquaintances of these American ladies. Nora hurried to town, and, although it was evening, drove up to Belmonte without delay. There were now two nurses at the villa. But Nora was the best nurse;

and, after seeing Dorothy for a moment, she begged the mother and aunt to allow her to remain and assist.

"You are extremely kind, Miss Sebright, but I do not think you ought to give yourself so much trouble," said Mrs. North. "Dorothy will soon be stronger—the fever, as you see, has entirely disappeared—and in a few days we shall go to Switzerland."

But Nora followed Mrs. Tracy into the next room. "Dear Mrs. Tracy, do let me stay. I am such a good nurse, you can't think. And I am so fond of Dorothy. And I really think she ought to be amused, if possible. Not that I am very amusing, but at least it makes one more."

There was no lamp in this room, but, all the same, Charlotte Tracy seemed to read an expression in the face she could not see. "What has Dr. Hotham said to you?" she asked.

"Indeed, nothing; he never talks. It is only that Dorothy has always been so well; she was well all winter, you know. Even now (for the fever was only the effort of the journey) there seems to be nothing one can take hold of. And so the question came up, as it always does in such a case, could she have anything weighing upon her mind—weighing too much, I mean. But I am sure," continued Nora, her voice calm as usual (but her face in the darkness quivering for an instant), "that we need apprehend no danger of that sort; Dorothy's mind is perfectly healthy. And she has been from the very first so brave, you know—so wonderfully brave."

Charlotte Tracy, a prey to conflicting feelings, bent and kissed Nora without a word. Grief for Alan Mackenzie had indeed been more deeply felt at the dreary orphan house down in the dusty valley than in his own home on this beautiful hill. Nora staid.

August burned itself out. At Belmonte the heavy outer portals were kept closed; within, all the doors stood open in order to create, if possible, a current of air through the darkened rooms. Once in two hours, night and day, Nora came to Dorothy's bedside and offered some delicate nourishment; Dorothy took it unobjectingly. She seldom spoke; but she appeared to like Nora's presence, and her gentle ministrations.

Mrs. Tracy had forced herself to speak

to Laura about the doctor's question. Some force was necessary, for she was always exasperated by Laura's replies. "I am beginning to be a little frightened about Dorothy, Laura; she doesn't gain. It is no time to mince matters; such things have happened before, and will happen again as long as the world lasts, and it seems that even Dr. Hotham has asked whether there could be anything weighing upon her mind. Now what I want to know is, do you think she is brooding about something?"

"Brooding?"

"Yes. I mean do you think she is interested in somebody?—Owen Charrington, if I must name him. You used to think that she liked him? And that she cannot bear the separation? Yet thinks it too soon? And that that was the reason she refused to see him again? And now it is weighing upon her?"

"Mercy, what theories! You have always saddled Dorothy with deeper feelings than she has ever possessed. Do leave the poor child alone; don't make her out so unusual and unpleasant; she is like any other girl of nineteen. She is interested in Owen—yes; but not in that exaggerated way; she isn't pining herself ill about him. And let me tell you, too, that if he were to her at this moment all you are imagining him to be, she wouldn't in the least be deterred by considerations of its being 'too soon,' as you call it; she would not even remember that it *was* soon."

Mrs. Tracy's eyes filled.

"Well, what now? Do you wish her to be breaking her heart for Alan? I thought you came in to suggest sending post-haste for Owen Charrington. Do you know really what you want yourself? Dorothy will grow stronger in time. A hot summer in Italy has pulled her down, but with the first cool weather she will revive, and then we can carry out our plans."

Towards the middle of September the rains came, the great heat ended. With the return of the fresh breeze, Dorothy left her bed and lay on the broad divan among its large cool cushions; she even walked about the room a little, once or twice a day. The first time she walked, they saw how thin she was; the black dressing-gown hung about her like a pall.

"Take it off," said Mrs. Tracy, when

she had beckoned Caroline into the next room. "Never let her wear it again."

"But I have fear that madame is not enough strong yet to wear a costume," suggested the maid, respectfully.

Mrs. Tracy unlocked a wardrobe and took out a pile of folded draperies; they were white morning dresses, long and loose, covered with beautiful laces and knots of ribbon; they had formed part of Dorothy's trousseau. "Let her wear these," she said, briefly.

Dorothy made no objection to the change. Occasionally she looked at her new attire, and smoothed out the ribbons and lace. Throughout her illness she had scarcely spoken. They had supposed that this silence came from her weakness—the weakness which had made it an effort sometimes for her to lift her hand. But now that she was up again and walking about the room, the muteness continued. She answered their questions, but it seemed necessary for her to recall her thoughts from some distant place in order to answer. She lived in a reverie, and her eyes had a far-off expression. But these were slight things. When ten days had slowly passed without any relapse, Charlotte Tracy, who had counted the hours, exclaimed, with joy, "Now we can go!" Dr. Hotham was to accompany them as far as Vevey. Nothing was to be said to Dorothy, in order that she should not have even a feather's weight of excitement, but the preparations were swiftly made. On the afternoon before the day appointed for the start, Dorothy suddenly left her easy-chair, crossed the room, opened a door, and looked down a corridor. At the end of the corridor she saw Caroline kneeling before open trunks.

"What are you doing, Caroline? Those are my trunks, aren't they? You may stop. I shall not leave Belmonte."

Nora, who had followed, led her back. "Your mother and aunt are so very anxious to go north, dear," she explained. "Come and lie down; you must not tire yourself before the journey."

But Dorothy resisted. "Please call them, Nora; call them both. I must tell them. I know mamma; she will have me carried. But that is because she does not understand. When I tell her, it will be different. Please call them both."

When they came in—Mrs. Tracy alarmed, Mrs. North smiling as if prepared to be, outwardly, very indulgent—



"I MEAN THAT I SHALL SEE HIM VERY SOON NOW."

Dorothy was still standing in the centre of the room, the laces of her white dress fluttering in the soft breeze.

"Mamma," she said, "I must tell you. Aunt Charlotte, you have always been kind to me. I cannot go away. Do not ask me."

"Sit down, Dorothy. Nora, make her sit down. You will not be asked to take a step, my daughter; everything is arranged; don't trouble yourself even to think."

"You do not understand, mamma. But

I myself have not understood until lately. I cannot leave Belmonte."

"But Dr. Hotham thinks you can," interposed Mrs. Tracy, soothingly; "he knows how much strength you have. We are all going with you, and the journey will be very easy. You used to like Vevey."

"Let me stay here. I wish to stay here."

"But we have never intended to spend our lives at Bellosguardo," answered Mrs. North, drawing her towards the divan and making her sit down.

"Let me stay a little while longer, mamma."

"You mean that you will be willing to go later? But *we* think that now is the time. You have nothing to do save to rest here quietly, and then go to sleep; you will open your eyes in Vevey."

Dorothy, seated, her hands extended on her knees, looked up at her mother. "Mamma, you don't know. There's an ache that will not leave me. I haven't told you about it. But I'm so unhappy!"

Mrs. Tracy, hurrying forward, put her arm round the girl protectingly. Mrs. North, her face slightly flushed, whispered to Nora:

"She is wandering. Please go and send some one immediately for the doctor. Write a note for the man to take with him."

In this way she got rid of Nora.

Dorothy, alone with her mother and aunt, went on talking: "I didn't know what it meant myself for ever so long. But now I do, and it's all simple. I shall just stay quietly here. This is the best place. And you mustn't mind, for it makes *me* very happy."

"My darling, have you written? What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Tracy.

"What do I mean?" Dorothy repeated. She smiled; into her white face came a flush of color. "I mean that I shall see him very soon now. It won't be long to wait."

"She has sent for him," thought the aunt. "I was right; it is Owen."

"That is why I wish to stay here," Dorothy went on. "Everything here is associated with Alan; he liked Belmonte so much."

"Alan?" breathed the aunt, amazed, but instantly concealed her amazement. Mrs. North quickly measured some drops from a vial containing a sedative.

Dorothy let her head sink back against the cushions. "In the beginning I didn't in the least know that I was going to feel it so. But that ache came, and it wouldn't stop. I tried all sorts of things—don't you remember? I tried studying. I tried music lessons. He used to urge me to sing. He liked long walks, and I never would go; so then I took long walks. You haven't forgotten them, have you? But the ache went on, and I could not stand it. So I asked you to go to Paris. Paris has always been so funny and amusing. But it wasn't funny any more. When

we came back here, I thought that perhaps some one coming up every day and staying a long time would make me forget. But having Waddy was worse than being alone, and at last I hated him. Owen Charrington, too! Owen used to make me laugh; I thought he would make me laugh again. But he didn't at all. And when he asked me that last day to ride, it was like a knife; for Alan always went with me, and would never say anything to spoil my pleasure; yet he did not care about it really, though I insisted upon going day after day. That is the way it was about everything; but I'm paying for it now; I miss him so—I miss him so! Alan! Alan—" And putting her thin hands over her face, Dorothy burst into miserable heart-broken sobs.

Nora came rushing in. Mrs. North handed her the medicine glass.

"Hysterics," she said. "Give her those drops as soon as you can."

"I look to you, doctor, to get us out of this new difficulty," said this lady the next day to Dr. Hotham. "She has taken this fixed idea that she does not wish to leave Belmonte. But the fixed idea of a girl of nineteen ought not to be a trouble to you. Can't you suggest something? Has science no resources for such a case?"

Dr. Hotham's resource was to send to Rome for a colleague. The most distinguished English physician in Italy was called to Florence, and there was a consultation at Bellosguardo. When it was over, Mrs. North came in to see the great man.

His sentences were agreeable; they were also encouraging. After a time he spoke of the varying forms of nervous prostration; then he asked whether this very interesting young lady could have, by any possibility, something weighing upon her mind.

"No, nothing," replied the mother.

"Ah! In that case time, I trust, is all that is necessary for a complete recovery."

"My own idea would be to take her north in spite of her disinclination to go," Mrs. North went on. "A disinclination ought not to be important. The journey would soon be over. She could be kept under the influence of sedatives. But Dr. Hotham will not give his consent."

"I agree with him, madam. Do not force her; the effect upon the nervous system might be bad. Let her do what-

ever she fancies. Amuse her. What a pity there is no Corney Grain in Italy!"

"Everything in the way of amusement has been tried. That is why I wish to take her away."

"Ah! I understood you to say, I think, that there is no hidden cause, no wish, no mental—ah—err—strain?"

"Nothing of any consequence. She is hysterical sometimes, but that is owing to her physical weakness," Mrs. North answered. And she said what she believed.

A month later Dorothy, lying on a couch in her room, put out her hand to Nora. "I must give you some of my money, Nora, for your poor people—your orphans and the school and the hospital. I will give it to you to-morrow."

"You can help Nora to distribute it," said Mrs. Tracy.

"Dear Aunt Charlotte, how you hate to hear me speak of it! But I talk to Nora, you know, just as I please in the night."

"No; talk to me, too. Say whatever you like," answered Mrs. Tracy, quickly.

"It is so warm this evening that I can have all the windows open," Dorothy went on. "Take the lamp out, Nora, please, and let in the moonlight; I like to see it shining across the floor." She lay in silence for some minutes, looking at the radiance. They had cut off her hair, thinking that its length and thickness might be taking something from her small store of strength. Her face, with the boyish locks, looked very childlike. "Do you remember that song, Aunt Char-

lotte, 'Through the long days'? The moonlight makes me think of it. First, Felicia Philipps sang it one moonlight evening over at Villa Dorio. Then, after we were married, some one sang it here in the garden, and Alan said, when it was over— Oh, if I could only tell him once, just once, that I *did* love him! He never believed it; he never knew—"

"Don't cry, dear; *don't*."

"No; I don't cry very often now," Dorothy answered, her breast rising in one or two long sobs. "Last spring Waddy dared to sing that song again—Alan's song! I could not see him after that."

"Thro' the long days, the long days and the years."

"It will tire you to sing, dear."

"No; I like it." And then, in a faint little thread of a voice, barely audible, but very sweet, she sang, lying there in the moonlight, the beautiful song:

"Thro' the long days, the long days and the years,
What will my loved one be,
Parted from me, parted from me,
Thro' the long days and years?"

"Never, ah, never on earth again—"

It was her last song. Three days later she died. She passed away so quietly that they did not know it was death; they thought she was asleep.

When, at last, they learned what it was, Mrs. North, standing beside the couch white and stern, said, with rigid lips, "The doctors did not tell us."

But the doctors did not know.



THE CAPITALS OF THE NORTHWEST.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

JUST as the Atlantic cities were surprised when Chicago distanced all but two of them in population, and challenged all of them by her enterprise, so will they be astonished again and from another quarter, if they refuse to study the forces that are operating to build up new capitals in the West. In another ten years there will be another claim of a million population, and the counting of heads will not make nonsense of it. The new and wonderful assumption of metropolitan importance will be that of the twin cities of the wheat region—Minneapolis and St. Paul. They may not be joined under one name and government—opinions differ about that—but all agree that they will jointly possess a million of population. The last census credited Minneapolis with 164,700 population, and St. Paul with 133,000, or, jointly, 297,000. At the time of the preceding census (1880) the two cities included about 88,000 souls. At that rate of increase they will boast in 1900 a population of 976,000 and more. But they insisted in the summer of 1891 that they possessed more than 350,000 joint population, and that the million mark will be reached before the next census is taken.

Why should men make such a prophecy; or rather, why have these two towns already gathered 350,000 inhabitants within their limits? We must repeat the study that we made at Chicago. That city we found to be the metropolis of the entire interior between the Rockies and the Alleghanies, but an analysis of its sources of supply and field of distribution showed it to be more particularly the capital of the corn lands. We saw how rich were the returns from agriculture in a country by no means fully developed, and of such vast extent as to be roughly spoken of as a territory one thousand miles square. Chicago is its trading centre, and, from a beginning upon borrowed capital, that city has ceased to borrow, and has begun to amass wealth, to lend money, and to supply its tributary country with manufactured goods in such quantities that it already ranks third in the list of manufacturing centres. In the great amount of rich land that is yet to be redeemed, and in the wide leeway that

exists for improved and economical farming, we are able to clearly see a noble, a splendid future for Chicago.

But in St. Paul and Minneapolis we reach the pulse of another region—the wheat lands of America. I understand that in a sense these cities are tributary to Chicago, and that in the same sense their tributary region has in some measure been included in that of Chicago, but the line that is being drawn between the two centres is growing heavier and broader every year. In the possession of home manufactures lies the ability to trade economically and to save a profit, and just as we have seen Chicago emancipate herself from the bondage of Eastern capital through manufactures, so we shall find that the twin cities of Minnesota are setting up for themselves as independent traders. The country they aim to monopolize in trade is far smaller than the corn region, but it is extraordinarily more fertile and profitable to the farmer.

Close to their doors lies the famous Red River Valley, which is by some students of such comparative values declared to be the third agricultural region, in point of fertility, in the world, there being one Asiatic and one African valley in the foreground beyond it. This Red River Valley takes in many counties of Minnesota and the most easterly counties of the two Dakotas. It is prairie land of black soil that once formed the bed or deposit of an ancient sea. It reaches up into Canada, beyond Winnipeg, and is a great deal richer at its southern end in the United States than in Canada. This region pours its wealth of grain (or a great part of it) into Minnesota's twin cities, there to exchange it for merchandise. Other cereals and cattle are produced beyond this valley in the new States, and the valley itself returns the same commodities along with its wonderful output of wheat. In the extra fruitful year just closed—wonderful for its crops and for the world-wide demand for breadstuffs from this country—the predictions that were based upon the results of the sale of the crops seemed fabulous. For instance, it was boasted that the farmers of the Northwest would make sufficient

profits to pay off all their mortgages this year.

This boast was not disputed by any of the leaders in trade and transportation with whom I talked, but I gathered from what they said that though the farmers are as well off as this statement implies, the majority will not remove the mortgages, but will be more likely to expend their profits in betterments, in extending their farms, and in redeeming unworkable tracts in their present holdings. This roseate view ends at the valley, so far as the Dakotas are concerned. The Dakotan farmers have suffered some bad seasons, and are not so near the end of their debts.

It is in the Red River Valley that one may hear of a farmer whose profits last season were close to \$30,000; it is there that men bought farms of great extent, expecting to pay for them in an indefinite number of years, and then paid for them out of the first crop raised upon the land, the wonderful yield of last year. Such is the region at the very doors of the twin cities of the Northwest. If Ceres left the Old World when the worship of her went out of fashion, it must have been to the valley of the Red River that she came. But if mythology is suggested at all by a study of this marvellous region, it is in the recollection of the fabled river Pactolus, wherein King Midas washed off his power to turn into gold all that he touched. That may well have been the stream that once swelled from side to side of this valley, for, truly, its sediment retains little less than Midas's power.

We realize the majesty of agriculture as we never did before when we learn that in Minnesota and the two Dakotas the wheat crop alone was worth one hundred and twenty millions of dollars last year. Figure for yourself the estimated yield of one hundred and fifty millions of bushels selling at from 75 cents to 82 cents a bushel. In what story of fairyland is there an account of a literal field of gold to equal that?

There are 8,832,000 acres in the valley, and less than a quarter of it was in crop last year. If every acre were put into wheat, there would be no market for the wheat; it would become a drug. As it is, of the portion that is under cultivation, only about three-quarters were in wheat, and the yield of last year was estimated at from 30,000,000 to 37,000,000

bushels, grown at the average proportion of 20 bushels to the acre. The wheat crop of the valley, therefore, fetched about \$27,000,000. At 80 cents a bushel, each acre returned \$16, at a cost of from \$6 to \$8. Good land has produced 31 bushels to the acre, and good land farmed scientifically has yielded as high as 47 bushels to the acre, but 20 bushels is the average product, and the farmer is entitled to a profit of \$10 an acre, with prices as they were last year. Matured farming will raise the yield to an average of 25 bushels an acre.

The Dakotas, which are also tributary to the twin cities of Minnesota, do not offer opportunities for theatrical or bonanza farming. Three-quarters of their territory is not wheat land. More wheat can be raised upon the six counties in the Red River Valley than in all the rest of both Dakotas. The Dakotas will produce grain, cattle, horses, sheep, and, in ten or fifteen counties, corn. These States offer a good reward for honest toil, and that would be very high praise of them were it not that the opulent valley on their eastern edge forces a comparison between itself and them.

The end of one great source of revenue to the region is in sight. That is the lumber production. The trees are all counted; the number of feet in each forest is entered in the lumbermen's books. In Michigan, all that is of value in the forests will have disappeared in five years, it is said; in Wisconsin, 15 years will end the industry; in Minnesota the supply will last 15 to 20 years—a pin point in the dial of time. Already capitalists are turning their mercenary gaze toward the majestic and virgin forests of the new State of Washington. Montana is believed to be another and a greater Pennsylvania, rich in coals, in oil, and in varied metalliferous ores. These resources and the timber and farm products of the Washington of a later day are all waited for to swell the importance of the twin cities, for it is not now seen that there is a likelihood that any other very great cities will be developed in the Northwest except upon the Pacific coast. There will be populous district centres, of course, and already three such places are robust, lively towns, but the men who now seem possessed of the most shrewdness and foresight in the Northwest do not believe that the shifting horizon of time is hiding

any competitor for the position now occupied by the Minnesotan capitals of trade.

Having noted the resources of the Northwest, possible as well as present, if the reader will turn to his map he will see that the great railway lines of that upper corner of our country present the appearance of a rude diagram of a human hand with the fingers outspread. St. Paul and Minneapolis are at the wrist, and control the fingers that reach out and grasp the trade of the entire Northwest. This double metropolis and this trade have their own ports at Duluth and Superior, while at the twin cities of Minnesota the navigation of the Mississippi begins or ends.

Minnesota's twin capitals in the wheat region are not yet one corporate body, and there are many shrewd citizens of one and the other who assert that they will not unite while the present generation of leading men remains dominant. There has been too keen a rivalry, and each town is too jealous of the other, for union to be possible, they say, until the boys of to-day become the successors of their fathers. Therefore, if for no other reason than that, the cities must be studied separately in this article. They are ten miles apart, but the statement of that fact is very misleading, because they lie side by side like two globules of quicksilver, with a few little drops of the liquid between them. Whoever journeys from one to the other fails to perceive why they may not at any moment shake together into one great glittering mass, with no other division than is created by their separate charters, and no joint border line except that which will require a surveyor's kit to determine.

To begin with Minneapolis, the larger of the two cities, let me introduce the town as that one which seems to me the pleasantest and most nearly perfect place for residence of all the cities I have seen in my country. St. Paul is in the main so nearly like Minneapolis that a slight sense of injustice comes with the writing of those words; yet St. Paul lacks some of the qualities which Minneapolis possesses, and the words must stand. Both cities have arisen amid park-like surroundings, both rejoice in the possession of the lovely Mississippi (for it is a most beautiful river up there), and both are largely made up of dwelling districts which fascinate the very soul of a man from the solid,

pent-up cities of the East. But in one minor respect Minneapolis triumphs in being thoroughly consistent with her ruling trait, and at that particular point St. Paul fails. That is to say, Minneapolis is ample and broad and roomy in her business district, while St. Paul is in that quarter narrow, compact, huddled, and old-fashioned.

I cannot force Minneapolis to challenge the world to produce her equal, but it seems to me that it will be difficult to find another influential trading and manufacturing city that is so peculiarly a city of homes. It was after riding over mile after mile of her streets and boulevards, and noting the thousands of separated cottages, each in its little garden, that I came to a locality wherein there were a few—a very few—apartment-houses. They were not what we in New York call "tenement-houses," for the poor seemed superior to the evil, and lived in their own tiny boxes; they were flat-houses for families few in members and indolent by nature. These were so very few that the array of dwellings took on an extraordinary importance. Try, then, to fancy the pleasure and surprise with which I read in the city directory, afterward, a statement that the city's 164,738 inhabitants occupy 32,026 dwellings. If there were 921 more dwellings there would be one to every five persons, which is to say one to each family.

As these houses are in the main owned by their tenants, the city presents a spectacle of communal dignity, self-respect, and comfort that distinguishes it even in a greater degree than Philadelphia is distinguished among our Atlantic seaboard cities. It was pleasing to hear in the neighboring city of St. Paul, where nearly the same conditions prevail, that when the citizens go to the City Hall to ask for places in the public service, or to demand their rights, they often draw themselves up to their full height and say, "I am a tax-payer," by way of preface to a statement of their wishes. The man who carries that pride in his breast, and who goes home to a house whose every side offers windows to the light and air, should be as nearly a complete and perfect individual as it is possible for the more or less artificial conditions of life in a city to produce. Of such individuals is the great bulk of the population of Minneapolis composed.

It is interesting to know that the motive power of the city has always been pure Yankee. The settlers were in a large degree from Maine, and it is wittily said that they followed the pine westward, until at this point its final appearance east of the Rockies was noted. Here the Maine men rested and set up their saw-mills, using St. Anthony's Falls to move their saws. It was a lumber town during most of its history. The great wheat-handling industry is a new thing by comparison. In 1871 only two car loads of wheat were received here; in 1887 the Great Western Railroad brought thirty-three million bushels to the flouring-mills. It is thought that the summit of fifty millions of bushels will be reached in the twelve months which include the period of receipt of the enormous crop of last year. But if newness is to be considered, what shall be thought of the city itself? Its first settler marched in a procession through the streets last summer. He marked out his claim, in what is now the thick of the city, on June 10, 1849.

A bird's-eye view of the city is like such a view of one of those parks in the East which rich men dot with villas. It is a plain of luxuriant foliage, broken here and there by house roofs. Trees border the streets and avenues, and deck even the most ordinary building plots. The houses are simply little frame cottages, with here and there a street of pretentious and large residences, also of wood, and with a few noble mansions built of masonry for the leading capitalists of the place. But the same admirable features distinguish all classes of homes: nearly all stand apart one from another; the great majority exhibit that variety which is begotten of individual and independent taste; and all are found in districts sacred to domesticity and peace, where a taboo has been put against liquor-selling, and where traders of every sort seem loath to jar the homelike tone by intruding their storehouses. It is such a town as the average American housewife would plan, and nowhere do the women, both matrons and maids, seem better placed or more thoroughly the mistresses of their position in modern city life than as one sees them upon those bowery streets, passing the rows of pretty cottage homes, beneath trees, amid flowers, and beside the rosy children who play fearlessly in the well-ordered streets. We shall see in

another article that Minneapolis enjoys a peculiar and admirable liquor license law. Suffice it here to say that the dram shops are confined to what may be called the business districts, where the stores and factories are clustered together—a fit arrangement for a woman's capital, an earthly paradise of homes, a settlement of landlords and landladies.

The people of the city have little knowledge of the impression that it makes upon those who compare it with other towns, but they are aware of one effect, while ignorant of the cause; that is, they know theirs is what is called an eminently "healthy" town. The death rate is lower and the sum of the general health is greater (or was in 1890) than in any one of the twenty-six largest cities in the United States.

We have seen in the past, and shall see again and again, that the Western people have not only an extraordinary fondness for public parks, but a positive genius in arranging them. Minneapolis found half a dozen pellucid lakes within her borders, and these she has converted, or is converting, into exceedingly pretty little parks. They are not grand, like the pleasure-grounds which border the majestic lake at Chicago, but they are dainty and bewitching. To go by way of Hennepin Boulevard, for instance, where the electric cars run upon a central strip of grass between parallel driveways, and to see the use that three of these jewel-like lakes have been put to, is to enjoy a treat that will not be easily obliterated from the memory by any crowding of lovelier scenes. First, along the short route is Loring Park, so called in honor of the designer of the city's park system. It is a reproduction in miniature of the most lovely features of New York's Central Park. Then is seen a parkway of woodland beside a great sheet of crystal called Lake Calhoun. In another five minutes Lake Harriet is reached, and there bursts into view a great bowl of mirror-like water, embowered in trees and surrounded by the grove which nature planted there. At one point on the edge of the lake is a graceful casino building, and anchored out in the lake is a floating band-stand, hooded by a sounding-board, under which, on summer afternoons, a band is stationed to play for the people. Light, graceful row-boats are plentiful, and for hire at a low price; the strand is fallowed, and

fringed with rows of settees; the scene is distant less than half an hour's journey from the heart of the city, at a passage rate of five cents, and there is no warning or rule against trespass anywhere in the beautiful grounds, which the people maintain, own, and are wisely permitted to enjoy. The parks I have mentioned form but so many links in a glorious chain which compasses two sides of the city, that includes five parks and ten parkways, and that ends

"Where the Falls of Minnehaha

Laugh and leap into the valley,"

at what is called Minnehaha Park. The winding verdant route from park to park is a continuous, well-ordered, and beautiful series of parkways, eighteen miles in length.

Many Western cities and towns are interested spectators of the work of removing the railroad grade crossings in Minneapolis, for, although the city has grown to its present size with the railroads entering and crossing it on a level with its streets, the people have not hesitated to force a solution of the problem that confronts Chicago, and, indeed, most of the great cities out West. It was five years ago that the City Council of Minneapolis ordered the City Engineer to prepare plans for the execution of the work. This done, the City Attorney began proceedings in court to determine why the railroads should not lower their tracks. It was fortunate for Minneapolis that the head of one great railroad system was Mr. James J. Hill, whose consideration for the public and eminent shrewdness led him to fall in with the city's project; indeed, he did more—he aided the effort with suggestions that were calculated to lighten and improve the work. Another corporation, using tracks parallel with those of Mr. Hill's Great Northern and Manitoba railroads, fought the authorities; but in time its receiver, who was an officer of the courts, was ordered to accept a compromise between its own and the city's demands, and the great and notable work that is called "The Fourth Avenue Improvement" was agreed upon and begun.

The New York reader will understand the situation clearly if he understands that the case is precisely as if trains were running upon our own Fourth Avenue across all the numbered streets and on a

level with them. The danger, slaughter, and discomfort of the citizens of Minneapolis may be imagined; the obstacles against the free and fast handling of the trains need not be described. It is safe to say that if our own New York Central Railroad could return to the old street-level service, and could have back the cost of its sunken track with interest, it would not make the change. It could not if it would; it would not be able to transact its present volume of business under the old conditions. Yet everywhere the railroads fight the efforts toward self-protection that are made by our municipal governments, and out West no subject is now being studied with deeper interest and earnestness than that of the methods by which the railroads can be forced to raise or lower their tracks within the boundaries of cities. Minneapolis's mode of handling the problem is an especially valuable study, because, unlike her twin sister St. Paul, but like most other Western towns, the act of self-defence and self-preservation was postponed until the city had grown great, and the task had become formidable. Along this Fourth Avenue in Minneapolis run not merely the trains of two trunk lines, but on that narrow avenue in the heart of the city is handled the enormous traffic between the twin cities and their chief summer resort, Lake Minnetonka.

The arrangement that Minneapolis made was a simple one—for the city. It decided that the railroads were to build the entire viaduct, approaches, bridges, masonry walls, excavations, and all, and that the city was to stand between the railroads and those property-holders who might claim damages for injuries growing out of the improvement. It happens that most of the buildings whose owners claim damages were old rattletraps, and the highest claim for injury is one for \$12,000. In most cases abutting property was benefited. The city therefore comes out of the affair at very slight cost, while the railroads have been put to an enormous outlay. The city establishes all lines and levels arbitrarily, giving the railroads a clear space of twenty feet above the tracks. The railroads must keep the bridges and approaches in perpetual repair. One notable concession by the city is the surrender of a street crossing. At Sixth Street, where the work of lowering the tracks begins, and where there are

many rails and switches, the crossing is closed, and the city gives up its rights in the street at that point. Beyond this street, as the city continues to grow, the people will pay for and build the bridges that may be needed.

The passenger tracks are sunk ten feet at the lowest point; the freight tracks four or five feet. There are six bridges. They vary in length between 100 feet and 500 feet, as the tracks spread out beyond the starting-point. One bridge is 100 feet in width, but the others permit of only a thirty-six-foot roadway and a twenty-eight-foot sidewalk. The bridges are approached by a gradual raising of the street levels, and the effort has been to keep the incline of these approaches and bridges within four feet in the hundred, but in one case the grade is a foot greater. The railroads have done excellent work, and the viaduct, with its stone walls and fine freight-houses and passenger station, presents an appearance that is almost ornamental. It will be of interest to those officials of other cities who are meditating work of this kind to know that the railroads which use the new viaduct are greatly pleased with the reform, and would not go back to the old conditions. Moreover, a railroad whose tracks run upon the street level on the other side of the river, in Minneapolis, has made an informal proposition to sink its tracks, if the city will bear a moderate share of the cost. When I was in Minneapolis, in September, the City Engineer had been sent for to testify in behalf of Columbus, Ohio, in a suit growing out of a similar progressive movement in that city; and it is certain that when the whole country knows what Minneapolis has done, her people will be flattered by the attention their enterprise will attract.

To give an idea of the extent of the principal industries of the Flour City, let me say, roughly, that her saw-mills cut 343,000,000 feet of lumber, 162,000,000 shingles, and half as many laths in 1890; that in the upper Mississippi region four billion feet of forest trees were cut down, and that the city received 45,000,000 bushels of wheat, and shipped 12,000,000 bushels away. The city has an assessed valuation of \$138,000,000, and nine millions of dollars of banking capital. It boasts a public-school system that is everywhere held to be unexcelled, and a function of the government is the maintenance of a

library of 47,000 volumes, housed in a noble building, and having two circulating branches connected with it. In the extent of its circulation of books this library is the seventh in the country. The city is 53 square miles in extent, possesses many miles of granite and cedar block paving, 1500 acres of parks, 49 public schools, and a sufficient number of churches to render the town conspicuous on their account. It carries a bonded debt of seven millions of dollars. Its hotels and theatres are very good, and among its notable office buildings one is the best that I have seen anywhere in the country; that is the Northwestern Guaranty Loan Company's building, an office building that towers above the town, and is peculiar in the fact that its owners surrender more valuable space for the admission of light and air than is given up in any other building of the sort that I have ever seen. At least half the interior is open and roofed with glass, while the offices, which have store fronts of plate-glass, are reached by glass-paved galleries. The building cost a million and a half of dollars, and contains, besides the offices, a Turkish bath, roof promenade and concert garden, a restaurant in the top story, private dining-rooms, ladies' rooms, a billiard-room, a barber's shop, a law library—free to the tenants—locked boxes in fire-proof vaults for all the tenants, cigar and news stands, and a battery of six or eight elevators. The population of the building is 1500 souls.

But the growth of the manufacturing interests is the most important feature of the development of this city. It is rapidly fitting itself to become the main source of supplies for the most opulent farming region in America, and among recent additions to the list of her industries may be noted a knitting-mill; a piano factory; a linen mill; tub and pail, carriage, and macaroni factories; a manufactory for wood-carving machinery, in connection with a street-car construction company; a smelter for reducing Montana silver ore; a stove-works; and additions to the facilities for making boots and shoes, woollens, lumber, and flour. The difference in freight rates enables the manufacturers of the twin cities to hold their own against Chicago in the trade with the Northwest, and they have their drummers in all the cities and villages of the region.

The street-car service in Minneapolis is as nearly perfect as that of any city. Within a year, when the extensions now planned are completed, it will be without a rival in this respect. The electrical system which depends on overhead trolleys is in use there. The cars are elegant and spacious, and run upon 70 miles of tracks. They are propelled at a speed of 8 miles an hour in the city, and at 12 to 14 miles outside. They have run to Lake Harriet in 20 minutes, which is at the rate of 15 miles an hour, and they have made the journey to St. Paul (10½ miles), including ordinary stops, in 32 minutes. At the end of this year the system will embrace 130 miles of tracks.

To the mind that is accustomed to judge of Eastern towns, St. Paul is more city-like than Minneapolis. Its business portion, originally laid out by French Canadians with narrow ideas, is such a compact mass of solid blocks and little streets that it might almost have been a ward of Boston transplanted in the West. One sees the same conditions in Portland, Oregon, but they are rare in the West, where the fashion is to plan for plenty of elbow-room. If we were to imagine the twin cities personified, we would liken Minneapolis to a vigorous rustic beauty in short skirts; while St. Paul we would describe as a fashionable marriageable urban miss, a trifle stunted and lacking color and plumpness, but with more style and worldly grace than her sister. As to which should have the preference, there will be views as differing as the two towns. There are those who prefer hard-paved, bustling streets, faced by ranks of city stores, pressed shoulder against shoulder, with here and there huge, massive office towers breathing crowds in and out to choke the narrow sidewalks; and there are others who like better the big, roomy avenues of Minneapolis, even though they hang like too loose clothes against uneven, shrinking lines of fashionless houses. They said to me in Minneapolis that they realized the fact that their city was only growing. If I would call around in a few years, they said, I would find all the walls up and plastered, and the furniture in, and the place cozy. In St. Paul it is just the other way; it looks finished. Its motto is, "While we journey through life, let us live by the way"; but the Minneapolis spirit is that of the man who, to

celebrate his marriage, built a four-story house, and lived in the front and back basement, saying to his wife, "We will lath and plaster the rest, one room at a time, as the family increases." For my part, I find it so hard to decide between them that I am not going to try. Every man to his taste, say I. Minneapolis has done wondrous work for the future; St. Paul has done more for present improvement than any other city in the West that I have seen.

The twins are very like or very unlike in other respects, according as you look at them. Minneapolis is very American and St. Paul is very mixed in population. She has sixty-five per cent. of foreigners in her make-up, and the Teutons predominate—in the form of Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, and Germans. There are Irish and Poles, French Canadians and Bohemians, there also, and the Irish and Irish Americans are conspicuous in the government. St. Paul is usually Democratic; Minneapolis is generally Republican.

In eight years St. Paul has made tremendous strides away from the habits and methods of civic childhood. Its officials say that more has been done to establish its character as a finished city than will ever need to be done in the future. Its expenditures of energy and money have been remarkable. It has levelled its hills, filled its marshes, and modernized all its conveniences. The water-works, which were the property of individuals, now belong to the people, and serve two hundred miles of mains with pure wholesome water brought from a group of lakes ten miles north of the city. A noted firm of water-works builders has declared that it would willingly assume the city debt in return for the profits of this branch of the public service. No city in the country is better drained than it is by its new sewer system. It had a mile and a half of improved streets and three stone sidewalks eight years ago, and to-day it possesses forty-five miles of finished streets and fifty miles of stone sidewalks. Two costly bridges have been put across the Mississippi, and an important bridge has been rebuilt. In no city in the West is the railroad grade-crossing bugaboo more nearly exorcised. Only one notable crossing of that sort endangers the people's lives and limbs. The public buildings of the city are admirable, and

were built at moderate cost, and without sixpence worth of scandal. The restricted saloon system is enforced there, and the residence districts are kept sacred to home influences and surroundings. The streets are thoroughly policed, and the fire department is practically new, and appointed with the most modern appliances. The street-car service consists of nearly one hundred miles of electric railway, and fifteen miles of cable road. There are no horse-cars in use in the city; they would be too slow for such a town. St. Paul is rich in costly and great office buildings. There are a dozen such, any and all of which would ornament any city in the country.

The population in 1890 was 133,000, to which sum 12,000 should, in fairness, have been added. By actual count the city contains 26,942 houses. For its districts of dwellings it deserves the same praise that has been bestowed upon Minneapolis, and only in that slightly modified degree that comes from its having a stronger admixture of foreigners among its citizens and a larger number of houses squeezed close together in its older business district. Once away from that region, trees, grass, and flowers greet the visitor's eyes wherever he rides and walks. On both sides of the river the phalaxes of pretty little homes rise among the trees. There are villas for the well-to-do and tiny frame dwellings for the poor, but the latter are not mere boxes; they are distinguished by prettiness of designing and individuality of taste, and they stand apart from one another so that the people who live in them may get the light and air that are as needful to men and women as to plants and trees. The well-to-do cottagers have gathered in two or three very pretty clusters that were once suburban villages. A notable peculiarity of their houses is their possession of extra large double plate windows. Sometimes a house will have only one such extra large sheet of glass; others will have several. Whether these are backed by drapings of snow-white lace or are filled with plants and flowers, the effect is very beautiful. I was told that in Minneapolis any man may buy himself a home for from \$1800 to \$2000, selecting a site within easy walking distance of the City Hall. I am sure the same rule applies to St. Paul, which maintains forty-two building and loan societies, with an invested capital of \$3,064,310. The stock

in these societies used to mature in eight or eight and a half years, but the term has lengthened to nine and a half or ten years, owing to the competition in the loaning of money. The annual growth of the city by the addition of new buildings has long kept up to a remarkable standard. For two years—1888 and 1889—St. Paul was fourth in the list of American cities in this respect. Last year (1890) the permits issued were for 3174 buildings, planned to cost nine and a half millions of dollars. But the wonder ceases after the relation of the twin cities to the rich Northwest is understood. St. Paul is the meeting-point of twenty-eight railroads that crisscross that region. That city will contribute its full share to the million population nine years hence.

With uncalled-for modesty St. Paul's leading men apologize for the absence of a royal series of great parks, and assert that they have now designed and begun work upon such a system. They admit that they possess thirty-two little squares for children and adult pleasure-seekers, and say that the city and its environs are so park-like that the need of great public lungs has not been pressing. The apology should be graciously accepted. It reconciles us with what we know of ordinary humanity in our comparatively torpid Eastern cities to find them weak in one respect. But St. Paul does not lack all elegance and ornament of the highest and most modern order. In one boulevard, called Summit Avenue, it possesses one of the noblest thoroughfares, and the nucleus of one of the most impressive collections of great mansions, in the country. Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, has long ceased to lead the rich residence streets of the nation, for Chicago has more than one finer street of the same character, and so has Buffalo, and so has New York since Riverside Avenue has begun to build up. None of these has the beauty which the Hudson River and its Palisades lend to Riverside Avenue, but a good second to it is Summit Avenue, St. Paul. From its mansions, rising upon a tall bluff, the panorama of a great and beautiful country-side is commanded.

It may be necessary to say to the untravelled Eastern reader that the appointments—and the tenants—of these mansions reflect the best modern attainments of civilization as it has been studied in the capitals of the world. One, at least,

among these houses has not its superior in New York, so far as its size, its beauty, and the character of its surroundings are concerned. In its appointments it will be found that the elegances and art triumphs of far more than Christendom have been levied upon to testify to a taste that at no point oversteps the limits cultivation has established. On the walls a number of the masterpieces of the Barbizon school hang side by side with the best efforts of Munkacsy, Diaz, Tadema, Detaille, Meissonier, and many other masters. Barye bronzes have their places in various rooms, and the literature of two continents, freshened by the constant arrival of the best periodicals, is ready at hand and well marked by use. I betray no secret of the Northwestern country in saying that such is the home of Mr. James J. Hill, the president of the Great Northern Railroad, and, despite its ornaments, it is maintained quite as a home, and solely for comfort. It is but one of several mansions in these two far Western cities. They are as representative as the palaces of Fifth Avenue, evidencing nothing of taste that is not shared and reflected in the other homes of those communities.

Once again we come to the heart of any such study of a city's capacity for growth in importance and wealth. St. Paul in 1881 manufactured \$15,466,000 worth of goods with which to trade with the Northwest; in 1890 the sum had grown to \$61,270,000, an increase of three hundred per cent. in nine years. The city is the dairy centre of the Northwest. It has made great investments in the manufacture of clothing, boots and shoes, fine furniture, wagons, carriages, farm implements, lager-beer, cigars, fur garments, portable houses for settlers, dressed stone, boilers, bridges, and the products of large stock-yards. To a less yet considerable extent it manufactures crackers, candy, flour, bedding, foundry-work, sashes and blinds, harness, brass goods, barrels, brooms, and brushes. Its banks have a capital of \$10,000,000; its jobbing trade amounted to \$122,000,000 in 1890; it did a business in cattle of every sort to the extent of a million head in the same year. It has fine hotels and opera-houses, a typically elaborate Western school system, and is in all respects a healthy, vigorous, well-governed city.

These are the trading centres of the

Northwest. But there is another pair of twins, which are the lake ports and shipping-points for that region. They are the baby twins—Duluth in Minnesota, and Superior in Wisconsin. Though they are in different States, they are closer to one another than the cities from which we have just taken our leave. Though babies, these cities feel the impulses of giants. Their growth in so short a time and to such proportions as they possess calls attention to the radical changes that are taking place in the outlets for the produce of the Northwestern States. Not many years ago the grain trade centred at Chicago and Milwaukee, but the demands for economy that led to the development of the present railway systems in Minnesota and the Dakotas have altered the course of the wheat movement, and have led to the building up of the twin ports at the head of Lake Superior. These two ports now receive a large proportion of this business, and have already distanced Chicago in the competition. It is easy to understand why this should be the case. Duluth and Superior are nearer to a large section of the Northwest than either Chicago or Milwaukee, and yet they are not any farther from the Eastern lake ports at the other end of the water route for freight. A glance at the map will reveal the fact that the distance to Buffalo is no greater from the head of Lake Superior than from the head of Lake Michigan, where Chicago is situated. This advantage in position is evident to any one, but the men of Duluth and Superior claim a greater advantage. By drawing circles ten miles apart, with themselves as a centre, they demonstrate the possession of a larger tributary territory than can be shown for Chicago by the same means.

It is humorously said to be as much as one's life is worth to describe or to weigh the comparative merits of these rival inland ports. This was the case not long ago with regard to St. Paul and Minneapolis, but last autumn one of those cities joined in an effort to secure the holding of a convention in the rival town. It will be long before any such amiable and generous self-sacrifice will be shown at the head of Lake Superior. The situation there is intensified by the fact that Duluth was for a long while practically alone in the glorious possession of the advantages that a seat at the head of the

great lake brings with it. Suddenly, within five years, a little village a stone's-throw off, on the other side of the St. Louis River, which separates Wisconsin and Minnesota, sprung from the stagnation of a chrysalis condition into a stirring town that began to establish town limits calculated to leave Duluth a very small second fiddle to make music with if the plans were carried out. And when the census-taker came along in 1890, Duluth's 35,000 inhabitants read that, in round numbers, the impudent baby next door had grown nearly half as big as itself. Worse yet, the ambition of Superior is seen to expand with ten times the ratio of its increasing growth, and if the student of the situation reads the official literature of the younger lake port, he will discover that the records of its achievements are arranged to show how it is gaining upon Chicago—upon Chicago, mark you, as if it considered its nearest neighbor, twice its size, too unimportant for consideration! From the point of view of Duluth, fancy such a situation!

There are those who hold that geographical and topographical advantages account for the sudden rise of Superior alongside of Duluth. There are others who account for it on the ground that Duluth was too confident of her position, and adopted a short-sighted policy, which, while it was maintained, gave an opportunity for the development of the rival port. It is not worth while here to discuss these moot points. In considering the relation of the head of internal water navigation to the country beyond it, both cities have a common value. Whether both keep pace in growth with the development of the vast and opulent territory behind them, or whether one becomes ten times greater than its neighbor, the point of interest will still be the head of the lake—the point of contact of lake and rail transportation. Both must gain all that will belong to either solely from their location, which, it seems clear, must become the seat of a great population and of extraordinary activity.

Since this will not be gainsaid, it will be the simplest course to state the arguments and claims of both these rival ports at once. Their leaders assert that whatever of wealth and importance has come to Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago is due to their advantages as distribu-

ting and receiving points for the tonnage of the lake commerce. This it is which has drawn the railways to these cities, and the result of the reciprocal influence of the railway and harbor transactions has been a degree of importance dependent upon the extent and productiveness of the territory tributary to each of these lake ports.

The reader can scarcely be expected, in so rapid a study and upon so brief a trial of results as the history of the head cities of Lake Superior permits, to accept the utmost that has been urged for the future of these cities. Yet the argument is interesting. "If," says the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of one of these twin lake ports—"if a straight line be drawn uniting Chicago with these ports, and this line be bisected by another beginning near the eastern end of Lake Superior and extending southwestwardly to the Gulf of California, near the 27th parallel, this latter line will represent with geometrical exactness all points that are equidistant from Chicago and the Superior ports." All places north of the line will be in the legitimately tributary territory of the newer ports; and all the railroads in this vast region, which is more than half of the United States, are now pointing toward the newer ports as their ultimate objective, it is said, because they aim to secure the shortest route to deep-water navigation. For an example of the point sought to be made, it is stated that Denver, Colorado, is 125 miles nearer the head of Lake Superior than Chicago. A connection between the new ports and the Union Pacific Railroad at that point is an early probability. The Great Northern system is almost completed to the Pacific coast; and the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which has leased a railway from Duluth to the other end of Lake Superior, is about to dip down from a point in Manitoba to join its new property at Duluth.

These cities have already been sought by eight railways, operating 17,514 miles of roadways. They connect with St. Paul and Minneapolis and their feeders; they bring in the produce of the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, and Washington; they connect the twin ports with the lumber and mineral regions of Minnesota and along both the north and south shores of Lake Superior. Either projected or in course of construction are other railway lines

which will lead into Iowa and the corn belt, and up into the wheat fields of Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest.

These lake-side twins themselves realize some of the benefits of that cheap water transportation which is reached through them. For instance, the coal they use comes to them at the same rate that Chicago gets its coal, and twenty-five cents a ton cheaper than it can be supplied to Minneapolis and St. Paul. And seven months in the year the jobbers in the twin lake ports get Eastern goods at the same cost for transportation that is paid by the Chicago jobbers. Thus they have another advantage over Minneapolis and St. Paul. The flour-milling industry is one that is rapidly growing in the twin lake ports. Duluth has one mill that turns out 2500 barrels a day, and will double its capacity next summer. It has another and smaller mill in operation, and three others are projected. Duluth may yet become a very considerable milling point. The reason is that to ship the flour east from Minneapolis *via* the twin ports (250 miles nearer than Chicago) costs the millers of the Flour City ten cents a barrel—the price of the barrel. This the Duluth miller saves. The big Minneapolis mills are eking out their insufficient water-power with steam, and in the cost of fuel the lake port mills again have the advantage.

At the extreme western end of Lake Superior, where it terminates in a bay called St. Louis, the ancient terrace that marks a prehistoric coast line of the lake rises 500 feet in air beside the narrow beach of the modern level. A river breaks this terrace, and flows into the bay, and across that river and bay is a flat reach of once swampy lowland. The bluff is on the north side of the sharp end of the lake, and the houses of Duluth are perched upon this highland as if they might be a flock of goats grazing upon the face of a steep hill. Thus the land meets the water, and men have built upon it at Quebec, at Bar Harbor, and at minor places in Cornwall and Devonshire, England; but the habit in nature and in man is rare. Naturally Duluth has grown most in length along the foot of the bluff, and the distance from one sparsely built end to the other broken and scattering termination is about six miles. A large fraction of this length is compactly built along streets that climb

the hill-side. To prevent a division of the town by a rocky tongue that once ran out into the lake, the formidable barrier has been cut away as if it were so much dirt, and the main street runs by the spot as if the rocks never had been. To get teams and people up the steepest part of the hill-side—and perhaps to demonstrate anew the inability of nature to daunt the Duluth man—an inclined plane, like a massive slanting elevated railroad, is now building, and will soon be ready for the hauling of every sort of load, whether of wagons, cars, men, or beasts, up to the top of the hill. Out there, among those indomitable people, it is impossible to resist the feeling that if the moon were to take a fixed position permanently just over the city, they would annex it, and find a way to travel quickly to and from it.

In this little place, that is only ten years beyond its village condition, if you ascend the hill you will find that a sort of terrace, an ancient beach on top of it, has been laid out as a grand parkway or boulevard twelve miles long, 200 feet wide, and half encircling the city. Unfortunately the larger trees of the one-time forest up there had been all cut down when this was laid out, but there is plenty of slender timber there for future adornment, and, better yet, there are several madcap streams that break upon the edge of the bluff, and would splatter down upon the town had they not been controlled and covered. However, up on the beautiful Terrace Drive they are novel and beautiful ornaments, and ingenious taste and skill have made the most of them. From that terrace one can comprehend and cannot help but admire the city. In the thickly built heart of it are many costly modern buildings of great size, and some of exceeding beauty. The Spalding Hotel, the Lyceum Theatre, the Masonic Temple, the Chamber of Commerce, a great school-house, and a railway depot are among these. Beyond them and the town lies the harbor made by nature in a way man could hardly improve upon, except as he has cut channels to it. A great barrier juts out from Minnesota opposite another from Wisconsin, so that both form a great and perfect breakwater. There are two harbors behind this bar, first Superior and then St. Louis bays. Each city has cut a shipway through the barrier, and each has built upon its side

of both harbors an impressive array of wharves, elevators, and coal, grain, and ore bins and dumps. The smoke of the enterprise of both places comes together in one cloud over both, typifying either the united purpose to achieve success in both towns, or the sure result of all efforts to bring about any sort of union there, according as you are poetic or practical.

Across the narrow end of the lake, on the low flat of which I have spoken, you see Superior, Wisconsin, the rival of Duluth, made up of old Superior, West Superior, and South Superior. It is remarkable only for its enterprise. It is not almost unique in the character of its site, as is Duluth, nor is it pretty or picturesque. It has elbow-room on a great level plateau, and it may spread and wax great without the let or hinderance of rocks or bluffs. Its plans, as its chief historian remarks, "are on a magnificent scale. Many miles of streets and broad avenues have been paved for present needs, and a grand boulevard and park system anticipate the growth of population by some years." Then the historian goes on to speak highly of its sewage system, its electric street motors, the fact that it is one of the best-lighted cities in the land; all of which the facts justify. A liberal policy has led to the establishment of a number of important manufacturing establishments in the younger city, and with each such addition the spirits and hopes of the community have risen higher and higher. From the *Evening Telegram's* hand-book upon the subject I gather the following notes of the possessions and achievements of the city: It has an area of 37 square miles, an assessed valuation of \$23,000,000, a bonded indebtedness of about \$900,000, and a tax list of half a million dollars. It has ten banks, with a million of capital for all, and surpluses and undivided profits amounting to \$216,286. Its coal receipts by boat in 1890 were 1,045,000 tons; its oil receipts, 115,000 barrels. Its wheat shipments the same year amounted to 9,318,336 bushels; and in round figures it shipped 1,100,000 bushels of corn, 1,300,000 bushels of barley, and the same number of barrels of flour. It has a coal-dock capacity of 1,500,000 tons, a grain-elevator capacity of eight and a half million bushels, five hotels, twenty churches, seven railways, a street railway, the American Steel Barge Works

(where the famous "whaleback" lake steamers are made), the West Superior Iron and Steel Works, a carriage factory, a number of saw-mills, a furniture factory, and many other smaller works of various kinds. The population of what there was of Superior in 1884 was 2000; in 1889 it was 10,000; in 1890 it was 11,983. Now it is variously estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000.

Duluth is said to owe its foundation to the grasping demands of those who held the land on the Wisconsin side of the bay when Jay Cooke sought a terminal point there for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Now Superior has arisen simultaneously with the nearing completion of the Great Northern Railroad, which transfers its grain and other east-bound freight from its cars to its great steamers at Superior.

Duluth had 3500 population in 1880, and 33,115 in 1890, according to the census. This is now called 40,000. Duluth receives less coal than Superior, but ships more grain. Her grain shipments in 1890, and from January 1, 1891, to December 15, 1891, were as follows:

	1890.	1891.
Flourbbls.	2,589,384	3,220,273
Wheatbush.	14,090,826	34,492,438
Corn "	1,453,089	302,503
Oats "	1,616,635	365,872
Barley "	130,931	156,497
Flaxseed... "	51,440	308,363
Rye "	20,472

Duluth has extensive iron-works, iron and steel and steel and tin works, a wood-turning mill, lumber mills, a furniture factory, and a woollen mill. The city's grain-elevators have a combined capacity of 21,250,000 bushels. The lumber interest in Duluth is enormous, but the city itself is one of the great consumers of the supply, and receives far more than it ships away. The place is well paved, drained, and lighted, and has a good water supply system. As it would say of itself, it is "a hustler"—but so, also, is Superior.

The key-note and countersign of life in these cities is the word "hustle." We have caught it in the East, but we use it humorously, just as we once used the Southern word "skedaddle," but out West the word hustle is not only a serious term, it is the most serious in the language. One day, as I sat in the lobby of one of the great hotels in the older pair of twin cities, I heard two old friends greeting one another with ardent expres-

sions of friendship and delight. They had not met for a long while, and each asked about the other's Lizzie and Fannie and their respective little ones. All of a sudden I heard one say:

"Well, see you to-night, I suppose. I have got to go."

"Where have you got to go to?" the other inquired, plainly disappointed that the pleasant interview was not to be prolonged.

"Where?" the other echoed. "Why, to hustle, of course. I have lost ten minutes standing here talking to you. I'm going out to hustle."

The word always jars upon the ear of an Eastern man when it is seriously spoken, but it is preferable to that other expression once dominant in the West, but now all but abandoned. That was the word "rustle." The noun a "rustler" and the verb "to rustle" meant precisely what is conveyed by the newer terms a hustler and to hustle. At the first blush, as they say out West, rustle seems the better word. There is a hint of poetry in the suggestion of the sound of moving leaves upon the ground or of the silken dress of a lady moving rapidly. Moreover, that was what the word

was intended to convey, the idea being that of a man who moves so rapidly that the dead leaves upon the earth rustled as he swept along. But in its origin it is a word of evil intent, for the cowboys invented it, and applied it to cattle-thieves, rustlers being the swift raiders who stole upon grazing cattle on the plains, and rustled off with as many head, or beasts, as they could get away with. Therefore rustle is the worse word of the two. But to one who lives where neither word is in familiar use there is little choice, since the actual meaning of hustle is not far different from that of jostle. Both imply a serious and even brutal lack of consideration for other persons, who are elbowed and pushed out of the way by the hustler as rowdies are hustled along by the police.

Both Duluth and Superior are mainly dependent upon the lake system of navigation, and both complain that its limitations greatly retard their growth, and resist the growing demands of the shippers of the Northwest. In another article, upon Lake Superior, the situation in which these cities find themselves, and the need of prompt action by the government, will receive attention.

ALFONSO XII, PROCLAIMED KING OF SPAIN.

A NEW CHAPTER OF MY MEMOIRS.

BY MR. DE BLOWITZ.

IT was only in October, 1872, if I remember rightly—for his letter bears no date—that Laurence Oliphant informed me that in a letter which he had just received, Mr. Mowbray Morris, then manager of the *Times*, and therefore charged with the duty of the appointment of the correspondents of the paper and their assistants, had asked him to tell me that I was to remain definitely under his orders, Mr. Charles Austin continuing to be attached to the Paris office as second correspondent.

Soon after, Laurence Oliphant proposed that I should take up my abode with his mother and himself, occupying with them a small house with court and garden in the Rue du Centre, now the Rue Lamennais. Oliphant and his mother occupied the first floor; my wife, my adopted daughter, and I occupied the second floor. The upper stories, as well as the dining-room on the ground-floor, were common to us

both; we took our meals together, my wife having charge of all the domestic arrangements. The anxieties and practical difficulties attendant upon the management of a double household of this sort were beyond the power of Mrs. Oliphant. Like so many English ladies who have spent much time in the colonies, she had always been in the habit of shifting the responsibility of domestic and household worries upon others and upon her minor servants.

We met every day at meals, at noon and at seven o'clock. In the morning I went to Versailles, which was then the centre of political information. By luncheon I was back in Paris, and we discussed the information that I had gathered, considering it from the point of view of its value for our correspondence, which from the pen of Laurence Oliphant appeared in a style of refined humor and incisiveness

peculiar to the talent of this writer, who was at once so original and so full of good sense—a style of which the readers of the *Times* will long cherish the pleasant memory, for to-day, as it was then, it is a model of nice and delicate observation. In the evening I sent, under the signature of Oliphant, who had relieved me of the duty of communicating them to him in advance, all those matters of news which would have grown stale if consigned to the tardy post, and which, owing to the lateness of their reaching me, I was unable to communicate to my chief.

Oliphant, it is well known, had come to Europe and France by order of Mr. Harris, who was then still a prophet, or rather his prophet. Harris had not told him why he was to come to Europe; he had merely told him to come. Was it that the prophet did not himself know? Or was it that by the blind execution of this order Oliphant would the better enter into the mysteries of the cult professed by him? I cannot say; but at all events on reaching Europe he betook himself to London and waited for light. But the Franco-German war then broke out. Oliphant, who was by no means unknown to the readers of the *Times*, appeared before Mr. Mowbray Morris and offered his services.

They were eagerly accepted, and Oliphant was directed to remain with the French army. The *Times* believed naively that its accredited representative would be received with open arms by the military administration in France. It was quite unaware, alas! that the commander-in-chief of the French armies had, above all, certain things to conceal, and that any impartial and penetrating witness of events would be regarded as an enemy.

When Oliphant presented himself to Marshal Lebœuf as commissioned by the *Times* to follow the French army, he was kept waiting in an anteroom for some hours, and finally informed that Marshal Lebœuf had decided to forbid correspondents to follow the army. In any case, the marshal preferred to have only such correspondents as would be willing to conceal the truth, and not to enlighten ignorance and error. Oliphant left Paris, and retired into the provinces to inform himself with regard to the state of mind outside of the capital. He found everywhere the results of the excitement which had been aroused at Paris, and

which had been, as it were, artificially blown to a white heat in order to dissipate all resistance or opposition during the grave crisis that it was now necessary to meet. At Lyons he was recognized as a foreigner while present at one of those assemblies at which speakers without conviction endeavor by vague and chilly utterances to manufacture illusions and arouse enthusiasms in which they themselves do not share. His tall slim figure, his long beard, his penetrating eye, and his mouth touched with a melancholy irony—his incredulous air, in a word, which was so contrasted with the noisy enthusiasm of the company—easily betrayed him. He was at first only noticed, but then questioned, attacked, and menaced; and when, instead of protesting, he attempted in picturesque language to make clear the actual state of things, he barely escaped serious consequences on account of his rash conduct. The spectre of the spy already haunted all minds, and it was with cries of death that they received his perspicacious words. He returned to Paris, and there received the order to join the German army, where General Von der Tarn, informed of the refusal he had met with in France, asked that he should be attached to his army corps.

It has often been remarked that the main reason that the information of the *Times* had that accuracy of which the French complained so bitterly was that its correspondents were obliged to send the exact truth, which in France it was sought so strenuously to conceal, and which indeed was concealed by the culpable complicity of the papers. If the correspondents of the *Times* had been allowed to follow the French armies, they undoubtedly would have told the truth, but they would have presented it under a more agreeable form, and France would have found in the columns of the *Times* many a word of sad defence side by side with the triumphant stories which came to it from false sources through the German army alone.

But I am not writing here the life of Oliphant. It has been written only recently, and remarkably written, although one cannot help regretting that the author of this book seems absolutely ignorant of the work of Oliphant during his stay in France. The war over, he returned to Paris, and remained attached to the *Times*. But the mission that Harris had given him

seemed finished. He had become convinced that the vision of the prophet could embrace only the vast horizon of the war, and that he had sent him to Europe only to follow its vicissitudes, and to draw from the spectacle the philosophic conclusions demanded as the foundation of a new faith. He met now, it is true, dwelling just in front of him in this same Rue du Centre where we lived together, that charming and clever Miss Le Strange, who was to unite herself to him—to embrace his obscure faith, which love for the master rendered so clear and intelligible to the pupil already convinced in advance; who was to accept with it or endure with it all its exactions and all its consequences; and who was to die later on in her exalted and vanished youth, quite alone, a victim always of vague and futile revelations, far away in that solitude of Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, which has been the witness of the rise and fall of all beliefs and of all errors. The prophet Harris was eager to persuade him that this meeting with Miss Le Strange, this love, this union, had all been foreseen when he had directed Oliphant to come to France, so that Oliphant believed that his mission was at an end, that he had done with the agitated life of camps, with the fever of revolutions, and the thousand and one crises that attended the painful situation of France during the war and the Commune. When the country, apparently exhausted, crushed, and scorched under fire and war, attempted with marvellous elasticity to raise itself from the ruins and walk again with head erect among the nations, Laurence Oliphant felt himself, as it were, humbled by the work of a peaceful and faithful historian which was now incumbent upon him. His nervous temperament did not allow him long to support a sedentary life of this sort, and he hastened to return to America, where he was attracted by the dream of a still mysterious future, and where he counted upon being able to effect a powerful propaganda, in which he had begun by acquiescing, but which he now hoped to carry on in his own turn.

His relations with the *Times*, therefore, became now more and more irksome, and it was only by a strong effort daily that he succeeded in fulfilling his task. His attitude towards the Thiers government was an indication of his state of mind at this time. He refused now and then to

go to Versailles to see M. Thiers, and when he did see him he showed himself irritated and almost haughty—indeed, treating the opinions and theories that M. Thiers developed before him with a kind of ironical and supercilious indulgence very like disdain. He refused the offer of the Legion of Honor almost with positive rudeness, as if it was sought with the red rosette to impose upon him the badge of servitude. His young wife herself—whose aspirations, more lofty than his, perhaps, and more romantic, could not be satisfied by this daily task, a little too exactly regular—was not likely to induce him to love it any the more. He threw the bridle upon my neck, approved in advance of all my communications, and received them rather with the pleasure of a reader than with the attention of a correspondent called upon to give them to the light. These tendencies were often prejudicial to the best exercise of his abilities, and clearly presaged the end; so that I was not surprised when, in the year 1873, he announced to me one day that as a result of an interchange of some rather sharp correspondence between Mr. Macdonald, then manager of the *Times*, and himself, he had just sent in his resignation as special correspondent of that paper in France.

Some days later he presented me to his successor. It was Mr. Frederic Hardman, the same whom I had succeeded at the start and replaced afterwards. It did not take long for me to understand, and undoubtedly Mr. Hardman understood it as well, that our relations would soon become full of difficulties. Mr. Frederic Hardman was a veteran among *Times* correspondents. His absolute position, his great loyalty, the uprightness of his character, his devotion to the cause of the paper, and his fine talent and great experience had merited the friendship of his chiefs and of all connected with the *Times*. He had lived for a long period in Spain, and he had very accurate notions in regard to that country and its political parties, then so eagerly disputing among themselves. He had lived in Rome and in Germany as well, and he knew many statesmen in all countries, and he was on the best of terms even with men of the old régime in France. But the new political structure and the men who were at this moment governing France were unknown to him. He did

not see that defeat had produced in everybody a nervous condition, a kind of chronic distrust, something bitter in the feeling towards foreigners and everything foreign. His first endeavors to seek information and to put together some elements of work were not a success, and he generally summed up the result of his attempts with a "There is nothing new." He had, besides, the American method. He noted down the words that were said to him in a note-book which he held in his hand, a method which in France is infallible for learning absolutely nothing; for, as M. Duclerc says, "This method of cross-examination puts you immediately on the defensive, and shuts your mouth while it opens your eyes." After some days' trial he explained to me that he was anxious to arrange our work together as it had been done before with Oliphant; that I was to go in search of information, and that he would make my results the theme of correspondence. He left me also the department of the preparation of rapid news necessitating short despatches. This plan worked well for some time. Unfortunately the situation was false. He was my chief, but he was unknown to the majority of Frenchmen, and whenever we found ourselves together in the same official *salon*, in spite of all precautions that I took, the positions, in the eyes of a third person, seemed inverted. Some incidents, unfortunate but inevitable, complicated matters. Once he went to the Élysée, giving his card to the usher, in order to speak with the Vicomte d'Harcourt, the President's secretary. The usher replied that M. d'Harcourt could not be seen.

"Tell him that it is the correspondent of the *Times* who wishes to see him."

The usher looked at him rudely: "Pardon me," he said, "but the correspondent of the *Times* has just left the secretary."

At another time one of his friends, Lord X., left at the Hôtel Chatham, to be carried to the correspondent of the *Times*, a visiting-card. It was taken to my house. As it constantly happens to everybody to receive cards from persons unknown to one, I thought that this card was meant for me, and I returned the visit.

The crisis after these incidents became acute. I had arranged, at Mr. Macdonald's order, the special wire to the *Times*, which was the first then established, and

which was used for the first time on the 4th of May, 1874. The consequent necessity, so new for Mr. Hardman and frightfully exacting for him—who thus, without any experience of that kind of thing, was obliged to adapt himself to the new method of improvising, upon events of the last moment while they were still in the air, letters logically conceived throughout, and written while the telegraph waited, without opportunity for revision—had its baneful effect; the strain affected the health, temper, and nervous system of Mr. Hardman, and made collaboration with him impossible. Four times pressing telegraphic recalls to Paris interrupted my holidays, and finally, when a fifth summoned me thither after an absence of only three days, I returned obediently, but resolved to send in my resignation, which now seemed inevitable, since I had neither the wish nor the power to act otherwise, and so once more I was on the point, already at an advanced moment in my life, of abandoning a career for which I had so sincere an enthusiasm, and to which I dreamed of devoting the remainder of my existence. But on reaching Paris I learned that Mr. Hardman was seriously ill.

He was then living across the river in the Rue Solferino, and it was his habit to return, after the nervous excitement of his work, always at a late hour of the night—sometimes, indeed, in the early morning—on foot to his house, thus courting the illness which was destined to carry him away. It was, indeed, pleurisy contracted during his walk in icy air on coming out from his work in a state of perspiration which finally, after a few days of resistance, brought him to the ground. In every sense of the words he was upright and devoted to his duty, and he died from having gone heroically literally beyond his strength. It was neither our characters nor our sympathies nor our wills that made our relations so difficult—nay, I may say all but impossible—but it was the falsity of the relationship in which we happened to be placed, and none of my friends who knew me well were surprised to see me weeping sincerely at the premature death of this excellent man. The *Times* devoted to him an eloquent and feeling article, which, notwithstanding its notes of eulogy, scarcely rendered to him justice, and then—all was over.

There is nothing in the world more melancholy than the sudden silence that falls round the tomb of those painstaking, steady workers who follow with unwearying conscientiousness up to the very end the furrow of their daily task, without arousing hatred, without provoking jealousy, and who leave at the last the memory of a talent to which every one pays an equal homage. In this journalistic career posthumous enthusiasm is never noisy. Even beyond the tomb the fame of the dead is an offence, and the very haters, from fear of prolonging the noise of the praise of the famous, seem to prefer to hold their peace, lest in attempting to gain satisfaction they recall the memory of the contestants who have disappeared. Yes, nothing is more melancholy than the startling rapidity with which these turbulent existences, bound to a merely ephemeral want, enter into the dark oblivion of the tomb. The most distinguished among them scarcely survive, and future generations know them not, because even living generations have passed them by in silence. The Royer Collards, the Benjamin Constants, the Thiers, have survived in the memory of men not because they were journalists, but in spite of it. Armand Carrel is not yet forgotten because he was killed in a duel with Girardin; and the latter, who was a man of affairs as well as journalist, lives rather because he was the promoter of postal reform than because for forty years he had been the most active of journalists. Laurence Oliplant's life was written because he lived an existence full of agitation, because he was nearly massacred in Japan, because he published books of satire and philosophy, because his always inquiring spirit pursued beyond the barriers of reality the solution of problems that constantly escaped his insight and his power, and because in the solitude of Haifa, scaling in his turn Mount Carmel, he sought to preach from its heights a new law which he believed to be true. But no one has dreamed, or dreams, as far as I know, of writing the life of the admirable journalist John Delane, the editor-in-chief of the *Times*, who was during thirty-two years the De Moltke of a venerated chief, sacrificing to the triumph of the common work his right of remonstrance. Under the reign of Mr. John Walter, the third of the dynasty which gave to England the uncontested

power of the *Times*, John Delane for thirty-two years silently, and without even leaving behind him memories which could recall his success, led his troops to continual victories. He began his fruitful career almost at the accession of Queen Victoria. He was editor-in-chief of the *Times* at the age at which Pitt became Prime Minister; and at different epochs, and in the midst of unlike generations, these two—the one before the admiration of the entire world, the other in the distant silence of the editorial room, the one amid the acclamations of the crowd, the other with only the approval of his conscience—worked with equally precocious qualities and displayed equal genius in the accomplishment of their several tasks and in the steady realization of their designs. John Delane traversed the revolution of 1848, the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, the proclamation of the Second Empire, the Crimean war, the Italian war, the Mexican expedition, that against Schleswig-Holstein, and the war of 1866, the war of 1870, the Commune, the proclamation of the German Empire, the Dualism in Austria, the Russo-Hungarian campaign, the conception and the opening of the Suez Canal, the nihilist plots, the great reforms that mark the internal policy of the reign of Queen Victoria, and a thousand other events which for the moment I forget, yet always and everywhere the dominant voice of his journal sounded far above the clamor of the combatants, and everywhere and always he lent to those to whom he gave his support a real power, while he weakened incontestably those against whom he fought; and yet, when he died, not a single voice in the world among his bitterest opponents was raised in disparagement of his conscientiousness, his justice, and his honor. For thirty-two years, suffering nothing to prevent him, he went to his room in the *Times* at half past ten in the evening, and left it at half past four, giving his entire life to this silent work by night, subordinating to it everything save independence of judgment, and having as his only recompense the single ambition to be true. During these thirty-two years he made and unmade hundreds of reputations, which the world, by involuntary homage rendered to the infallibility of his judgment, has left in the place to which he assigned them. It has forgotten one thing, however—to re-

serve for John Delane himself a corner in its memory; and it has forgotten that it had a duty not to allow him to be so promptly submerged by events; and it is almost with a feeling of bitterness that I have recalled, in the inadequate and unworthy lines that precede, the great career of this toiler unknown among the crowd, so worthy, however, to figure among those who are placed in the forefront of their times.

The very morning of the death of Mr. Hardman I received a letter, which was very touching and full of feeling, from Mr. Macdonald, who had loved him much, in which he invited me to continue till further orders the duties of the Paris correspondent of the paper, with the valuable collaboration of Mr. J. G. Alger, who still occupies, with his recognized ability, the same post as then. We set ourselves bravely to the wheel. They were difficult months that followed. My provisional situation gave me in no quarter the absolute authority that was necessary for my work. Furthermore, there was a question as to continuing the telegraphic correspondence, which was still an experiment, the success of which was watched everywhere with jealous anxiety.

The *Times* remained for some time the only paper in the world possessing a private wire, and it was necessary to justify this fact to its readers as well as to itself. We accomplished this result, however, for to-day the great papers without a special wire are the exception. It was in the month of October that Mr. Hardman died. As soon as his death was known, on every side, from all countries and from all ranks, rose men whose talents, origin, or position induced them to apply for the post of Paris representative of the *Times*. At every moment the papers announced the appointment of one or the other, but never, I must say, was I mentioned for the post. The *Times* itself reserved to me a very curious surprise. It was Mr. John Delane who was still the editor-in-chief. He knew me personally, but it was his rule never to write directly to correspondents, but only officially as the head of the staff. I had never had any direct personal correspondence with him. While I was thus filling the vacant post in the interim, I wrote one day a letter, entitled "De Profundis," predicting the approaching fall of the De Cissy cabinet.

The letter appeared with comment in a leading article, but the next day came a telegram from Mr. Delane asking who was the author of it. A similar thing happened four or five times, and I learned—which was indeed the inevitable consequence of anonymity—that the editor of the paper himself did not quite know what to think of my ability as a writer and as a journalist.

Three months rolled by in this way. During those months a hundred rumors were bruited about, and not a word had been exchanged between the journal and myself in regard to my present or future situation. All that I knew was that whosoever might be the head appointed over me, I could do nothing but withdraw. My experience with Mr. Hardman had enlightened me, and the position that I occupied after his death made a similar prospect still more intolerable. However, I did nothing to put an end to this state of things. I understood that the paper, in presence of the most tempting offers, feeling the difficulties that attended my appointment, and realizing the necessity of conducting itself according to a certain etiquette, as one might say, on account of its unique position in the world's press, would take a long time to consider, and however great my annoyance might have been, I should have understood and bowed before its decision. This decision came at the end of the year 1874. The service had not suffered. The special wire was proving its value more and more; the Paris correspondence, sustained by the combined efforts of my collaborator and myself, had succeeded in gaining the approbation of our chiefs. There appeared to be no reason why the situation, in itself provisional and precarious, should not be prolonged for some time still. But the 31st of December, 1874, ushered in an event which put a sudden end to the delay of my chiefs.

The evening of that day I had gone to bed very late. The day was icy cold; snow covered all Paris. Wearied out, and suffering from a slight fever, I had remained in bed, and was on the point of sending to Mr. Alger to inform him of my condition, in order to consider with him with what we could feed that Minotaur called the private wire, when the evening papers were brought to me. The *Liberté*, whose proprietors were then, and no doubt are to-day, on excellent terms with

the Spanish dynasty, announced by telegraph, and in some words of comment, that a pronunciamento, provoked by Martinez-Campos, had taken place in Spain, and that the Prince of Asturias, then in Paris, had been proclaimed King, under the title of Alfonso XII. It was a veritable thunder-clap. Half an hour later I was at the Spanish embassy, then held by M. Abarzuzza, a revolutionary Spaniard of the finest water, and who was walking then in the flower beds of diplomacy with about the easy lightness of an elephant. He received me very ironically, after I had waited for more than an hour—a thing not unnatural, however, as some three hundred people were pressing into his waiting-rooms. I had remained below, so as to watch those who entered or departed by the only door admitting to the embassy, and in order to see if the ambassador received many telegrams from abroad. It is sure to be the case that when a revolution breaks out in a country, as long as the government remains master of the situation, its representatives receive ample information. For there is nothing more agreeable than preparing bulletins of victory. But so soon as the situation changes, it is the ambassadors who send the eager telegrams, which often do not reach their destination, however, and to which, even when they do, there is frequently no reply. So now on this occasion I saw messengers continually hurrying out with half-concealed despatches in their hands, to be sent by telegraph, but during all the time that I waited I saw not a single telegraphic message entering the embassy. When finally I was conducted to the ambassador, in spite of the irony with which he treated the telegram in the papers, I had almost made up my mind as to its truth. The ambassador told me that it was merely an abortive revolution; that a few soldiers, speedily silenced, had cried out "Viva el Rey!" but that at that moment—it was then half past six—the excitement had been suppressed, order had been re-established in Madrid, the government having taken energetic measures, and he authorized me to telegraph to my paper that the attempt for the restoration of the monarchy had been easily suppressed by the government. In such a case, as in many others, when it is a question of serving his government or serving himself, an ambassador will never

hesitate to throw a journalist quite overboard, and to sacrifice him body and soul, if he can, his reputation and his honor, to his own designs. I left the ambassador convinced that the pronunciamento of Martinez-Campos had succeeded, resolved not to repeat the ambassador's story, or at least to send it with pointed comments, but yet not daring to give a positive form to my conviction by sending an absolutely contrary telegram, for I had no absolute proof of the truth of that of which I was persuaded, and I could not discover any justifying facts. I returned discouraged enough, for the time at the best was short, and the fever had not yet left me. But I ordered a carriage to be in readiness, and with weariness and disappointment betook myself to my chamber, in a state almost of madness because I could see no means of gaining better information. Queen Isabella, to be sure, with the Prince of Asturias, occupied the Hôtel Basilewski, only a few doors from my house, but I knew neither the Queen nor her son, nor any member of their *entourage*, and it was not probable, indeed it was scarcely possible, that in the circumstances, and at such a moment, I would be received. Moreover, on returning, I had passed by the Avenue Kléber, in front of the Hôtel Basilewski (the Palais de Castille), instinctively, as if to see if the walls of this house could not tell me something. I saw an enormous crowd in front of the gates, which were tightly closed, and some sergeants de ville, sent in haste, who with the greatest difficulty held the throng in check. I imagined that all the reporters of the Paris papers and all the correspondents of foreign papers were mingled in this crowd and trampling down the snow, and considering it useless to increase the number, I more and more despaired at my helplessness.

The 31st December, in the evening, it was useless to seek to find any members of the government in Paris; moreover, the official seat was at Versailles, and there seemed no issue out of my difficulties. Suddenly a souvenir flashed across my brain. Some time previously I had met at the Spanish embassy, then at Versailles, Count de Banuelos, a Senator of Spain, who had spoken in warm terms of the Queen and her son, who was well acquainted with England, and who was a careful reader of the *Times*. He had

been quite charming to me. I had called upon him, and had been presented to the most delightful of families, consisting of a very gracious and affable mother and two charming girls. His hotel, 27 Rue de Lisbonne, was near at hand. It was nine o'clock. I rushed down to my carriage and gave the address. Two minutes after, I entered the *hôtel Banuelos*. When I entered the hall, Count Banuelos, now Spanish minister at Brussels, and one of the finest-looking men of his time, in full dress, followed by his two daughters, also in evening ball dress; was descending the stairs to enter the *salon* on the ground-floor. I was extremely embarrassed. I had come by instinct, at a venture, without plan or forethought, and without knowing exactly why. On seeing these preparations, indicating that the count was about to go to a ball, I understood that I could expect no help from him, for at the moment the idea came to me that the only way of penetrating into the Palace of Castille was to go with him. I asked him if he had any details. He replied that he had just learned the news at that very moment, that he had previous reasons for thinking it true, and that as he was going to a ball at the Duchesse de Malakoff's with his two daughters, he intended to congratulate the future King on the following day. I had not got very far; the two young women, who were ready and impatient to go, came to ask for their father. During this conversation I had become convinced that Count Banuelos alone could open to me the doors of the Palais de Castille, and that there and there only could I hope to obtain any information. But at the first suggestion of the sort that I uttered the two charming girls were in consternation. Politics did not much interest them. The young Prince of Asturias, whom they greatly liked, had been proclaimed King, but the rest mattered little, and their dance cards were filled with engagements, and their partners were waiting. They were likely to pain many and disappoint others, and to be unkind to the beautiful and good lady their hostess, who counted upon them; and all this drove me to despair, while, without insisting, I kissed the young ladies, and my face betrayed the bitter disappointment that I felt as I slowly got up to take leave. My disappointment was so obvious that the two

girls were moved, and simultaneously, without understanding why I was so much troubled, they consented to let their father go.

But it was then my place to refuse. I reproached myself with great selfishness for having troubled these two gracious beings, without even letting them know why they were called upon to sacrifice themselves so completely for me, and I made a movement of going away.

At that moment the door of the *salon* opened, and the Countess de Banuelos, her face, always sympathetic, now lighted "*par le plaisir de faire plaisir*," appeared in full ball dress. So soon as she learned the difficulty, solving the entire situation, she ascended to her apartments, and came down ready to take her daughters to the Duchesse de Malakoff's, where she promised to await her husband's arrival to relieve her of her post of devotion. There, as always, the soft hand of a woman removed the obstacles that lay in the pathway of my life. Before her intervention all difficulties disappeared. We put the ladies into their carriage, and the count and I betook ourselves to mine, ordering the coachman to touch at the Palais de Castille.

The crowd there was as great as ever, and the precautions against intruders as severe. Since nine that night nobody had been allowed to enter. A commissary of police, with a sufficiently strong band of sergeants de ville under his orders, was guarding the great gateways opening on the *cour d'honneur*. Our carriage was stopped even before we had penetrated the crowd.

Count Banuelos put out his head, summoned a sergent de ville, and begged him to send for the commissary of police. Count Banuelos explained who he was, and informed him that he was going to salute the King. The commissary excused himself with great politeness, but said that he could not permit the passage. Count Banuelos then gave him his card, and begged him to have it given by one of his men to Count Morphy, governor of the Prince of Asturias, henceforth King of Spain. The commissary of police glanced at the card, bowed down before the name that it bore, and granted the request of the count. Ten minutes after, a great movement took place in the crowd. The police were opening a passage to our carriage. A strong cordon of

sergents de ville protected us and defended the gate, in order to prevent a sudden rush within the court. I was in the shadow of the carriage, and we dashed across through the great doorway, that closed quickly behind us. A journalist who happened to be there, however, recognized my driver. I heard them crying "It is Blowitz's carriage," and caught the sound of cries and counter-cries of objection, but we were then ascending the *perron*, and I found myself in the vestibule of the palace.

Everywhere was great commotion. All the intimates of the royal palace had been ordered thither, and they went and came, and joyous salutations resounded throughout the house in a fashion that seriously compromised the etiquette of the Spanish court. One felt here that beyond all doubt the pronunciamiento had indeed succeeded, and that Alfonso XII. had certainly been proclaimed and recognized King of Spain. Even M. Abarzuzza himself would have been convinced of it.

Count Morphy came to meet us. After the presentations were over, "The King will see you with great pleasure," he said to Count Banuelos. "And as for you, monsieur, come in here, I beg you, into the King's study, where he has been till just now. I will tell the King that you are here, will explain the object of your visit, and will return to tell you what he may authorize me to say to you."

All who have had the good fortune to know Count Morphy will know that I had reason to congratulate myself on finding myself at this moment standing before one of the most amiable, accomplished, and refined of gentlemen, and every time my good star has brought me since into his presence—at Madrid during the first marriage of the King, and at Paris during the painful incidents of the return from Germany—I recognized in him the same man, so kind, so sympathetic, so amiable to others, as I noted at my first meeting, and indeed at the very first moment of this meeting.

While Count Banuelos, accompanied by Count Morphy, ascended to the next floor, where was the King, I entered, on the left, in the ground-floor, the "study" of the Prince of Asturias, in that part of the house devoted to Count Morphy. The walls were covered with geographical maps, and photographs of sovereigns and

princes and princesses of reigning houses, all bearing gracious dedications. On one table was a chart of both hemispheres, and on another, covered with books and papers, lay a volume of Tacitus, bearing, in whose hand I did not know, annotations in Spanish. While I was excitedly engaged in noting the passage of the book thus lying open under my eyes, eager to know what had been the last book which the Prince of Asturias had been reading, the door opened and some one entered. I thought it was Count Morphy.

"You see, count," said I, "I am trying to see what passage—" I raised my eyes. It was the young King himself, who, with a smile on his lips and a beaming eye, stretched out a slightly feverish hand.

He was dressed in irreproachable taste, and wore his evening dress, with its narrow silk lapel, with youthful and easy grace, while a gardenia adorned his button-hole.

In spite of his extreme youth, his face was serious, his bearing energetic, and a slight line already seamed a broad and intelligent brow, surmounted by fine dark hair arranged with great care and taste.

"May your Majesty pardon me," I said. "I thought that it was Count Morphy."

The King made a slight movement, the cheeks colored rapidly, and the mouth, a little melancholy even at this moment, and shaded by a fine youthful mustache, began to smile frankly.

"Excuse me," he said, "for this little movement of surprise, but although, as I think, I may consider myself King of Spain, inasmuch as you are the first stranger who has yet greeted me with this title, I could not repress the slight movement which I perceive did not escape you."

Then, with his back against the fireplace, and with an easy and charming simplicity, he told me himself all the details of the movement which had just occurred. He recalled the proclamation of Martinez-Campos, the attitude of the troops, the proclamation of the Governor of Madrid, the feeling of the populace there and in the provinces, as just indicated to him by telegrams, the proclamation that he would himself address to the Spanish people, and, in fact, the entire plan of the Constitution which he had

conceived and was on the point of elaborating.

"I have been utterly surprised at the event," he said, "although I was expecting it. I was afraid it might be too long delayed, but my friend Martinez-Campos wished to make me a present on this appropriate day of the year. He could not have chosen a finer one," and he began to laugh loudly. "I went out immediately after breakfast to take advantage of a moment's sunlight, and when I returned I saw people running towards the palace, the great gateway open, with everybody awaiting me on the steps, the Queen at the top of the stairs, and coming down to throw herself into my arms, while the others cried, 'Vive le Roi!' Then I understood, and I have had all the difficulty in the world to keep from bursting into tears, for I understand very well that my poor dear Spain has need of a long rest in order to rise from her ruins, and I do not know whether my strength is sufficient." And then, after some minutes of silence, holding my hand as a sign of adieu, he added, gayly, "What, between ourselves, I am going to try especially to do is to seek to manage so that there shall be no more pronunciamientos, and for that purpose to see the army immediately on my return, to see it, moreover, often, and to teach it that it has only one head, who commands it, and its commanders as well, and that that head is the King."

Count Morphy was awaiting me and came to me, while the young King ascended to his apartments on the first floor. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart for my good fortune, to which he had so powerfully contributed, for the King had said to me, in our conversation, "My friends Count Banuelos and Count Morphy both begged me to see you myself, thinking undoubtedly that you had never seen a king nearer his accession, and that what I told you myself would have more authenticity than what I might say through them; and you see I am not yet at that epoch in my reign at which they no longer dare to counsel me." And I experience great pleasure now, after fourteen years, at expressing to those whom Alfonso XII. called his two friends, the feeling of profound and affectionate gratitude that I have never ceased to treasure up in regard to them. Both, happily, while Alfonso XII. reposes in the royal

vault of Spain, while the widow who survives him watches with the wisdom of a Marie Theresa over the childish brow which bears the heavy burden of the crown of Spain—both still live, and can accept the expression of my enduring gratitude. Count Morphy occupies to-day the high place he occupied of old in the confidence of Alfonso XII., and Count Banuelos is to-day the much-loved and esteemed representative of Spain at the very gates of Paris, in Brussels.

But I admit I did not prolong my conversation with Count Morphy, who was himself, in spite of the late hour, worried by many calls upon him. Messages followed one another without cessation, and during the few moments that I remained with him several packages of telegrams were brought in.

It was half past eleven. Count Banuelos had gone, I know not how, leaving my carriage at my disposal. I ordered my driver to go at a rapid trot, but the snow and slipperiness rendered all hopes of this kind foolish, and we had, on the other hand, to take the greatest precautions in order to avoid an accident. It was almost one o'clock when I reached the office of the *Times*. The moments were pressing. I sent off two columns of matter, giving the principal things, and my interview with the King, but it was too late to send the details that I have just given.

The morrow I remained in bed in a state of intense fever, quite unable to write, and the following day it was too late to return to the details of this evening, which could therefore be told only in these pages of my journalistic life, as connected with the political events of the time. I say this in order to guarantee my honesty as a writer, and to recall to the reader that what precedes has never before been published.

But although I could not publish everything, what appeared in the *Times* on the following morning was absolutely unknown to anybody. The correspondence from Madrid was only a repetition of the telegrams in other papers, and it was my story given by the *Times* which the telegraphic agencies sent throughout the entire world.

Four years later, when at his marriage with Princess Mercedes I saw Alfonso XII. again at Madrid, he recalled this conversation, and observed to me with

pride that the programme that he had traced on the day of his accession he had managed to realize. He told me also that M. Canovas del Castillo had lasted long enough, and intimated to me that he was going to advise him to retire, in order to make way for a more liberal cabinet. He showed himself also very proud of having won, after a great struggle, the hand of his much-loved wife, who was there at his side, the fleeting image of a happiness very rare to meet on the high places of human power. He had won her, indeed, in spite of everything, and it was, as I believe I have already somewhere related, on the grain wagon of a farmer, that had been lent to him when weariness prevented them from regaining La Granja on foot, that the young King, while the farmer's mule was proceeding at his will, declared his love to his cousin, and swore to marry her. And some months later on this spring-time happiness was extinguished in mourning, and Queen Mercedes preceded her young monarch to the royal tomb.

On the 3d of January, for the first time since I had been under his orders, Mr. John Delane wrote to me directly, and congratulated me upon what he called my "vrai coup de maître." Mr. Delane corresponded directly only with the chiefs of the service, which is sufficiently explained by the fact of his enormous correspondence as editor-in-chief of the *Times*, and on receiving this letter, with its high and rare enthusiasm for the success obtained on the 31st of the previous month, I understood that this last effort, more than all others put together, had triumphed over all the obstacles in the way of my appointment as the *Times* representative at Paris, and I awaited with confidence this appointment, which was officially announced on the 1st of February, 1875. It is not demanded of a journalist who writes his memoirs that he should tell the story of a career of a great general or of a president of council. I wish only to show by what struggles and combinations of circumstances, often useless, information of the first moment is acquired—information which, it may be, the reader runs through with indifference, and which appears to the public the simplest and most natural thing in the world. I wish to show that every profession having to do with realities exacts devotion, and that it is not always those who capture bastions and tow-

ers who have need of enthusiasm in the accomplishment of their mission. And since this chapter tends to this end, I ask to retrace my steps for a little and to recount an episode of less seriousness, which will show a lighter side in the avenues of journalism.

It took place in 1873. M. Thiers had just been overthrown. Nasr-ed-Deen, the present Shah of Persia, had announced his visit to Paris. He was the first sovereign who had visited Paris in state since the war. The De Broglie ministry, the first cabinet of Marshal MacMahon, resolved to give great éclat to his reception. The Shah was received in pomp at Ranelagh. Masts and oriflammes adorned the length of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The Champs Élysées were decorated with flags and colors. The Place de la Concorde was brilliant to the eye, and the Pont de la Concorde a marvel of decoration. Soldiers stood in serried lines all along the route, and it was in the midst of a dazzling splendor that Nasr-ed-Deen reached the Palais Bourbon, which had been prepared for his residence. Fêtes followed fêtes, and it was resolved to finish the series with the most brilliant of all, by a fête at Versailles, with a gala dinner in the Galerie des Glaces, and with a truly royal display of fireworks in the Neptune Fountain.

M. Léon Renault, the great advocate, now Senator, was then Prefect of Police. I was a friend of his. The Duc de Broglie and the Duc Decazes were very amiable to me, and I set out for Versailles furnished with everything that could give me access to any places into which I might think it worth while to penetrate.

All doors, indeed, opened before me. But at a certain moment four or five of my colleagues in the foreign press found themselves at my side, resolved not to leave me, and intending to profit by all the facilities at my disposal. This lasted throughout the evening. I attempted to make shifts and turns, but still I found this cortège at my heels rather increasing than diminishing.

I was extremely indignant. What use was it for me to see everything if all the world saw the same, and if on the morrow all the English papers published the same details? For we had not then a private wire, and Versailles had the only wire by which our telegrams could be

sent. We thus reached, my friend M. Bertholon and I, the basin of Neptune, still followed by my colleagues.

The official tribune was almost supported against a wall, and behind it was a small gate, by which there was a narrow passage between the platform and the wall to the street. There were more than 10,000 persons present, and the soldiers on guard had great difficulty in maintaining order and preventing a "crush," letting people pass only very slowly. I decided that we must either ascend to the château straight against the crowd, or wait two hours to go out. Now it was ten o'clock, and the telegraph at Versailles closed before midnight, so that when we got out it would be too late to reach the Versailles office, and too late also to return to Paris or to telegraph. However, so much had been said of this fête that to be disarmed by the telegraph agencies was to be beaten.

We were now pushed against a wall on which rested a roof which rose above a court. On the other side I could see the top of a long ladder, by which people from without had climbed upon the roof in order to enter the park.

"Listen!" said I in a low voice to M. Bertholon. "Take one of the chairs by the side of the platform, and let us lean it against the wall; get up on the roof, and give me your hand." It was done. "Now I have thrown back the chair,

which they are about to replace, descend the ladder quickly, hold it and I will follow you, and when once I am down, you, who are big and strong, will help me, and we will upset it." Just as M. Bertholon came to my rescue, the others appeared on the roof, and tried to retain the ladder, which, however, escaped their hands, and fell into the court. The man to whom the ladder belonged ran forward, crying out. "Here are twenty francs," I said to him. "Throw the ladder into the street." The man hastened to execute the order. I heard some furious cries. I hastened towards the carriage which I had ordered to wait for me at a particular spot, and at breakneck speed we rushed to the telegraph office. I had the wire free, all to myself, and wrote my telegram, which was transmitted word by word. When I was just finishing, an employé came to me and begged me to make haste, as the office was about to close. I handed him my last page, and he gave the order to shut the doors.

In the street I met those who had remained in the park, and who were running with all their speed to despatch their telegrams, and I heard them striking their fists against the closed doors of the telegraph office.

This is the way that one manages to send telegrams before other people, and succeeds in making five enemies in one single well-employed evening.

"AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS."

BY EDWARD ANTHONY BRADFORD.

"CHINA for the Chinese," is the rallying cry of the Kolao Hui, and at the present moment diplomats and admirals representing the leading nations of Europe and the United States are engaged in officially remonstrating against the folly and barbarism of such a sentiment. Again, not all the divinity which hedges about the Russian autocrat can prevent some stray shaft of the world's universal scorn from telling him that his scutcheon is sullied by the misery of the Jews within his realm. These modern instances could, if it were necessary, readily be re-enforced by others, showing that jealousy of foreigners is characteristic of imperfect civilization, and, as a rule, that hospitality to aliens increases with a nation's strength and the wisdom of its people. But, al-

though the rule is so, there is one conspicuous exception—the United States. Until within a half-dozen years it merited Webster's glowing eulogium of it as the refuge of the oppressed of every clime; but within that period it has backslidden until the words now read almost like a reproach. Reference is not now made, except in passing, to the marked change in public sentiment regarding immigration. That is another story, although the motive is similar. Nor is it for a moment intended to compare our treatment of foreigners in degree with the persecutions of the Middle Kingdom and the Russian pale. But the fact remains, albeit unappreciated if not unsuspected, that the United States, and several separate States, have recently enacted laws

depriving aliens of property rights which other nations concede freely, but not more freely than did the United States until within a year or two. It is a singular commentary upon modern methods of legislation that this reversal of the custom of a century, carrying our strong, prosperous, intelligent nation back a long step toward the weak and ignorant customs of feudalism, was enacted without strong impulse from the people, and without any legislative deliberation worthy the name. In the House, for instance, a half-hour for debate was refused, and, under the operation of the previous question, it was made law that no foreigner should thereafter own real estate within the Territories of the United States. The cry, not of the people, but of the legislators, was "America for the Americans." Only six Representatives dared vote nay, and they were not permitted to explain why. The 210 who voted aye were content to do little more than vote. It would be simply reviving ancient history to recall these facts, were it not that this is only the starting-point of a story to which several little-known chapters have been added within a very few months.

The blessings of this reversion *pro tanto* to barbarism were necessarily limited to the jurisdiction of Congress, that is, to the Territories and the District of Columbia. But the residents of those regions sent up a unanimous shriek of pain. Within the next Congress seventeen amendments were introduced to relieve the hardships of the law, and just one was passed. It was enacted that foreign governments could own land enough for their embassies at the seat of our Federal government. To withhold such an ordinary and universal element of international intercourse was doubtless unintended *gaucherie*, about which no more need be said than that it supplies a touchstone by which to test the ripe consideration of which the law is the result. The sixteen other amendments were mostly designed to relieve the mining industry. But the non-resident majority so hardened their hearts that, instead of regarding the petition of the Territories, they actually proposed to extend the operation of the law beyond the Federal jurisdiction into the boundaries of every State in the Union. There is a constitutional point here which will not now be considered, but it can readily be apprehended

from the fact that several States (Iowa, Illinois, Texas, perhaps others) proceeded to legislate similarly for themselves.

In order to appreciate the singular change in American sentiment upon the subject, so far as acts of Legislatures express popular sentiment, it is necessary briefly to outline previous law and custom. One consequence of the victory of Norman William over English Harold at the battle of Hastings was that he portioned out conquered Britain among his followers, upon condition that they should fight for him when necessary. He did this rather out of selfishness than generosity, his motive being rather to strengthen himself than to enrich them with an unqualified gift. It was too early then for national loyalty as we understand it now. The retainer was patriotic, that is, loyal to his chief, because what the sword gave and held, the sword could take away. It scarcely needs elaboration to show how different was this relation from that between modern landlords and tenants. Not even indirectly nor by theory are lands held now by any obligation of military service, nor by any grant from ruler or nation. Even public lands, when sold to private persons, are sold absolutely for the price named, and for nothing else. Our patriotism bears no relation to the power or wealth of our citizens, and is equally regardless of whether a man lives in a rented house or in one which belongs to him. In the background there is, indeed, the right of obligatory military service upon conscription. But the drafted soldier cannot excuse himself on the plea that he does not own a farm; and when he fights, he fights for the nation, not for the owners of land, who, instead of being the most powerful class, are in a minority of either numbers or wealth. It thus appears both how necessary it was for feudal lords to restrict ownership of their lands to fighters, and how foolish it is for us to mould our policy according to a common law fetish, which, even in the land of our ancestral origin, lost its force centuries before it was formally and completely repealed by statute in the thirty-third and thirty-fourth years of Victoria. The unwisdom and injustice of excluding aliens from ownership of soil were seen by us much earlier, and over a score of States* en-

* The States which have removed the disabilities of alienage regarding real estate are, Alabama,

tirely removed this disability by statute. Six others enabled aliens to hold lands if they were residents; and four others added a condition that citizenship proceedings should have been at least begun, although not necessarily completed.

Many foreign treaties equally establish a similar policy for the nation. One of the most recent, that with Peru in 1887, gives aliens complete rights to own lands; and there are two earlier similar instances. Treaties with Italy and Servia place their citizens on the "most favored nation" basis. Citizens of Nicaragua and Switzerland are confirmed in coequal rights in the States where the property lies, and France and Salvador give and receive reciprocal privileges in this regard. A dozen other treaties modify the common law rigor variously, but chiefly by providing that when an alien owner of real estate dies, it need not escheat to the State, but the heirs may have a convenient period to sell it and remove the proceeds. One treaty specifically binds the United States to urge liberal legislation upon the various States.

The policy and practice of the United States and of the separate States being thus settled in accord with modern civilized usage, what was the excuse for returning to antique and discarded customs? So far as there was any popular impulse, it may be traced to bad harvests. In good years the current of legislation, and presumptively of popular thought, flowed placidly along the way above described. But when the pinch of bad years came, Congress was memorialized in favor of untold quack nostrums. Thus the Farmers' Alliance petitioned for agricultural sub-treasuries, and loans of public funds on pledge of farmers' produce, for free silver, for more money "per capita," and, to a certain limited extent, for legislation against aliens. These frantic petitions were merely

Colorado, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Texas, Virginia, Vermont, Wisconsin, West Virginia. These States require aliens to be residents if they wish to own real estate: Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Indiana, New Hampshire, Tennessee. These States further require aliens to declare intention of citizenship before owning realty: Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, South Carolina. New York theoretically maintains its right to escheat aliens' realty, but, in fact, the escheat is seldom if ever enforced, and frequently waived by special statute.

symptoms, and have nearly disappeared as increasing prosperity has healed the aching pocket nerves. But vote-hungry Congressmen, taking the hint, preached sermons far beyond the text. Investigating committees set out to find abuses, and found no lack of them—on paper. It was officially reported that the public land system of the United States—*i. e.*, the policy of granting public land to actual settlers and cultivators—was being displaced by a system of immense aggregations of realty in the hands of non-residents, who either let the land lie idle, with a view to profiting by the "unearned increment," or who rented the property and consumed the rents abroad. Thus a certain subject of the Queen, named Scully, was officially reported to annually receive rents of \$200,000 from hundreds of tenants, scattered over 90,000 acres in Illinois; and the Scheuler heirs, being also British subjects, were said to draw abroad \$100,000 annual rents from 2000 acres in the city of Pittsburg. The abuse of the homestead system was set out in even more glowing colors. Here is a partial list of the alleged—officially alleged—holdings by foreign landlords:

A Scotch Syndicate in Florida.	500,000 acres.
M. Ellerhausen, of Halifax.	600,000 "
B. A. Evans, of London.	700,000 "
Anglo-American Syndicate.	750,000 "
German Syndicate.	1,000,000 "
Phillips, Marshall, & Co., London.	1,300,000 "
Marquis of Tweeddale.	1,750,000 "
English Syndicate in Mississippi.	1,800,000 "
Sir Edward Reid.	2,000,000 "
English Syndicate No. 3, Texas.	3,000,000 "
Holland Company, New Mexico.	4,500,000 "

It must be said at once and explicitly that nothing will be urged here in favor of such a system. It is frankly conceded, or rather contended, that the system of small tenancies by actual residents is much the best foundation for personal and national prosperity. The gorge rises at reading of principalities reserved for deer forests while homeless human beings starve. Any effort to import and fasten such a system on us would be a grievous misfortune. No one anywhere has been heard to defend such a thing, least of all in these pages. But it is not necessary to abolish private property because millionaires exist, nor to place ourselves outside the comity of civilization because yarns are told about aliens. It is quite true that legislation was based on the official report above cited, but the

committee appears rashly to have adopted a floating story for which no adequate authority can be given, or at least was given. On the contrary, the report has been vigorously challenged and denied by ample authority. Senator Plumb, of Kansas, speaking in his place and in favor of the bill, declared that no owner of land in his State held half so much land as was attributed to one British corporation. And he told the history of another dreadful example, namely, Albert Grant. To use the Senator's words, Mr. Grant "brought over a colony of Englishmen and located them on the land, and laid out a town which he named Victoria. Finally, his holdings becoming unprofitable, . . . he sold out, mainly, I believe, to the colonists whom he had brought over, and that land is owned now in comparatively small tracts."

One other example will suffice. A certain alien corporation was reputed to own thirty square miles. But it appears on indisputable authority that the company did not own more than half a dozen quarter sections. The thirty square miles which they "owned" was simply public land cannily fenced in for private uses. It was an outrage, but it was at least in strict accord with native customs; and, whatever else it proved, it did not prove that our institutions were imperilled by these alien land-owners, who were simply cheating our jails. It is not wholly denied that there may be some authentic instances of excessive aggregation of lands in single ownerships, but it is urged that the harm done has been exaggerated, and that, after all, it is not necessary to burn down a house to roast a pig. If individual aliens or Americans hold too much land, the size of permissible holdings may be regulated, surely, in the manner that this same statute forbids corporations to acquire, hold, or own more than 5000 acres. And whoever trespasses on public lands, foreigner or native, may be punished, if our officers do their duty. There would be nothing sensational about such a policy, but it would be effectual; and obviously it possesses some advantages over placing ourselves out of joint with civilized usages, and that not to our profit, but to our positive disadvantage, in proof of which appeal may be made both to fact and reason.

Take, for instance, the Scully and Scheuler estates as typical of non-resident

alien landlords. They could not have stolen their broad acres; they must have paid for them; and they cannot take them away. Whatever they paid to previous owners is just that much added to our aggregate wealth, not so much taken from it. They may be born subjects of the Queen, but by buying American property which they cannot remove they are under bonds, as it were, both to be observers of our local laws and to promote good relations between England and the United States. Not being citizens, they could not be impressed for military duty, but their taxes will help support our armies, and, if necessary, confiscation would furnish ample substitutes for their personal allegiance. If it be true that they withdraw their rents out of the country, it must be remembered that the price which they paid they brought into the country, and it is engaged in increase here, as otherwise it would not be. Moreover, they sustained the price of real estate by their purchase, and being on the market as landlords their offerings tend to depress rents by competition, and increase the supply of improved property, our surplus being wild land. So if non-resident landlords are at all harmful, at least there is a credit side to the account. If the question be as to the exclusion of resident alien land-owners, it seems almost like wonderland, the paradise of topsy-turvydom, to argue seriously in the negative. Is there a nation in the world—Russia and China excepted—capable of rejecting a resident land-owner? Does not his wants and the wants of his family increase the aggregate of wants, the supply of which is the object of commerce and the source of trade and wealth? It is not now a question of alien paupers and criminals, but of alien land-owners. What civilized modern nation rejects them except the United States? Is there any conceivable reason why we should not conform to universal usage, except that we have public lands for sale? And what difference does that make? Until these latter days it has been thought that farms without farmers were as useless as unmined treasures, and that to bring wild land into bearing was to increase our national strength. So thought Daniel Webster, when the subject was mooted in his time. To quote his words on the pre-emption law: "My colleague [Davis] complains that the law holds out

great inducements to foreigners to come among us and settle on the public lands. A foreigner could always come here; he could always buy land at the minimum price; he stood always on an exact footing of equality in this particular with our own citizens. Would my worthy colleague now make a difference by this bill? If two settlers are found on the frontier, the one a citizen and the other a foreigner not yet naturalized, would my colleague make a difference? I am sure he would do no such thing. His sense of justice and his good feeling would revolt from such a course of action as quickly as those of any human being." The approaching exhaustion of public lands is the only consideration possible to urge against views otherwise as sound now as when Webster spoke. But suppose the last public acre sold, would it still be a good or a bad thing that aliens should come with money in their hands to buy? If any American feared harm, could he not protect himself by refusing to sell? And if he sold, would he not profit? And, to paraphrase the cry of the Knights of Labor, is not the aggregate of individual profits one measure of national profit?

But this is mere theorizing and reasoning, against which it is equally open to argue contrariwise. It is, of course, possible to be "for the law and against its execution." This seems to be the appropriate position of gentlemen running for election to Congress. A sounder test of the wisdom of a measure may be found in its actual operation, and this law having been "tried on a dog," it is possible to speak positively regarding its practical effects. Its working in the mining regions has already been referred to, and what is added here is taken largely from the report of a committee of the United States Senate appointed to investigate the subject. The amount of foreign capital invested in mines in the Territories was put at \$20,503,750, upon which \$4,737,800 was paid in dividends. The aliens still had the mines, to be sure, but the people in the Territories had the balance of about \$15,000,000, and the sellers seemed to be better pleased with the bargain than the buyers. There were many arch allusions on the floor of the Senate to this view of the subject, the supporters of the anti-alien law, strangely enough, arguing in defence of the aliens' pockets. But the Territorial Delegates pleaded that readiness to absorb

foreign cash was not their chief motive. On the average, only one-tenth of a mine's earnings was profit to stockholders. The nine-tenths were spent in operation, in employing labor, in purchasing machinery, in paying freight, etc. American capital, the Delegates argued, was averse to such risks, and without capital their chief source of wealth was denied development. To quote the memorial of the Idaho Legislature: "The alien land act is unjust in discriminating against the Territories in favor [*sic*] of the States, denying rights and privileges to our people that are freely enjoyed by neighboring and adjoining States. Why should Congress, the guardian and protector of the Territories, pursue this injurious, shortsighted, crippling, senseless, and suicidal policy, and shut off from their needy wards this foreign stream of capital that is ready to pour in and bring prosperity to a long-suffering people?" In support of the memorial, in debate, a very clear distinction was drawn between mining and agricultural realty. But Congress, so far from thinking the point well taken, refused all relief, one member going so far as to advocate absolute prohibition of foreign capital entering this country.

It is also possible to point, but not with pride, to the operation of a State anti-alien law under conditions more representative of an agricultural community. In Texas mines are scarce, and cowboys and farmers are correspondingly more numerous than miners. Moreover, Texas was early and liberal in removing the disabilities of alienage, and reference to the table above will show how she suffered, on paper, from foreign landlordism. When Congress hesitated about overturning a remarkably consistent body of legislation in favor of aliens in the various States, Texas went ahead, and, no longer ago than last April, substituted for its earlier liberal statute one stringently forbidding alien ownership of realty. Already the law is execrated by the people and declared unconstitutional by the courts. In Mattison's case, wherein it was sought to take from an alien land which he had paid for, the court ruled that it was null and void because its caption did not indicate the contents. And in a foreclosure suit by a British corporation—the Texas Land and Mortgage Company—another judge held similarly, adding that Texas, having taken from the company a ten-

year license fee, could not legislate to impair the obligation of the thus created and existing contract. Unfortunately, neither judge deemed it necessary to consider the contention of learned counsel that the United States could not constitutionally enter a field of legislation already covered by Federal treaties and by Federal legislation. But these are lawyers' pleadings, and the point here sought to be made is that the operation of the law is not popular, however "popular" the cry "America for the Americans" may appear. In proof might be cited editorial expressions in the *Dallas News*, the *Waco Day*, the *Fort Worth Gazette*, the only journals consulted being unanimously hostile to the law. A correspondent of the *Gazette*, October 3d, assumed as common knowledge that if the law were sustained the "immediate effect would be the serious embarrassment and probable ruin of thousands of our citizens, the reduction of the present inadequate monetary circulation in Texas, an increase in interest rates, a check to railroad building, and, in general, fifty years of retrogression." The writer admitted that, in compensation, the law would protect Texas against foreign landlordism, but that danger was, he argued, as remote as "invasion by the wild men of Borneo." The *Dallas News*, October 14th, trusted that the decisions mentioned above would tend to "give a lasting quietus to this ungainly monstrosity, which has produced such a tumult of confusion and mischief during its hobgoblin career."*

There are two sides to every shield. It

* Since this was written these decisions have been confirmed upon appeal. The local journals printed scores of jubilant interviews welcoming the return of prosperity, and not one word of dissent has met the eye of the writer. A San Antonio telegram reports that a public meeting of rejoicing was held there, and a display of fireworks made. Toward the

may be a misfortune that "thousands" of Texas citizens and tens of thousands of Americans are living on lands and in houses mortgaged to foreigners. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that foreign wealth has the ability, the courage, the foresight, the belief in our future, to buy our land. But, on the other hand, the imagination shrinks appalled from the conception of the blow to our prosperity which would follow the withdrawal of this very real and very necessary help to our development. Would it not be wiser to legislate against the evils we feel and know rather than against those we imagine? Whatever may come in a distant future, it is certain that now there is no monopoly of land. If foreigners imitate a certain Senator of the United States, and build fifty miles of fence around public land to which they have no shadow of title, is it statesmanship to forbid another foreigner to buy land and pay for it? If Scotchmen buy \$10,000,000 worth of redwood forest, the title to which rests on acts repeatedly indicted, is it better to send the guilty to jail, or to hamper the development of a community by forbidding industrious, thriving men to borrow foreign money on terms satisfactory to borrower and lender? A law compelling a man to benefit himself by borrowing of an alien or selling to an alien would be a patent absurdity. There is equal error in forbidding a man to so sell or borrow. He knows his own business best, and the resultant of the aggregate operations of individuals for their respective benefits is the factor of national prosperity.

end of December a similar statute in Illinois was declared void upon the much broader ground that it was in conflict with a foreign treaty. The judge added *obiter* that the act was a piece of mad foolishness. In both States the legislators appear to have been singularly unfortunate in their views of what they could do, and of what the people wished.

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.

THE dinner had run its course, or its courses, and had come to the cigars and coffee. Most of the small cups had been drained and the overflow which discolored them was mixed with ashes in the saucers; in some the stubs of cigarettes were slowly dying, and sending up an offensive smell; the whole place was

blue with smoke; at times you could hardly see the speaker; but everybody was eagerly listening. Certain of the listeners leaned forward over the table; others had pushed back their chairs and sat with their legs sprawled out under the board, or with their knees braced against it; here and there a couple of chairs faced each other with their occu-

pants in the colloquial attitude that the rise of the speaker had surprised them in; groups of the younger men stood about the room; the waiters drew themselves up against the wall, and crowded the doorway with their professional napkins on their arms, anxious not to lose what the speaker was saying. Glasses stood empty or half full about the littered plates; now and then one of the guests tried a champagne bottle, out of those that rose at random among the flowers and confectionery pieces, and when he found it empty, furtively applied himself to the full glass of some abstinent. The heavy breathing of a few older commensals, who let their waistcoats hang open for the relief of their repletion, made itself heard in a rhythmical unison with the creaking of their suspenders, when the speaker paused, and then was hushed again in the profound attention which he commanded when he went on.

It was old Adam Richings who was speaking. He had tried to excuse himself from presiding at this dinner, but the young fellows who had hastily got it up at the eleventh hour, as a send-off for their friend, would not suffer his refusal. They told him he simply *must* preside; that he need not say anything himself, if he did not feel well enough to speak; he need only call up other people; but without his presence the dinner would be nothing; it was to be the first at the new club, and was to be very distinguished and very correct. He seemed to have taken them at their word; he had briefly and somewhat dryly stated the object of the dinner, and had then gone through the ceremony of introducing the speakers from the list given him with a lifelessness that depressed and disappointed every one. Suddenly, somehow, at some unnoticed moment, from a spark that no one else had perceived, he took fire, and kindled into the blaze of rhetoric that was dazzling them all. When the last of the appointed speakers sat down, he rose, as if to close the affair, and then he really began to talk.

"Our gifted young friend," he said, and he turned graciously toward the guest of the evening, who was hazily visible through the cigar smoke on his right, and gave way to the perfunctory applause a moment before he repeated, "our gifted young friend is leaving us, to the regret of all who know him as a

man or as a writer, through one of those fortuities of which business life is full, to seek his fortune in a wider sphere. We should have been glad to keep him with us. He has given us many proofs of his literary powers and his personal virtues; we are proud of him; we honor him; we love him. I for one find my heart sore at parting with him; I cannot think it a good or hopeful thing for the republic that the great cities should so continually rob the less of their jewels; but it was said long ago, in sad recognition of the fatality rather than in the inculcation of a precept, To him who hath it shall be given, and from him who hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. When our young friend is gone we shall have no such talent left. I do not flatter him; I speak the words of a sober regret; but I am not resigned to the chances that take him from us; those business chances from which we hope so much and enjoy so little. I blame no one in this instance; all has been fair and just, the work of necessity on the part of those who must live as well as let live in this economic world of ours, which seems governed not by law, but by chance. We are all its denizens, we have all felt the tyranny of its caprices, and we must all be lenient in our judgments of one another in it. A world of chance indeed!" The old man threw back his shoulders, and let his glowing eye rove over the faces dimly fixed on his own through the cigar fumes. "Gentlemen! you remember the Eastern apologue which we used to have in our school-books. I can remember the very look of it on the dog's-eared page of the Third Reader, worn down to the straw boards of the cheap binding, and scribbled all over with the hieroglyphics of the pining captive of learning; and I have no doubt that at least the older heads among you are familiar with the story of that unhappy father who rebelled against the law of death because it had bereft him of his children, and who longed for some world of chance, where there was no inexorable sequence between cause and effect. The God of Eastern apologue answered his prayer when he sank exhausted under his sorrows, and he woke in such a world. As he turned his bewildered vision upon the lawless landscape of that world he saw the trees some growing with their tops and some with their roots in the air; the grass was

green, or red, or white, as it happened; the cattle sweltered under fleeces of wool in the rays of a sun that went and came at its own caprice, and disordered the seasons, as it confounded the day and night. The elements were crazed by the prevailing insanity. Sometimes the fire boiled and sometimes it congealed the water in the kettle. The grotesque inhabitants of that strange realm approached him with their heads on their shoulders or between their ankles, as the case might be; they had two eyes or one, as it chanced; their hands and feet convertibly terminated their legs and arms. Throughout the whole natural kingdom, anarchy reigned. There was no law; there was only chance. A very brief experience of this condition of things satisfied the accuser of the Divine Order; he prayed once more, but now to be delivered from that mad world, and again the God of Eastern apologue heard his prayer and restored him to his place in the beneficent world of law: to a natural world where the seasons obey and the elements perform their office with no chance of revolt or of treason; to a moral world where good and evil give increase after their kind, and the creature rests in his sense of the final justice of his Creator.

"But we, gentlemen, are still in our dream of a world of chance, which we have ourselves created in the image of chaos, and where we perpetuate the outlawry of the ancestral savage and the primordial beast. In that world there is no law but the rule of selfish greed. There each seeks first, not the kingdom of God and His righteousness, in the faith that all things needful shall be added unto him; but he seeks the kingdom of Mammon and his unrighteousness, and trusts the devil for luck. In that world of chance, wisdom and virtue *may* result in prosperity and honor, or they may find their reward in adversity and derision. There, honesty *may* be the best policy, or it may be the worst. The true and able man *may* win the highest place, but the first cunning trickster who struggles upward with no better instincts than those of the weasel or the fox may push him from his stool. In that Upas air the virtues sicken and the graces perish. All that makes life beautiful and noble is alien there. A fine action, a generous deed is a foolhardy risk among men whose life is a game and whose Provi-

dence is blind accident. Out of every hundred ninety-five make temporary or final failure in that world where chance guides with an *ignis fatuus* mockery of law. Gifts, acquisitions, principles, virtues, count for no more than their defects. It is a lottery, a game, a casualty. But high above this crazy world of chance there is everywhere the world of law, where every cause is sure of its effect; and it is in this world that we can all of us live if we will. I would not, therefore, have our young friend place his heart wholly upon what we call success, which too often is inwardly miserable failure; but I would have him learn betimes to live in the world of law, which is so far above the world of chance. He takes with him our hope, our trust, our love. We are proud of him for what he has done amongst us; we would fain have kept him; we hope some day to welcome him back. Shall I say welcome him back famous, rich, great? No; welcome him back true to the best in him, pure in heart, unspotted by the world—the world of chance! And so, *vale atque salve!*"

The old man turned to the guest of the evening, and offered him his hand; the young fellow sprang to his feet and clasped it in both of his own.

"Oh, Mr. Richings," he bubbled out, "it was magnificent!"

"Do you think so? Well, well! I'm very glad, I'm sure!"

"I shall never forget it!" said the young man. The tears stood in his eyes; his chin quivered. "I'm sure it will always be a great help to me."

"Yes, I think there's some truth in it."

"And how perfectly you said it! Oh, you are a poet! Your whole speech was a poem!"

The old man glowed with a joy in the recognition of his æsthetic achievement which the young fellow's gratitude had not apparently given him. "You are very good, I'm sure. I'm delighted to think I pleased you."

"And—and—have these *always* been your ideas, Mr. Richings? Is that the way life—"

"Well, no. I can't say that, exactly. It came to me on the spur of the moment. I— Ah!" he reached across the young fellow's breast, and took the hand of the first of the guests, now thronging up to congratulate him.

II.

Ray had a vague hurt, which doubtless came from a vague perception that, after all, Mr. Richings's speech had been an artistic effort; that it was a poem, as he had himself said, and that it was inspiration, not conviction. He saw, from the old man's way of receiving the thanks and compliments of his listeners, that he was somewhat surprised that his words should have been taken so seriously, and that he liked the compliments better than the thanks. Ray tried to get near him again, so as to verify his feeling, and to rid himself of his hurt, if possible; but the old man slipped away before Ray could reach him.

The young fellow went from the club where the dinner was given to the depot of the East and West Railroad with a friend of his own age, and they walked up and down the platform talking of their lives and their loves, as young men do, till they both at once suddenly found themselves very drowsy. They each pretended not to be so; his friend made a show of not meaning to leave him till the through express should come along at two o'clock and pick up the sleeping-car waiting for it on the side track; and Ray pretended that he had no desire to turn in, but would much rather keep walking and talking.

They got rid of each other at last, and Ray hurried aboard his sleeper, and plunged into his berth as soon as he could get his coat and boots off. There he found himself very wakeful. The soporific first effect of the champagne had passed, but it still sent the blood thumping in his neck and pounding in his ears as he lay smiling and thinking of the honor that had been done him, and the affection that had been shown him by his fellow-townsmen. In the reflected light of these the future stretched brightly before him. He scarcely felt it a hardship any more that he should be forced to leave Midland by the business change which had thrown him out of his place on the Midland *Echo*, and he certainly did not envy the friend who had just parted from him, and who was going to remain with the new owners. His mind kept, in spite of him, a sort of grudge toward the Hanks Brothers who had bought the paper, and who had thought they must reduce the editorial force as a

first step towards making the property pay. He could not say that they had treated him unfairly or unkindly; they had been very frank and very considerate with him; but Ray could not conceal from himself the probability that if they had really appreciated him they would have seen that it would be a measure of the highest wisdom to keep him. He had given the paper standing and authority in certain matters; he knew that; and he smiled to think of Joe Hanks conducting his department. He hoped the estimation in which the dinner showed that his fellow-citizens held him had done something to open the eyes of the brothers to the mistake they had made; they were all three at the dinner, and Martin Hanks had made a speech expressive of regard and regret which did not reconcile Ray to them. His feeling was not rancorous, though it was decidedly a little grudge. He tried to see them as benefactors in disguise, and when he recalled the words of people who said that they always thought he was thrown away on a daily paper, he was willing to acknowledge that the Hankses had probably, at least, not done him an injury. He had often been sensible himself of a sort of incongruity in using up in ephemeral paragraphs, and even leading articles, the mind-stuff of a man who had published poems in the *Century* Bric-à-brac and HARPER'S Drawer, and had for several years had a story accepted by the *Atlantic*, though not yet printed. With the manuscript of the novel which he was carrying to New York, and the four or five hundred dollars he had saved from his salary, he felt that he need not undertake newspaper work at once again. He meant to make a thorough failure of literature first. There would be time enough then to fall back upon journalism, as he could always do.

He counted a good deal upon his novel in certain moods. He knew it had weak points which he was not able to strengthen because he was too ignorant of life, though he hated to own it; but he thought it had some strong ones too; and he believed if he could get a publisher for it, it would succeed.

He had read passages of it to his friend, and Sanderson had praised them. Ray knew he had not entered fully into the spirit of the thing, because he was merely and helplessly a newspaper mind, though

since Ray had left the *Echo*, Sanderson had talked of leaving it too, and going on to devote himself to literature in New York. Ray knew he would fail, but he encouraged him because he was so fond of him; he thought now what a good, faithful fellow Sanderson was. Sanderson not only praised the novel to its author, but he celebrated it to the young ladies. They all knew that Ray had written it, and several of them spoke to him about it; they said they were just dying to see it. One of them had seen it, and when he asked her what she thought of his novel, in the pretence that he did not imagine she had looked at the manuscript, it galled him a little to have her say that it was like Thackeray; he knew he had imitated Thackeray, but he feigned that he did not know; and he hoped no one else would see it. She recognized traits that he had drawn from himself, and he did not like that, either; in the same way that he feigned not to know that he had imitated Thackeray, he feigned not to know that he had drawn his own likeness. But the sum of what she said gave him great faith in himself, and in his novel. He theorized that if its subtleties of thought and its flavors of style pleased a girl like her, and at the same time a fellow like Sanderson was taken with the plot, he had got the two essentials of success in it. He thought, now, how delicately charming that girl was; still he knew that he was not in love with her. He thought how nice girls were, anyway; there were lots of perfectly delightful girls in Midland, and he should probably have fallen in love with some of them if it had not been for that long passion of his early youth, which seemed to have vastated him before he came there. He was rather proud of his vastation, and he found it not only fine, but upon the whole very convenient to be going away heart-free.

He had no embarrassing ties, no hindering obligations of any kind. He had no one but himself to look out for in seeking his fortune. His father, after long years of struggle, was very well placed in the little country town which Ray had come from to Midland; his brothers had struck out for themselves farther west; one of his sisters was going to be married; the other was at school. None of them needed his help, or was in anywise dependent upon him. He realized,

in thinking of it all, that he was a very lucky fellow; and this thought reminded him of Mr. Richings's speech. He thought how well Richings had said those things, and for a moment he had a pang of envy at the more immediate impression which an orator makes. A writer, he reflected, has no such pull on the sympathies of his readers as a speaker has. Ray wished that he was a speaker, too; he resolved to cultivate the art of after-dinner speaking, at any rate; he forecast an occasion when he should shine in it, and dazzle everybody at a banquet which his publishers should give him in honor of the one-hundredth edition of his novel. He did not concern himself so much with the truth or untruth of what Richings had said; but he was charmed with his way of saying it. He wondered again whether Richings himself believed that the world now alluring his young heart was really the fantastic and treacherous world of chance that he had painted it. He was willing to trust it. He was not afraid but he should get on if he kept trying, and if he did his best, the chances were that it would be found out. That is, this was the sum of his gay emotions, as he lay in his berth, with a hopeful and flattered smile on his lips, and listened to the noises of the station: the feet on the platforms; the voices, as from some disembodied life; the clang of engine bells; the jar and clash and rumble of the trains that came and went, with a creaking and squealing of their slowing or starting wheels, while his sleeper was quietly sidetracked, waiting for the express to arrive and pick it up. He felt a sort of slight for the town he was to leave behind; a sort of contemptuous fondness; for though it was not New York, it had used him well; it had appreciated him, and Ray was not ungrateful. Upon the whole, he was glad that he had agreed to write those letters from New York which the Hanks Brothers had finally asked him to do for the *Echo*. He knew that they had asked him under a pressure of public sentiment, and because they had got it through them at last that other people thought he would be a loss to the paper. He liked well enough the notion of keeping the readers of the *Echo* in mind of him; and though he felt no anxiety about getting on in New York, still, if he failed to capture the city, Midland would always be a good point to fall back upon. He expected his

novel to succeed, and then he should be independent. But till then, the five dollars a week which the Hanks Brothers proposed to pay him for his letters would be very convenient, though the sum was despicable in itself. Besides, he could give up the letters whenever he liked. He had his dreams of fame and wealth, but he knew very well that they were dreams, and he was not going to kick over his basket of glass till they became realities. He would not throw away any chance, he said to himself, and the word made him think of Richings's allegory again.

A keen ray from one of the electric moons depending from the black roof of the depot suddenly pierced his window at the side of his drawn curtain; and he felt the car jolted backward. He must have been drowning, for the express had come in unknown to him, and was picking up his sleeper. With a faint thrill of homesickness for the kindly town he was leaving, he felt the train pull forward and so out of its winking lamps into the night. He held his curtain aside to see the last of these lights. Then, with a luxurious sense of helplessness against fate, he let it fall; and Midland slipped back into the irrevocable past.

III.

The next evening, under a rich, mild October sky, the train drew in towards New York over a long stretch of trestle-work spanning a New Jersey estuary. Ray had thriftily left his sleeper at the station where he breakfasted, and saved the expense of it for the day's journey by taking an ordinary car. He could be free with his dollars when he did not suppose he might need them; but he thought he should be a fool to throw one of them away on the mere self-indulgence of a sleeper through to New York, when he had no use for it more than half way. He experienced the reward of virtue in the satisfaction he felt at having that dollar still in his pocket; and he amused himself very well in making romances and phrases about the people who got on and off at different points throughout the day. He read a good deal in a book he had brought with him, and imagined a review of it. He talked with passengers who shared his seat with him, from time to time. He ate ravenously at the station where the train stopped twenty minutes for dinner, and he took little supernu-

merary naps during the course of the afternoon, and pieced out the broken and abbreviated slumbers of the night. From the last of these naps he woke with a sort of formless alarm, which he identified presently as the anxiety he must naturally feel at drawing so near the great, strange city which had his future in keeping. He was not so hopeful as he was when he left Midland; but he knew he had really no more cause now than he had then for being less so.

The train was at a station. Before it started, a brakeman came in and called out in a voice of formal warning: "This train express to Jersey City. Passengers for way stations change cars. This train does not stop between here and Jersey City."

He went out and shut the door behind him, and at the same time a young woman with a baby in her arms jumped from her seat and called out, "Oh, dear; what did he say?"

Another young woman, with another baby in her arms, rose and looked round, but she did not say anything. She had the place in front of the first, and their two seats were faced, as if the two young women were travelling together. Ray noted, with the interest that he felt in all young women as the elements both of love and of literature, that they looked a good deal alike, as to complexion and feature. The distraction of the one who rose first seemed to communicate itself to her dull, golden-brown hair, and make a wisp of it come loose from the knot at the back of her head, and stick out at one side. The child in her arms was fretful, and she did not cease to move it to and fro and up and down, even in the panic which brought her to her feet. Her demand was launched at the whole carful of passengers, but one old man answered for all: "He said, this train doesn't stop till it gets to Jersey City."

The young woman said, "Oh!" and she and the other sat down again, and she stretched across the fretful child which clung to her, and tried to open her window. She could not raise it, and the old man who had answered her question lifted it for her. Then she settled back in her seat, and her sister, if it was her sister, leaned forward, and seemed to whisper to her. She put up her hand and thrust the loosened wisp of her hair

back into the knot. To do this she gave the child the pocket-book which she seemed to have been holding, and she did not take it away again. The child stopped fretting, and began to pull at its plaything to get it open; then it made aimless dabs with it at the back of the car seat, and at its mother's face. She moved her head patiently from side to side to escape the blows; and the child entered with more zest into the sport, and began to laugh and strike harder. Suddenly, midway of the long trestle-work, the child turned towards the window and made a dab at the sail of a passing sloop. The pocket-book flew from its hand, and the mother sprang to her feet again with a wail that filled the car.

"Oh, what shall I do! He's thrown my pocket-book out of the window, and it's got every cent of my money in it. Oh, couldn't they stop the train?"

The child began to cry. The passengers all looked out of the windows on that side of the aisle; and Ray could see the pocket-book drifting by in the water. A brakeman whom the young woman's lamentation had called to the rescue passed through the car with a face of sarcastic compassion, and spoke to the conductor entering from the other end. The conductor shook his head; the train kept moving slowly on. Of course it was impossible and useless to stop. The young women leaned forward and talked anxiously together, as Ray could see from his distant seat; they gave the conductor their tickets, and explained to him what had happened; he only shook his head again.

When he came to get Ray's ticket, the young fellow tried to find out something about them from him.

"Yes, I guess she told the truth. She had all her money, ten dollars and some change, in that pocket-book, and of course she gave it to her baby to play with right by an open window. Just like a woman! They're just about as *fit* as babies to handle money. If they had to earn it, they'd be different. Some poor fellow's week's work was in that pocket-book, like as not. They don't look like the sort that would have a great deal of money to throw out of the window, if they was men."

"Do you know where they're going?" Ray asked. "Are they going on any further?"

"Oh, no. They live in New York. 'Way up on the east side somewhere."

"But how will they get there with those two babies? They can't walk."

The conductor shrugged. "Guess they'll have to try it."

"Look here!" said Ray. He took a dollar note out of his pocket, and gave it to the conductor. "Find out whether they've got any change, and if they haven't, tell them one of the passengers wanted them to take this for car fares. Don't tell them which one."

"All right," said the conductor.

He passed into the next car. When he came back Ray saw him stop and parley with the young women. He went through the whole train again before he stopped for a final word with Ray, who felt that he had entered into the poetry of his intentions towards the women, and had made these delays and detours of purpose. He bent over Ray with a detached and casual air, and said:

"Every cent they had was in that pocket-book. Only wonder is they hadn't their tickets there, too. They didn't want to take the dollar, but I guess they had to. They live 'way up on Third Avenue about Hundred and First Street; and the one that gave her baby her money to hold looks all played out. They *couldn't* have walked it. I told 'em the dollar was from a lady passenger. Seemed as if it would make it kind of easier for 'em."

"Yes, that was right," said Ray.

IV.

Ray made haste out of the car when they stopped in Jersey City, to see what became of his beneficiaries, and he followed closely after them, and got near them on the ferry-boat. They went forward out of the cabin, and stood among the people at the bow who were eager to get ashore first. They each held her heavy baby, and silently watched the New York shore, and scarcely spoke.

Ray looked at it too, with a sense of the beauty struggling through the grotesqueness of the huge panorama, and evoking itself somehow from the grossest details. The ferry-boats coming and going; the great barges with freight trains in sections on them; the canal-boats in tow of the river steamers; the shabby sloops slouching by with their sails half filled by the flagging breeze; the ships lying at anchor in

the stream, and wooding the shore with their masts, which the coastwise steam-boats stared out of like fantastic villas, all window-shutters and wheel-houses; the mean, ugly fronts and roofs of the buildings beyond, and hulking high overhead in the further distance in vast bulks and clumsy towers, the masses of those ten-storied edifices which are the necessity of commerce and the despair of art, all helped to compose the brutal and stupid body of the thing, whose soul was collectively expressed in an incredible picturesqueness. Ray saw nothing amiss in it. This agglomeration of warring forms, feebly typifying the ugliness of the warring interests within them, did not repulse him. If it was the world of chance, he stood on its borders with a high and thrilling heart. He was not afraid. He took a new grip of the travelling-bag where he had his manuscript, so that he should not be parted from it for a moment till it went into some publisher's keeping. He would not trust it to the trunk which he had checked at Midland, and which he now recognized among the baggage piled on a truck near him. He fingered the outside of his bag to make sure by feeling its shape that his manuscript was all right within. At the same time while he experienced these emotions, and received these effects, he was aware of those two young women, each with her baby in her arms, which they amused with various desperate devices, telling them to look at the water, and the craft going by, the horses in the wagonway of the ferry-boat. The children fretted, and pulled the women's hair, and clawed their hats; and the passengers now and then looked censoriously at them as if they thought them at fault in not beating the children, or throwing them overboard, or something. From time to time the young women spoke to each other spiritlessly. The one whose child had thrown her pocket-book away never lost a look of hopeless gloom. The other said something to her apparently about it, and she answered: "Yes, of course. He may kill me if he wants to," and she swayed her body half round and back, to give some diversion to the baby. Both women were pretty, but she had the paleness and thinness of young motherhood; the other, though she was thin too, had the fresh color and firm texture of a young girl; she was at once less tragic and more serious than her sister, if it

was her sister. When she found Ray gazing fixedly at her, she turned discreetly away, after a glance that no doubt took in the facts of his neat, slight, rather undersized person; his regular face, with its dark eyes and marked brows; his straight fine nose and pleasant mouth; his sprouting black mustache, and his brown tint, flecked with a few browner freckles.

He was one of those men who have no vanity concerning their persons; he knew he was rather handsome, but he did not care; his mind was on other things. When he found those soft woman-eyes lingering a moment on him he had the wish to please their owner, of course, but he did not think of his looks, or the effect they might have with her. He fancied knowing her well enough to repeat poetry to her, or of reading some favorite author aloud with her, and making her sympathize in his admiration of the book. He permitted his fancy this liberty because, although he supposed her married, his fancy safely operated their intellectual intimacy in a region as remote from experience as the dreamland of sleep. She and her sister had both a sort of refinement; they were ladies, he felt, although they were poorly dressed, and they somehow did not seem as if they had ever been richly dressed. They had not the New-Yorkeress air; they had nothing of the stylishness which Ray saw in the other women about him, shabby or splendid; their hats looked as if they had been trimmed at home, and their simple gowns as if their wearers had invented and made them up themselves, after no decided fashion, but after a taste of their own which he thought good. Ray began to make phrases about them to himself, and he said there was something pathetically idyllic about them. The phrase was indefinite, but it was sufficiently clear for his purpose. The baby which had thrown away the pocket-book began to express its final dissatisfaction with the prospect, and its mother turned distractedly about for some new diversion, when there came from the ladies' cabin a soft whistle, like the warbling of a bird, low and rich and full, which possessed itself of the sense to the exclusion of all other sounds. Some of the people pressed into the cabin; others stood smiling in the benediction of the artless strain. Ray followed his idyllic sisters within, and saw an old negro, in the middle of the cabin floor,

lounging in an easy pose, with his hat in one hand and the other hand on his hip, while his thick lips poured out those mel-low notes, which might have come from the heart of some thrush-haunted wild wood. When the sylvan music ceased, and the old negro, with a roll of his large head, and a twist of his burly shape, began to limp round the circle, every one put something in his hat. Ray threw in a nickel, and he saw the sisters, who faced him from the other side of the circle, conferring together. The younger had the bill in her hand which Ray had sent them by the conductor to pay their car fares home. She parleyed a moment with the negro, when he reached them, and he took some of the silver from his hat and changed the bill for her. She gave him a quarter back. He ducked his head, and said, "Thank yeh, miss," and passed on.

The transaction seemed to amuse some of the by-standers, and Ray heard one of them who stood near him say: "Well, that's the coolest thing I've seen yet. I should have about as soon thought of asking the deacon to change a bill for me when he came round with the plate in church. Well, it takes all kinds to make a world!"

He looked like a country merchant, on a first business visit to the city; his companion, who had an air of smart ease, as of a man who had been there often, said:

"It takes all kinds to make a town like New York. You'll see queerer things than that before you get home. If that old ducky makes much on that transaction, I'm no judge of human nature."

"Pshaw! You don't mean it wasn't a good bill?"

The two men lost themselves in the crowd now pressing out of the cabin door. The boat was pushing into her slip. She bumped from one elastic side to the other, and settled with her nose at the wharf. The snarl of the heavy chains that held her fast was heard; the people poured off and the hollow thunder of the hoofs and wheels of the disembarking teams began. Ray looked about for a last glimpse of the two young women and their babies; but he could not see them.

V.

Ray carried his bag himself when he left the elevated road, and resisted the offer of the small Italian dodging about his elbow, and proposing to take it, after

he had failed to get Ray to let him black his boots. The young man rather prided himself on his thrift in denying the boy, whose naked foot came half through one of his shoes; he saw his tatters and nakedness with the indifference of inexperience, and with his country breeding he considered his frugality a virtue. His senses were not offended by the foulness of the streets he passed through, or hurt by their sordid uproar; his strong young nerves were equal to all the assaults that the city could make; and his heart was lifted in a dream of hope. He was going to a hotel that Sanderson had told him of, where you could get a room, on the European plan, for seventy-five cents, and then eat wherever you pleased; he had gone to an American hotel when he was in New York before, and he thought he could make a saving by trying Sanderson's. It had a certain gayety of lamps before it, but the splendor diminished within, and Ray's pride was further hurt by the clerk's exacting advance payment for his room from him. The clerk said he could not give him an outside room that night, but he would try to change him in the morning; and Ray had either to take the one assigned him or go somewhere else. But he had ordered his trunk sent to this hotel by the express, and he did not know how he should manage about that if he left; so he staid, and had himself shown to his room. It seemed to be a large cupboard in the wall of the corridor; but it had a window near the bed, and the usual equipment of stand and bureau, and Ray did not see why he should not sleep very well there. Still, he was glad that his friends at Midland could none of them see him in that room, and he resolved to leave the hotel as soon as he could the next day. It did not seem the place for a person who had left Midland with the highest social honors that could be paid a young man. He hurried through the hotel office when he came out, so as not to be seen by any other Midlander that might happen to be there, and he went down to the basement, where the clerk said the restaurant was, and got his supper. When he had finished his oyster stew he started towards the street door, but was overtaken at the threshold by a young man who seemed to have run after him, and who said, "You didn't pay for your supper."

Ray said, "Oh! I forgot it," and he went back to his table and got his check, and paid at the counter, where he tried in vain to impress the man who took his money with a sense of his probity by his profuse apologies. Apparently they were too used to such tricks at that restaurant. The man said nothing, but he looked as if he did not believe Ray, and Ray was so abashed that he stole back to his room, and tried to forget what had happened in revising the manuscript of his story. He was always polishing it; he had written it several times over, and at every moment he got he reconstructed sentences in it, and tried to bring the style up to his ideal of style: he wavered a little between the style of Thackeray and the style of Hawthorne, as an ideal. It made him homesick now to go over the familiar pages: they put him so strongly in mind of Midland, and the people of the kindly city. The pages smelt a little of Sander-son's cigar smoke; he wished that Sander-son would come to New York; he perceived that they had also a fainter reminiscence of the perfume he associated with that girl who had found him out in his story; and then he thought how he had been in the best society at Midland, and it seemed a great descent from the drawing-rooms where he used to call on all those nice girls to this closet in a fourth-rate New York hotel. His story appeared to share his downfall; he thought it cheap and poor; he did not believe now that he should ever get a publisher for it. He cowered to think how scornfully he had thought the night before of his engagement with the Hanks Brothers to write letters for the *Midland Echo*; he was very glad he had so good a basis; he wondered how far he could make five dollars a week go toward supporting him in New York; he could not bear to encroach upon his savings, and yet he probably must. In Midland you could get very good board for five dollars a week.

He determined to begin a letter to the *Echo* at once; and he went to open the window to give himself some air in the close room; but he found that it would not open. He pulled down the transom over his door to keep from stifling in the heat of his gas-burner, and some voices that had been merely a dull rumbling before now made themselves heard in talk which Ray could not help listening to.

Two men were talking together, one

very hopelessly, and the other in a vain attempt to cheer him from time to time. The comforter had a deep bass voice, and was often unintelligible; but the disheartened man spoke nervously, in a high key of plangent quality, like that of an unhappy bell.

"No," he said; "I'd better fail, Bill. It's no use trying to keep along. I can get pretty good terms from the folks at home, there; they all know me, and they know I done my best. I can pay about fifty cents on the dollar, I guess, and that's more than most business men could, if they stopped; and if I ever get goin' again, I'll pay dollar for dollar; they know that."

The man with the deep voice said something that Ray did not catch. The disheartened man seemed not to have caught it either; he said, "What say?" and when the other repeated his words, he said: "Oh yes! I know. But I been dancing round in a quart cup all my life there; and now it's turning into a pint cup, and I guess I better get out. The place did grow for a while, and we got all ready to be a city as soon as the railroad come along. But when the road come it didn't do all we expected of it. We could get out into the world a good deal easier than we could before, and we had all the facilities of transportation that we could ask for. But we could get away so easy that most of our people went to the big towns to do their shopping, and the facilities of transportation carried off most of our local industries. The luck was against us. We bet high on what the road would do for us, and we lost. We paid out nearly our last dollar to get the road to come our way, and it came, and killed us. We subscribed to the stock, and we've got it yet; there ain't any fight for it anywhere else; we'd let it go without a fight. We tried one while for the car shops, but they located them further up the line, and since that we ha'n't even wiggled. What say? Yes; but, you see, I'm part of the place. I've worked hard all my life, and I've held out a good many times when ruin stared me in the face, but I guess I sha'n't hold out this time. What's the use? Most every business man I know has failed some time or other; some of 'em three or four times over, and scrambled up and gone on again, and I guess I got to do the same. Had a kind of pride about it, m' wife

and me; but I guess we got to come to it. It does seem sometimes as if the very mischief was in it. I lost pretty heavy, for a small dealer, on Fashion's Pansy, alone—got left with a big lot of 'em. What say? Oh! It was a bustle. Women kept askin' for Fashion's Pansy, till you'd 'a' thought every last one of 'em was going to live and be buried in it. Then all at once none of 'em wanted it—wouldn't touch it. That and butter begun it. You know how a country merchant's got to take all the butter the women bring him, and he's got to pay for sweet butter, and sell it for grease half the time. You can tell a woman she'd better keep an eye on her daughter, but if you say she don't make good butter every time, that's the last of that woman's custom. But what's finally knocked me out is this drop in bric-à-brac. If it hadn't been for that, I guess I could have pulled through. Then there was such a rush for Japanese goods, and it lasted so long, that I loaded up all I could with 'em last time I was in New York, and now nobody wants 'em; couldn't give 'em away. Well, it's all a game, and you don't know any more how it's comin' out—you can't bet on it with any more certainty—than you can on a trottin' match. My! I wish I was dead."

The deep-voiced man murmured something again, and the high-voiced man again retorted:

"What say? Oh, it's all well enough to preach; and I've heard about the law of demand and supply before. There's about as much of a law to it as there is to three-card monte. If it wasn't for my poor wife, I'd let 'em take me back on ice. I would that."

The deep-voiced man now seemed to have risen; there was a shuffling of feet, and presently a parley at the open door about commonplace matters; and then the two men exchanged adieux, and the door shut again, and all was silent in the room opposite Ray's. He felt sorry for the unhappy man shut in there; but he perceived no special significance in what he had overheard. He had no great curiosity about the matter; it was one of those things that happened every day, and for tragedy was in no wise comparable to a disappointment in first love, such as he had carefully studied for his novel from his own dark experience. Still it did suggest something to Ray: it suggest-

ed a picturesque opening for his first New York letter for the *Midland Echo*, and he used it in illustration of the immensity of New York, and the strange associations and juxtapositions of life there. He treated the impending failure of the country storekeeper from an overstock of Japanese goods rather humorously: it was not like a real trouble, a trouble of the heart; and the cause seemed to him rather grotesquely disproportionate to the effect. In describing the incident as something he had overheard in a hotel, he threw in some touches that were intended to give the notion of a greater splendor than belonged to the place.

He made a very good start on his letter, and when he went to bed the broken hairs that pierced his sheet from the thin mattress did not keep him from falling asleep, and they did prove that it was a horse-hair mattress.

VI.

In the morning he determined that he would not breakfast at the restaurant under the hotel, partly because he was ashamed to meet the people who, he knew, suspected him of trying to beat them out of the price of his supper, and partly because he had decided that it was patronized chiefly by the country merchants who frequented the hotel, and he wanted something that was more like New York. He had heard of those foreign eating-houses where you got a meal served in courses at a fixed price, and he wandered about looking for one. He meant to venture into the first he found, and on a side street he came on a hotel with a French name, and over the door in an arch of gilt letters the inscription *Restaurant Français*. There was a large tub on each side of the door with a small evergreen tree in it; some strings or wires ran from these tubs to the door-posts and sustained a trailing vine that formed a little bower on either hand; a Maltese cat in the attitude of a sphinx dozed in the thicket of foliage, and Ray's heart glowed with a sense of the foreignness of the whole effect. He had never been abroad, but he had read of such things, and he found himself at home in an environment long familiar to his fancy.

The difference of things was the source of his romance, as it is with all of us, and he looked in at the window of this French restaurant with the feelings he would have

had in the presence of such a restaurant in Paris, and he began to imagine gay, light-minded pictures about it. At the same time, while he was figuring inside at one of the small tables, *vis-à-vis* with a pretty actress whom he invented for the purpose, he was halting on the sidewalk outside, wondering whether he could get breakfast there so early as eight o'clock, and doubtful whether he should not betray his strangeness to New York hours if he tried. When he went in there was nobody there but one white-aproned waiter, who was taking down some chairs from the middle table where they had been stacked with their legs in the air while he was sweeping. But he did not disdain to come directly to Ray, where he had sat down, with a plate and napkin and knife and fork, and exchange a good-morning with him in arranging them before him. Then he brought half a yard of French bread and a tenuous, translucent pat of American butter; and asked Ray whether he would have chops or beefsteak with his coffee. The steak came with a sprig of water-cress on it, and the coffee in a pot; and the waiter, who had one eye that looked at Ray, and another of uncertain focus, poured out the coffee for him, and stood near, with a friendly countenance, and a cordial interest in the young fellow's appetite. By this time a neat *dame de comptoir*, whom Ray knew for a *dame de comptoir* at once, though he had never seen one before, took her place behind a little desk in the corner, and the day had begun for that Restaurant Français.

Ray felt that it was life, and he prolonged his meal to the last drop of the second cup of coffee that his pot held, and he wished that he could have Sanderson with him to show him what life really was in New York. Sanderson had taken all his meals in the basement of that seventy-five-cent hotel, which Ray meant to leave at once because of the indignities put upon him there. Where he was he would not have been ashamed to have any of the men who had given him that farewell dinner see him. He was properly placed, as a young New York literary man; he was already a citizen of that great Bohemia which he had heard and read so much of. He was sure that artists must come there, and actors, but of course much later in the day. His only misgiving was lest the taxes of Bohemia

might be heavier than he could pay, and he asked the waiter for his account somewhat anxiously. It was forty cents, and his ambition leaped at the possibility of taking all his meals at that place. He made the occasion of telling the cross-eyed waiter to keep the change out of the half-dollar he gave him serve for asking whether one could take board there by the week, and the waiter said one could for six dollars: a luncheon like the breakfast, but with soup and wine, and a dinner of fish, two meats, salad, sweets, and coffee. "On Sundays," said the waiter, "the dinner is something splendid. And there are rooms; oh yes, it is a hotel."

"Yes, I knew it was a hotel," said Ray.

The six dollars did not seem to him too much; but he had decided that he must live on ten dollars a week in order to make his money last for a full experiment of New York, or till he had placed himself in some permanent position of profit. The two strains of prudence and of poetry were strongly blended in him; he could not bear to think of wasting money, even upon himself, whom he liked so well, and whom he wished so much to have a good time. He meant to make his savings go far; with those five hundred dollars he could live a year in New York if he helped himself out on dress and incidental expenses with the pay for his Midland *Echo* letters. He would have asked to see some of the rooms in the restaurant, but he was afraid it was too early, and he decided to come to dinner and ask about them. On his way back to the place where he had lodged he rapidly counted the cost, and he decided, at any rate, to try it for a while; and he shut himself into his cupboard at the hotel, and began to go over some pages of his manuscript for the last time, with a lightness of heart which decision, even a wrong decision, always brings.

It was still too soon to go with the story to a publisher; he could not hope to find any one in before ten o'clock, and he had a whole hour yet to work on it. He was always putting the last touches on it; but he almost wished he had not looked at it, now when the touches must really be the last. It seemed to suffer a sort of disintegration in his mind. It fell into witless and repellent fragments; it lost all beauty and coherence, so that he felt ashamed and frightened with it, and he could not think what the meaning of it

had once so clearly been. He knew that no publisher would touch it in the way of business, and he doubted if any would really have it read or looked at. It seemed to him quite insane to offer it, and he had to summon an impudently cynical courage in nerving himself to the point. The best way, of course, would have been to get the story published first as a serial, in one of the magazines that had shown favor to his minor attempts; and Ray had tried this pretty fully. The manuscript had gone the rounds of all the friendly offices; and returned, after a longer or shorter sojourn, bearing on some marginal corner the hieroglyphic or numerical evidence that it had passed through the reader's hands in each. Ray innocently fancied that he suppressed the fact by clipping this mark away with the scissors; but probably no one was deceived. In looking at it now he was not even deceived himself; the thing had a desperately worn and battered air; it was actually dog's-eared; but he had still clung to the hope of getting it taken somewhere, because in all the refusals there was proof that the magazine reader had really read it through; and Ray argued that if this were so, there must be some interest or property in it that would attract the general reader if it could ever be got to his eye in print.

He was not wrong; for the story was fresh and new, in spite of its simple-hearted, unconscious imitations of the style and plot of other stories, because it was the soul if not the body of his first love. He thought that he had wrapped this fact impenetrably up in so many travesties and disguises that the girl herself would not have known it if she had read it; but very probably she would have known it. Any one who could read between the lines could penetrate through the innocent psychical posing and literary affectation to the truth of a strictly and peculiarly American situation within, and to the pathos of a youthful heartbreak. This possibly was the charm the poor little novel had, and it was this which Ray had tried to conceal with all sorts of alien splendors of make and manner. It seemed to him now, at the last moment, that if he could only uproot what was native and indigenous in it, he should make it a strong and perfect thing. He thought of writing it over again, and recoloring the heroine's hair and the hero's character,

and putting the scene in a new place; but he had already rewritten it so many times that he was sick of it; and with all his changing he had not been able to change it much. He decided to write a New York novel, and derive the hero from Midland, as soon as he could collect the material; the notion for it had already occurred to him; the hero should come on with a play; but first of all it would be necessary for Ray to get this old novel behind him, and the only way to do that was to get it before the public.

VII.

Ray put his manuscript back into its covering, and took it under his arm. He meant to make a thorough trial of the publishers, and not to be discouraged by his failures as long as a publisher was left untried. He knew from his experience with the magazine editors that it would be a slow affair, and he must have patience. Some of the publishers, even if they did not look at his story, would keep it for days or weeks with the intention or the appearance of reading it, and when they did read it they would of course want time for it. He expected this, and he calculated that it might very well take his manuscript six months to go the rounds of all the houses in New York. Yet he meant, if he could, to get it through sooner, and he was going to use his journalistic connection to make interest for it. He would have given everything but honor to have it known that he had written some things for HARPER'S and the *Century*, and he did not think it impossible that here and there a publisher might recognize his name. But he set his teeth against letting the slightest hint of his identity escape him. He did not wish, or he said to himself and stood to it that he did not wish, any favor shown his novel because he had written those things. At the same time he was willing the fact that he was the correspondent of the Midland *Echo* should help him to a prompt examination of his manuscript if it could; and he meant to let it be known that he was a journalist before he let it be known that he was an author.

He formulated some phrases introducing himself in his newspaper character, as he walked up Broadway with his manuscript held tight under his arm, and with that lifting and glowing of the heart

which a young man cannot help feeling if he walks up Broadway on a bright October morning. The sun was gay on the senseless façades of the edifices, littered with signs of the traffic within, and hung with effigies and emblems of every conceit and color, from the cornice to the threshold, where the show-cases crowded the passengers towards the curbstones, and to the cellarways that overflowed the sidewalks with their wares. The frantic struggle and jumble of these appeals to curiosity and interest jarred themselves to an effect of kaleidoscopic harmony, just as the multitudinous noises of the hoofs and wheels and feet and tongues broke and bruised themselves to one roar on the ear; and the adventurer among them found no offence in their confusion. He had his stake too in the tremendous game that all were playing, some fair and some foul, and shrieking out their bets in those strident notes; and he believed so much he should win that he was ready to take the chances of losing. From the stainless blue sky overhead, the morning sun glared down on the thronged and noisy street, and brought out all its details with keen distinctness; but Ray did not feel its anarchy. The irregularity of the buildings, high and low, as if they were parts of a wall wantonly hacked and notched, here more and here less, was of the same moral effect to him as the beautiful spire of Grace Church thrilling heavenward like a hymn.

He went along, wondering if he should happen to meet either of those young women whom he had befriended the evening before. He had heard that you were sure to meet somebody you had met before whenever you stepped out on Broadway, and he figured meeting them, in fancy. He had decided to put them into his story of New York life, and he tried to imagine the character he should assign them, or rather one of them: the one who had given the old ducky a quarter out of his dollar. He did not quite know what to do with the child; something could be made of the child if it were older, but a mere baby like that would be difficult to manage in such a story as Ray meant to write. He wondered if it would do to have her deserted by her husband, and have the hero, a young literary adventurer, not at all like himself, fall in love with her, and then have them both die when the husband, a worthless, drunken

brute, came back in time to prevent their marriage. He built up the husband's character from the hint given by the other young woman when she said she did not care if he killed her; Ray was not sure that she meant her husband; it might have been her father; but he decided to have him the husband of the heroine. Such a scheme would give scope for great suffering; Ray imagined a scene of renunciation between the lovers, who refused each other even a last kiss; and he felt a lump rise in his throat. It could be made very powerful.

He evolved a character of reckless generosity for her from her beneficence to the old negro in the ferry-boat. Under that still, almost cold exterior he made her conceal a nature of passionate impulse, because the story required a nature of that sort. He did not know whether to have the husband finally die, and the lovers marry, or whether to have the lovers killed in an accident. It would be more powerful to have them killed; it would be so conventional and expected to have them happily married; but Ray knew the reader liked a novel that ended well. It would be at once powerful and popular to have them elope together. Perhaps the best thing he could do would be to have them elope; there was a fascination in the guilty thought; he could make such a *dénouement* very attractive; but upon the whole he felt that he must not, for very much the same reason that he must not himself run off with his neighbor's wife.

All the time that this went on in his mind, Ray was walking up Broadway, and holding fast to the novel under his arm, which the novel in his brain was so vividly eclipsing. His inner eye was fixed on the remembered face of that strange girl, or woman, whom he was fashioning into a fictitious heroine, but his outward vision roved over the women faces it encountered, and his taste made its swift selection among them, and his ambidextrous fancy wove romances around such as he found pretty or interesting enough to give his heart to. They were mostly the silly or sordid faces that women wear when they are shopping, and they expressed such emotions as are roused by the chase of a certain shade of ribbon, or the hope of getting something rich and fashionable for less than its worth. But youth is not nice, or else its

eyes are keener than those of after-life; and Ray found many beautiful and stylish girls where the middle-aged witness would have seen a long procession of average second-rate young woman. He admired their New-Yorky dash; he saw their difference in look and carriage from the Midland girls; and he wondered what they would be like, if he knew them. He reflected that he did not know any one in New York; but he expected soon to be acquainted. If he got his novel taken he would very soon be known, and then his acquaintance would be sought. He saw himself launched upon a brilliant social career, and he suddenly had a difficulty presented to him which he had not foreseen a moment before: he had to choose between a brilliant marriage with a rich and well-born girl and fealty to the weird heroine of his story. The unexpected contingency suggested a new ending to his original story. The husband could die and the lovers be about to marry, when they could become aware that the rich girl was in love with the hero. They could renounce each other, and the hero could marry the rich girl; and shortly after the heroine could die. An ending like that could be made very powerful; and it would be popular too.

Ray found himself in a jam of people who had begun suddenly to gather at the corner he was approaching. They were looking across at something on the other corner, and Ray looked too. Trunks and travelling-bags had overflowed from a store in the basement there, and piled themselves on the sidewalk and up the house wall; and against the back-ground they formed stood two figures. One was a decent-looking young man in a Derby hat, and wearing spectacles, which gave him a sort of scholarly air; he remained passive in the grip of another, probably the shopman, who was quite colorless with excitement, and who hung fast to the shoulder of the first, as if his prisoner were making violent efforts to escape. A tall young policeman parted the crowd, and listened a moment to the complaint the shopman made, with many gestures towards his wares. Then he turned to the passive captive, and Ray heard the click of the handcuffs as they snapped on the wrists of this scholarly looking man; and the policeman took him by the arm and led him away.

The intrusion of such a brutal fact of

life into the tragic atmosphere of his reverie made the young poet a little sick, but the young journalist avidly seized upon it. The poet would not have dreamed of using such an incident, but the journalist saw how well it would work into the scheme of that first letter he was writing home to the *Echo*, where he treated of the surface contrasts of life in New York as they present themselves to the stranger. A glad astonishment at the profusion of the material for his letters possessed him: at this rate he should have no trouble in writing them; he could make them an indispensable feature; they would be quoted and copied, and he could get a rise out of Hanks Brothers on the price.

He crossed to the next corner, where the shopman was the centre of a lessening number of spectators, and found him willing to prolong the interest he had created in the public mind. He said the thief had priced a number of bags in the place below, and on coming up had made a grab at one and tried to get off with it; but he was onto him like lightning. He showed Ray which bag it was, and turned it round and upside down as if with a fresh sense of its moral value. He said he should have to take that bag into court, and he set it aside so that he should not forget it.

"I suppose," said a tall, elderly gentleman, who seemed to have been listening to Ray's dialogue with the shopman, "you wouldn't be willing to sell me that bag?" He spoke slowly with a thick, mellow voice, deep in his throat.

"Money wouldn't buy that bag; no sir," said the shopman; but he seemed uneasy.

"You know," urged the soft-voiced stranger, "you could show some other bag in court that was just like it."

"I couldn't swear to no other bag," said the shopman, daunted, and visibly relenting.

"That is true," said the stranger. "But you could swear that it was exactly like this. Still, I dare say you're quite right, and it's better to produce the *corpus delicti*, if possible."

He glanced at Ray with a whimsical demand for sympathy; Ray smiled, and they walked off together, leaving the shopman in dubious study of his eventful bag. He was opening it, and scrutinizing the inside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONDON OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

BY WALTER BESANT.



FROM the accession of the First to the death of the Fourth George very little change took place in the outward appearance or the customs of London and its people. Not that the kings had anything to do with the manners or the changes of the city. These Germans at first understood not their chief town, and had neither love nor fear for the citizens, such as possessed the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts. There was little change because the forces that produce change were working slowly. Ideas, for instance, were changing, but the English people are slow to catch new ideas. The new ideas produced the French Revolution. On this account they were suppressed in England, only to grow and spread more rapidly underground, and to produce changes of a more stable kind than the effervescence of the First Republic.

One important change may, however,

be noted. The city during the eighteenth century ceased altogether to attract the younger sons of the country gentry; the old connection, therefore, between London and the counties was severed. The chief reason was that the continual wars of the century found employment and a career for all the younger sons in the services, and that the value of land went up enormously. Trade was no longer recruited from the better sort. Class distinctions were deepened and more sharply defined; a barrister looked down upon a merchant, and a simple clergyman would not associate with a man in business. Sydney Smith, for instance, refused to stay a night at a country house because its owner was "a banker and a tradesman." The extent of the breach was illustrated when the Queen

on her accession at Guildhall, when the Lord Mayor and the corporation, the *givers of the feast*, were actually set down at a lower table separate from the Queen.

London in 1750 was spreading, but not yet rapidly. East and west, not north and south. Eastward the city had thrown out a long arm by the river-side. St. Katherine's Precinct was crowded; streets, two or three deep, stretched along the river-bank as far as Limehouse, but no farther. These were inhabited by the people who made their living on the river. Immediately north of these streets stretched a great expanse of market gardens and fields. Whitechapel was a crowded suburb, filled with working-men. This was one of the places where the London mob was born and bred. Clerkenwell, with the parts about Smithfield, was another district dear to thieves, pickpockets, and rowdies. Within its boundaries the city was well and carefully ordered. Unfor-



HOUSES IN ST. KATHERINE'S—PULLED DOWN IN 1827.

tunately this order did not extend beyond the walls. Outside there were no companies, no small parishes, no rich merchants, no charities, schools, or endowments, and practically there were no churches.

On the north side, Moorfields still remained an open space; beyond lay Hoxton Fields, White Conduit Fields, Lamb's Conduit Fields, and Marylebone Fields. The suburb of Bloomsbury was beginning. A crowded suburb had sprung up north of the Strand. Westminster was a great city by itself. Southwark, now a borough with half a million people, as great as Liverpool, occupied then a little strip of marshy land not half a mile broad at its widest. East and west, to Lambeth on the one side and to Redriff on the other, was a narrow strip of river-side, dotted with houses and hamlets.

The walls of the city were never formally pulled down. They disappeared bit by bit. Houses were built close to them and upon them; they were covered up. Excavators constantly bring to light some of the foundations. When a churchyard was placed against the wall, as at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and St. Alphege, London Wall, some portions of the old wall remain. The course of the wall is, in fact, perfectly well known, and has often been mapped. It is strange, however, that the corporation should have been so careless as to make no attempt at all to

preserve more of this most interesting monument.

The gates stood, and were closed at sunset, until the year 1760. Then they were all pulled down, and the materials sold. Temple Bar, which was never a city gate, properly speaking, remained until the other day. The gates were, I suppose, an obstruction to traffic. Yet one regrets their disappearance. They were not old, but they had a character of their own, and they preserved the memory of ancient sites. I wish they could have been preserved to this day. A statue of Queen Elizabeth, which formerly stood on the west front of Lud Gate, is, I believe, the only part of a city gate not destroyed. It is now placed on the south wall of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, where thousands pass daily, regardless of this relic of London before the Fire!

If you were to ask any person specially interested in the Church of England—not necessarily a clergyman of that Church—which was the deadeast and lowest and feeblest period of the Church's existence, he would without the least hesitation reply that the reign of George the Second covered that period. This is universally accepted. I think, however, that one may show, without much trouble, that this belief is not based upon inquiry into the facts of the time. It is certain that the churches were what is commonly called "ugly," that is to say,

they were built by Wren, or were imitations of his style, and had nothing to do with Early English, or Decorated, or even Perpendicular. Also, it is certain that the congregations sat in pews, each family by itself; that there were some few pews of greater dignity than others, where sat my Lord Mayor, or the aldermen, or the sheriffs, or the masters of city companies. It is also certain that all the churches had galleries, that the services were performed from a "three-decker," that the sermon was preached in a black gown, and that the clergyman called himself a minister, and not a

day, and on all holy days and saints' days. There were endowments for occasional sermons in nearly every church. So much of the Puritan spirit remained that the sermon was still considered the most important part of church service; in other words, sound doctrine being held to be essential to salvation, instruction in doctrine was considered of far greater importance than prayer or praise—a fact which quite sufficiently accounts for the slovenly character of church services down to thirty or forty years ago. The singing was deplorable, but the sermons were sound.



SOUTHEAST PROSPECT OF CHURCH OF ST. DUNSTAN IN THE WEST.

priest. All these things are abominations to the latter half of the nineteenth century. There were also pluralists; the poor were left very much to themselves, and the parish was not worked according to modern ideas. But was it quite a dead time? Let us see.

There were a hundred and nine parish churches in London and Westminster. At forty-four of these there was daily service—surely a recognized indication of religious activity. At one of these there were three daily services; at all of them—the whole hundred and nine—there were services every Wednesday and Fri-

Let us walk abroad and view the streets. They are changed indeed since Stow led us from St. Andrew Undershaft to St. Paul's. The old gabled houses are all gone, except in the narrow limits of the part spared by the fire; in their places are tall houses with large sash windows and flat façade. Within they are wainscoted, the fashion of tapestry having completely gone out. Foot-passengers are protected by rows of posts at intervals of four or five feet. Flat paving-stones are not in general use, and those that have been laid down are small and insecure. The shops are small, and there

is little pretence at displaying the goods; they have now, however, all got windows in front. A single candle, or two at the



LUD GATE.

most, illuminate the wares in the evening or the short afternoons of winter. A sign hangs out over every door. The drawing of St. Dunstan's in the West shows that part of Fleet Street before the paving-stones were laid down. The only pavement, both for the road and the footway, consisted of large round pebbles, over which the rolling of the vehicles made the most dreadful noise. In the year 1762, however, an improvement was introduced in Westminster, followed by the city of London in 1766. The roads were paved with squares of Scotch granite laid in gravel; the posts were removed; a kerb was laid down, gutters provided, and the footway paved with flat stones. About the same time the corporation took down the overhanging signs, removed the city gates, covered over Fleet Ditch, and broadened numerous narrow passages. The drawing here given of the Monument and the beginning of London Bridge dates between 1757 and 1766; for the houses are already down on the bridge—this was done in 1757—and the posts and signs are not yet removed from the

street. The view gives a good idea of a London street of that time. The posts were by no means all removed. The drawing of Temple Bar from Butcher Row, taken as late as 1796, in which they are still standing, shows this. It also shows the kind of houses in the lower streets. Butcher Row, though it stood in the Strand at the back of St. Clement's Church, a highly respectable quarter, was one of the most disreputable places in the whole of London—given over to crimps, flash lodging-houses, and people of the baser sort.

There were certain dangers and inconveniences walking along the streets. The finest dress might be ruined by the carelessness of a dustman or a chimney-sweep; the custom of exposing meat on open bulkheads led to many an irreparable stain of grease. Bullies pushed the peaceful passenger into the gutter—it was a great time for street swagger; barbers blew the flour into wigs at open doorways, causing violent wrath among those outside; mad bulls careered up and down the streets; men quarrelled, made a ring, and fought it out before the traffic could go on; pickpockets were both numerous and dexterous; footpads abounded in the



MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE FIRE OF 1666.

open squares of Lincoln's Inn, Bloomsbury, and Portman; highwaymen swarmed on all the roads; men-servants were insolent and rascally; the noise in the leading streets was deafening; in a shower the way became impassable from the rain-spouts in the roofs, which discharged their contents upon the streets below.

We who now object to the noise of a barrel-organ in the street, or a cry of milk, or a distant German band, would be driven mad by a single day of George the Second's London streets. Hogarth has touched the subject, but only touched it. No one could do more in a picture than indicate the mere fringe of this vast subject. Even on the printed page we can do little more than the painter. For instance, the following were some of the more common and every-day and all-day-long noises. Many of the shopkeepers still kept up the custom of having a prentice outside bawling an invitation to buy! buy! buy! To this day butchers in Clare Market cry out at their stalls all day long: "Rally up, ladies! Rally up! Buy! Buy! Buy!" In the streets of private houses there passed a never-ending procession of those who bawled things for sale. Here are a few of the things they bawled—I am conscious that it is a very imperfect list. There were those who offered to do things—mend chairs, grind knives, solder pots and pans, buy rags or kitchen stuff, rabbit-skins, hair, or rusty swords, exchange old clothes and wigs, mend old china, cut wires—this excruciating, rasping operation was apparently done in the open—or cooper casks. There was, next, the multitude of those who carried wares to sell—as things to eat and drink—saloop, barley broth, rice and milk furmety, Shrewsbury cakes, eggs, butter, lily-white vinegar, hot peascods, rabbits, birds, pullets, gingerbread, oysters, honey, cherry ripe, Chaney oranges, hot codlins, pippins, fruit of all kinds, fish, taffety tarts, fresh water, tripe, tansy, greens, mustard, salt, gray pease, water-cresses, shrimps, rosemary, lavender, milk, elder buds; or things of domestic use—lace, ribbons, almanacs, ink, small coal, sealing-wax, wood to cleave, earthenware, spigots, combs, buckles, lanterns, pewter pots, brooms in exchange for old shoes, things of horns, Holland socks, woollen socks and wrappers, brimstone matches, flint and steel, shoe-laces, scissors and tools, straps, and the thousand



PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW STREET—A PRISONER UNDER EXAMINATION.

and one things which are now sold in shops. The bear-ward came along with his animal and his dogs and his drum, the sweep shouted from the house-top, the ballad-singer bawled in the road, the tumbler and the dancing-girl set up their pitch with fife and drum. Nobody minded how much noise was made. In the smaller streets the good wives sat with open doors, running in and out, gossiping over their work; they liked the noise; they liked this perambulating market—it made the street lively, it brought the neighbors out to talk, and it pleased the baby. Then the wagons went ponderously grinding over the round stones of the road, the carts rumbled, the brewers' sledges growled, the chariot rattled, the drivers quarrelled, cursed, and fought. The late Mr. Lowell spoke of the continual murmur of London as of Niagara afar off. A hundred years ago he would have spoken of the continual roar.

Never before had the city been so wealthy. Despite the continual wars of the eighteenth century, the prosperity of the country advanced by leaps and

bounds. French privateers scoured the ocean in chase of our merchantmen; every East-Indiaman had to run the gauntlet all the way from Madeira to Plymouth. The supremacy of the sea was obstinately disputed by France, yet more ships escaped than were taken. Our Indiamen fought the privateer and sank him; our fleets retaliated; our frigates protected the merchantmen; and when,

and to have his own country house; or, if that could not be compassed, to have a box three or four miles from town, at Stockwell, Clapham, Hoxton, or Bow, or Islington, whither he might drive on Saturday or other days in a four-wheeled chaise. He loved to add a bow-window to the front, at which he would sit and watch the people pass, his wine before him, for the admiration and envy of all who beheld.

The garden at the back, thirty feet long by twenty broad, he laid out with great elegance. There was a gravel-walk at each end, a pasteboard grenadier set up in one walk, and a sundial in the other. In the middle there was a basin with two artificial swans, over which he moralized: "Sir, I bought those fowls seven years ago. They were then as white as could be made. Now they are black. Let us learn that the strongest things decay, and consider the flight of time." He put weather-cocks on his house-top, and when they pointed different ways, he reflected that there is no station so exalted as to be free from the inconsistencies and wants of life.

His wife, of course, was a notable housekeeper. It is recorded of her that she would never employ a man unless he could whistle. So that when he was sent to draw beer, or to bottle wine, or to pick cherries, or to gather strawberries, by whistling all the time he proved that his mouth was empty; because you cannot

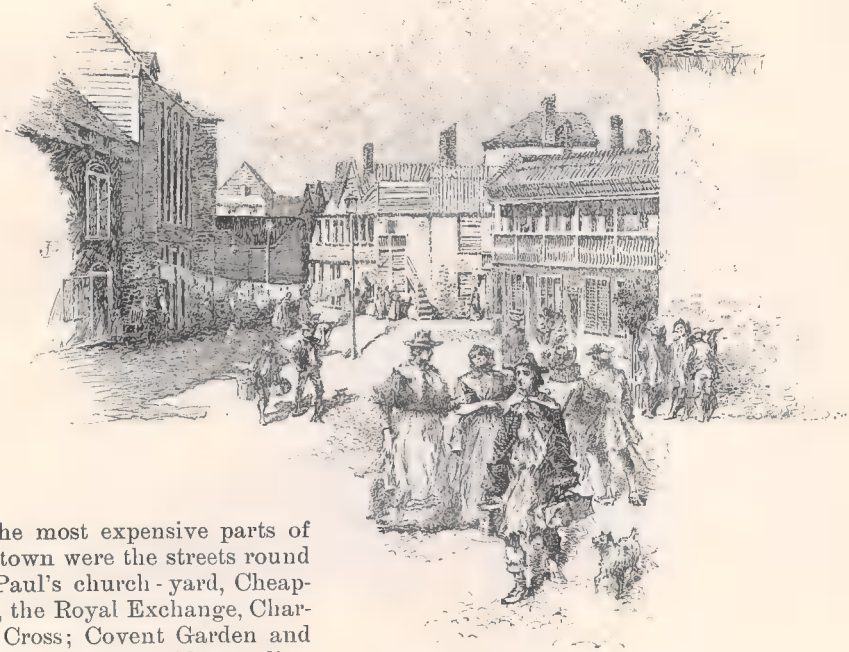
whistle with anything in your mouth. She made her husband take off his shoes before going up stairs. She lamented the gigantic appetites of the journeymen whom they had to keep "peck and perch" all the year round; she loved a pink sash and a pink ribbon, and when she went abroad she was genteelly "fetched" by an apprentice or one of the journeymen with candle and lanthorn.



OLD EAST INDIA HOUSE, LEADENHALL STREET, 1648-1726.

as happened sometimes, we had the pleasure of fighting Spain as well as France, the balance of captures was greatly in our favor. "Sir," said Lord Nelson to the King, when Spain declared war against us, "this makes all the difference. It promised to be a poor war; it will now be a rich war." And it was.

It was the dream of every tradesman in fulness of time to retire from his shop



NORTH VIEW OF THE MARSHALSEA, SOUTHWARK.

The most expensive parts of the town were the streets round St. Paul's church-yard, Cheap-side, the Royal Exchange, Charing Cross; Covent Garden and St. James's lie outside our limits. Here the rent of a moderate house was from a hundred to a hundred and fifty guineas a year.

In less central places the rents were not more than half as much. There were six or seven fire-insurance offices. The premium for insurance on houses and goods not called hazardous was generally two shillings per cent. on any sum under £1000, half a crown on all sums between £1000 and £2000, and three and sixpence on all sums over £3000, so that a man insuring his house and furniture for £2500 would pay an annual premium of £47s.6d.

The common practice of bakers and milkmen was to keep a tally on the door-post with chalk. The advantage of this method was that a mark might be added when the maid was not looking. The price of meat was about a third of the present prices, beef being fourpence a pound, mutton fourpence halfpenny, and veal sixpence. Chickens were commonly sold at two and sixpence the pair; eggs were sometimes three and sometimes eight for fourpence, according to the time of year. Coals seem to have cost about forty shillings a ton, but this is uncertain. Candles were eight and fourpence a dozen for "dips," and nine and fourpence a dozen for "moulds"; wax candles were two and tenpence a pound. For out-

door lamps train-oil was used, and for indoors sperm oil. For the daily dressing of the hair, hair-dressers were engaged at seven shillings to a guinea a month. Servants were hired at register offices, but they were often of very bad character, with forged papers. The wages given were, to women cooks, £12 a year; ladies'-maids, £12 to £20; housemaids, from £7 to £9; footmen, £14 and a livery. Servants found their own tea and sugar. Board wages were ten and sixpence a week to an upper servant; seven shillings to an under servant. Every householder was liable to serve as church-warden, overseer for the poor, constable—but he could serve by deputy—and juryman. Peers, clergymen, lawyers, members of Parliament, physicians, and surgeons were exempted.

The principle of life-assurance was already well established, but not yet in general use. There seem to have been no more than four companies for life-assurance.

There were nine morning papers, of which the *Morning Post* still survives. They were all published at three pence. There were eight evening papers, which came out three times a week. And there



SOUTHWEST PROSPECT OF LONDON, 1760.

were three or four weekly papers, intended chiefly for the country.

The stamps which had to be bought with anything were a grievous burden. A pair of gloves worth ten pence—stamp of one penny; worth one and fourpence—stamp of two pence; above one and fourpence—stamp of four pence. Penalty for selling without a stamp, £5. Hats were taxed in like manner. Inventories and catalogues were stamped; an apprentice's indentures were stamped; notes and bills of exchange were stamped; every newspaper paid a stamp of three halfpence. In the year 1753 there were seven millions and a half of stamps issued to the journals.

We have seen what it cost a respectable householder to pay his way in the time of Charles the Second. The following shows the cost of living a hundred years later. The house is supposed to consist of husband and wife, four children, and two maids.

Food, coals, candles, small-beer (of which 12 gallons are allowed, that is, 48 quarts, or an average of one quart a day per head), soap, starch, and all kinds of odds and ends are reckoned at £3 12s. 5d. a week, or £188 5s. 8d. a year; clothes,

including hair-dressing, £64; pocket expenses, £15 12s.; occasional illness, £11; schooling, £8; wages, £14 10s.; rent and taxes, £66; entertainments, wine, etc., £30 19s.—making a total of £400 a year.

If we take the same family with the same scale of living at the present day, we shall arrive at the difference in the cost of things:

	1890.	1760.
Food, coals, and ale, etc.....	£420	£190
Clothes.....	120	64
Pocket expenses.....	45	15
School.....	143	8
Illness.....	42	11
Wages of two maids.....	42	14
Rent and taxes (not counting income-tax).....	150	66
Travelling ..	150	nil
Books.....	90	nil
Wine.....	84	31
On furniture and the house....	103	nil

A comparison of the figures shows a very considerable raising of the standard as regards comfort, and even necessities. It is true that the modern figures have been taken from the accounts of a family which spends every year from £1200 to £1600.

In the evening every man had his club or coffee-house. We know that Dr. Johnson was unhappy unless he had a

club for the evening. There were clubs for every class. They met at taverns. They gradually superseded the coffee-houses for evening purposes. The city coffee-houses, however, became places where a great deal of business was carried on. Thus at the Baltic was a subscription-room for merchants and brokers engaged in the Russia trade; the Chapter of Paternoster Row was the resort of booksellers; the Jamaica was a house for West Indian trade; Garraway's, Robins's, Jonathan's, the Jerusalem, Lloyd's, were all city coffee-houses turned into rendezvouses for merchants. The clubs of the last century deserve a separate paper for themselves. The London citizen went to his club every evening. He there solemnly discussed the news of the day, smoked his pipe of tobacco, drank his glass of punch, and went home by ten o'clock. The club was the social life of the city. For the ladies there was their own social life. Women lived much more with other women; they had their visits and society among themselves in the daytime. While the men worked at their shops and offices, the women gadded about; in the evening they sat at home while the men went out. In one family of my acquaintance there is a tradition belonging to the end of the last century that when the then head of the house came home at ten, the girls hurried off to bed, the reason being that the good man's temper at the late hour, what with the fatigues of the day and the punch of the evening, was

anything but uncertain. A manuscript diary of a middle-class family belonging to the time of George the First shows anything but a stay-at-home life. The ladies were always going about. But they staid at home in the evenings. There was a very good reason why the women should stay at home. The streets were infested with prowling thieves and with dangerous bullies; no woman could go out after dark in the city without an armed escort of her father's apprentices or his men-servants. The occupations of a young lady—not a lady of the highest fashion—of this time are given by a contemporary writer. He says that she makes tippetts, works handkerchiefs in catgut, collects shells, makes grottoes, copies music, paints, cuts out figures and landscapes, and makes screens. She dances a minuet or cotillon, and she can



TEMPLE BAR, FROM BUTCHER ROW.



LONDON BRIDGE, 1757.

play ombre, lansquenet, quadrille, and Pope Joan. These are frivolous accomplishments, but the writer says nothing of the morning's work—the distilling of creams, the confecting of cakes and puddings and sauces, the needle-work, and all the useful things.

They did not always stay at home. In the summer they sometimes went to Vauxhall, where the girls enjoyed the sight of the wicked world as much as they liked the singing and the supper and the punch that followed.

We have quite lost the mughouse. This was a kind of music hall, a large room where only men were admitted, and where ale or stout was the only drink consumed. Every man had his pipe; there was a president. A harp played at one end of the room, and out of the company present one after the other stood up to sing. Between the songs there were toasts and speeches, sometimes of a political kind, and the people drank to each other from table to table.

It was a great fighting time. Every man who went abroad knew that he might have to fight to defend himself against footpad or bully. Most men carried a stout stick. When Dr. Johnson heard that a man had threatened to horsewhip

him, he ordered a thick cudgel, and was easy in his mind. There was no police, and therefore a man had to fight. It cannot be doubted that the martial spirit of the country, which was extraordinary, was greatly sustained by the practice of fighting, which prevailed alike in all ranks. Too much order is not all pure gain. If we have got rid of the Mohocks and street-scurers, we have lost a good deal of that readiness to fight which formerly met those Mohocks and made them fly.

Here are one or two notes of domestic interest. The washing of the house was always done at home. The washer-woman began her work at midnight. Why this was so ordered I know not; there must have been some reason. During the many wars of the century wheat went up to an incredible price. One year it was 104s. a quarter, so that bread was three times as dear as it is at present. Housewives in those times cut their bread with their own hands, and kept it till it was stale. If you wanted a place under government, you could buy one; the sum of £500 would get you a comfortable berth in the victualling office, for instance, where the perquisites, pickings, and bribes for contracts made the service worth having. Members of Parliament who had

the privilege of franking letters sometimes sold the right for £300 a year. Ale-houses were marked by chequers on the door-post: to this day the chequers is a common tavern sign. Bakers had a lattice at their doors. All tradesmen—not servants only, but master-tradesmen—asked for Christmas-boxes. The Fleet weddings went on merrily. There was great feasting on the occasion of a wedding duly conducted in the parish church. On the day of the wedding the bridegroom himself waited on bride and guests.

off flogging women. The practice certainly continued well into the century. In the prisons it was a common thing to flog the men. As for the severity of the laws protecting property, one illustration will suffice. What can be thought of laws which allowed the hanging of two children for stealing a purse with two shillings and a brass counter in it? Something, however, may be said for Father Stick. He ordered everything, directed everything, superintended everything. Without him nothing was ever done,



REVIEW OF SOLDIERS, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

There were also great expense and ostentation observed at funerals; every little shopkeeper, it was observed, must have a hearse and half a dozen mourning coaches to be carried a hundred yards to the parish church-yard. They were often conducted at night, in order to set off the ceremony by hired mourners bearing flambeaux.

The flogging in the army and navy is appalling to think of. That carried on ashore is a subject of some obscurity. The punishment of whipping has never been taken out of our laws. Garroters and robbers who are violent are still flogged, and boys are birched. I know not when they ceased to flog men through the streets at the cart tail, nor when they left

nothing could be done. Men were flogged into drill and discipline, they were flogged into courage, they were flogged into obedience; boys were flogged into learning; prentices were flogged into diligence; women were flogged into virtue. Father Stick has still his disciples, but in the last century he was king.

We have spoken of station and order. It must be remembered that there was then no pretence of a clerk, or any one of that kind, calling himself a gentleman. Not at all; he was a servant, the servant of his master, and a very faithful servant too, for the most part. His services were rewarded at a rate of pay varying from twenty to a hundred pounds a year. A clerk in a government office seldom got

more than fifty pounds, but some of them had chances of a kind which we now call dishonest. In other words, they were bribed.

Let me conclude this account, too scanty and meagre, of London in the last century by a brief narrative—borrowed, not invented—of a Sunday holiday. It has been seen that the city was careful about the church-going of the citizens. But laws were forgotten, manners relaxed; outside the city no such discipline was possible, nor was any attempted. And to the people within the walls, as well as to all without, Sunday gradually became a day of holiday and pleasure. You shall see what a day was made of a certain Sunday in the summer of 17— by a pair of citizens whose names have perished.

The holiday-makers slept at the Marlborough Head, in Bishopsgate Street, whence they sallied forth at four in the morning. Early as it was, the gates of the inn yards were thronged with young people gayly dressed, waiting for the horses, chaises, and carriages which were

Miss Foster & Miss Vapall
Grovener Street



VISITING-CARD OF 1750.

to carry them to Windsor, Hampton Court, Richmond, etc., for the day. They were mostly journeymen or apprentices, and the ladies with them were young milliners and mantua-makers. They first walked westward, making for the Foundling Hospital, on their way passing a rabble rout drinking saloop and fighting. Arrived at the fields lying south of that institution, they met with a company of servants, men and girls, who had stolen some of their masters' wine, and were out in the fields to drink it. They shared in the drink, but deplored the crime. It will be observed as we go along that a

very creditable amount of drink accompanied this holiday. Then they continued walking across the fields till they came to Tottenham Court Road, where the Wesleyans, in their tabernacle, were holding an early service. Outside the chapel a prize fight was going on, with a crowd of ruffians and betting-men. It was, however, fought on the cross.

They next retraced their steps across the fields, and arrived at Bagnigge Wells, which lay at the east of the Gray's Inn Road, nearly opposite what is now Meck-



INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN, WALBROOK.

lenburgh Square, and northeast of the St. Andrew's burying-ground. Early as it was, the place already contained several hundreds of people. The Wells included a great room for concerts and entertainments, a garden planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers, and provided with walks, a fountain, a rustic bridge, rural cottages, a fish-pond, and seats. The admission was three pence. They had appointed to breakfast at the Bank Coffee-house, therefore they could not wait longer here. On the way to the city they stopped at the Thatched House and took a gill of red port.

The Bank Coffee-house was filled with people taking breakfast and discussing politics or trade. It is not stated what they had for breakfast, but as one of the company is spoken of as finishing his dish of chocolate, it may be imagined that this was the usual drink. A lovely barmaid smiled farewell when they left the place. From this coffee-house they went to church at St. Mary le Strand, where a bishop preached a charity sermon. At the close of the service the charity children were placed at the doors, loudly imploring the benefactions of the people. After church they naturally wanted a little refreshment; they therefore went to a house near St. Paul's, where the landlord provided them a cold collation with a pint of Lisbon.

The day being fine, they agreed to walk to Highgate and dine at the ordinary there. On the way they were beset by beggars in immense numbers. They arrived at Highgate just in time for the dinner—probably at two o'clock. The company consisted principally of reputa-



CHARING CROSS, LOOKING UP THE STRAND.

ble tradesmen and their families. There was an Italian musician, a gallery reporter—that is, a man who attended the House, and wrote down the debates from memory—and a lawyer's clerk. The ordinary offered two or three dishes at a shilling each. They had a bottle of wine, and sat till three o'clock, when they left the tavern and walked to Primrose Hill. Here they met an acquaintance in the shape of an Eastcheap cheese-monger, who was dragging his children in a four-wheel chaise up the hill, while his wife carried the good man's wig and hat on the point of his walking-stick. The hill was crowded with people of all kinds.

When they had seen enough, they came away and walked to the top of Hampstead Hill. Here, at the famous Spaniard's, they rested and took a bottle of port.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when they left Hampstead and made for Islington, intending to see the White Conduit House on their way to the Surrey side.

All these gardens—to leave these travellers for a moment—Ranelagh, Vaux-



VAUXHALL ADMISSION TICKET.

Medallion in lead of Handel.
From the statue.

hall, Bagnigge Wells, and the rest, were alike. They contained a concert and a promenade room, a garden laid out in pleasing walks, a fish-pond with arbors, and rooms for suppers, a fountain, a band of music, and a dancing-floor. The amusements of Ranelagh are described by a visitor who ran into verse:

"To Ranelagh, once in my life,
By good-natured force I was driven;
The nations had ceased from their strife,
And Peace beamed her radiance from heaven."

I apologize for these two lines; but everybody knows that *strife* and *heaven*

are very neat rhymes to *life* and *driven*. Otherwise I admit that they have nothing to do with Ranelagh.

"What wonders were here to be found
That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
First we traced the gay circle around,
And then we went around it again.

"A thousand feet rustled on mats—
A carpet that once had been green;
Men bowed with their outlandish hats,
With women so fearfully keen.

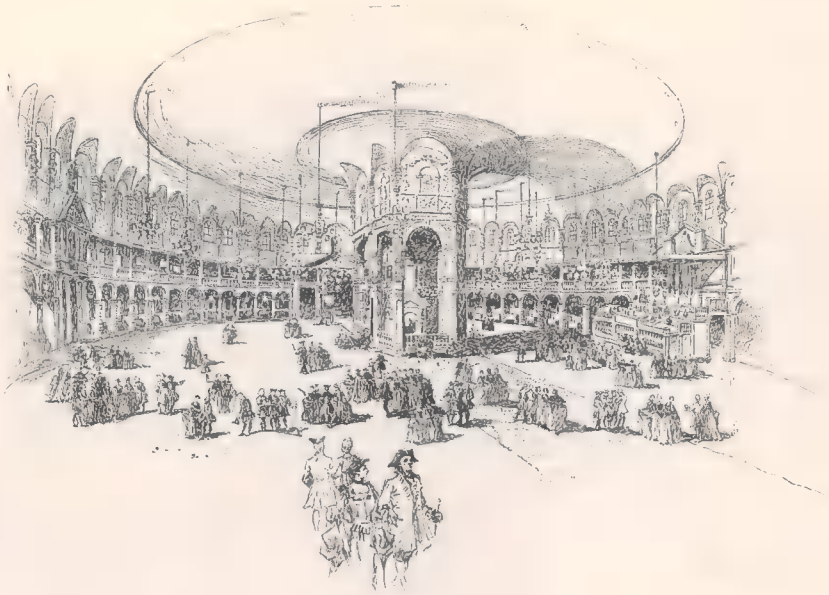
"Fair maids, who at home, in their haste,
Had left all their clothes but a train,
Swept the floor clean as they passed,
Then—walked round and swept it again."

At these gardens this Sunday afternoon there were several hundreds of people, not of the more distinguished kind. They found a very pretty girl here, who was so condescending as to take tea with them.

Leaving the Conduit House, they paid another visit to Bagnigge Wells, in order to drink a bowl of negus. By this time the place was a scene of open profligacy. They next called a coach, and drove to Kensington Gardens, where they walked about for an hour seeing the great people. Among others they had the happiness of beholding the D—— of Gr-ft-n, accompanied by Miss P——, and L-d H-y with the famous Mrs. W——. Feeling the want of a little refreshment, they sought a tea garden in Brompton known as Cromwell's Gardens, or Floride Gardens, where they



VAUXHALL SPRING GARDENS.



VIEW OF ROTUNDA, RANELAGH GARDENS.

drank coffee, and contemplated the beauty of many lovely creatures.

It was now nine o'clock in the evening. In the neighborhood of the Mall they saw a great block of carriages on their way to Lady H—'s Sunday rout. The explorers then visited certain houses frequented by the baser sort, and were rewarded in the manner that might have been expected, namely, with ribaldry and blasphemy. As the clock struck ten they arrived at the Dog and Duck, St. George's Fields. From the Dog and Duck they repaired to the Temple of Flora, a place of the same description as Bagnigge Wells. Here, as the magistrates had refused a wine license, they kept a citizen and vintner on the premises. He, by virtue of his company, had the right to sell wine without a license. Our friends took a bottle here. The Apollo Gardens, the Thatched House, the Flora Tea Garden, were also places of resort of the same kind, all with a garden, tea and music rooms, and a company of doubtful morals. They drove next to the Bermondsey Spa Gardens, described as an elegant place of entertainment, two miles from London Bridge, with a walk hung with colored lamps not inferior to that of Vauxhall. There was also a lovely pasteboard castle and a museum of curiosities. They had another bottle here and a comfortable glass of

cherry brandy before getting into the carriage. Finally they reached the place whence they started at midnight, and after a bumper of red port retired to rest. A noble Sunday, lasting from four o'clock in the morning till midnight. They walked twenty miles at least; they drank all day long, port, Lisbon, chocolate, negus, tea, coffee, and cherry brandy, besides their beer at dinner. On nine different occasions they called for a pint or a bottle. A truly wonderful Sunday.

We have seen London from age to age. It has changed indeed. Yet in one thing it has shown no change. London has always been a city looking forwards, pressing forwards, fighting for the future, using up the present ruthlessly for the sake of the future, trampling on the past. As it has been, so it is. The city may have reached its highest point; it may be about to decline; as yet it shows no sign; it has sounded no note of decay or of decline or of growing age. The city which began with the East Saxon settlement among the forsaken streets thirteen hundred years ago is in the full strength and lustihood of manhood—perhaps as yet only early manhood. For which, as in private duty bound, let us praise and magnify the providence which has so guided the steps of the citizens, and so filled their hearts with the spirit of self-reliance, hope, and courage.



BUSINESS!—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

SIR BEDIVERE DE VERE: "Oh, I say—how you do chaff! you never take me seriously!"
AMERICAN BELLE: "You never asked me!" (No cards.)

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the year 1754, when the Colonial Congress met at Albany to discuss colonial union, and the French were building Fort Du Quesne on the site of our Pittsburg, the population of "the metropolis," as we fond New-Yorkers are apt to call the city which ranks among the great cities of the world, was hardly more than 10,000. But in that year King's College opened its modest doors. Eight years before, a lottery had been authorized to raise money to provide for such an institution. It was apparently time to begin, if a beginning were ever to be made, for Chief Justice Smith, our first Knickerbocker historian, says that for many years he and the deputy judge and the scant squad of English clergy in the province were the only college graduates, and there were but thirteen when the feeble effort began for the establishment of a college.

The money was slowly raised, and the little college began its work, the first president teaching his dozen pupils while Washington was marching with Brad-dock to subdue Fort Du Quesne, and the Acadians were departing from Nova Scotia into sorrowful exile, and Sir William Johnson was assailing Crown Point in vain, and the French and English contest for the continent was moving toward the decisive day on the Heights of Abraham.

In 1756, when the population of the city was computed at 13,000, Chief Justice Smith says of it—and his words in our day would probably have exposed him to the woful charge of being "a recreant American"—"Our Schools are in the lowest Order; the instructors want Instruction, and through a long shameful Neglect of the Arts and Sciences, our common Speech is extremely corrupt, and the Evidences of a bad Taste, both as to Thought and Language, are visible in all our Proceedings, publick and private."

Thirty years later, in 1786, Noah Webster takes a rosier view. He concedes that New York, and indeed America, is behind London in attention to literature and the arts. But he adds, judiciously, that this is not surprising, and, with a safe generalization which no New-Yorker would dispute, he states proudly that "well-bred Americans cannot be generally charged with ignorance," and that "there are

great numbers in New York whose minds are highly improved, and whose conversation is as inviting as their personal charms; nor," he continues, with a still safer, because vaguer, generalization, "are the schools in this city in such a deplorable situation as they were formerly. There are many which are kept by reputable and able men, and Columbia College affords a very favorable prospect."

This is wary praise, but not therefore, as Webster says of the greater attention of London to art and literature, "surprising." For the Revolution had closed the doors of King's, which were reopened as Columbia only two years before. But the dignity of the college was already recognized. The first Directory of the city was published in the year that Noah Webster speaks of the very favorable prospect afforded by Columbia, and its index includes, among the important information contained in it, the names of the "Professors, etc., of the University of Columbia College," for the law of 1784 had created a university of the State, of which Columbia was to be the nucleus.

Professor Renwick, of Columbia, in his *Life of De Witt Clinton*, one of the works in the famous old "Harper's Family Library," says that De Witt Clinton, on his way from Kingston to enter Princeton College, in 1784, stopped in New York, and the city was scandalized that the nephew of its illustrious Governor, George Clinton, should be obliged to go out of the State for a liberal education. The Governor was asked to defer the journey; the public feeling led to the revival of old King's College as Columbia, and on the 17th of May, 1784, its doors were reopened, and De Witt Clinton, renewing the brilliant line of Columbians, was the first student matriculated.

On the 11th of May, 1786, Columbia celebrated its first Commencement, and the next day the newspapers hailed it as an event of the greatest significance. One of them said:

"After a long night of darkness and confusion, America, like another Phoenix rising out of the flames, begins to emerge from the anarchy attending a tedious war. The seats of learning are again renewed, genius seeks her favorite retreats, science and industry prompt

to improvement, and our sons and daughters from the schools come accomplished into society, useful to themselves, and beneficial to their fellow-citizens. These reflections were suggested and considerably heightened by seeing the first Commencement of Columbia College, which was held in St. Paul's Church yesterday.

"Mr. De Witt Clinton spoke a salutatory oration in Latin—*De utilitate et necessitate studiorum artium liberalium*; Mr. Philip H. Livingston on the importance of commerce; Mr. George Livingston on the Usefulness and Necessity of the Knowledge of the Laws of our country; Mr. Abraham Hun on the question whether a Nation bent upon conquest is acting on the principle of natural justice and prudence; Mr. John Basset on the Descent, Depredations, and Independence of the Algerines; Mr. Peter Steddiford on National Prejudices; Mr. Samuel Smith on Patriotism: when the above gentlemen, together with Mr. Francis Sylvester, who spoke the Valedictory oration, with a dissertation on the Passions, received certificates of their degrees."

Another newspaper said:

"The public, with equal surprise and pleasure, received the first-fruits of revived learning, after a lamented interval of many years. The Hon. the Congress and both Houses of the Legislature suspended the public business to support the interests of education by their countenance and grace the ceremony by their august presence.... Mr. Clinton finished his Latin oration with a polite and well-adapted salutation in the same language to the members of Congress, the Legislature, the Regents and Professors, and to the Public at large. The graduates received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the hands of Rev. Dr. Gross, Professor of Geography, who was appointed to deliver them."

Such was the profound pride of the city of New York in its college, and such ought it to be—a pride wholly free from political or religious ties; for a college as a college should be absolutely independent of party or sect. It was an instinctive regard, not only because Columbia College was the distinctive representative of the higher influences which were to control, if anything could control, the material prosperity and pride of the city, but because the college had been a nursery of patriotic sentiment. The leadership of the Revolution, like the formation of the Constitution, was largely in the hands of college men. How much the colonial patriotic sentiment was moulded by educated leaders is shown in a letter of Lieutenant-Governor Colden when Dr. Cooper, an Oxford Tory, was presi-

dent of the college, and Alexander Hamilton, an undergraduate, was arousing the public sentiment which compelled President Cooper to escape to England.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York quoted from this letter in his address last summer before the State Teachers' Association.

"NEW YORK, 22d Aug., 1774.

"SIR,—The governors of King's College in New York have desired that the draft which they have made of a Royal Charter may pass through my hands to your Excellency. I make no doubt you will use your influence with the ministry in order to obtain it.

"The Dissenters from the Church of England have the sole education, not only in all the Seminaries of Learning in the New England Colonies, but likewise in New Jersey and other Colonies. It therefore seems highly requisite that a Seminary on the principles of the Church of England be distinguished in America by particular Privileges, not only on account of Religion, but of good Policy, to prevent the growth of Republican Principles, which already too much prevail in the Colonies. But your Excellency is so well acquainted with the State of the Colonies that it is needless for me to add anything more than that I am with the greatest Respect

Your Excellency's

Most dutiful & obdnt Servt,
CADWALLADER COLDEN.

"His Excellency Gov. Tryon."

But Hamilton, Jay, Livingston, Morris, Benson, Van Cortland, Rutgers—sons of the most eminent families in New York—were sons also of Columbia, and in this State there was no more prolific source of patriotic sympathy and action than Columbia College. For some time during this century it lost its old and natural hold upon the city. But as the century draws to an end that old and natural relation seems to be resumed. The election of President Low two years ago marked the ascendancy of the most intelligent modern spirit in the control of the college, and its fidelity to its own best traditions.

That it should be extended into a university, and as the most ancient and dignified seat of the higher education in the greatest American city, that its opportunities of instruction should be unsurpassed, and organized under one control, and that for the ample endowment of such a system, directed by the highest special ability and accomplishment, the university should rely confidently upon the liberality of its alumni and the ennobling civ-

ic pride of New-Yorkers, is but a natural development. The recent interior changes in the relation of the various schools to the university as the chief authority, the renewed impulse and quickened life in every branch of study, and the fresh pride of the alumni in its historic renown, forecast a future for Columbia worthy of itself and of the city of New York.

But the happy fulfilment of such an anticipation depends upon two conditions. One is the generosity of its sons and friends, and the public spirit and pride of the community in the maintenance of the ancient school coeval with the growth and prosperity of New York; and the other is a site ample and fitting and permanent for such an institution. This Columbia has taken the first step to secure, by obtaining the refusal of a tract of about twenty acres, now occupied by the Bloomingdale Asylum, on the ridge between the Riverside and the Morning-side parks, finely wooded, and commanding noble views. Once planted here, the university need not anticipate another removal, for it may justly assume its ability to maintain its position by adaptation to the encroaching city.

This is the moment to secure this crowning opportunity for the old college to become the magnificent and adequate representative of the just aspirations of the city for an institution which is symbolical of the higher interests of every great and prosperous community. For the abounding wealth that every year accumulates here, what finer disposition could there be than generous gifts for Columbia? Athens has no loftier names of places than the Garden, the Porch, the Academy. What they were to the city of the violet crown, a prompt and splendid generosity may make the college of the great Revolutionary patriots of New York to the city of their children.

A "NIGHTINGALE of the boards," as a droll phrase describes a public singer, says that Americans care nothing for any artistic effort, however admirable, so long as "it bears the stamp of their own country." They will not even know the artists of their own land, trills the pleasant voice, until they are praised by Europe, and then, it adds with subtle sarcasm, greets them with as much enthusiasm as if they were foreigners. How

different, chants the voice, from Europe, where the smallest country supports with pride its own grand opera in its own native tongue!

This gentle reproach, but largely true, unconsciously illustrates the tendency that it deplores. It is the stamp of Europe, says the voice, that secures currency here. Even our taste in art is enslaved by Europe. It is European fame, European precedent, which commands our homage. And lo! our sweet-voiced mentor drives her reproof home by an appeal to European example. It is another instance of the delightfully simple unconsciousness of Parson Adams. "Vanity, sir?" says the good man—"vanity? I despise it. My best sermon is on vanity, sir." "Europe?" says our mild and friendly Cato of the softer sex. "Why do we wait upon Europe? Europe doesn't do so."

This little comment, however, is beside the point, for our warbling censor does certainly touch a historic tendency. We have long deferred to Europe in many ways, and our satirists and critics have scourged mercilessly what they branded as our servility. "Is the Hudson not broadly magnificent enough, O recreant American, that you must prattle of the Rhine? Is the—the—the—Capitol at Albany or at Washington so insignificant that you cannot forget a crumbling Coliseum or ruined Parthenon? Are not two millions of dollars for street cleaning in New York enough, that the streets of Berlin or of Glasgow must be thrown in our faces? The Campagna, the Vale of Enna, Olympus, and Hymettus, what are they to the prairies of Illinois and the farther West, to the Valley of Wyoming, to the Rocky Mountains?" So frowns indignant patriotism, speaking with firm-set lips, and so the nightingale of the boards reproves us for scorning our own children whom Europe has not yet crowned with laurel.

But may not something be said for Europe? Although it be a country no longer young, is it so hopelessly senile that its approval is worthless? Because we are the child of the morning, with a boundless estate of the future, do we know everything so much more fully and wisely that we may justly laugh at an older wisdom? Is it weakness that stirs desire in the heart of the young painter of the prairie to see the miracles of Raphael, of

Titian, of Correggio? Is it servility that draws the American sculptor to study the marbles of Angelo and Phidias? Is it mistrust of his own land and its genius that sends the architect to the schools of Paris, the physician to Germany, the artificer to the countries that sent wonders of delicate art to the Philadelphia exhibition? Is it the shallow love of an echo that will not let the scholar rest until he comes face to face with the great masters of human lore, and treads the great libraries, their workshops? Is it slavishness or loyalty of the soul which makes the land of Chaucer and Shakespeare, of Burns and Scott, enchanted ground to the native of a continent which only because it is of recent civilization is not yet steeped in the soft air of glorious tradition?

Would not our melodious monitor agree that it is because other and smaller countries are so sincerely devoted to the maintenance of lyric art, so versed in it, so educated by taste and long training and experience, that their opinion is the opinion of knowledge, and therefore that their praise signifies what the verdict of less experience and training does not signify? Would not and should not the word of Linnæus command for a botanist a confidence which the diploma of many an excellent American college could not secure? When the audiences that made the fame of Thalberg, of Chopin, of Liszt, of Rubinstein, salute Paderewski, may we not listen with just prepossession? It is a familiar phrase of Cicero, *laudari a laudato*. Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed, says our later version.

Is the case fully stated when it is said that we applaud because Europe applauds? Is it not rather because we find that Europe justly applauded? Its applause properly bespeaks our attention; but, in fact, our applause does not follow *ex officio*, like Diggory's laugh the Squire's familiar jest; it follows our own perception of desert—a perception undoubtedly and properly quickened and guided by larger experience.

Is it not true, also, that with us the reputations of musical artists who come from Europe are made in the great cities, and that the audience in those cities is largely composed of those whose taste was trained in Europe? Patti began to sing in New York. But could she have been trained here as she was trained in

Europe? If she could have been so trained, would she not have had here all the fame that a public distrustful of its own competency could give? What says our nightingale? "They flock to see and hear the latest importation from abroad, secure in the feeling that what Europe has admired they may patronize with safety." This shows, at least, the wisdom of self-knowledge. To know that you don't know is often wisdom.

The "smallest European countries where each tiny government supports a good opera in the native tongue," and are therefore commended as an example by the nightingale, would not do so except that they know their own taste and trust their own judgment. But has our beloved domestic musical public yet gained that self-confidence? And, if not, is it not a modest consciousness of inadequate education which leads it to defer to a wiser or at least a more experienced judgment?

When Jenny Lind was not only a prima donna, but a *diva assolutissima* in Sweden, was she recreant to her native land because she was dissatisfied until she had dared the verdict of those who had made Catalani and Malibran and Pasta famous? Was it not the aspiring instinct that yearns for the best? Could she be fairly reproached for wishing to be still worthier the affection of Sweden by winning the highest title from the fount of honor? It was a foreign decoration, but it was beyond the power of Sweden to confer. When the Swedish nightingale flew home from France and Germany and England, was she not more justly prized? When the American nightingales return to us with a training that we cannot provide, and with the crown of a taste and knowledge which are not ours, need we chide ourselves that we applaud more gladly the more exquisite song?

To read Richardson's novels, a feat which is now seldom undertaken, is to see in a mirror of fiction the life and society which Hervey describes. They are novels not of the ideal, but of the strictly realistic school, like the tales of Fielding and Smollett. The most memorable figure which is reflected in the Richardson mirror is Lovelace, who is a permanent representative figure in English literature. Lovelace is, in brief, an accomplished scoundrel, and that he should be

the hero of the most popular novel of its time is a signal illustration of the character of the society of that time.

The readers of those days were indeed largely men, but that fact also, like every other contemporaneous fact, reveals a society from which that of Wildfell Hall might have naturally descended. It has, indeed, a certain courtly and stately aspect from some points of view, but the veneer of courtesy is very thin. It is a gross world wherever we look in upon it, in Richardson or Hervey or the other novelists and dramatists and historians, in Thackeray's story of the English Georges, or Carlyle's picture of the German court, or the recollections of Frederick the Great's sister, or the French memoirs.

We think of it as a past world, but how far past? France danced and dined and drank up to the awful explosion of the Revolution. England emerged from the Georgian slough after enormous perils and fire fighting fire. But sometimes in the revels of the second French empire a flame from that lurid conflagration of '93 seemed to dart, and now and again the English newspapers of to-day recall that vanished world of the last century. The old mole works fast, perhaps, and keeps even pace.

The year that has just ended, closely following the Queen's jubilee, is not a pleasant year for England in certain incidents that it has unveiled. They need not, indeed, be exaggerated, and a summary generalization would surely be unjust. But the baccarat scandal and the divorce suits and the suit of Mrs. Osborne recall much of what Thackeray did not tell, but suggested. They are all stories of a kind that might well foster a virtue which John Bull is not famed for possessing, and is proud of not possessing—the virtue of national modesty. John, like his typical King, old George the Third, stumps about the world, knocking the manners and character and customs of other countries and societies with his cane, as the old King the posts and mile-stones, ejaculating, "What! what! what!" with a homely air of paternal sovereignty at which he is quite unconscious of the general laugh.

Moreover, if he were of a finer perception and more sensitive consciousness, he might not care, although possibly, with those encumbrances, he might not have

done so much. For it is true that even in Hervey's time, and despite that dismal society, there was a steady progress; not visible, indeed, but certain, like the slow advance and retreat of the sea-shore. The incidents which seem to reveal a social condition may be exceptional and individual. But there is no doubt that the baccarat incident did a little shake the present foundations of British security.

It is a vista of Capua or Sybaris which is disclosed by such incidents. A large society leading the community, but devoted wholly to the pursuit of pleasure, at the cost of honor, honesty, and the family relation, and a mean admiration and emulation of such a society on the part of those who are not of it, and the whole enveloped in vague rumors and beliefs of coroneted vulgarity and luxurious bestiality—all this, although only in the suggestion and hint and angry surmise, revives Lovelace and Hervey and the *Œil de bœuf* and the wanton orgies of the glittering despotism of Louis the Fourteenth.

But this is not English life or society; it is only a part of it, and we must beware of that too comprehensive generalization. The misfortune of England is that its traditions and laws tend to exalt this part. There are two illustrative English figures unknown in this quarter of the English-speaking world—the fag and the snob. There is always a class of persons here which is called distinctively society, but it is not a class of noble families of hereditary ascendancy. It is constantly changing, and the sole-leather of to-day is the plumed hat of to-morrow. It is imitative and puts on pretty airs of grandeur and an amusing smirk of superiority, but it is neither grand nor superior.

Yet, again, it is all harmless. An old Directory tells the secret, and, as the fine society itself would say, gives this pretty grandeur away. The Directory is a ruthless herald's office. You start from my Lady Disdain in the opera-box, flashing with diamonds and shining with cloth of gold, a little too loud in her voice, a little too splendid in her dress, the amiable dupe of novels and of ignorance, and you soon arrive, in the inexorable Directory of other years, at the source of this magnificence—the prosperous butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, the tailor of his day, the fashionable shoemaker.

These are the idle rich for whom Mr. Gladstone asks whether Nature has provided a place. Plainly she has. Here it is in this opera-box, in yonder carriage, in this little palace of the bonbon architecture. But day after to-morrow the good people in the gallery will come down and sit in the boxes. The gods will descend, and they will drive home to the bonbon palace instead of walking home to the modest flat, as they do now. It is a grandeur of wealth, and, happily, of a wealth which is not entailed, and is therefore always flying away, always distributed, and giving us a fresh nobility every year, tasting, as it were, of the soil.

Unluckily, John Bull cannot, like us, merely play the game of nobility and

grandeur. It is a very serious affair for him, and no game at all. The parts are all given out when he arrives, and only by some great service can he take a hand. Money, which he can make, will not admit him. The game goes on above his head and out of his reach, and when it becomes profuse and reckless, it involves him because it involves the state.

It is this which gives the sinister aspect to the scandals of baccarat and the antics of earls and the thefts of ladies of the company. Our earls and duchesses are of an evening. They have, indeed, an air of permanence; but it is an air only. Monsieur the blacksmith and madame the cook are just coming in at the door, gloved and diamonded, and making their way to the front of the box.

Editor's Study.

I.

IN one of his suggestive essays on social questions Mr. William Morris points out that in our present conditions there are two epochs or civilizations existing in every household, and that in spite of their frequent contact, these never really mix, and scarcely affect each other. Materially they are united by a common bond, and in a degree their interests are the same, but essentially they are alien and distrustful: the dining-room and drawing-room floors are of one period, and the basement and attic of another; they do not really speak the same language.

It would take us too far if we followed Mr. Morris through his proofs and reasons, which besides are too damaging to the present social fabric to be fully reproduced; and in fact we wished merely to shed the light of his interesting theory in illustration of a diversity doubtless apparent in a certain literary household. In this the differences are between nominal equals, and spring from no injustice of condition. We have often fancied them something like those varying temperaments of the church which express themselves in High and Low and Broad, yet never quite transcend the just authority of the Church, which includes all temperaments, if not all opinions. The Easy Chair or the Study or the Drawer can each consistently think but one thing;

the Magazine can consistently tolerate every variety in their thinking. At the end of the ends it is doubtless temperament rather than condition which results in this type or that. In spite of every adversity, the civilized man or woman is often to be rung up from the basement, and in spite of every advantage the savage, male or female, is to be feared in the drawing-room. Mr. Morris is mainly right, perhaps, but the effect of temperament is so prodigious that it must never be left even apparently out of the account. There was nothing but temperament which hindered the Study from emulating the civility of the Chair, when it opened its doors (with something too much of a bang), five or six years ago; for though the civility of the Chair is of so fine and rare a kind, it is most distinctly of the kind that is within the scope of every one. It is shocking, in view of the fact that we might all be gentle and patient and decent, if we would, to reflect how few of us are so, simply because we will not. It is the golden will to be all this which makes the Easy Chair the throne it is, and establishes it above contemporary principalities and powers in its influence and dominion. If the reader will take the pretty book lately made "From the Easy Chair" and look through it, he can hardly fail to be charmed with what is said and how it is said; but if he is the reader we fancy him, we think he

will be yet more concerned with the spirit than with the fashion or the matter of the book. Other men (how many other men!) have commented upon manners and morals before; have lightly lashed the follies of "the town"; have satirized "the world"; have rebuked the vices of "the great," and have stood the friends of innocence and virtue in "ages" that seemed as breakneck bent on ruin as our own; but these many long years that Mr. Curtis has occupied the Easy Chair it has been his singular gift never to let the reader fail of something deeply, ultimately serious in his intention, of a concern for what is important and eternal in all these superficial expressions of life. On one side the questions treated of are often slight as questions of decorum; on the other they have the gravity of spiritual things; and it is an art at once gracious and earnest that so sweetly entreats due interest in every aspect of them.

The Easy Chair is probably that part of the Magazine which the greatest number of readers open to first; yet it may be doubted whether those who have so long enjoyed its essays have always consciously recognized their very great excellence. We are sometimes very civil about the regularity and variety of the seasons, but probably we should take more notice of their merit if they happened at odd times, and not with their present periodicity. If something could be done to reobjectivize the phenomenon of their recurrence, we should appreciate it more fully, and this, we trust, will be the effect of the reobjectivization of the Easy Chair by the collection of certain of its discourses in the little book lately made from it.

In the perspective which it affords the observer can realize the diversity and the value of the affairs treated from month to month and from year to year with a luminous intelligence which custom has come to accept as insensibly as if it were so much noonday. It is indeed so much noonday; but how shall we persuade a world so long in the usufruct of noonday that noonday is one of the most marvellous and precious possessions of the race? That is the great difficulty, as we have been trying to say, in the estimation of Mr. Curtis's work. If it were a question of form or of matter instead of quality, it would be very simple; one would only have to put one's finger upon this point or that and praise it; but

how is one to put one's finger on quality, especially if the quality is almost more a moral than an æsthetic quality? For that is what the transcendent excellence of the Easy Chair essays springs from; so that if we were to hold them up as an example to the Young Writer desirous to Form a Style, we should have to say to him: "Go first of all and be a man, in the widest and deepest sense of that much-abused word; a man so genial that tolerance, which is as modern among the virtues as music among the arts, is a birthright and not an acquisition with him, and whose impulses are all as kind as they are wise; who finds the bewildered spirit of humanity in vulgarity itself; whose smile never wounds, and whose brows are lifted in patient deprecation when other brows would frown; who knows too much ever to despair, yet who is himself trying to learn from every lesson he teaches. Be that kind of man, Young Writer, and all the rest shall be added unto you: beauty of phrase, refinement of manner, subtlety of perception, delicacy of touch, all that you admire and that you have been told can be acquired by the study of good models, you will find in yourself; and they will clothe you like your own flesh and blood, and not like those slop-shop things that you have got ready-made from the Chatlam Street pullers-in of the schools." You will say it is extremely difficult to be a man of that kind. Well, we own it is; we perceive the obstacle in your way; and yet it is not impossible. The supreme counsel was a counsel to perfection.

II.

The Study, to be sure, during its five or six years' occupation by the tenant about to quit it, has never apparently profited by its proximity to the Chair. Very likely, if the neighborhood had lasted a quarter of a century, some effect of its sweetness and light might have been felt by the departing tenant; but that must now remain a question; while there can be no question about his actual condition. With so good a cause as his, the cause of Common Honesty in literature, the Chair would have persuaded every one to think well of it, while as it is, it seems to have rather fewer friends than it had when the tenant of the Study began to belabor its enemies. The spectacle has not been seemly; the passions

of the followers of fraud and humbug were aroused; they returned blow for blow, and much mud from afar, so that for months together this haunt of the muses looked rather more like a resort of barn-swallows, in the heart of Donnybrook, at the supreme moment of hostile activities. Not content with the passing result of his monthly ministrations of gall and wormwood, the ill-advised Study-presence thought to bottle a portion of it, and offer it to the public, with the label, "Criticism and Fiction," and a guaranty of its worst effects in any climate, which has been everywhere received with wry faces and retchings, and among the inhabitants of the British Isles has produced truly deplorable consequences. We will not now enter upon any analysis of this drastic potion; partly because we would not fall under the reproach of giving the Study-as-it-has-been a free advertisement; but partly also because we think our time and space may be better employed in recognizing the charm and virtue of that third volume of extracts from these departments. "As we were saying" in the Drawer will soon be "As we are saying" in the Study, with such modifications, doubtless, as will suit the dark associations of the place. At least, this may be the case, we suppose, for a time; but the end may be safely trusted to nature, which gifted Mr. Warner with a gay and sunny wit, whose sparkle will soon irradiate the gloomiest recesses of the Study and make another thing of it. We all know that humor of his, so keen, so quaint, so *sudden*, so apt to take you off your guard, and have its point through you before you are aware. It is at its best in the collection of his essays from the Drawer: little prodigies, every one, of grace and light; with a playful suffusion, so fine, so elusive, that it often seems flatteringly like the gleam of one's own eye on the page.

Many a time has the envious Study looked round its corner (the feat was architecturally difficult, but jealousy accomplished it) at the treasures of the Drawer, and coveted them for its own adornment; and now that the author of those shrewd and brilliant essays is actually coming to make it his home, as the homely phrase is, in the Study, it is hard to realize that it is not wholly for the honor and advantage of the lingering occupant. In a certain sort it is so. The

human race, speaking largely, will be the cheerfuler and wiser for the essayist's presence here, and even he who goes out to make room for him will not be denied his share of the common blessing in his evanishment.

III.

It is not given us entirely to rejoice in our successors; it is not, somehow, perfectly pleasing to be inherited; even a voluntary abdication does not necessarily implicate a rapturous welcome of the new prince; the retiring personage probably always carries a critical spirit with him into private life; he wishes the coming ruler well; but he has his little doubts and misgivings, his anxious but-yets and howevers; he cannot help them. The great question is, what changes will the successor make, and will they be all for the public good? It is this question which the paulo-post-future of the Study cannot undertake to answer for its Future: let him have the capital letter; this is not the moment to begrudge such a thing. The paulo-post-future knows a difference of opinions and ideals between himself and the Future, which he will only characterize by saying that it is very much mitigated in practical application; but this difference certainly exists, and we cannot help fancying that it will affect the attitude of the Future towards some cherished objects of the paulo-post-future's veneration. We imagine his looking curiously at the collection of moral bric-à-brac of the latter, and asking himself, "What strange gods are these?" when he comes to the little side altars with the pictures or the busts of canonized realists above them. They strike him as a rabble of unnaturalized foreigners, these literary divinities from France, and Italy, and Norway, and the furthestmost parts of Spain, who have long been the cult of the Study, and he sentences the poor gods to exile with his humorous smile, more inexorable than the austere frown. He has the Christmas Boy remove them, one by one, and takes out a romanticist, and dusts him off, and puts him up in each vacant place, till he comes to that great first of all realists, the supreme artist, the incomparable master of fiction, him with the look of the baffled peasant, the troubled deity, whose plain sad face is perplexed with the vain endeavor to live some Christ-like solution of the riddle of the painful earth. Be-

fore this august and pathetic image he pauses a moment, and then not unkindly but firmly he bids the Christmas Boy, "Take him away; it is the locoed novelist"; and the place that has known Tolstoi knows him no more forever. Up goes the bust of Thackeray on his empty shrine, and all the newspapers think Walter Scott has come to his own again.

It is not harshly done; the paulo-post-future cannot imagine harshness of the Future; but the Future is not so patient with some other objects that he finds in nooks and corners of the Study. He is shocked to find in one of these the blood-stained bludgeon with which the paulo-post-future smote Jack the Giant-killer and Puss-in-Boots, and other romantic forms, and, "Good heavens!" he cries, "here is some of Puss's poor hair adhering to it!" and he hurls the savage weapon out of the window. In another place he stumbles upon something in the obscurity which he has to carry to the light. "Oh, a kodak! Well, I have pronounced against the photographic school; but I have found a kodak convenient, too. Is it the sort that will button under the waistcoat? Put it by, my boy, where I shall not be tempted by it. What is this hanging here? A map of Altruria? It is an outlandish region inhabited by people of heart, a sort of economic Pays du Tendre. It ought not to be tolerated; and yet I traversed parts of it in my *Little Journey in the World*, and the inhabitants, though not much better than early Christian socialists, seemed to mean well. Leave the map for a while!"

So he goes round the whole place, finding much to condemn, to deprecate, but also something, now and then, to tolerate, even to approve. He, too, is of our time, and he has not escaped the influence of the *Zeitgeist*, and if he has sometimes had a question as to whether the *Zeitgeist*, after all, was not the little pocket-

goblin of the modern English, instead of that great over-soul, faithful at once and free, which has breathed its life into the literature of all the world outside of the Unhappy Isles, his own work has been of no uncertain response. It is impossible for a humorist to be very romantic, for a humorist is, at the bottom of his heart, always a serious person, and you cannot, at this day, be serious about romanticism: it is too much of a joke. For this reason, if for no other, the paulo-post-future feels that in spite of schools, or rather the names of schools, the true interests of literature will be safe with the Future. He loves them with a devotion which every line of his beautiful work attests, and in his keeping the Study will be the study to serve them, as it has been the study of the paulo-post-future. What matter if the fashion is different? The fashion might very well have been better, though the motive could not, as the paulo-post-future, now on the sidewalk below the Study windows, avers, with some inevitable sorrow at heart. He is gathering up his exiled gods from the kerb-stone where the Christmas Boy has hastily dropped them, and making as portable a bundle of them as he can; not, indeed, with the intention of setting them up in another place, but chiefly to save them from the derision and dishonor of the street. Let us suppose that the Future, now the Present, looks down at the spectacle from the Study windows, and feels its queer pathos with a sympathy that dims the sunny glitter of his *pince-nez*. Let us suppose that he breathes a generous sigh for his predecessor, and that this gentle suspiration, if it could be translated into words, would say: "Well, he may have been an angel unawares. But if he was, he does himself the injustice to look like a professional traveller of uncertain destination and doubtful relations to order and society."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of January.—The President's Message to the Senate and House of Representatives at the opening of the first session of the Fifty-second Congress was a condensed review of the national progress during the year just closing, with comments upon the relations of the government with foreign powers and upon domestic affairs. It was largely a *résumé* of the reports submitted to him by the heads of the several

Executive Departments, from which the following facts of general and permanent interest were derived: The work of the State Department during the year had been of exceptional importance on account of the unusual number of negotiations with foreign powers, and the notable diplomatic results so attained.—During the twelve months ending September 30, 1891, the total value of our foreign commerce was \$1,747,806,406, which was larger by more than \$100,000,000 than that of any previous

year. The value of free imports was \$118,092,387 more than during the twelve months preceding. The percentage of merchandise admitted free of duty was 48.18, whilst during the year preceding it was only 34.27.—The total receipts of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, were \$458,544,233, while the expenditures for the same period were \$421,304,470, leaving a surplus of \$37,239,762.—The exports of silver bullion during the year amounted to \$13,797,391—a decrease of nearly \$4,000,000 from the average of the preceding ten years; and the imports of silver, for the first time in many years, exceeded the exports by more than \$2,745,000. The exports of gold aggregated over \$70,000,000. The amount of money in circulation on the 1st day of December, 1891, was \$1,577,262,070, being an average of \$24 38 per capita.—The reports of the Post-office Department showed an increase in its revenues during the year of more than \$5,000,000. Eight thousand miles of new postal service had been established on railroads.—Four new vessels, the *Newark*, *Concord*, *Bennington*, and *Miantonomoh*, with an aggregate of 11,000 tons, were added to the navy within the year, and twenty-four war ships of all classes were reported as under construction.—Since March 31, 1889, about 23,000,000 acres of land had been separated from the Indian reservations, and added to the national domain.—The amount expended for pensions during the fiscal year 1890-91 was \$127,685,793.—The grain crop of 1891 was the largest in the history of our country, being 50 per cent. greater than that of the preceding year, or an increase in value of more than \$500,000,000. The entire increase in the value of farm products was not less than \$700,000,000.—The debt of the subsidized railroads to the United States was \$112,512,613.—The total number of railroad employes killed during the year was 2451, and the number injured 22,390.—The President recommended, among other things, the extension of the rules of the Civil Service Commission to include most persons in the employ of the Indian Bureau; the passage of laws to promote electoral reforms; changes in the laws relative to the government of the Indian Territory; legislation for the protection of the lives of railroad employes; equal representation, unity of interests, and a stronger national spirit.

On the 15th of December John W. Daniel was re-elected United States Senator from Virginia by the Legislature of that State.

Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, was nominated, December 17th, to succeed Redfield Proctor as Secretary of War for the United States. The nomination was confirmed on the 22d.

Governor Humphrey, of Kansas, on the 1st of January, appointed Bishop W. Perkins to succeed the late Preston B. Plumb as United States Senator.

On the 25th of December Catarino Garza, a Mexican outlaw, who for several months had been endeavoring to incite a revolutionary movement in Mexico, attempted, without success, to capture Fort Ringgold, Texas, by stratagem. Large numbers of Garza's adherents were assembling at different points along the Rio Grande, and some encounters had taken place between them and small bodies of United States troops.

Dissatisfaction with the government of President Peixotto was manifested in some parts of Brazil. On the 20th of December a body of insurgents threatened the capital of Espirito Santo, and the opposition in Rio Grande do Sul found expression in a conflict between Federal troops and the Na-

tional Guard. A strong movement for independence was reported as having been organized in the latter state.

By the death of Tewfik Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, on the 7th of January, his son, Abbas Pasha, became the nominal ruler of that country.

In China the imperial government succeeded in largely quelling the different insurrectionary movements, and affairs were reported as resuming their normal condition. Summary punishment was inflicted on those who were convicted of taking part in the massacre of Christians. It was stated that no fewer than 1000 of the latter had been put to death by the rebels in Northern China. Official advices from Peking reported that in a conflict between the imperial forces and the insurgents, which continued from December 3d to December 7th, more than 2000 rebels were killed.

News was received December 11th of a desperate battle near Gilgit, India, between native tribesmen and a body of Cashmere troops under British officers. Three officers were wounded and seven sepoys were killed, while the loss of the tribesmen was very severe.

DISASTERS.

December 11th.—Despatches received from China gave particulars of a terrible gale which prevailed at Hong-Kong on the 4th. A large number of Chinese vessels in the harbor were destroyed, and several hundreds of Chinese sailors and laborers were drowned.

December 14th.—In a storm off the English coast the British ship *Enterkin* was wrecked, and thirty men were drowned.

December 22d.—In a severe snow-storm in Italy fifteen lives were lost.

December 24th.—News from South Africa stated that while the Countinhos expedition was on its way to Mahabira an explosion of gunpowder occurred, killing sixty persons and wounding others.

December 28th.—A collision on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, near Hastings, New York, resulted in the death of twelve persons.

December 29th.—A panic occurred in a theatre at Gateshead, County Durham, England, in which ten persons were killed.

January 2d.—The British bark *Childwell* was run down by an unknown steamer off the Wielingen Light-ship in the English Channel, and fifteen of the crew were drowned.

January 8th.—By an explosion in a coal mine at McAllister, Indian Territory, nearly 100 men were killed, and an equal number were seriously injured.

OBITUARY.

December 20th.—In Washington, D. C., the Hon. Preston B. Plumb, United States Senator from Kansas, aged fifty-four years.

December 23d.—At Elkton, Maryland, John A. J. Creswell, ex-Postmaster-General, aged sixty-three years.

December 31st.—In London, England, the Right Rev. Dr. Samuel Adjai Crowther, Bishop of the Niger Territory, aged about eighty years.

January 2d.—In Washington, D. C., General Montgomery C. Meigs, aged seventy-six years.

January 7th.—In Cairo, Egypt, Mohammed Tewfik Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, aged forty years.

January 8th.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-Admiral Christopher Raymond Perry Rodgers, U.S.N. (retired), aged seventy-two years.



Editor's Drawer.

THE great World's Fair at Chicago is distinguished from all other fairs of the sort by the prominence of women in its management. It would be gallant to say that this insures its success, but, aside from the fact that gallantry is resented in these days, this must depend upon what is exhibited. If it were a competitive exhibition of American women against the world in arms, we should have no fear. But what impression will be made by woman's arts and industries? What

has she that is peculiar to herself that is worth exhibiting? Not needle-work or weaving; for men sew and weave beautifully. Not literature; for men still keep on trying the market. Not painting or sculpture; for half those learning to draw in the studios are still men. What pursuit or industry is there peculiar to woman that she should make a separate exhibition of it? We have no desire to be captious about this, for it is easy to see that the secession of the women, if that is contemplated, will leave the man part of the exhibition poor in comparison, and lead to humiliation and discouragement. These fears are probably groundless. The woman's board must have at heart the success of the entire exhibition, and not a mere triumph of sex, and it is therefore only a ques-

tion of management, and men are used to being managed. But woman's presence in force suggests that there is an exhibition that might be made at Chicago which would be as original as it would be interesting and attractive. And that is an exhibition of Society. The project has almost insurmountable difficulties

in the nature of the case. That such a thing as Society exists, all agree, but its properties and limits are elusive. The world generally is conscious that it is out of it; only a few people can be sure they are in it. The effort, therefore, to put it in concrete form, so that it could be studied and understood, is one worthy the highest ambition of any board of managers. We are not, of course, speaking of middle-class society, or low society, or merely the fashionable, but of that entity which in all large cities takes to itself the name of Society; which is the goal of all social ambition, and the incentive to all money-making and scheming. Chicago, with its vast territory and noble mansions and avenues, is the ideal place for the evolution of such an exhibition. It is needless to say that the show should be competitive. To transport to Chicago the Four Hundred of New York, under their despotic leader, would be comparatively easy, and it might have some educating influence upon the gathering from the wild West. But it would be, on the whole, more amusing than instructive. What we want to know is how this Society compares with Society elsewhere, and whether it would flourish and be respected detached from its birthplace, and whether it would retain the pre-eminence that it now has in our minds. It should be contrasted with exhibitions of Society elsewhere. The contrast with Chicago would not be enough; for independent and great as Chicago is, it has been suspected of taking New York as a model in things social. Other cities should be represented. The project grows as we think of it. Suppose we had there on exhibition for a month the quiet elegance of Philadelphia, the *savoir-faire* of New Orleans, the frank hospitality and beauty of Baltimore, the conglomerate manners of Washington, the unattainable culture of Boston! This would be an exposition the benefits of which would not be confined to the multitude of lookers-on, but would be felt by the exhibitors. As one result the Four Hundred of New York might be cut down to Three Hundred.

But this is only part of the scheme. There is a notion abroad that this American Society, wherever it is found, has the ear-marks of provincialism. It is humiliating to confess it, after all we have done in the way of marrying and spending money abroad, but it is the truth that London Society does not recognize any in this country. It accepts individuals who please or amuse, without the least reference to social standing at home. And if we go further, we find that Berlin cannot understand how London can be so inclusive; and in Vienna the sacred circle is still more narrowly drawn. It is quite evident that it needs a world's competition of Society to enable us to know what is the real thing. There will no doubt be at Chicago an opportunity for a comparative study of all the religions and all the delusions, and we shall have specimens there of most of the civilized and some of the

uncivilized races. It will be a lost opportunity if we cannot get a definite idea of what we are all striving for, or at least what we should strive for.

If this scheme is considered impracticable, there still remains the exhibition which we have invited the world to see, and cannot now escape—that of ourselves. The impression of our social life which we make upon visitors depends largely upon women. It is in them that keen observers of foreign societies always expect the note of breeding and the progress of refinement. They are the mercury in the social tube. What then shall the visitors see? An aping of foreign manners, an exaggerated imitation of the speech and ways of London, a social mode that is sure to be alien and artificial? Or that old American way which charmed in Washington's day, and is most winning still—a way not learned in foreign costume shops, nor made by resolutions and public meetings at home?

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

NOT HIS BOY.

[*Jim has returned home with a city-made photograph.*]

"SAY, Jim, my son, this hain't yore fortygraff? It be? Git out—ye make the ole man laff. That you? Why, Jim, my boy, ye ain't in that! Fust place, I never seen ye 'thout yer hat; I never seen ye with yer ha'r so slick—Mos' generlly mused like an ole hay-rick.

"They've libelled of ye, Jim, up thar in town. Whar's yer ole clay pipe? Whar's yer dressin'-gown? 'N' see them lips, Jim, kinder pu'sed, severe! Yer smile seems thutty mile or more from here; Yer cheeks looks shaved—not a derned bit like you—They're sorter pink inste'd o' ha'ry blue.

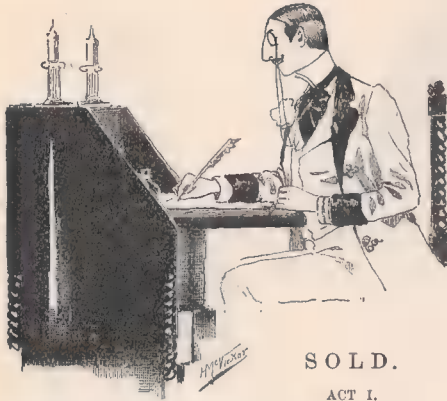
"I don't want that, so take the thing away; It ain't the Jim I've knowed this many a day. More like a city feller—kinder dude! The blame thing reely knocks me off my food. Yer might be made to look so, but ye see I like ye better, Jim, jest as ye be.

"These folks can paint their churches blue 'n' red, 'N' not a word by me 'll e'er be said; Revise the good book even, I'll not kick, Altho' the habit makes me mighty sick; But as for fortygraffers, Heav'n help him Which ever gits caught changin' my boy Jim!"

TOO REALISTIC.

"REALISM is killing the profession," said Nero J. Forrest, of the Tragedy Theatre.

"It is certainly diminishing its numbers," returned Barnstormer Weston, of the Kansas Comédie Française. "While we were playing in Colorado last year we had a lynching scene in the second act, and the spectators got so excited they took a hand. Poor Moulther was dead when we cut him down, and his understudy was afraid to go on in the next act when the victim revives, so we had to substitute the last act of *Hamlet* instead. It is realism of that sort that tries men's souls."



SOLD.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A drawing-room. Mr. Moore in smoking-jacket seated at desk.

MR. MOORE (*soliloquizing*). Met Mrs. Brent this morning on a shopping tour. Said she was in town for two days, and as the house was in such confusion was staying at the Brunswick, and Brent doesn't know it yet. [*Suddenly.*] By George, here is a chance to pay the old fellow up for that affair of last June! Wonder if Mrs. B. will help me? Confound it, I can hardly realize I was fool enough to allow Brent to pass me off as Lord Merryfellow. Ten girls forever in tow. I can see them yet. Innumerable treats, and that final dinner of twenty at my expense. How Brent and those other idiots did guy me, but I will get even with him. [*Writes hastily.*]

"DEAR MRS. BRENT,—Will you take supper here to-morrow night *en domino*? Brent, as you know, is in town, though he is not aware that you are, and if you are so disposed, we might have a little fun at his expense. I would like to get square with him for that practical joke played on me. Bring a friend, if you can find one, so that we can have a *partie carrée*. Yours sincerely,

WM. MOORE."

[*He sends note by a messenger, and some time afterward receives the following answer.*]

"DEAR MR. MOORE,—I should like to join your party above all things. Fortunately an old friend of mine is staying here, and I shall be only too happy to bring her with me.

Yours cordially, MAY BRENT."

ACT II.

SCENE.—Moore's apartment. Parlor. Dining-room beyond, with table laid for four. Moore and Brent talking. Enter the ladies—masked.

MRS. BRENT (*disguised voice*). Mr. Moore, here we are. Allow me to present you to Miss Champlin. [*Miss C. courtesies slightly.*]

MR. MOORE. Charmed to meet you. This

(*waving his hand towards B.*) is my friend Mr. Brent. Mrs. Keene and Miss Champlin.

[*Butler announces supper.*]

MR. BRENT. Mrs. Keene, may I have the pleasure of taking you in?

MRS. BRENT. Delighted!

[*They seat themselves.*]

MR. BRENT (*politely*). A beautiful table, is it not?

MRS. BRENT. Such very handsome silver and glass!

MR. BRENT (*persuasively*). Why do you not both take off your masks? They must be very warm!

MRS. BRENT (*suavely*). Yes, but it is so much more interesting as it is.

MR. BRENT. Madam, you have a great advantage over us.

MRS. BRENT. Women always do have, don't you think?

MR. BRENT. So my wife says.

MRS. BRENT. Are you married?

MR. BRENT. Certainly!

MR. MOORE (*winking at him*). Nonsense Brent. How can you tell such tales to Mrs. Keene?

MR. BRENT (*oblivious to hint*). My wife is a charming woman.

MRS. BRENT (*sotto voce*). Well, that is refreshing!

MR. MOORE (*sotto voce*). Heavens! What will he say next?

[*Laughs in an embarrassed manner.*]

MISS CHAMPLIN (*languidly*). Aren't you married, Mr. Moore?

MR. MOORE (*with bravado*). I married! I should think not!

MR. BRENT. I have always been sorry for Bill. Matrimony is a delightful state when one's wife is an angel.

MR. MOORE (*blankly*). What under heaven has got into Arthur? [*Aloud.*] What an enthusiast!

MISS CHAMPLIN (*softly*). Ah, Mr. Moore! So you do not care for matrimony?

MR. MOORE (*sweetly*). With some people anything would be happiness.

MISS CHAMPLIN. I suppose you are in town most of the time, Mr. Moore?

MR. MOORE. Yes; I abhor the country, and where we live there are any quantity of noisy children, who are most irritating; besides, I can always go to Coney Island when I need fresh air.

MISS CHAMPLIN (*with interest*). Do you go often?

MR. MOORE. About four times a week.

MISS CHAMPLIN (*changing conversation*). Mrs. Keene is a handsome woman, is she not?

MR. MOORE (*seeing a lock of dark hair escaping from under*



Miss C's domino, *whispers*). Yes; but I prefer brunettes. Give me brown eyes and hair. I adore them! But it is twelve o'clock, and time to unmask.

MISS CHAMPLIN (slowly). So you are single. You adore dark women. You detest children. You abhor the country, and you spend all your spare time at Coney Island.

[Rises, tears off her mask and throws back the domino with the false bit of hair attached.

MR. MOORE (between his teeth). Great Scott! My mother-in-law!

[BRENT chuckles inwardly as his fingers in his pockets close over a note from his little son, saying, "Mamma has gone to town."

TABLEAU.—CURTAIN.

M. R. McVICKAR.



NOT A PARALLEL.

IMMEDIATELY after the war, when the accession of negro recruits was considered an important feature by the Democratic party in the South, great results were looked for in Louisiana from the conversion of a smart young mulatto, who was expected to sway by his superior information and loquacity the rank and file of his darker brethren.

In his first stump-speech at a political meeting he touched upon the question, which was then agitating the North, as to the eligibility of the Confederate brigadier-generals for Congress.

"Now, my friends," he said, "de question is dis: is it de Christian way not to forgive dese generals what fought according ter dere principuls? A political party hez got ter be run by de same high principuls ez eunny other business. Dese here 'Publicans pretends ter be Christians. All I ax is do dey ac' dat part in de questions ob forgiveness? Say, fur de sake ob de argument, dat dey hez done wrong; didn't de Prodigal Son do de same? An' what did his fader do? Dat young man had been in de bar-rooms, feeding in de pigpen among de husks an' swine, yet de fader welcome him back ter his arms. Dat's jest what de 'Publican party an' de big fader up at de White House ought ter do—welcome dem back with open arms to de buzzom ob de Union, and kill fur dem de fatted calf. Dat's what dey ought ter do, my friends. Dey calls demselves Christians; let dem a'quit demselves under dat predication."

He sat down amid a round of applause, his friends feeling that he had scored quite a point. But he had reckoned without his host, or, more properly speaking, an old negro preacher who arose to make a few remarks.

"My friends," he said, "I bin listening ter what dat young cullud gemleman bin telling yo', and it seems ter me lak he 'ain't got de hing ob de argument nohow. Wat he say 'bout dat Prodigal Son true ernuff, dat he bin layin' down in de hogwash. But de case ob de brigadier gemlemums ain't nohow conjacious ter dat son. No, sir; dat son he walk up ter de fader repenting; but sech ain't de case wid de brigadier gemlemums. No, my bruders; dey walks up ter de White House wid dey haid up, an' 'stid er waitin' fur dat fatted calf ter be brung up, dey jis bellows out, 'Say, daddy, whar dat real?'"

TAKING HIM DOWN.

HE was a loud-appearing, loud-talking Thespian who had just entered town, and the condition of his shoes seemed to indicate that he had come in the conventional way and not on foot.

"Well, Stalker," said a Rialto frequenter, "still announcing carriages to stage lords, and telling counterfeited duchesses that luncheon is served?"

"No, sir!" he replied, with a great show of dignity. "I am understudy in *Back to the Old Farm*."

"Really! Whose, the cows'?"

What the answer was deponent saith not.



A SUGGESTION.

PAINTER. "You see I am quite independent here. If I want to go away for a couple of months, I just turn the key on it."

LADY. "Would it not be better to turn the hose on it?"

THE TALENTED BILFINGER.

EPOCHS are more frequent in the histories of Western towns than might have been the case had their locations been farther removed from the section wherein the boom has superseded the buffalo, and the real-estate agent usurped the place of the Indian. Many of these epochs are directly traceable to Herod M. Biffinger, and it is said that in more than one history the times of peace and prosperity antedate the letters "A. B.," which interpreted mean "After Biffinger."

He had a way of appearing, tarrying a little, and then departing, taking with him the financial pelts, as it were, of a goodly portion of the community. The real estate business, as perpetrated by Biffinger, resembled somewhat a jug with a remarkably large handle, the said handle turned toward Biffinger.

Being as versatile as he was talented, Biffinger did not confine himself to the single rut of ordinary operations in real estate, but was continually seeking new avenues. What was known as the "tow-string survey" offered him

an excellent opportunity for the display of his peculiar talents. Many counties were partially settled before the regular government surveys were made, and in more than one of these localities appeared Bilfinger to satisfy their longing for a survey. He surveyed without fear or favor, anywhere and everywhere when fees were forthcoming. After his departure for pastures new and unsurveyed, complications almost without number would arise. When the government surveyors arrived, the settlers in many cases found themselves "settled" anywhere but upon the right spot.

To insignificant but ambitious Boomopolis came Bilfinger, cast his eye on the public square in the middle of the town, and at once "jumped it" as a homestead claim. He brought up some imaginary flaw in the title, and created such a complication that he very nearly wrested it from its rightful owners. The law was rent in twain from top to bottom, and there were injunctions and writs galore, with a mandamus or two. Finally, becoming weary of the struggle, Bilfinger sold out all his right, title, and interest in the public square to an English tourist, whose intent it was to write a book on the Great West as soon as he had gained sufficient experience.

The achievement that was more nearly worthy of his genius was the organization and colonization by Bilfinger of Champion County. Before starting to conquer that portion of the world anew, he took into partnership with himself Messrs. Lawhead, Hicks, and John Smith, the last reputed to be a Frenchman. The then unorganized county of Champion was the theatre of their operations. In the southwestern part, on Chug Creek, they built a cabin, laid out Champion City, and proceeded to populate it to the extent of several hundreds, by setting up stakes, stones, and buffalo skulls, and providing them with first-class names from the Cincinnati Directory.

A population of this kind has its advantages. An election was held, the skulls, stakes, and stones voting exactly as the founders of the town desired, and Bilfinger became Champion City's first Mayor. The citizens behaved exceedingly well upon election day, the majority of them manifesting none of the prevailing American desire to indulge in what is widely known as an electoral whiz, accompanied by high stepping and a feeling of great wealth.

Later, a petition, praying that the census of Champion County be taken, and that the usual complement of county officers be appointed, was sent to the Governor. John Smith, upon the recommendation of Messrs. Bilfinger, Hicks, and Lawhead, together with several of the skulls and a stake or two, was appointed census-taker. He performed his duties one rainy day, the others in turn reading from the Directory while he copied. His report, made in due time, set forth that Champion County contained over six hundred *bona fide* inhabitants. This, with a petition signed by forty stakes,

"householders and legal electors of the county," and sworn to by Messrs. Teeter, Jones, and Brown, three of the skulls, caused the Governor, as required by law, to declare Champion County organized.

For days thereafter Bilfinger and his confreres fairly revelled in elections. It got so that a day seemed incomplete that did not witness an election. Bonds were voted for a \$20,000 court-house, for bridges, for school-houses and educational purposes, for everything their ingenuity could suggest. These bonds were to be handsomely printed in some city, and sold in the East by a trusted agent.

Things went on swimmingly for a time, but just as all looked serene for success, an attempt upon the part of Bilfinger to practise his accomplishments upon his comrades resulted in ruin to their scheme.

The bonds had arrived, and a thought came to Bilfinger that it was really wasting good bonds to bestow a share of them upon his partners. So he proposed a quiet game of poker, which continued till he had won nearly all of the bonds, and the ill-will of their late owners. A complication ensued, and Mr. Hicks, in his official capacity as city marshal, arrested Bilfinger for gambling.

There were further complications, and then his comrades pulled up several of the stake citizens and made a charge on Bilfinger, who grabbed up his winnings and fled, shedding bonds at every jump.

Meanwhile the Governor who had a covetous eye turned toward a second term, resolved to visit the rising town of Champion City, and do himself what good he could with its citizens. He was accompanied by his private secretary, a newspaper correspondent, and an admirer. After riding the better part of two days up and down Champion County, and failing to find Champion City, they were delighted when, about the middle of the afternoon of the second day, they drove up to a shanty which seemed to promise shelter and refreshments. As they came close to the door they were surprised at the tenor of the scraps of conversation they overheard.

"You think you're smart, Hicks!" cried a voice. "Who made you marshal, anyhow? Who owns this town, say?"

"Huh!" came a snort. "Who worked the caucus, and got you elected Mayor?"

"Who?"

"Get your foot off that \$1000 bond!"

There were more words, and then the Governor was almost knocked down by a rush of men out of the door, Bilfinger in the lead. His comrades pulled up stakes, as has been said, and chased him out of Champion City, and all disappeared over the ridge to the southwest.

After they had gone, the Governor and his following picked several thousand dollars' worth of first-rate-looking bonds from the rosin weeds where they had blown and stuck.

TOM P. MORGAN.



WALT WHITMAN.
From the painting by J. W. Alexander.

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THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENTS BY ANDREW LANG.

VII.—THE TEMPEST.

THE curses which have been imprecated on Shakespeare's commentators are really superfluous. *Quisque suos patimur manes*; we all carry our own hells about with us in a sense of our own futility. Who can say anything worth saying about Shakespeare, especially anything worth saying that has not been said before? I remember a painter, a friend of my own, who was asked to write an article on Velasquez. "What can I say about Velasquez?" he asked, indignantly. "Velasquez was an artist. What more can you say?" On those principles the trade of commenting would expire. The curse, moreover, has now fallen on me in double measure. A correspondent of the Psychical Society has lately suggested that some psychical reason accounts for the way in which things disappear. Scott, in his *Journal*, attributes these "fallings from us, vanishings" of our books and manuscripts, to diabolical agencies. Perhaps the curse on commentators is working, for scarce any of my Shakespearian library and apparatus can be discovered by research. Of all book-hunting, the chase after our own books, on our own shelves, is oftentimes the most vain and laborious. I can hardly find, in the matter of the *Tempest*, a commentating ally except M. Jules Lemaître, in *Impressions de Théâtre* (Cinquième Série). There is one comfort in reading M. Lemaître: we are listening to the natural man in his artless confidences, or, at least, to the natural Frenchman. He does not understand English, and reads the *Tempest*

in a translation. Now in a translation a poet is no longer recognizable. If he be rendered into the forms of foreign verse—from Greek into English, from English into French—the readers of the translation only receive as much of the matter as the translator finds consistent with his verse. Of the manner, all, every jot and tittle, is inevitably lost. A poet's instrument is language, is words. His effects entirely depend on his use of words, of style, and that no translation can possibly reproduce. Each sound has its own share in the magic, and each sound is lost, is altered. Take the speech of Iris in the *Tempest*:

"You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
 brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless
 looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late."

Here is a passage full of charm, but in a versified translation the charm of sound must inevitably vanish. There will be no charm left at all if the translator be not a poet (as he seldom is); and if he be a poet, he will offer a new and a different magic. That in poetry which comes nearest to the speech of Iris in the *Tempest* is the description of the nymphs called Nereids in the Thirteenth Idyl of Theocritus: "The sleepless nymphs, dread goddesses of the country people, Eunice, and Malis, and Nycheia with her April eyes," her eyes of spring, her "ever-harmless looks."



PROSPERO AND ARIEL.—Act V., Scene I.

Thus one poet, by unconscious sympathy, in a sense renders another poet.

But translators in verse, as we said, are next to never poets; thus neither M. Lemaître, nor any other man who knows not English, can appreciate the magic, for example, of the *Tempest*. As to prose translations, they do, indeed, give the matter of a foreign poem; it is only the

poetry that they deliberately omit.

A critic like M. Lemaître, then, can only judge of the matter of a poem which is a sealed book to him in the original. But it is interesting to hear what he has to say about the *Tempest*, for he is extremely candid. He asserts, with a good deal of truth, that when we now read Shakespeare, we come to him with minds full of prepossessions. "His plays might be called, 'Complete Works of Shakespeare, by William Shakespeare, and by all the French, German, and English critics of the last eighty years,'" or of the last three hundred years. It is, perhaps, incorrect to say that "le grand Will" has been invented, or that three-quarters of him have been invented, by others, especially by Frenchmen. But even to the charm of Shakespeare a something has been lent by the admiration of other poets, and by their apt citations of his words, applied in new circumstances. Let us discount, then, as far as we can, our prepossessions, and allow for the new associations with later wits. Allowing for all this, M. Lemaître reads the *Tempest* in a French version, and finds it "very hard reading. Out of seventy

pages, fifty are intolerable. Shakespeare's humor is inept, and would make one forgive Voltaire's expression, 'a drunken savage.' True, the twenty pages are the work of a great poet. The *Tempest* is a graceful fairy-tale."

There speaks the natural man—the natural Frenchman. And what has the natural Englishman to say? If he is



FERDINAND. "WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE?"—Act I, Scene II.

fair, he must, to a certain extent, agree with M. Lemaître. The humors of the *Tempest* are not, indeed, always "inept," but there is a good deal of Elizabethan horse-play and "chaff" in them. Now humor is imperishable; the Boatswain, and Gonzalo, and some things in the talk of Trinculo and Stefano, are deathless. But the jeering of Sebastian and Alonso—is "this kind of merry fooling" very merry, after all? It is Elizabethan chaff, and cannot be taken for even damaged grain. Of course one can see the defence, that the wicked jeer, that their mirth is the crackling of thorns under the pot, empty and mirthless, like the banter of Antonio and Sebastian, who themselves are wicked. That is the natural line of argument. These two scoffers are a foil to the sturdy and kindly optimism of brave old Gonzalo. But would we consider thus curiously if we were not considering about Shakespeare? Do we not bring our prepossessions with us? I confess that I wish Antonio better wits, and that I am wearied by his "O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido," and the rest of it. As to the horse-play with Caliban and Trinculo, "a most delicate monster," it is like the story of Grouse in the gun-room, we English cannot help laughing. The monster has amused us for these three hundred years. He could no more be invented nowadays than a fairy-tale. The grave humors of drunken men, their delightful sense of dignity, appeal to us, the countrymen of Voltaire's intoxicated savage.

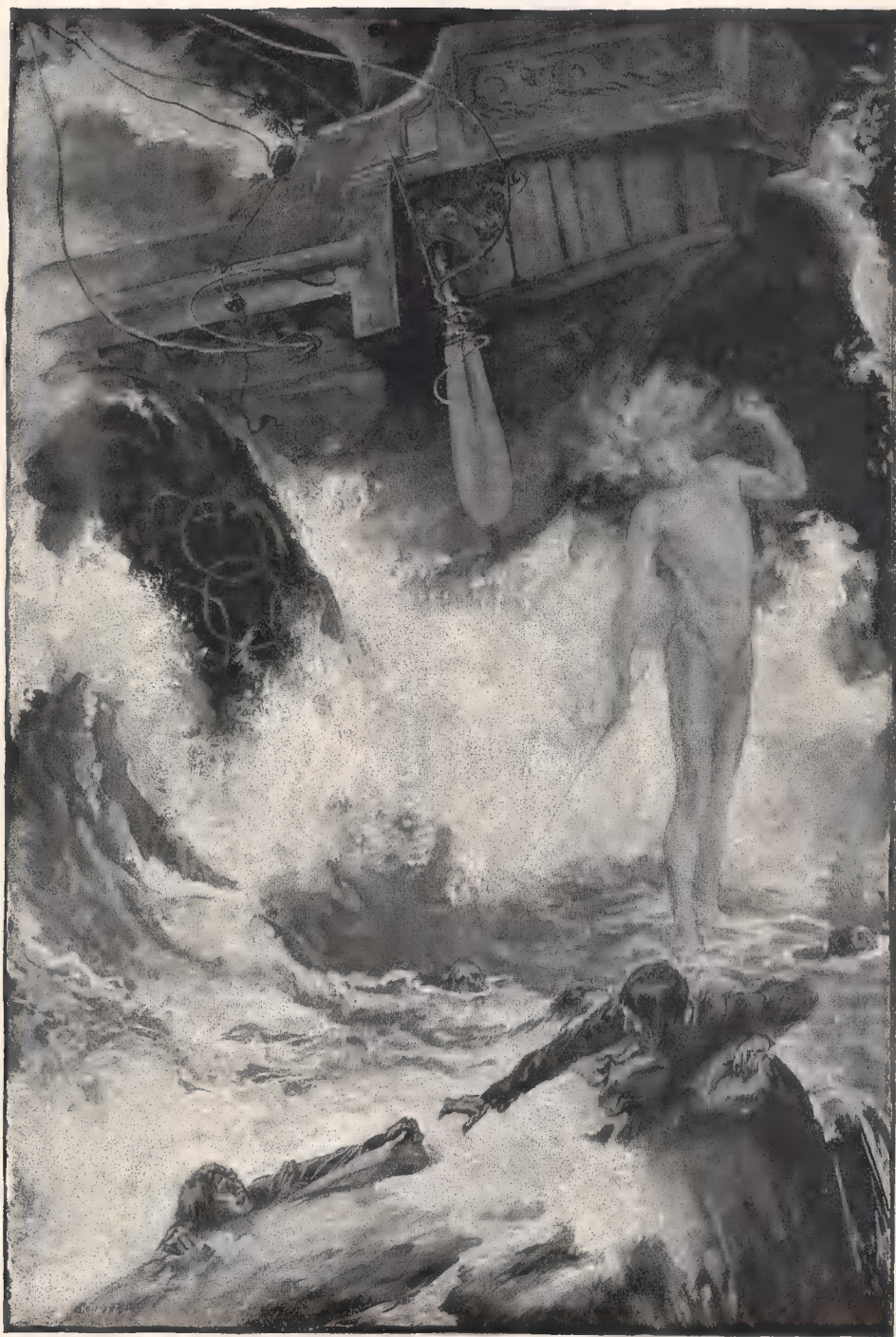
Trinculo. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—
Stefano. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

On this side of the channel, and on that, probably, of the Atlantic, we *must* laugh, though a French critic remains in an undisturbed gravity. We are all very much in the habit of discussing Shakespeare as if every line he wrote must be an oracle, every speech perfection. Probably nothing in the world would amuse Shakespeare so much as this habit of ours if he knew of it; nay, to know it and to smile may be one of his pleasures in the Paradise of Poets. Mr. Matthew Arnold somewhere finds fault with various things in Shakespeare, and then imagines meeting him in Elysium and putting these censures to him. Shakespeare would admit his faults, would say that he knew them very well, and that it did not

matter. One of the delightful points in Shakespeare's character was that, like the good man with his good deeds in Marcus Aurelius, he produced his poetry with the natural and happy carelessness of a tree bearing its fruit. Like Scott, he "never blotted a line" in his manuscripts, and as for proof-sheets, the *Tempest* was first published in the folio, and he never saw it in print.

Authors are of these two kinds: the kind of Scott and Shakespeare, who bear their fruits like a tree in its season, or the kind of Mr. Carlyle and Flaubert, who howl and contort themselves in convulsions of labor. Probably Shakespeare's company wanted a new play, and, as they were likely to act before the court, they wanted a fairy play, with a masque and dancing. So Shakespeare wrote the *Tempest*, and it was played before King James and the court at Whitehall on November 1, 1611. The King and the court liked it; it was also liked by the people at the Black Friars' Theatre; and in 1613 it was represented before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Elector Palatine. Four years and a half later, Shakespeare died, and in the interval he probably thought no more of the *Tempest*, did not trouble himself as to whether it was good or bad, and never dreamed that in after-centuries it would be matter of discussion, and cause the blackening of much paper with ink. Two plays a year he had to write for the Globe Theatre; he turned them out, and there, as far as he was concerned, was an end of the matter. As he had not enough actors, Mr. Halliwell Phillips thinks, he made Ariel double or tripple his part by taking those of Ceres and of a harpy.

Naturally and easily as Shakespeare did everything, he could not even produce a fairy play and a masque without filling it with poetry the richest and rarest. In nature, the mystics say, all is symbol, and in Shakespeare, so opulent is he in matter, we need not be mystics to discover "correspondences" and meanings that underlie the obvious significance. But neither in Shakespeare nor in nature is it wise to push our symbolical studies too far. We become like the early fathers who discovered that the ass in the parable of the Good Samaritan stands for the Church, or we fall into the allegorizing vagaries of Porphyry, in his essay on the Homeric cave of the Nymphs.



THE SHIPWRECK.—Act I.



FERDINAND MEETS MIRANDA.—Act III., Scene I.

M. Renan has chosen to push his symbolic researches pretty far in his *Caliban, Suite de la Tempête*. Prospero takes Caliban and Ariel to Milan. Caliban becomes the leader of the labor party. Prospero has to make concessions. Ariel fades into the air, whence he came. "Prospero, Caliban, Ariel are the three most profound creations of Shakespeare."

Prospero is Aristocracy, Caliban is the laborious Demos, Ariel is (I think) Culture." M. Lemaître has mocked at all this. "Prospero is the soul, Caliban is matter; Prospero is the upper classes, Caliban the lower. Iris and Ceres represent ancient nature-worship; Prospero, the spirit of the Renaissance; Ariel, Northern and mediæval poetry. *Ouf!* What

next? Prospero is science; Ariel is the mood of dreams. . . . Oh, symbols!"

Well, Shakespeare is not responsible for M. Renan, any more than Homer is responsible for Porphyry. He was no more thinking of Mind and Matter and the spirit of the Renaissance than Scott was thinking of Mr. Ruskin's views of the Reformation when he wrote about Ailie-Dailie and Robin the Bobbin. But Shakespeare could not touch even such fantastic persons as Prospero and Caliban without making them human, and exhibiting them in universal and eternal human relationships. He was writing when a new world had been discovered—the world that Columbus and Cortés found, peopled in its islands by natural, happy, indolent, untaught peoples. To them came the Spanish and the English, with their lust of gold, their way of working and making others work, their civilized inventions, which were as Prospero's magic arts to the dwellers in the peaceful western isles. They took everything, and enslaved the natives, and that is precisely what must happen when Prospero lands on Caliban's domain. Caliban became the drudge. He was introduced to the benefits of civilization. He was instructed. The resources of his island were developed. He was like the red men in America, the blacks in Australia, the tribes of Hispaniola. Then he committed an offence, an unpardonable offence, but one that Caliban was fated to commit. Then he was punished. Do we not "punish the natives" all over the world, all we civilized powers? We are like Ulysses and the Cyclops, as briefly but accurately described in the rhyme:

"Ulysses to the Cyclops came,
To see what he could spy out;
He stole his sheep, and shot his game,
And then he poked his eye out."

We read about such proceedings, very piously described, in the literary remains of the Pilgrim Fathers. We play the same farce with the blacks of Queensland. All this appears to be as inevitable as it is odious, and all this occurred in Caliban's island. My own sympathies have always been with "the natives," with Caliban. He is innocent and simple; he only asks Stefano not to torment him. He is modest, and addicted to a mistaken but generous hero-worship. Of Stefano he says:

"That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him."

And he kneels as if the boosy Neapolitan were Dionysus. Did they not kneel to Captain Cook, and hail him as "a brave god"? Poor Caliban, like all these lower peoples, is easily misled by the juice of the grape. "Thrice I bare, and gave it to him, and thrice in his folly he drank it to the lees," says Odysseus of the Cyclops. Wine, or the fire-water of the pale-face, they always in their folly drink it to the lees, and, like Caliban, "swear, upon that bottle, to be our true subject, for the liquor is not earthly." "This is a rill of very nectar and ambrosia," cries the Cyclops. Caliban, like Africans in romances, is ready to believe that Trinculo dropped from the moon or the stars. "By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: I afeared of him?—a very weak monster. The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster," but a very kindly monster when kindly treated. "I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot. I pry'thee, be my god." Presently "the poor monster's in drink; an abominable monster."

"I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough,"

All that he has, Caliban is ready to give.

"And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset: I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?"

The lovelorn Cyclops could offer no more to Galatæa.

If Caliban wants to kill Prospero, as he does, can one blame him? Prospero had taken his land, had enslaved him, had punished him cruelly. He is no coward. When Ariel terrifies Trinculo, he says:

"Be not afeared: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

Prospero is by no means too generous when he pardons Caliban, as in a truly Shakespearian humor of goodness he pardons everybody.

It is not strange that the natural man in France cannot comprehend the charm of the *Tempest*. French dramas are the poetry of common-sense, and, as Alonzo says, "these are not natural events." The spirit of faery is a Northern spirit; it lives in all the world, but only in Greece and



TIINGULO AND CALIBAN.—*Act II., Scene II.*



CALIBAN, STEFANO, AND TRINCULO (ARIEL INVISIBLE).—Act III., Scene II.

the North is it accepted into literature and made the undersong of poetry. We may imagine that the great Molière would have been as puzzled as any French critic by the *Tempest*, though more tolerant of its horse-play than many. He too could have understood the sailor humors of the Boatswain, his contempt for even kingly landlubbers:

"What care these roarers for the name of king?"

The Boatswain is perhaps the earliest British tar in our poetry, for, from whatever Neapolitan port he hails, he is true British. You do not find him on his knees to saints when the storm rages. He is, in his way, as sterling a character as the brave and contented Gonzalo, who is as little perturbed by the tempest as Dr. Johnson when he was overtaken by a storm in the Hebrides. "Coll, for my money," said the doctor, and went below and slept the sleep of the just; though doubtless he would have given "a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground."

"Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort."

It is to comfort the shipwrecked Alonso, to distract his mind from his trouble, that Gonzalo strikes out his pleasant theory of a peaceful anarchy, derived very probably from Montaigne:

"No kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none. . . .

All men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty."

It is the dream which Virgil beheld in the past and modern visionaries in the future. But, when we think for a moment, this commonwealth spells savagery, endless war, cold, hunger, cannibalism, fetichism, polyandry, and all the rest of it. Nature, except in a very few climates, declines to bring forth,

"Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people."

But Gonzalo knows that he "talks nothing," and does not believe in his own theories when he anticipates Rousseau. To live wholly "for climate and the affections" is not given, and is not likely to be given, to humanity.

Even Shakespeare's French censor, *le tombeur de Shakespeare*, admits that the *Tempest* contains twenty pages of good poetry to fifty which are "insufferable."

The charm of the innocent love-making; the maiden kindness of Miranda; the lofty, the unapproached beauty of Prospero's reflections on life—these are manifest even to the dimmest eyes, musical even in deaf ears. That line,

"In the dark backward and abysm of time,"

were it found as a lonely fragment a thousand years hence, would give as firm assurance of a matchless poet as do the fragments of Sappho. The words have their own impenetrable secret of charm. In a translation that charm must be as utterly lost as if we paraphrased the sense in English, and read "in the dim distance and gulf of years," for example. This is as good an instance as we are likely to find of the untransferable quality of poetry. We can seldom—and only a poet can—pour the thought "from the golden to the silver cup." The second cup is likely to be shapeless and of pewter.

The translator cannot, like Ariel, "fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes"; the dew is spilt in the process. What other sounds framed by human tongues out of the common air can rival

"like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

It is as if the dreaming spirit of the world were murmuring of the vicissitudes of things and the fates of the fresh-born and the expiring-stars. And all this was not puzzled forth laboriously, written and rewritten, and corrected in night-long fights with adjectives. All this was not consciously written for eternity, but flowed without a blot from the pen of a poet who had to produce a fairy play and a

masque for a Stuart at Whitehall. Verily "great things are done easily"; and to Shakespeare, without the aid of Prospero's magic books, the tricky Ariel came at a call.

It is a fairy play, and, if we agree with some opinions, was based on a fairy tale. There is a story which has made the circuit of the wide world. It is the story of the young man who falls into the power of an enchanter, who is set by him to perform difficult tasks, who is loved by the enchanter's daughter, and by her is aided. It was one of the first stories I ever heard in the dialect of Morayshire. I have elsewhere traced it to India, to Russia, among the Gaels, to Madagascar, to the North American Indians, among the Finns, to Samoa, and in Greece, where it is the legend of Jason and Medea in Colchis. On a recent occasion, at the Folk-Lore Congress, Mr. Newells suggested that this tale is the foundation of the *Tempest*. Ferdinand is the young wanderer; Prospero is the magician; Miranda is the daughter who loves and succors the adventurer.

If Shakespeare had this fable in his mind (which seems highly improbable), he altered it very much. In the stories the magician's daughter is herself an enchantress, and the labors on which her lover is set are always impossible. He must tame the fiery bulls and fight the children of the dragon's teeth, like Jason. He must cleanse an Augean stable, or drain a loch in a day, like the boy in the Scotch tale. In all such labors he is aided by the kind enchantress, who finally flies with him, and the magician is usually drowned. Now, in the *Tempest*, Ferdinand is merely obliged to carry wood, for which Prospero seems to have had a passion, and Miranda is no enchantress to do all the labor with a wave of the hand.

Miranda. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Ferdinand. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Miranda can do no enchantress's miracles; she has only love to offer. Nor is Prospero's unkindness, like that of the magician in the fairy tale, earnest malevolence. In short, the points of contact between the ancient world-wide romance and



THE BANQUET.—*Act III., Scene III.*



THE SPELL.—Act V., Scene I.



MIRANDA AND FERDINAND.—Act V., Scene I.

the play are few, and practically unessential. Thus the sources of the *Tempest* are obscure. The poet seems, for once, to have mainly constructed his own fable. As a plot it may be, like so many of his pieces, described by the title of one of them, *All's Well that Ends Well*. The most nefarious and murderous characters are readily pardoned,—and, indeed, what else was to be done with them, unless Shakespeare marooned Antonio and Sebastian, and left them with Caliban alone on the island? This would be too severe for the conclusion of a courtly fairy play. If the drama came late, as seems probable, in Shakespeare's career, if he were laboring under *Weltschmerz*, he was too wise to show his gloom on such an occasion. Perhaps even Antonio and Sebastian are not to be held wholly responsible for a murderous project conceived on an isle of enchantments. As Gonzalo says:

"In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and *all of us ourselves,*
When no man was his own."

We are not to ask for much ethical purpose in such a piece, where all that occurs is "not natural." We are not to consider too curiously, but to leave the theatre with Ariel's song in our ears:

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

The play is the blossom of an enchanted tree, born in summer air beneath the breath of a free and gracious spirit.

We have seen how the play strikes the French taste; let us see how it appealed to *le moyen homme sensuel*, Mr. Samuel Pepys. "The *Tempest*, an old play of Shakespeare's....The house mighty full; the King and Court there; and the most innocent play that ever I saw....The play has no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays." "To the Duke of York's house, and there saw the *Tempest* again, which is very pleasant and full of so good variety that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the seamen's part a little too tedious." Elizabethan waggeries were beginning to pall, but Mr. Pepys (in spite of one of his vows) kept going to the *Tempest*. "As often as I have seen it, I do like it very well, and the house very full."

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

VIII.

THE stranger skipped into step with Ray more lightly than would have been expected from one of his years. He wore a soft felt hat over locks of silken silver that were long enough to touch his beautiful white beard. He wore it with an effect of intention, as if he knew that it was out of character with the city, but was so much in character with himself that the city must be left to reconcile itself to the incongruity or not, as it chose. For the same reason, apparently, his well-fitting frock-coat was of broadcloth, instead of modern diagonals; a black silk handkerchief tied in an easy knot at his throat strayed from under his beard, which had the same waviness as his hair; he had black trousers, and drab gaiters showing themselves above wide, low shoes. In his hands, which he held behind him, he dangled a stick with an effect of leisure and ease, enhanced somehow by the stoop he made towards the young fellow's lower stature, and by his refusal to lift his voice above a certain pitch, whatever the uproar of the street about them. Ray screamed out his words, but the stranger spoke in what seemed his wonted tone, and left Ray to catch the words as he could.

"I didn't think," he said, after a moment, and with some misgiving that this stranger who had got into step with him might be some kind of confidence man—"I didn't think that fellow looked like a thief, much."

"You are a believer in physiognomy?" asked the stranger, with a philosophic poise. He had himself a regular face, with gay eyes, and a fine pearly tint; lips that must have been beautiful, shaped his branching mustache to a whimsical smile.

"No," said Ray. "I wasn't near enough to see his face. But he looked so decent and quiet, and he behaved with so much dignity. Perhaps it was his spectacles."

"Glasses can do much," said the stranger, "to redeem the human countenance, even when worn as a protest against the presence of one's portrait in the rogues' gallery. I don't say you're wrong, and I'm only afraid the chances are that you'll never be proved right. I should

prefer to make a speculative approach to the facts on another plane. As you suggest, he had a sage and dignified appearance; I observed it myself; he had the effect—how shall I express it?—of some sort of studious rustic. Say he was a belated farm youth, working his way through a fresh-water college, who had great latent gifts of speculation, such as might have won him a wide newspaper celebrity as a defaulter later in life, and under more favorable conditions. He finds himself alone in a great city, for the first time; and is attracted by the display of the trunk-dealer's cellarway. The opportunity seems favorable to the acquisition of a neat travelling-bag; perhaps he has never owned one, or he wishes to present it to the object of his affections, or to a sick mother; he may have had any respectable motive; but his outlook has been so restricted that he cannot realize the difference between stealing a travelling-bag and stealing, say, a street; though I believe Mr. Sharp only bought Broadway of those who did not own it, and who sold it low; but never mind, it may stand for an illustration. If this young man had stolen a street, he would not have been arrested and handcuffed in that disgraceful way, and led off to the dungeon-keep of the Jefferson Market Police Court—I presume that is the nearest prison, though I won't be quite positive—but he would have had to be attacked and exposed a long time in the newspapers; and he would have had counsel, and the case would have been fought from one tribunal to another, till at last he wouldn't have known whether he was a common criminal or a public benefactor. The difficulty in his case is simply an inadequate outlook."

The philosophical stranger lifted his face and gazed round over Ray's head, but he came to a halt at the same time with the young fellow. "Well, sir," he said, with bland ceremony, "I must bid you good-morning. As we go our several ways let us remember the day's lesson, and when we steal, always steal enough."

He held out his hand, and Ray took it with a pleasure in his discourse which he

* Begun in March number, 1892.

was wondering how he should express to him. He felt it due himself to say something clever in return, but he could not think of anything. "I'm sure I shall remember your interpretation of it," was all he could get out.

"Ah, well, don't act upon that without due reflection," the stranger said; and he gave Ray's hand a final and impressive downward shake. "Dear me!" he added, for Ray made no sign of going on. "Are we both stopping here—two spiders at the parlor of the same unsuspecting fly? But perhaps you are merely a buyer, not a writer of books? After you, sir!"

The stranger promoted a little polite rivalry that ensued between them; he ended it by passing one hand through the young man's arm, and with the other pressing open the door which they had both halted at, and which bore on either jamb a rounded metallic plate with the sign, H. C. CHAPLEY & Co., PUBLISHERS. Within, he released Ray with a courteous bow, as if willing to leave him now to his own devices. He went off to a distant counter in the wide, low room, and occupied himself with the books on it; Ray advanced and spoke to a clerk, who met him half-way. He asked for Mr. Chapley, and the clerk said he was not down yet; he seldom got down so early, but Mr. Brandreth would be in almost any minute now. When Ray said he had a letter for the firm, and would wait if the clerk pleased, the clerk asked if he would not take a chair in Mr. Brandreth's room.

Ray could not help thinking the civility shown him was for an imaginable customer rather than a concealed author, but he accepted it all the same, and sat looking out into the sales-room, with its counters of books, and its shelves full of them around its walls, while he waited. Chapley & Co. were of the few old-fashioned publishers who had remained booksellers too, in a day when most publishers have ceased to be so. They were jobbers as well as booksellers; they took orders and made terms for public and private libraries; they had customers all over the country who depended on them for advice and suggestion about forth-coming books, and there were many booksellers in the smaller cities who bought through them. The bookseller in Midland, who united bookselling with a stationery and music business, was one of

these, and he had offered Ray a letter to them.

"If you ever want to get a book published," he said, with a touch on the quick that made the conscious author wince, "they're your men."

Ray knew their imprint and its relative value better than the Midland bookseller, stationer, and music-dealer, and now, as he sat in the junior partner's neat little den, with the letter of introduction in his hand, it seemed to him such a crazy thing to think of having his book brought out by them that he decided not to say anything about it, but to keep to that character of literary newspaper man which his friend gave him in his rather florid letter. He had leisure enough to make this decision and unmake it several times while he was waiting for Mr. Brandreth to come. It was so early that with all the delays Ray had forced it was still only a little after nine, and no one came in for a quarter of an hour. The clerks stood about and chatted together. The bookkeepers in their own high-railed enclosure were opening their ledgers under the shaded gas-burners that helped out the twilight there. Ray could see his unknown street friend scanning the books on an upper shelf and moving his person from side to side, and letting his cane rise and fall behind him as if he were humming to himself and keeping time to the tune.

IX.

The distant street door opened at last, and a gentleman came in. His entrance caused an indefinite sensation in the clerks, such as we all feel in the presence of the man who pays our wages. At the sound of his step, Ray's street friend turned about from his shelf, but without offering to leave it.

"Ah, good-morning, good-morning!" he called out, and the other called back, "Ah, good-morning, Mr. Kane!" and pushed on up towards a door near that of Ray's retreat. A clerk stopped him, and after a moment's parley he came in upon the young fellow. He was a man of fifty-five or sixty, with whiskers slightly frosted, and some puckers and wrinkles about his temples and the corners of his mouth, and a sort of withered bloom in his cheeks, something like the hardy self-preservation of the late-hanging apple that people call a fro-

zen thaw. He was a thin man, who seemed once to have been stouter; he had a gentle presence and a somewhat careworn look.

"Mr. Brandreth?" Ray said, rising.

"No," said the other; "Mr. Chapley."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Ray.

"They showed me into Mr. Brandreth's room, and I thought—"

"It's quite right, quite right," said Mr. Chapley. "Mr. Brandreth will be in almost any moment if you wish to see him personally." Mr. Chapley glanced at the parcel in Ray's hand.

"Oh no; I have a letter for the firm," and Ray gave it to Mr. Chapley, who read it through, and then offered his hand, and said he was glad to meet Mr. Ray. He asked some questions of commonplace friendliness about his correspondent, and he said, with the kind of melancholy which seemed characteristic of him: "So you have come to take a hand in the great game here. Well, if there is anything I can do to serve you, I shall be very glad."

Ray answered promptly, in pursuance of his plan: "You are very kind, Mr. Chapley. I'm going to write letters to the paper I've been connected with in Midland, and I wish to give them largely a literary character. I shall be obliged to you for any literary news you have."

Mr. Chapley seemed relieved of a latent dread. A little knot of anxiety between his eyes came untied; he did not yet go to the length of laying off his light overcoat, but he set his hat down on Mr. Brandreth's desk, and he loosed the grip he had kept of his cane.

"Why, Mr. Brandreth rather looks after that side of the business. He's more in touch with the younger men—with what's going on, in fact, than I am. He can tell you all there is about our own small affairs, and put you in relations with other publishers, if you wish."

"Thank you—" Ray began.

"Not at all; it will be to our advantage, I'm sure. We should be glad to do much more for any friend of our old friends"—Mr. Chapley had to refer to the letter-head of the introduction before he could make sure of his old friends' style—"Schmucker & Wills. I hope they are prospering in these uncertain times?"

Ray said they were doing very well, he believed, and Mr. Chapley went on.

"So many of the local booksellers are

feeling the competition of the large stores which have begun to deal in books as well as everything else under the sun, nowadays. I understand they have completely disorganized the book trade in some of our minor cities; completely! They take hold of a book like *Robert Elsmere*, for instance, as if it were a piece of silk that they control the pattern of, and run it at a price that is simply ruinous; besides doing a large miscellaneous business in books at rates that defy all competition on the part of the regular dealers. But perhaps you haven't suffered from these commercial monstrosities yet in Midland?"

"Oh yes," said Ray; "we have our local Stewart's or Macy's, whichever it is; and I imagine that Schmucker & Wills feel it, especially at the holidays." He had never had to buy any books himself, because he got the copies sent to the *Echo* for review; and now, in deference to Mr. Chapley, he was glad that he had not shared in the smallest degree in the demoralization of the book trade. "But I think," he added, cheerfully, "that they are holding their own very well."

"I am very glad to hear it, very glad indeed," said Mr. Chapley. "If we can only get this international copyright measure through and dam up the disorganizing tide of cheap publications at its source, we may hope to restore the tone of the trade. As it is, we are ourselves constantly restricting our enterprise as publishers. We scarcely think now of looking at the manuscript of an unknown author."

Mr. Chapley looked at the manuscript of the unknown author before him, as if he divined it through its wrappings of stiff Manila paper. Ray had no reason to think that he meant to prevent a possible offer of manuscript, but he could not help thinking so, and it cut him short in the inquiries he was going to make as to the extent of the demoralization the book trade had suffered through the competition of the large variety stores. He had seen a whole letter for the *Echo* in the subject, but now he could not go on. He sat blankly staring at Mr. Chapley's friendly, pensive face, and trying to decide whether he had better get himself away without seeing Mr. Brandreth, or whether he had better stay and meet him, and after a cold, formal exchange of civilities, shake the

dust of Chapley & Co.'s publishing house from his feet forever. The distant street door opened again, and a light small figure, much like his own, entered briskly. Mr. Kane turned about at the new-comer's step as he had turned at Mr. Chapley's, and sent his cheerful hail across the book counters as before. "Ah, good-morning, good-morning!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Kane; magnificent day," said the gentleman, who advanced rapidly towards Ray and Mr. Chapley, with a lustrous silk hat on his head, and a brilliant smile on his face. His overcoat hung on his arm, and he looked fresh and warm as if from a long walk. "Ah, good-morning," he said to Mr. Chapley; "how are you this morning, sir?" He bent his head inquiringly towards Ray, who stood a moment while Mr. Chapley got himself together and said,

"This is Mr.—ah—Ray, who brings a letter from our old friends"—he had to glance at the letter-head—"Schmucker & Wills, of—Midland."

"Ah! Midland! yes," said Mr. Brandreth, for Ray felt it was he, although his name had not been mentioned yet. "Very glad to see you, Mr. Ray. When did you leave Midland? Won't you sit down? And you, Mr. Chapley?"

"No, no," said Mr. Chapley, nervously. "I was going to my own room. How is poor Bella this morning?"

"Wonderfully well, wonderfully! I waited for the doctor's visit before I left home, so as to report reliably, and he says he never saw a better convalescence. He promises to let her go out in a fortnight or so, if the weather's good."

"You must be careful! Don't go too fast!" said Mr. Chapley. "And the—child?"

"Perfectly splendid! He slept like a top last night, and we could hardly get him awake for breakfast."

"Poor thing!" said Mr. Chapley. He offered Ray his hand, and said that he hoped they should see him often; he must drop in whenever he was passing. "Mr. Ray," he explained, "has come on to take up his residence in New York. He remains connected with one of the papers in—Midland; and I have been referring him to you for literary gossip, and that kind of thing."

"All right, sir, all right!" said Mr. Brandreth. He laughed out after Mr.

Chapley had left them, and then said: "Excuse me, Mr. Ray. You mustn't mind my smiling rather irrelevantly. We've had a great event at my house this week—in fact, we've had a boy."

"Indeed!" said Ray. He had the sort of contempt a young man feels for such domestic events; but he easily concealed it from the happy father, who looked scarcely older than himself.

"An eight-pounder," said Mr. Brandreth. "I have been pretty anxious for the last few weeks, and— I don't know whether you're married or not, Mr. Ray?"

"No."

"Well, then you wouldn't understand." Mr. Brandreth arrested himself reluctantly, Ray thought, in his confidences. "But you will, some day; you will, some day," he added, gayly; "and then you'll know what it is to have an experience like that go off well. It throws a new light on everything." A clerk came in with a pile of opened letters and put them on Mr. Brandreth's desk, with some which were still sealed; Ray rose again. "No, don't go. But you won't mind my glancing these over while we talk. I don't know how much talk you've been having with Mr. Chapley—he's my father-in-law, you know?"

Ray owned that he did not.

"Yes; I came into the firm and into the family a little over a year ago. But if there are any points I can give you, I'm quite at your service."

"Thank you," said Ray. "Mr. Chapley was speaking of the effect of the competition of the big variety stores on the regular booksellers."

Mr. Brandreth slit the envelope of one of the letters with a slim paper-knife, and glanced the letter over. "Well, that's a little matter I differ with Mr. Chapley about. Of course, I know just how he feels, brought up the way he was, in the old traditions of the trade. It seems to him we must be going to the bad because our books are sold over a counter next to a tin-ware counter, or a perfume and essence counter, or a bric-à-brac counter. I don't think so. I think the great thing is to sell the books, and I wish we could get a book into the hands of one of those big dealers; I should be glad of the chance. We should have to make him a heavy discount; but look at the discounts we have to make to the trade, now! Forty per cent., and ten

cents off for cash; so that a dollar and a half book, that it costs twenty-five cents or thirty cents to make, brings you in about seventy cents. Then, when you pay the author his ten per cent. copyright, how far will the balance go towards advertising, rent, clerk hire, and sundries? If you want to get a book into the news companies, you have got to make them a discount of sixty per cent. out of hand."

"Is it possible?" asked Ray. "I'd no idea it was anything like that!"

"No; people haven't. They think publishers are rolling in riches at the expense of the author and the reader. And some publishers themselves believe that if we could only keep up the old system of letting the regular trade have the lion's share on long credit, their prosperity would be assured. I don't, myself. If we could get hold of a good, breezy, taking story, I'd like to try my chance with it in the hands of some large dry-goods man."

Ray's heart thrilled. His own story had often seemed to him good and taking; whether it was breezy or not, he had never thought. He wished he knew just what Mr. Brandreth meant by breezy; but he did not like to ask him. His hand twitched nervelessly on the manuscript in his lap, and he said, timidly: "Would it be out of the way for me to refer to some of these facts—they're not generally known—in my letters? Of course not using your name."

"Not at all! I should be very glad to have them understood," said Mr. Brandreth.

"And what do you think is the outlook for the winter trade, Mr. Brandreth?"

"Never better. I think we're going to have a *good* trade. We've got a larger list than we've had for a great many years. The fact is," said Mr. Brandreth, and he gave a glance at Ray, as if he felt the trust the youthful gravity of his face inspired in most people—"the fact is, Chapley & Co. have been dropping too much out of sight, as publishers; and I've felt, ever since I've been in the firm, that we ought to give the public a sharp reminder that we're not merely booksellers and jobbers. I want the house to take its old place again. I don't mean it's ever really lost caste, or that its imprint doesn't stand for as much as it did twenty years ago. I'll just show you our list if you can wait a moment." Mr. Brandreth

closed a pair of wooden mandibles lying on his desk; an electric bell sounded in the distance, and a boy appeared. "You go and ask Miss Hughes if she's got that list of announcements ready yet." The boy went, and Mr. Brandreth took up one of the cards of the firm. "If you would like to visit some of the other houses, Mr. Ray, I'll give you our card," and he wrote on the card, "Introducing Mr. Ray, of the Midland *Echo*. P. Brandreth," and handed it to him. "Not Peter, but Percy," he said, with a friendly smile for his own pleasantry. "But for business purposes it's better to let them suppose it's Peter."

Ray laughed, and said he imagined so. He said he had always felt it a disadvantage to have been named Shelley; but he could not write himself P. B. S. Ray, and he usually signed simply S. Ray.

"Why, then, we really have the same first name," said Mr. Brandreth. "It's rather an uncommon name, too. I'm very glad to share it with you, Mr. Ray." It seemed to add another tie to those that already bound them in the sympathy of youth, and the publisher said, "I wish I could ask you up to my house; but just now, you know, it's really a nursery."

"You are very kind," said Ray. "I couldn't think of intruding on you, of course."

Their exchange of civilities was checked by the return of the boy, who said Miss Hughes would have the list ready in a few minutes.

"Well, just ask her to bring it here, will you?" said Mr. Brandreth. "I want to speak to her about some of these letters."

"I'm taking a great deal of your time, Mr. Brandreth," Ray said.

"Not at all, not at all. I'm making a kind of holiday week of it, anyway. I'm a good deal excited," and Mr. Brandreth smiled so benevolently that Ray could not help taking advantage of him.

The purpose possessed him almost before he was aware of its activity; he thought he had quelled it, but now he heard himself saying in a stiff unnatural voice, "I have a novel of my own, Mr. Brandreth, that I should like to submit to you."

X.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Brandreth, with a change in his voice too, which Ray might well have interpreted as a tone

of disappointment and injury. "Just at present, Mr. Ray, trade is rather quiet, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Ray, though he thought he had been told the contrary. He felt very mean and guilty; the blood went to his head, and his face burned.

"Our list for the fall trade is full, as I was saying, and we couldn't really touch anything till next spring."

"Oh, I didn't suppose it would be in time for the fall trade," said Ray, and in the sudden loss of the easy terms which he had been on with the publisher, he could not urge anything further.

Mr. Brandreth must have felt their estrangement too, for he said, apologetically: "Of course it's our business to examine manuscripts for publication, and I hope it's going to be our business to publish more and more of them, but an American novel by an unknown author, as long as we have the competition of these pirated English novels— If we can only get the copyright bill through, we shall be all right."

Ray said nothing aloud, for he was busy reproaching himself under his breath for abusing Mr. Brandreth's hospitality.

"What is the—character of your novel?" asked Mr. Brandreth, to break the painful silence, apparently, rather than to inform himself.

"The usual character," Ray answered, with a listlessness which perhaps passed for careless confidence with the young publisher, and piqued his interest. "It's a love-story."

"Of course. Does it end well? A great deal depends upon the ending with the public, you know."

"I suppose it ends badly. It ends as badly as it can," said the author, feeling that he had taken the bit in his teeth. "It's unrelieved tragedy."

"That isn't so bad, sometimes," said Mr. Brandreth. "That is, if the tragedy is intense enough. Sometimes a thing of that kind takes with the public, if the love part is good and strong. Have you the manuscript here in New York with you?"

"I have it here in my lap with me," said Ray, with a desperate laugh.

Mr. Brandreth cast his eye over the package. "What do you call it? So much depends upon a title with the public."

"I had thought of several titles: the

hero's name for one; the heroine's for another. Then I didn't know but *A Modern Romeo* would do. It's very much on the lines of the play."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Brandreth, with a sudden interest that flattered Ray with fresh hopes. "That's very curious. I once took part in an amateur performance of *Romeo* myself. We gave it in the open air. The effect was very novel."

"I should think it might be," said Ray. He hastened to add, "My story deals, of course, with American life, and the scene is laid in the little village where I grew up."

"Our play," said Mr. Brandreth, "was in a little summer place in Massachusetts. One of the ladies gave us her tennis-ground, and we made our exits and our entrances through the surrounding shrubbery. You've no idea how beautiful the mediæval dresses looked in the electric light. It was at night."

"It must have been beautiful," Ray hastily admitted. "My Juliet is the daughter of the village doctor, and my Romeo is a young lawyer, who half kills a cousin of hers for trying to interfere with them."

"That's good," said Mr. Brandreth. "I took the part of Romeo myself, and Mrs. Brandreth—she was Miss Chapley then—was cast for Juliet; but another girl who had refused the part suddenly changed her mind and claimed it, and we had the greatest time to keep the whole affair from going to pieces. I beg your pardon; I interrupted you."

"Not at all," said Ray. "It must have been rather difficult. In my story there has been a feud between the families of the lovers about a land boundary; and both families try to break off the engagement."

"That's very odd," said Mr. Brandreth. "The play nearly broke off my acquaintance with Mrs. Brandreth. Of course she was vexed—as anybody would be—at having to give up the part at the eleventh hour, when she'd taken so much trouble with it; but when she saw my suffering with the other girl, who didn't know half her lines, and walked through it all like a mechanical doll, she forgave me. *Romeo* is my favorite play. Did you ever see Julia Marlowe in it?"

"No."

"Then you never saw Juliet! I used to think Margaret Mather was about the

loveliest Juliet, and in fact she has a great deal of passion—"

"My Juliet," Ray broke in, "is one of those impassioned natures. When she finds that the old people are inexorable, she jumps at the suggestion of a secret marriage, and the lovers run off and are married, and come back and live separately. They meet at a picnic soon after, where Juliet goes with her cousin, who makes himself offensive to the husband, and finally insults him. They happen to be alone together near the high bank of a river, and the husband, who is a quiet fellow of the deadly sort, suddenly throws the cousin over the cliff. The rest are dancing—"

"We introduced a minuet in our theatricals," Mr. Brandreth interposed, "and people said it was the best thing in it. I beg your pardon!"

"Not at all. It must have been very picturesque. The cousin is taken up for dead, and the husband goes into hiding till the result of the cousin's injuries can be ascertained. They are searching for the husband everywhere, and the girl's father, who has dabbled in hypnotism, and has hypnotized his daughter now and then, takes the notion of trying to discover the husband's whereabouts by throwing her into a hypnotic trance and questioning her: he believes that she knows. The trance is incomplete, and with what is left of her consciousness the girl suffers tremendously from the conflict that takes place in her. In the midst of it all, word comes from the room where the cousin is lying insensible that he is dying. The father leaves his daughter to go to him, and she lapses into the cataleptic state. The husband has been lurking about, intending to give himself up if it comes to the worst. He steals up to the open window—I forgot to say that the hypnotization scene takes place in her father's office, a little building that stands apart from the house; and of course it's a ground-floor—and he sees her stretched out on the lounge, all pale and stiff, and he thinks she is dead."

Mr. Brandreth burst into a laugh. "I must tell you what our Mercutio said—he was an awfully clever fellow; a lawyer up there; one of the natives, and he made simply a *perfect* Mercutio. He said that our Juliet was magnificent in the sepulchre scene, and if she could have played the part as a dead Juliet throughout, she would have beat us all!"

"Capital!" said Ray. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, go on," said Mr. Brandreth.

"Oh! Well, the husband gets in at the window and throws himself on her breast, and tries to revive her. She shows no signs of life, though all the time she is perfectly aware of what is going on, and is struggling to speak and reassure him. She recovers herself just at the moment he draws a pistol and shoots himself through the heart. The shot brings the father from the house, and as he enters the little office, his daughter lifts herself, gives him one ghastly stare, and falls dead on her husband's body."

"That is strong," said Mr. Brandreth.

"That is a very powerful scene."

"Do you think so?" Ray asked. He looked flushed and flattered, but he said: "Sometimes I've been afraid it was overwrought, and improbable—weak. It's not, properly speaking, a novel, you see. It's more in the region of romance."

"Well, so much the better. I think people are getting tired of those commonplace, photographic things. They want something with a little more imagination," said Mr. Brandreth.

"The motive of my story might be called psychological," said the author. "Of course I've only given you the crudest outline of it, that doesn't do it justice—"

"Well, they say that *roman psychologique* is superseding the realistic novel in France. Will you allow me?"

He offered to take the manuscript, and Ray eagerly undid it, and placed it in his hands. He turned over some pages of it, and dipped into it here and there.

"Yes," he said. "Now I'll tell you what we'll do, Mr. Ray. You leave this with us, and we'll have our readers go over it, and report to us, and then we'll communicate with you about it. What did you say your New York address was?"

"I haven't any yet," said Ray, "but I'll call and leave it as soon as I've got one." He rose, and the young publisher said:

"Well, drop in, any time. We shall always be glad to see you. Of course I can't promise you an immediate decision."

"Oh no; I don't expect that. I can wait. And I can't tell you how much—how much I appreciate your kindness."

"Oh, not at all. Ah!" The boy came back with a type-written sheet in his hand; Mr. Brandreth took it and gave it to Ray. "There! You can get some

idea from that of what we're going to do. Take it with you. It's manifolded, and you can keep this copy. Drop in again when you're passing."

They shook hands, but they did not part there. Mr. Brandreth followed Ray out into the store, and asked him if he would not like some advance copies of their new books; he guessed some of them were ready. He directed a clerk to put them up, and then he said, "I'd like to introduce you to one of our authors. Mr. Kane!" he called out to what Ray felt to be the gentleman's expectant back, and Mr. Kane promptly turned about from his bookshelf and met their advance halfway. "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Ray."

"Fortune," said Mr. Kane, with evident relish of his own voice and diction, "had already made us friends, in the common interest we took in a mistaken fellow-man whom we saw stealing a bag to travel with instead of a road to travel on. Before you came in, we were street intimates of five minutes' standing, and we entered your temple of the Muses together. But I am very glad to know my dear friend by name." He gave Ray the pressure of a soft, cool hand. "My own name is doubtless familiar to you, Mr. Ray. We spell it a little differently since that unfortunate affair with Abel; but it is unquestionably the same name, and we are of that ancient family. Am I right?" he said, continuing to press the young man's hand, but glancing at Mr. Brandreth for correction, with ironical deference, "in supposing that Mr. Ray is one of us? I was sure," he said, letting Ray's hand go, with a final pressure, "that it must be so from the first moment! The signs of the high freemasonry of letters are unmistakable!"

"Mr. Ray," said Mr. Brandreth, "is going to cast his lot with us here in New York. He is from Midland, and he is still connected with one of the papers there."

"Then he is a man to be cherished and avoided," said Mr. Kane. "But don't tell me that he has no tenderer, no more sacred tie to literature than a metreticious newspaper connection!"

Ray laughed, and said from his pleased vanity, "Mr. Brandreth has kindly consented to look at a manuscript of mine."

"Poems?" Mr. Kane suggested.

"No; a novel," the author answered, bashfully.

"The great American one, of course?"

"We are going to see," said the young publisher, gayly.

"Well, that is good. It is pleasant to have the old literary tradition renewed in all the freshness of its prime, and to have young Genius coming up to New York from the provinces with a manuscript under its arm just as it used to come up to London, and I've no doubt to Memphis and to Nineveh for that matter; the indented tiles must have been a little more cumbersome than the papyrus, and were probably conveyed in an ox-cart. And when you offered him your novel, Mr. Ray, did Mr. Brandreth say that the book trade was rather dull just now?"

"Something of that kind," Ray admitted, with a laugh; and Mr. Brandreth laughed too.

"I'm glad of that," said Mr. Kane. "It would not have been perfect without that. They always say that. I've no doubt the publishers of Memphis and Nineveh said it in their day. It is the publishers' way with authors. It makes the author realize the immense advantage of getting a publisher on any terms at such a disastrous moment, and he leaves the publisher to fix the terms. It is quite right. You are launched, my dear friend, and all you have to do is to let yourself go. You will probably turn out an ocean greyhound; we expect no less when we are launched. In that case, allow an old water-logged derelict to hail you, and wish you a prosperous voyage to the Happy Isles." Mr. Kane smiled blandly, and gave Ray a bow that had the quality of a blessing.

"Oh, that book of yours is going to do well yet, Mr. Kane," said Mr. Brandreth, consolingly. "I believe that there's going to be a change in the public taste, and that good literature is going to have its turn again."

"Let us hope so," said Mr. Kane, devoutly. "We will pray that the general reader may be turned from the error of his ways, and eschew fiction and cleave to moral reflections. But not till our dear friend's novel has made its success!" He inclined himself again towards Ray. "Though perhaps," he suggested, "it is a novel with a purpose?"

"I'm afraid hardly—" Ray began; but Mr. Brandreth interposed.

"It is a psychological romance—the next thing on the cards, I believe!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Kane. "Do you speak by the card, now, as a confidant of fate; or is this the exuberant optimism of a fond young father? Mr. Ray, I am afraid you have taken our friend when he is all molten and fluid with happiness, and have abused his kindness for the whole race to your single advantage!"

"No, no! Nothing of the kind, I assure you!" said Mr. Brandreth, joyously. "Everything is on a strict business basis with me, always. But I wish you could see that little fellow, Mr. Kane. Of course it sounds preposterous to say it of a child only eight days old, but I believe he begins to notice, already."

"You must get him to notice your books. Do get him to notice mine! He is beginning young, but perhaps not *too* young for a critic," said Mr. Kane, and he abruptly took his leave, as one does when he thinks he has made a good point, and Mr. Brandreth laughed the laugh of a man who magnanimously joins in the mirth made at his expense.

Ray staid a moment after Mr. Kane went out, and Brandreth said, "There is one of the most puzzling characters in New York. If he could put himself into a book, it would make his fortune. He's a queer genius. Nobody knows how he lives; but I fancy he has a little money of his own; his book doesn't sell fifty copies in a year. What did he mean by that about the travelling-bag?"

Ray explained, and Mr. Brandreth said: "Just like him! He must have spotted you in an instant. He has nothing to do, and he spends most of his time wandering about. He says New York is his book, and he reads it over and over. If he could only work up that idea, he could make a book that everybody would want. But he never will. He's one of those men whose talk makes you think he could write anything; but his book is awfully dry—perfectly crummy. Ever see it? *Hard Sayings*? Well, good-by! I wish I could ask you up to my house; but you see how it is!"

"Oh, yes! I see," said Ray. "You're only too good as it is, Mr. Brandreth."

XI.

Ray's voice broke a little as he said this; but he hoped Mr. Brandreth did not notice, and he made haste to get out into the crowded street, and be alone with his emotions. He was quite giddy with the

turn that Fortune's wheel had taken, and he walked a long way up town before he recovered his balance. He had never dreamt of such prompt consideration as Mr. Brandreth had promised to give his novel. He had expected to carry it round from publisher to publisher, and to wait weeks and perhaps whole months for their decision. Most of them he imagined refusing to look at it at all; and he had prepared himself for rebuffs. He could not help thinking that Mr. Brandreth's different behavior was an effect of his goodness of heart, and of his present happiness. Of course he was a little ridiculous about that baby of his; Ray supposed that was natural, but he decided that if he should ever be a father he would not gush about it to the first person he met. He did not like Mr. Brandreth's interrupting him with the account of those amateur theatricals when he was outlining the plot of his story; but that was excusable, and it showed that he was really interested. If it had not been for the accidental fact that Mr. Brandreth had taken the part of Romeo in those theatricals, he might not have caught on to the notion of *A Modern Romeo* at all. The question whether he was not rather silly himself to enter so fully into his plot, helped him to condone Mr. Brandreth's weakness, which was not incompatible with shrewd business sense. All that Mr. Brandreth had said of the state of the trade and its new conditions was sound; he was probably no fool where his interest was concerned. Ray resented for him the cruelty of Mr. Kane in turning the baby's precocity into the sort of joke he had made of it; but he admired his manner of saying things, too. He would work up very well in a story; but he ought to be made pathetic as well as ironical; he must be made to have had an early unhappy love-affair: the girl either to have died, or to have heartlessly jilted him. He could be the hero's friend at some important moment; Ray did not determine just at what moment; but the hero should be about to wreck his happiness somehow, and Mr. Kane should save him from the rash act, and then should tell him the story of his own life. Ray recurred to the manuscript he had left with Mr. Brandreth, and wondered if Mr. Brandreth would read it himself, and if he did, whether he would see any resemblance between the hero and

the author. He had sometimes been a little ashamed of that mesmerization business in the story, but if it struck a mood of the reading public, it would be a great piece of luck; and he prepared himself to respect it. If Chapley & Co. accepted the book, he was going to write all that passage over, and strengthen it.

He was very happy; and he said to himself that he must try to be very good and to merit the fortune that had befallen him. He must not let it turn his head, or seem more than it really was; after all it was merely a chance to be heard that he was given. He instinctively strove to arrest the wheel which was bringing him up, and must carry him down if it kept on moving. With an impulse of the old heathen superstition lingering in us all, he promised his god, whom he imagined to be God, that he would be very grateful and humble if he would work a little miracle for him, and let the wheel carry him up without carrying him over and down. In the unconscious selfishness which he had always supposed morality he believed that the thing most pleasing to his god would be some immediate effort in his own behalf, of prudent industry or frugality; and he made haste to escape from the bliss of his high hopes as if it were something that was wrong in itself, and that he would perhaps be punished for.

He went to that restaurant where he had breakfasted, and bargained for board and lodging by the week. It was not so cheap as he had expected to get it; with an apparent flexibility, the landlord was rigorous on the point of a dollar a day for the room; and Ray found that he must pay twelve dollars a week for his board and lodging instead of the ten he had set as a limit. But he said to himself that he must take the risk, and must make up the two dollars, somehow. His room was at the top of the house, and it had a view of the fourth story of a ten-story apartment-house opposite; but it had a southerly exposure, and there was one golden hour of the day when the sun shone into it, over the shoulder of a lower edifice next to the apartment-house, and round the side of a clock tower beyond the avenue. He could see a bit of the chalet roof of an elevated railroad station; he could see the tops of people's heads in the street below if he leaned out of his window far enough, and he had the same

bird's-eye view of the passing carts and carriages. He shared it with the sparrows that bickered in the window-casing, and with the cats that crouched behind the chimneys and watched the progress of the sparrows' dissensions with furtive and ironical eyes.

Within, the slope of the roof gave a picturesque slant to the ceiling. The room was furnished with an American painted set; there was a clock on the little shelf against the wall that looked as if it were French; but it was not going, and there was no telling what accent it might tick with if it were wound up. There was a little mahogany table in one corner near the window to write on, and he put his books up on the shelf on each side of the clock.

It was all very different from the dignified housing of his life at Midland, where less than the money he paid here got him a stately parlor, with a little chamber out of it, at the first boarding-house in the place. But still he would not have been ashamed to have any one from Midland see him in his present quarters. They were proper to New York in that cosmopolitan phase which he had most desired to see. He tried writing at the little table, and found it very convenient. He forced himself just for the moral effect, and to show himself that he was master of all his moods, to finish his letter to the *Echo*, and he pleased himself very well with it. He made it light and lively, and yet contrived to give it certain touches of poetry and to throw in bits of description which he fancied had caught something of the thrill and sparkle of the air, and imparted some sense of such a day as he felt it to be. He fancied different friends turning to the letter the first thing in the paper; and in the fond remembrance of the kindness he had left behind there, he became a little homesick.

XII.

Ray would have liked to go again that day, and give Mr. Brandreth his new address in person; but he was afraid it would seem too eager, and would have a bad effect on the fortunes of his book. He mastered himself so far that even the next day he did not go, but sent it in a note. Then he was sorry he had done this, for it might look a little too indifferent; that is, he feigned that it might have this effect; but what he really regretted

was that it cut him off from going to see Mr. Brandreth as soon as he would have liked. It would be absurd to run to him directly after writing. He languished several days in the heroic resolution not to go near Chapley & Co. until a proper time had passed; then he took to walking up and down Broadway, remote from their place at first, and afterwards nearer, till it came to his pacing slowly past their door, and stopping at their window, in the hope that one or other of the partners would happen upon him in some of their comings or goings. But they never did, and he had a faint heart-sick feeling of disappointment, such as he used to have when he hung about the premises of his first love in much the same fashion and to much the same effect.

He cajoled himself by feigning interviews, now with Mr. Chapley and now with Mr. Brandreth: the publishers accepted his manuscript with transport, and offered him incredible terms. The good old man's voice shook with emotion in hailing Ray as the heir of Hawthorne; Mr. Brandreth had him up to dinner, and presented him to his wife and baby; he named the baby for them jointly. As nothing of this kind really happened, Ray's time passed rather forlornly. Without being the richer for it, he won the bets he made himself, every morning, that he should not get a letter that day from Chapley & Co. asking to see him at once, or from Mr. Brandreth hoping for the pleasure of his company upon this social occasion or that. He found that he had built some hopes upon Mr. Brandreth's hospitable regrets; and as he did not know how long it must be after a happiness of the kind Mrs. Brandreth had conferred upon her husband before her house could be set in order for company, he was perhaps too impatient. But he did not suffer himself to be censorious; he was duly grateful to Mr. Brandreth for his regrets; he had not expected them; but for them he would not have expected anything.

He did what he could to pass the time by visiting other publishers with Mr. Brandreth's card. He perceived sometimes, or fancied that he perceived, a shadow of anxiety in the gentlemen who received him so kindly, but it vanished, if it ever existed, when he put himself frankly on the journalistic ground, and satisfied them that he had no manuscript

lurking about him. Then he found some of them willing to drop into chat about the trade, and try to forecast its nearer future, if not to philosophize its conditions. They appeared to think these were all right; and it did not strike Ray as amiss that a work of literary art should be regarded simply as a merchantable or unmerchantable commodity, or as a pawn in a game, a counter that stood for so much money value, a risk which the player took, a wager that he made.

"You know it's really that," one publisher explained to Ray. "No one can tell whether a book will succeed or not; no one knows what makes a book succeed. We have published things that I've liked and respected thoroughly, and that I've taken a personal pride and pleasure in pushing. They've been well received and intelligently praised by the best critics from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and cultivated people have talked about them everywhere; and they haven't sold fifteen hundred copies. Then we've tried trash—decent trash, of course; we always remember the cheek of the Young Person—and we've all believed that we had something that would hit the popular mood, and would leap into the tens of thousands; and it's dropped dead from the press. Other works of art and other pieces of trash succeed for no better reason than some fail. You can't tell anything about it. If I were to trust my own observation, I should say it was *luck*, pure and simple, and mostly bad luck. Ten books fail, and twenty books barely pay, where one succeeds. Nobody can say why. Can't I send you some of our new books?" He had a number of them on a table near him, and he talked them over with Ray, while a clerk did them up; and he would not let Ray trouble himself to carry them away with him. They were everywhere lavish of their publications with him, and he had so many new books and advance sheets given him that if he had been going to write his letters for the *Echo* about literature alone, he would have had material for many weeks ahead.

The letters he got at this time were some from home: a very sweet one from his mother, fondly conjecturing and questioning about his comfort in New York, and cautioning him not to take cold; a serious one from his father, advising him to try each week to put by

something for a rainy day. There was also a letter from Sanderson, gay with news of all the goings on in Midland, and hilariously regretful of his absence. Sanderson did not say anything about coming to New York to seek his fortune, and the effect of his news was to leave Ray pining for the society of women, which had always been the sweetest thing in life to him, and next to literature the dearest. If he could have had immediate literary success, the excitement of it might have made him forget the privilege he had enjoyed at Midland of going every evening to call on some lovely young girl, and of staying as long as he liked. What made him feel still more lonesome and dropped out was Sanderson's telling of several engagements among the girls they knew in Midland; it appeared to him that he only was destined to go loveless and mateless through life.

There were women enough in his hotel, but after the first interest of their strangeness, and the romantic effect of hearing them speak in their foreign tongues as if they were at home in them, he could not imagine a farther interest in those opaque Southern blondes who spoke French, or the brunettes with purple-ringed vast eyes who coughed out their Spanish gutturals like squirrels. He was appointed a table for his meals in a dining-room that seemed to be reserved for its inmates, as distinguished from the frequenters of the restaurant, who looked as if they were all Americans; and he was served by a shining black waiter weirdly ignorant of English. He gazed wistfully across into the restaurant at times, and had half a mind to ask if he might not eat there; but he liked the glances of curiosity and perhaps envy which its frequenters now and then cast at him in the hotel dining-room. There were no young ladies among them, that he ever saw, but sometimes there were young men whom he thought he would have liked to talk with. Some of them came in company, and at dinner they sat long, discussing matters which he could overhear by snatches were literary and artistic matters. They always came late, and rarely sat down before seven, when Ray was finishing his coffee. One night these comrades came later than usual and in unusual force, and took a large table set somewhat apart from the rest in the bay of a deep window which had once

looked out into the little garden of the dwelling that the hotel had once been. They sat down, with a babble of questions and answers, as of people who had not all met for some time, and devoured the little radishes and olives and anchovies, with which the table had been prefatorily furnished, in apparent patience till all the places but the head of the table had been taken; then they began to complain and to threaten at the delay of the dinner. Ray was not aware just how a furious controversy suddenly began to rage between two of them. As nearly as he could make out, amidst the rapid thrust and parry of the principals, and the irregular lunges of this one or that of the company which gave it the character of a free fight, it turned upon a point of aesthetics, where the question was whether the moral aspect ought or ought not to be sought in it. In the heat of the debate the chiefs of the discussion talked both at once, interrupted each other, tried which should clamor loudest and fastest, and then suddenly the whole uproar fell to silence. The two parties casually discovered that they were of exactly the same mind, but each had supposed the other thought differently. Some one came in during the lull that followed, and took the seat at the head of the table.

It was Mr. Kane, and Ray's heart leaped with the hope that he would see him and recognize him, but out of self-respect he tried to look as if it were not he, but perhaps some one who closely resembled him. He perceived that it was a club dinner of some literary sort; but because he could not help wishing that he were one of the company, he snubbed his desires with unsparing cruelty. He looked down at his plate, and shunned the roving glance which he felt sure Mr. Kane was sending into the room where he now sat almost alone; and he did his best to be ashamed of overhearing the talk now and then. He grew very bitter in his solitude, and he imagined himself using Mr. Kane with great hauteur, after *A Modern Romeo* had succeeded. He was not obliged to go out that way, when he left the dining-room, but he feigned that he must, and in spite of the lofty stand he had taken with Mr. Kane in fancy, he meanly passed quite near him. Kane looked up, and called out, "Ah, good-evening, good-evening!" and rose and shook hands with him, and asked him how in the world he happened

to have found out that restaurant, and he was astonished to hear that Ray was staying in the hotel; he said that was very *chic*. He introduced him to the company generally, as his young friend Mr. Ray, of Midland, who had come on to cast in his literary lot with them in New York; and then he presented him personally to the nearest on either hand. They were young fellows, but their names were known to Ray with the planetary distinctness that the names of young authors have for literary aspirants, though they are all so nebulous to older eyes.

Mr. Kane asked Ray to sit down and take his coffee with them; Ray said he had taken his coffee; they all urged that this was no reason why he should not take some more; he stood out against them, like a fool—as he later called himself with gnashing teeth. He pretended he had an engagement, and he left the pleasant

company he was hungering so to join, and went out and walked the streets, trying to stay himself with the hope that he had made a better impression than if he had remained and enjoyed himself. He was so lonesome when he came back, and caught the sound of their jolly voices on his way up stairs, that he could hardly keep from going in upon them, and asking if they would let him sit with them. In his room he could not work; he wanted to shed tears in his social isolation. He determined to go back to Midland, at any cost to his feelings or fortunes, or even to the little village where his family lived, and where he had been so restless and unhappy till he could get away from it. Now, any place seemed better than this waste of unknown hundreds of thousands of human beings, where he had not a friend, or even an enemy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ANCIENT LAKE REGION OF AMERICA.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON.

FOR seven hundred miles the narrow thoroughfare of civilization traverses the desolate plains of Utah and Nevada, and winds among sterile mountain ranges which seem to have been waiting since the dawn of creation for refreshing showers that have never come. Yet it is comparatively but a little while since that thirsty region, covering an area equal to that of our Eastern and Middle States combined, was flooded with sweet water and lush with vegetation; while all around it, in place of the present barren mountains and alkali plains, lay fair expanses of fresh-water seas or fertile savannas, thronged, it may be, with a population denser and more varied than that of any part of the world of to-day.

The story of the transformation is not hard to read. The depth of water in the saline lakes and marshes of the Great Basin is far from constant. Latterly it has been slowly increasing; but the frequent occurrence of salt-pans, or areas thickly covered with salt deposited from evaporated water, is enough to prove that the general level of the waters must have been considerably higher at a period not far distant. Both Fremont, the first to explore the basin, and Stansbury, who followed him, make frequent mention of

such salt-encrusted areas, the latter describing one field in the valley of Great Salt Lake seven miles across and more than ten miles long, the deposit lying so thick that his mule train crossed it as upon a sheet of solid ice. At the northern end of the valley Captain Stansbury counted thirteen successive terraces, each marking a former level of the water, the highest fully two hundred feet above the present surface of the lake. Corresponding terraces around all the minor depressions of the Great Basin show that the ancient lake must have spread over the entire area, converting its mountain ranges into chains of islands; while high above these diminutive banks of later times are benches of uniform elevation, three, six, eight hundred feet above the plain, the shore lines of a majestic inland sea, which at its higher levels must have filled the uplifted cup of the continent almost to the brim. It was a period when water was as abundant in the high lands of the far West as it is now deficient.

To the north of the present deserts of Utah, filling the oval basin traversed but scarcely watered by the deep-flowing Snake River and its tributaries, a broad expanse of fresh water then stretched across Idaho and southeastern Oregon,

filling all the valley between the Rocky and the Blue mountains—a distance of four hundred miles.

Westward, between the Blue Mountains and the Cascade Range, lay several smaller sheets of sweet water, each a giant lake according to modern standards, covering the greater part of central Oregon and Washington.

The trough between the Cascade Range and the newly risen Coast Range was similarly flooded.

Southward, filling the great valley of California, now drained by the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, lay another lake, five hundred miles long by fifty wide, its outlet flowing over the yet unopened Golden Gate.

Eastward, across the Sierras from its southern end, lay the broad lake whose deserted shores, "outliving the memory of a cooler past—a period when the stony mountain chains were green islands among basins of wide watery expanse"—are so graphically sketched by Clarence King from the summit of Mount Tyndall.

South of the arid basin of Owen's Lake, the Gulf of California at that time thrust a broad arm northward several hundred miles beyond its present limit, receiving at its side the independent floods of the Gila and the Colorado as they plunged over their terminal slopes from the elevated plains above.

Watering the surface of its lofty plateau, instead of burrowing a mile beneath it as at present, the Colorado enriched and vivified an immense territory—the garden spot of primeval America, the Egypt of American civilization.

Between the Wasatch border of the great interior sea and the broad belt of the Rocky Mountain ranges, filling the valleys now drained by the Green River and its tributaries, two or more vast sheets of fresh water were slowly depositing those layers of sediment which the geologist of to-day finds so richly stored with the remains of the life forms of that ancient period; while the unbroken walls of the many-looped Rocky Mountains—that "nation of mountain ranges," as Fitz Hugh Ludlow styled them—enclosed hundreds of oval lakes, whose level beds, since emptied through the deeply eroded cañons of their outflowing streams, now form the sheltered parks so attractive to the pioneer herdsman.

Thus the great interior sea was the centre of a lake region for which the earth of to-day can show no counterpart. Its fauna and flora were on a scale of corresponding magnitude and variety.

The best-studied record of the period is that deposited by the waters of a broad fresh-water sea which lay on the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains, covering an area four or five times that of our boasted Lake Superior. In the successive layers of its marly sediments we may read the history of its rise and decline, as the Assyrian scholar reads the chronicles of ancient empires in the layers of imprinted tiles dug from the long-buried libraries of Babylon or Nineveh.

The record begins in the Middle Tertiary or Miocene period, with a broad marsh, the wallowing-place of gigantic beasts, hog-like in character, elephantine in size. Every year's exploration adds to our list of these strange creatures, still a sufficient number have been made out to enable us to form a tolerable notion of the population of the time.

As the water deepened, multitudes of turtles took possession of the lake, leaving thousands of their shells, from an inch to three feet across, to attest their presence. As time passed on, and the tributary streams increased in number and magnitude, the lake deposits enclosed more numerous representatives of the fauna of that ancient world. The surrounding country appears to have swarmed with animals which have passed away, the most of them leaving no known descendants. Especially numerous were many varieties of deer-like ruminating hogs, which roamed the plains in vast troops, and were frequently driven by their enemies into the watercourses, to be drowned and drifted into the lake.

The marks of carnivorous teeth on the skulls of these antique swine show that the tigers of that early age had as keen an appetite for pork as their descendants of to-day.

During the next or Pliocene period a distinct yet closely allied fauna occupied the shores of our great lake. Semi-aquatic pachyderms, vast in size and countless in number, wallowed in the marshes—one as large as the African hippopotamus. Sharing the same mud beds were five species of rhinoceroses, the largest rivaling the existing unicorn of India.

In most respects the country at this

time resembled the marshy regions of central Africa, as described by Livingstone and other explorers; but it lacked one creature common enough in Africa, for whose sustenance and comfort it would seem to have been admirably adapted—there were no crocodiles. They had swarmed in the earlier Tertiary lakes farther west, but had disappeared. "Where were they," asks Dr. Leidy, "when the shores of the ancient Dakotan and Nebraskan waters teemed with such an abundant provision of savory ruminating hogs?"

To this question no satisfactory answer has been given.

But hogs were not the only occupants of those shores. Great herds of mammoths and elephants, specifically distinct from any elsewhere known, trampled the banks of the watercourses and browsed on the trees which bordered them; while troops of deer, horses, camels, and other herbivorous animals cropped the fresh pasturage of the adjacent plains.

Singularly, though both the horse and the camel were unknown in North America on the first arrival of the European explorers, the continent was no stranger to them. In prehistoric times the continent seems to have been the especial home of horses, something like thirty fossil species having been already discovered.

In that remote age the continents were not divided, as now, nor was the arctic circle an icy barrier to human migration. A bridge of dry land joined America with Europe and Asia, and gave free passage to the plants and animals of the three continents, which had not yet begun to show the marked divergence they have since developed. Alaska and Greenland enjoyed a climate as mild as ours, and were clad with forests whose lineal descendants now flourish in China, in California, and on both shores of the Atlantic. Fan-palms with leaves fifteen feet broad grew as far north as the Yellowstone River, and a tropical or sub-tropical climate prevailed in the region of the great lakes now passed away.

This state of things continued, with little variation, through the Pliocene period, and up to the time when the climate of the northern hemisphere began to chill before the coming reign of snow and ice. Gradually the polar cold crept down to the latitude of New York, and the northern

half of the continent slept under its arctic mantle. The mountains around our once luxuriant lake region were heaped with snow. Glaciers slid through the valleys, carving Yosemite, and strewing the plains with continental débris.

The stages of their gigantic work do not concern us here, nor can we stay to trace the history of the gradual return of milder days, the slow retreat of unbroken winter northward, the repossessing of the land by the plants and animals which had survived the terrible ordeal of glacial cold and forced migration. Millenniums passed, the ice melted from the mountains, the lakes were swollen with accumulated water, and the final transformation of the scenery began.

The last act was the drainage and destruction of the great lakes. By degrees the rocky barrier of the Coast Range had been cut through at the Golden Gate. The ceaseless rush of outflowing water deepened the channel of the discharging stream, steadily sinking the level of the lake which filled the great valley of California, until its fertile plains were ready for human occupation. A similar process was going on in the north, where the lakes of western Oregon and Washington were discharged through the deepening gorge of the Columbia. Meanwhile the Klamath River and the Pitt were cutting their tremendous cañons through the Sierras, for the drainage of the region made memorable by Modoc treachery. Then the second barrier of the Columbia was cloven at the Cascades, and the eventful history of its upper lakes was slowly brought to an end.

The life of these great fresh-water seas had been largely coincident with that of the lakes we have studied farther east. The history of both covers the same geologic ages, and their deposits tell pretty much the same story of animal and vegetable life. Still there are striking differences in the two records. The lakes of California, Oregon, and Idaho witnessed stormier times than those of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, being more severely scourged by volcanic disturbances. From time to time terrific storms of ashes were blown out from numerous volcanic centres, destroying life and covering the lake beds with ash deposits many feet in thickness. Again, floods of lava overflowed the country, burying hundreds of square miles under continu-

ous sheets of molten matter, and paving the lake beds with thick layers of solid basalt.

Then there would come ages of peace and quiet. Forests would repossess the land; troops of animals—mammoths, elephants, camels, horses, bison—would return to the reviving pastures; fish would repeople the waters; and fine sediment, full of organic forms, would gather in thick layers above the sheets of lava. During these alternations of peace and paroxysm nearly every portion of the country, particularly in the great region drained by the Columbia, was deluged by lava torrents. The lakes were filled up, while their outlets wore deeper and deeper into the rocky barriers which kept back their waters.

The ceaseless attrition of flowing water is irresistible. In process of time the hardest rock is cut away, and the best-defended lake is drained to the dregs. So thoroughly have the Columbia and its branches done their allotted task that they have not merely emptied the great lakes through whose ancient beds they flow, but in many cases they have cut their channels two thousand vertical feet into the deposits accumulated beneath the once wide-spreading waters. This unkindly drainage, together with the devastating lava flows, has converted vast expanses of fair water and fertile land into a "monotonous blank desert," as Clarence King describes the Snake Basin, "leaving only here and there near the snowy mountain-tops a bit of cool green to contrast with the sterile uniformity of the plain."

While the desiccation of the northern third of the great interior table-land was going on, the deepening channel of the Colorado was slowly depriving the southern third of its former greenness and fertility. At our first view of this great river—a river without parallel on the globe—we saw it flowing as a majestic stream across its lofty plateau, bathing and fertilizing a region great even in the great West, then plunging down its precipitous slope into the Gulf of California, a hundred miles or more above its present mouth. Gradually its stupendous falls wore backward into the plateau, carving out the marvellous cañons through which it now burrows. For hundreds of miles it has cut its channel from three to six thousand feet deep

through all the orders of sedimentary rocks, from the Tertiary down, and from six to eight hundred feet into the primordial granite below! As the channel sank, age after age, the surrounding country—more and more thoroughly drained of its surface water, and less and less frequently revived by mists and showers drawn from the river's surface—was slowly converted into a region of sterility and desolation, a process evidently hastened by the erosion which began it. The Colorado could not excavate its enormous cañons without discharging somewhere an equal volume of triturated rock. This vast body of mud and sand and gravel necessarily accumulated in the quiet waters of the gulf, steadily raising its bed until a broad sea arm stretching two hundred miles into southern California was cut off from the sea. The scanty rainfall over this heated basin failed to make good the loss by evaporation, and the imprisoned water wasted away, leaving in its place the Colorado Desert, a wide reach of sterile country, more than four thousand square miles of whose area is said to lie below the ocean level.

The transformation of this broad region from an evaporating surface into a thirsty plain must have greatly diminished the rainfall over the Colorado plateau, and hastened the increasing desiccation, which century by century made it less and less able to sustain the populous nations which had developed a semi-civilization on its once fertile plains.

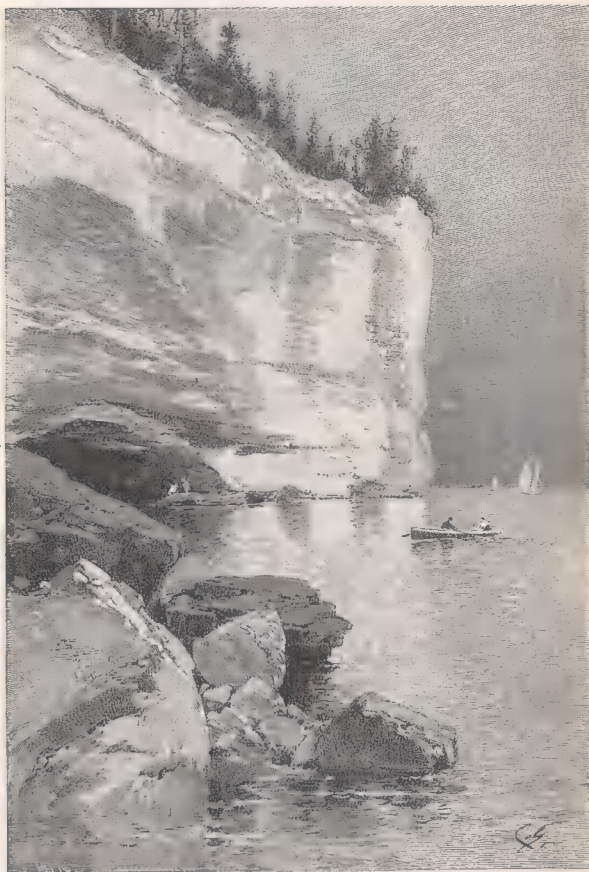
The story of the great central lake of the Utah Basin can be told in few words. It had no outlet, consequently there is no record of erosion and drainage to read, as in the case of the fresh-water seas which encompassed it. It was wasted by sun and wind. As the surrounding regions were drained and dried, thirsty plains and sterile mountains took the place of the former expanses of lake and forest, which had tempered its climate and kept up its supply of moisture. In the mean time the Sierras had thrust higher their snow-compelling summits, depriving the sea-winds of their stores of rain. Age by age the rainfall lessened within the basin, the dwindling streams which drained the inner slopes of the surrounding mountains grew less and less able to make good the increasing loss by evaporation, and the end, as we behold it, was but a question of time.

"BROTHER TO THE SEA."

BY JULIAN RALPH.

YOU see Lake Superior best, as an incident in crossing the continent, when travelling over the Canadian transcontinental railroad, and of all the various "scenic wonders" that the different cross-continental railroads advertise, not one seems to me more grand or more grandly beautiful than this. For more than half a day the cars glide along the shore, whose irregularities provide a wide diversity of scenery, in woods, among rocks, and every few minutes close beside the closed ends of the great bays which spread out into an ocean-like endlessness of water. Each time that I have made the journey it has been my good fortune to see the lake clear, smooth, and brilliant, as if it were a vast mirror that Dame Nature might have been holding up to herself. And the lake, like a huge bowl of quicksilver, has each time caught and held the brilliant scene around it—the cloud-littered shining skies, the quiet stately forests, and the towering rocks, which rise in all the forms of turrets, pinnacles, ramparts, castellated heaps, and frowning walls, now green, now red, now purple, and anon dull brown or ashen.

Lake Superior is almost everywhere noble, grand, impressive, majestic. Its surroundings are, for the most part, far more suggestive of what one fancies the ocean should be than are those of the oceans themselves. Old Crowfoot, with his marvellous faculty for aptly nick-naming whatever new thing he saw, was never happier than when he tried to express in a phrase the impression Superior made upon his mind. The Canadian officials were bringing him on a sight-seeing tour to Montreal from the Blackfoot



GRAND ARCH, PICTURED ROCKS, LAKE SUPERIOR.

territory on the plains, where he ruled the wildest Indians of Canada; and when he saw the greatest of all lakes, and saw it again and then again, until he comprehended its majesty, he said, "It is the Brother to the Sea."

It is the largest lake in the world, and the largest body of fresh water. It is 380 miles in length and 160 miles across in its widest part. Its watery area of 32,000 square miles proves it to be the size of the State of Indiana, or four times as big as Massachusetts.* It is about 600

* The United States Geological Survey makes its area 31,200 square miles, its length 412 miles, its maximum breadth 167 miles, its maximum depth 1008 feet, and its height above the sea-level 602 feet.



THUNDER CAPE, NORTH SHORE.



TRAP-ROCK CLIFFS, NORTH SHORE.

feet above the sea-level; but the government charts show that in its deepest part the water has a depth of 231 fathoms, or 1386 feet, so that there, at least, the lake is more than 700 feet below the surface of the sea as well as 600 feet above it. North of Keweenaw Point, on the south side, there is a depth of 1008 feet, and great depths, above 500 feet, are scattered all about the lake. Its shore line is 1500 miles in length.

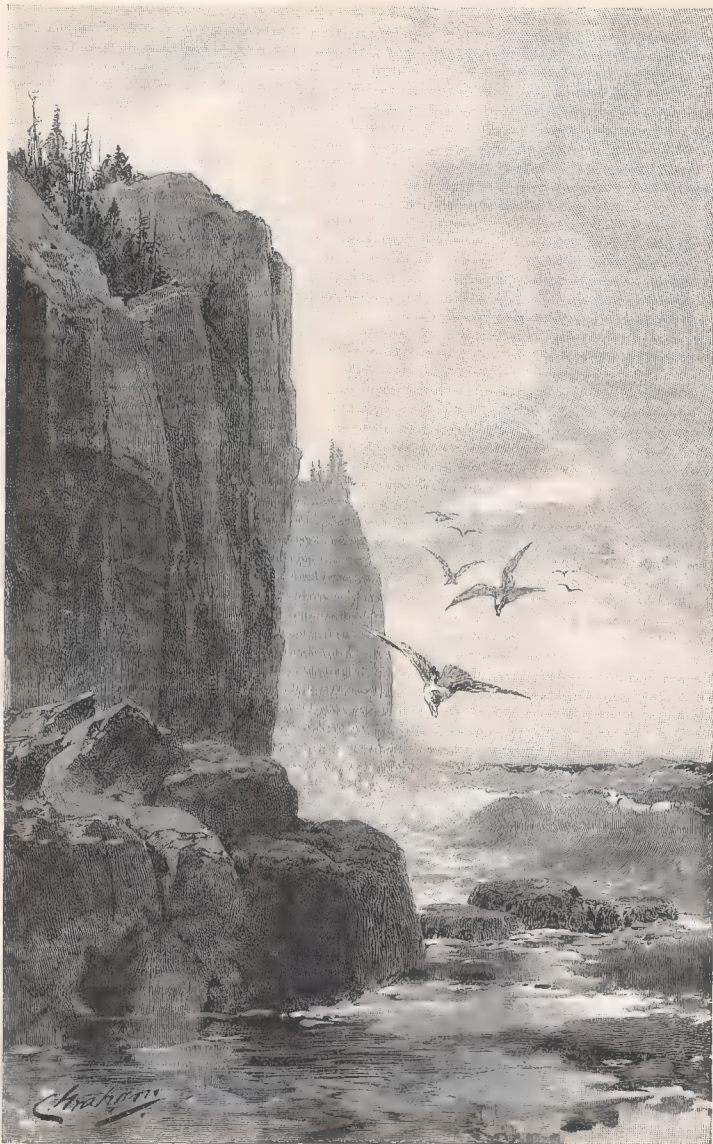
One very dignified English authority terms Lake Superior "the head of and chief reservoir for the most magnificent system of inland navigation in the world," a system which, if taken to embrace the water route from the source of the St. Louis, emptying into the head of the lake, to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, is 2100 miles in length. Curiously enough, the same plateau in Minnesota wherein the St. Louis has its beginning is also the starting-point of the Mississippi and the Red River of the North. But Lake Superior owes little to the St. Louis. It receives the waters of 200 rivers, and drains a territory of 53,000 square miles exclusive of its own area.

The lake is practically the property of the United States. The Canadians own the beautiful north shore, but very little of the lake itself. The main body of the traffic on the lake is ours by a right that cannot be questioned, for it proceeds from our vastly greater population, and from our possession of the coal supply of the continent, which gives to American vessels the cargoes with which to return westward after having floated grain and ore eastward.

Lake Superior is a capricious monster, demanding skilled seamanship and the use of powerful and stanch boats, the majority of which are comparable with the vessels in our Atlantic coasting trade. The lake is a veritable womb of storms. They develop quickly there, and even more speedily the water takes on a furious character. It is always cold, and the atmosphere above and far around it is kept cool all summer. I have been told, but cannot verify the statement, that the temperature of the water in the open lake never rises above 46° Fahrenheit. As a rule, the men who sail upon it cannot swim. The lake offers no inducement to learn the art, and, alas! those who are expert swimmers could not keep alive for any great length of time in the icy water. When I was making inquiries upon this point, I found, as one almost always does, some who disputed what the majority agreed upon. I even found an old gentleman, a professional man of beyond seventy years of age, who said that for several years he had visited the lake each summer-time, and that he had made it a practice to

bathe in its waters nearly every day. It was chilly, he admitted, and he did not stay in very long. But many sailors, among them some ship and steamship

I asked one captain how long he supposed a man might battle for life, or cling to a spar in the lake. He answered, very sensibly, it seemed to me, that some



THE NORTH SHORE, LAKE SUPERIOR.

captains, confirmed my belief that few Lake Superior seamen have learned to swim, and that the coldness of the water quickly numbs those who fall into it.

men could endure the cold longer than others, and that the more flesh and fat a man possessed, the longer he could keep alive. "But," he added, "the only man

I ever saw fall overboard went down like a shot before we could get to him. I always supposed he took a cramp."

The bodies of the drowned are said not to rise to the surface. They are refrigerated, and the decomposition which causes the ascent of human bodies in other waters does not take place. If one interesting contribution to my notes is true, and there be depths to which fishes do not descend, it is possible that many a hapless sailor-man and voyager lies as he died, a century back perhaps, and will ever thus remain, lifelike and natural, under the darkening veil of those emerald depths.

The great, fresh, crystal sea never freezes over, and yet its season for navigation is very short. This is due to the ice that makes out from the shores, the points, and the islands, and closes some of the harbors. One captain told me he had seen ice five miles out from the lighthouse on Thunder Cape, and that is an island in deep water. In 1880 the season opened on April 5th; in 1888 it began on May 21st. In 1880 it closed on December 3d, and in 1883 there was navigation until December 30th. But those are extreme dates. As a rule, navigation opens in the middle of April and closes in the middle of December.

But there are two obstructions for which Lake Superior is notorious, and they rank next to the ice, and still farther limit navigation for some lines of ships. These evils are the fogs and the snow-storms, and of the two the fogs are the more numerous and the snow is the more dreaded. In the summer Dame Superior wears her fogs almost as a Turkish wife wears her veils. There is a time, in August, when the only fogs are those which follow rain; but the snow begins in September, so that the reader may judge of the sort of navigation the lake affords. The Canadian Pacific steamships (Clyde-built ships that are like our Havana and Savannah boats) are in service only between May and October, and it is the snow which curtails their season. It snows on the great lake just as it does on the plains, in terrible flurries, during the course of which it is impossible to see a foot ahead, or to see at all. Mark Twain did not exaggerate the character of these storms when he described the fate of men who were lost and frozen to death within pistol shot of their cabins. It has a way of snowing on Superior, by-the-way, as

late as June and as early as September; in a light and frolicsome way, to be sure, but it snows, nevertheless. As for the fogs, though they are light and often fleeting after midsummer, they are sufficiently frequent during the rest of the season of navigation to have given the lake a distinguished bad character in the minds of those who sail the warmer lakes, and I have had a captain tell me that he has made seven voyages in succession without seeing any lights on his route from Port Arthur to "the Soo."

But its charms outweigh all its caprices and atone for its worst faults. It is supremely charming, a vast nursery for exquisite effects, and a play-ground of beauty. Out on its broad bosom it imitates the sea exactly. There was no apparent difference in the immensities of the two bodies, and the view within the speeding circle of the horizon was that of the same deep blue field of veined and ruffled water. By day the patent log kept up its angry whistle, and the clumsy gulls, with their broken-looking wings, beat the air and sounded their baby treble in a soft shattered cloud over the vessel's wake. The sky was never to be forgotten, not soft like that over southern Europe, but of the clearest, purest blue imaginable, and yet a blue to which the sunlight lent an active living tone like that of flame diluted or transformed. On no visit did I ever see the sky free of clouds, and I cannot imagine it so, but Lake Superior fair-weather clouds, always cumuli, of course, are the softest, roundest, most feather-like vagrants that ever loafed like lazy swans in heaven's ethereal sea.

One peculiarity of Lake Superior cannot be too strongly dwelt upon or exaggerated. That is its purity, the wonderful cleanness and freshness of it, and of its atmosphere and of its borders. It must become the seat of a hundred summer resorts when the people visit it and succumb to its spell. Think what it is! A volume of crystalline water in which all Scotland's surface could be sunk like a stone—of water so clear and translucent that one may see the entire outlines of the vessels that cleave its surface, so pure that objects may be distinguished on the bottom at a depth of 20 feet; 45 feet they call it who have to do with the lake, but I was unable to see through more of it than 21 feet. Fancy such an expanse of



NAKED INDIANS IN MONTREAL.

water so clear, and then picture it bordered by 1500 miles of balsamic forests, which extend backward from the lake to distances that overreach States and provinces. Travellers accustomed to frequent transcontinental journeys look longingly forward in the summer to the time when they shall be passing the great lake, either to the northward or southward, certain that the daylight hours will be pleasant and that the night-time will be cool. Cleanliness—perhaps I should say tidiness—is everywhere the characteristic of Superior. Its famed and stately walls of rock delve straight downward into it and rise sheer above it without giving nature the slightest chance to make a litter of rocks or dirt at their feet. While other rocky shores of other waters stand apart or merely wet their toes in the fluid, these monsters wade in neck-deep, and only expose their heads in the sunlight, fathoms—sometimes 200 fathoms—from the bottom. Terrible prison walls these become to shipwrecked drowning mariners, for they extend in reaches sometimes 25 miles long without offering a finger-hold for self-rescue. Tourists who have seen the Pictured Rocks will understand this feature of the lake's boundaries.

Again, Superior's waters lend themselves to the most exquisite effects, to the most opulent coloring, by their surroundings and in themselves. Those extravagant chromatic surprises in nature which cause the Western people to rave over the charms of their most beautiful resort, Mackinac, are at the command of all who visit Lake Superior at any point around the spectacular sea. A thousand lovelier Mackinacs are there. The same charms, the same mysterious colorings, the same gorgeous effects, illuminate the view from the coal-docks of Duluth, the cottages at Marquette, the wharves of Port Arthur, the decks of the steamers that cruise among the Apostle Islands, or the canoes of tourists or half-breeds who fling their fly-lines or haul their nets in the lone-some caves and neglected harbors where nature's is the only other presence. To begin with, the Lake Superior water is always green where it is comparatively shallow. If you are observant, you will notice that it is green in your pitcher, green in your washbowl, and green in your shaving-mug wherever you put up on the shores. It is not a repellent green; it is the green of the pea-vine, of

thinned chartreuse—the lively, beautiful green of a thick cake of pure ice.

Everywhere, then, the edge of the water is of this beautiful emerald hue, showing its color against the pink sand, against the brown and red rocks, against the dark green forests. At a distance it insensibly deepens and changes into blue, but by such degrees that the indigo of the greatest depth is approached through slight changes beyond the first sky-color to the turquoise, and from that to the deeper hues. With every change in the atmosphere the views change. A strong sun will lave great fields of the water with a flood of salmon-colored light; and a brilliant moon, which at times silvers a wide swath upon the surface, will yet, under other conditions, tinge the water with a blush of pink.

Fit and true it was for Longfellow to fix in Lake Superior the mysterious climax of his legend of Hiawatha. The lake has impressed itself deeply upon whatever of religion is felt by the Indians upon its borders—and those of all the Algonquin family, whose tribes reach from the Rocky Mountains to the coast of Maine. Every here and there, upon the rocks which the Chippewas treat as altars, or in the swift currents that race between them, the red men offer gifts to the spirits which they fancy are domiciled there. As far as I have been able to comprehend their favorite legend of that Minnebajou (or Nana-bejou) who seems to have been the creator and yet subordinate to God, it was in Superior that he sought his yet enduring rest after he had constructed the present earth in the waters that swallowed a former one. There are several of his homes in various parts of the lake. And well may Superior breed mysticism in the minds of savages, for it is given to startling tricks. The mirages that are seen upon it have bestowed upon it a peculiar and distinct fame. They are known to the people of the lake only as "reflections." I have heard many sailors describe the wonderful ones they have witnessed; I would give another journey out there to see one. Men have told me that they have seen Duluth when they were 185 miles away from it—upside down and in the sky, but distinctly Duluth. One sailor said that at one broad noonday he suddenly saw a beautiful pasture, replete with an apple-tree and a five-rail fence, shining green



IN THE HARBOR AT DULUTH.

and cool before him, apparently close at hand. The effect the clear air produces by apparently magnifying objects seen upon the lake is most astonishing. To illustrate what I mean, let me tell what happened the very last time I saw the lake. I was on a tug-boat, and upon coming out of the cabin I saw ahead of me a tremendous white passenger steamship. The boats were approaching one another at right angles, and this new-comer loomed up like a leviathan among vessels, bigger than one of our new naval cruisers, high above the water as a house would look. I called attention to it, and a companion, familiar with the lake, replied,

"I wonder what boat it is; she's a whopping big one, isn't she?"

Something distracted my attention, and five minutes afterward, when I looked at the approaching vessel again, she had passed the mysterious point at which she was most exaggerated in apparent size, and had become an ordinarily large lake steamer. But that was not the end of the trick. She began to dwindle and shrink, growing smaller and smaller in size, until the phenomenon became ridiculous. In time the elastic boat had become a very small passenger propeller, and I found myself wondering whether she would be discernible at all by the time we were abreast of

her. But at that the optical frolic ceased. A small screw steamer of the third class was what she proved to be.

Lake Superior was once a great deal deeper lake than it is now. All along the Canadian shore any one may see the former coast levels that now form pebbly terraces hundreds of feet above the present water. At Duluth the beautiful Terrace Drive above the city lies along a former coast line that was 470 feet higher than the present level of the lake. Perhaps the most compact picture of the first dawn of Lake Superior upon the ken of white men, indirectly through their relations with the Indians, is drawn by Washington Irving in his *Astoria*.

"It was the fur trade," he says, "which gave early sustenance and vitality to the great Canadian provinces." As the valuable furs became more and more scarce near the settlements, the capital among which was Montreal, the Indians went farther west upon their hunting expeditions. "Every now and then a large body of Ottawas, Hurons, and other tribes who hunted the countries bordering on the Great Lakes would come down in a squadron of light canoes laden with beaver-skins and other spoils of their year's hunting. . . . Montreal would be alive with naked Indians running from shop to shop, bargaining for arms, kettles, knives,

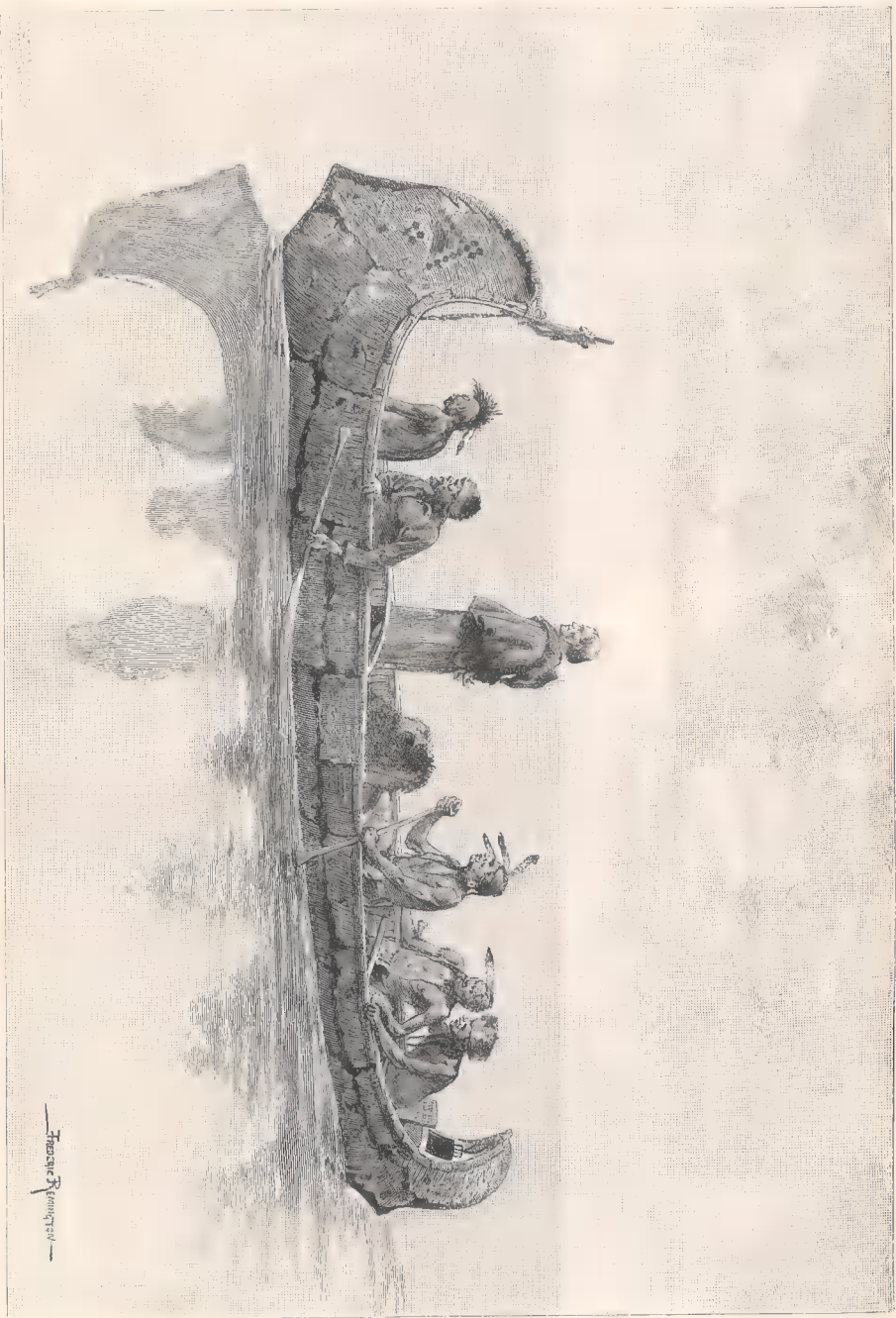
blankets, bright-colored cloths, and other articles of use or fancy, upon all which, says an old French writer, the merchants were sure to clear at least 200 per cent." Thus came into existence a new class, called *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the woods. They were men who had originally gone abroad with the red men on hunting expeditions, but who saw how a point could be gained upon the merchants at home by going out among the Indians or meeting them in the forests, there to peddle necessities and ornaments from well-stocked canoes in exchange for peltries. In their track went out the missionaries; for none but an Indian ever went farther than the traders in those days, and eventually the Hudson Bay men—a still later growth—crossed the continent in advance of the solitary and devout clergy. When we have considered these actors upon the scene, and have understood that the *coureurs des bois* came to live with the red men, and created a body of half-breeds who were destined to be both white and red in their affiliations and their neutral influence, we may imagine that we can see the vanguard of the host that in time reached Lake Superior.

The first white men to see the lake were *coureurs des bois*, it is safe to say, but the first recorded visits are mainly those of missionaries of the same stock that are to-day living adventurous and solitary lives in what is left of the wilderness, now shrinking closer and closer to the arctic regions. "The Soo" was first visited by the missionaries in 1641, and they honored the brother of their king by calling the rapids the "*Sault de Gaston*." Nineteen years afterward Père Mesnard conquered the rapids with his canoe, and found himself out upon the great waters of Superior. That was in 1660, and what they then called the lake I have not learned; but in 1771, in a map published by the Jesuits, it is inscribed "*Lac Tracy, ou Supérieur*." In that map the neighboring lakes are named *Lac des Illinois* and *Lac des Hurons*. In 1668 there arrived Père Marquette, that saintly man whose name lives anew in that of a progressive lake port, and whose memory is honored by every intelligent man in all that vast region. He was accompanied by Claude Dablon when, having brought his wasted body there to end his days, as he thought, in a brief attempt

to spread the gospel, he landed at the place which he renamed *Sault Ste. Marie*, and founded there the first settlement in Michigan. Messrs. Chanart and d'Esprit (sieurs des Radison and des Groselliers) have left a record of their visit to the western end of the lake in 1661, six years before Père Allouez and a company of traders reached there, and eighteen years before Du Lhut arrived with a band of *coureurs des bois* to make the neighborhood of the city that bears his altered name his place of residence for several years. After these, by a great stride over the slow-making pages of history, we come to find the great Hudson Bay Company, and its rival the Northwest Company of fur-traders, conducting a systematized business on the north shore of the lake; while in time the American Fur Company, under John Jacob Astor's management, copied the methods of those corporations on the south side. Trading-posts grew into fortified places, trails spread into roads, and settlements around mission houses developed into villages. Then, two hundred years after its discovery, Lake Superior stood still for many years—for nearly forty years—so that its present history, solid and certain in its promises as it is, resembles the record of a mushroom.

The date of the last enlargement of the lock of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal is the date upon which to base all computations of the age of the present lake traffic and its consequences. That lock was enlarged and newly opened in 1881. Marquette, "the Queen City of Lake Superior," is an old place of former industry, but it is a mere baby in its present enterprise. Superior dates from 1852 "on paper," but from 1881 in fact, while Duluth is only a few years older. Port Arthur, the principal Canadian port, owes itself to the Canadian Pacific Railway, now about seven or eight years of age, and many of the cities of the future are not yet discovered, while of great resorts that are to be, like Munising and Nipigon, only those two are known, and they are known only to the most enterprising sportsmen.

The men of the Lake Superior region will in time form a new conglomerate, if I may use a geologist's term. The sailors of the great unsalted sea are a very nautical-looking lot of men—as spare of flesh, as bronzed and leather-skinned, as if they were from Maine; but the surprising



THE MISSIONARY.

Frederick Remond

thing about them, so far as I may trust my observation, is that they all obtained their training on the lakes. I did not find one who had ever seen the ocean, and I thought I detected among them a tone of contempt whenever they spoke of the genuine sea, as if they were of the opinion that the Atlantic is a sort of juvenile campus for playing at sailing, whereas it requires grown men to battle with the lakes.

Along-shore one meets with a queer hodgepodge of men. On the United States side the Scandinavians are very numerous. They are highly spoken of by the Americans. They are bankers and merchants there, as well as laborers and household servants. They have spread themselves over all parts of the new field with wonderful assimilative capacity. They are a sturdy, shrewd, thrifty, and ambitious people, as a rule. They make the strangest mess of speaking English at first, and we may expect a new touch in dialect literature when writers who understand them begin to treat of them. Yet they are sufficiently important to render a knowledge of their native tongue very advantageous to Americans, and I found the general passenger agent of a great railroad in the lake region assiduously studying Swedish. There are many Welshmen in that country, but I only heard of them in the mining regions. For the rest, the people are American, with all which that implies; that is to say, some have an American tree with roots two centuries old, and some carry naturalization papers.

Over on the half-deserted Canadian side the rulers of Canada—who are the Scotch first and the English second—are conspicuous in the towns, settlements, and heavier industries. But the hunting and fishing are still so good that the red Chippewyan servants of the Hudson Bay Company still patrol the streams in canoes and traverse the winter snow fields with sledges dragged by “huskies,” those ill-used Eskimo dogs whose fare is said to be “one part fish and nine parts clubbing.” Gaunt and tireless prospectors, axe in hand and pack on back, walk northward among the rocks, far ahead of civilization. Hudson Bay factories are yet the stations, as the waterways are yet the only roads, once you get beyond the rails of the transcontinental road skirting the very edge of the lake.

The lake and a vast region around it is a sportsman's paradise, and a treasury of wealth for those who deal in the products of the wilderness—furs, fish, and lumber. At little Port Arthur alone the figures of the fishing industry for the market are astonishing. In 1888 the fishermen there caught 500,000 pounds of white-fish, 360,000 pounds of lake trout, 48,000 pounds of sturgeon, 90,000 pounds of pickerel, and 30,000 pounds of other fish, or more than a million pounds in all. They did this with an investment of \$3800 in boats and \$10,000 in gill and pound nets. This yield nearly all went to a Chicago packing company, and it is in the main Chicago and Cleveland capital that is controlling the lake's fisheries. The white-fish is, in the opinion of most *gourmets*, the most delicious fish known to Americans. The lake trout are mere food. I am told that they are rather related to the char than to the salmon. They are peculiar to our inland waters. They average five to ten pounds in weight, and yet grow to weigh 120 pounds; but whatever their weight be, it is a mere pressure of hard dry flesh, calculated only to appease hunger.

But I find that on both shores of the lake there is a growing feeling that, in spite of the millions of “fry” the Fish Commission dumps into that and the other lakes, the vast reservoirs of delicious food are being ruined by the same policy and the same methods that make our lumbermen the chief criminals of the continent. Men who have spent years on the lakes solemnly assert that not only are the annual yields growing smaller and smaller, but that the sizes of the fish caught are growing less and less. Worse yet, they assert that illicit practices, or those which should be made illicit, result in the catching and destruction of millions of fish which are too small to market. I do not believe that any man of leisure could find a more benevolent or worthy cause in which to enlist than in that of a crusade against the use of small-meshed nets in Lake Superior. I will not, on my present knowledge, say that the planting of fish fry is a waste of time and energy, but it certainly is regarded by many as ineffectual in the present crisis. Government had better direct its energy to that ounce of net-cutting that is better than a ton of fry.

At present there are trout a-plenty in

the streams that flow into the great lake through the beautiful forests which clothe that enormous tract, in which, south of Superior alone, there are said to be between 500 and 600 little lakes. Exactly like it, from the sportsman's point of view, is the region north of the lake, where the land looks, upon a detailed map, like a

is a railroad, the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic, which dissects this entire region from point to point of the lake along its southern coast. The best sport is found south of the railroad rather than between it and the lake.

Of the ports and lake-side cities of the "great unsalted sea," I have already, in a



THE LOCK AT "THE SOO."

great sponge, all glistening with water, so crowded is its surface with lakes and streams. In the north are caribou, and all the animals that the fur-traders of the Hudson Bay Company value. South of the lake there are no animals larger than deer, but deer are abundant, and bear are still numerous. In the fishing season a man may feast on trout, black bass, pickerel, muskallonge, partridge, venison, and rabbit; and he may, if he has the soul of a true sportsman, revel in the magnetic, wholesome qualities of the air, and in the opulent and exquisite beauties of the woods. For good sport, however, let him avoid the famous places. There are half a dozen streams near the celebrated Nepigon that are better than they have been for years, while on the south side it is better to go to quiet regions, like Munising or the streams near the Ontonagon, than to whip the more noted waterways. There

previous article, described the two leading ones—Duluth in Minnesota, and Superior in Wisconsin. They lie side by side at the western end or head of Lake Superior.

The city of Marquette, on Iron Bay, in the centre of the most picturesque part of the south shore, gets importance as a shipping port for ore and lumber, but it occupies the most beautiful site and is the most beautiful town, as seen from the water, of all those that have grown up on the lake. It has a large and busy trading district on the sandy shore of the lake, but the finer residence districts surmount a high bluff which half encircles the town. Ridge Street, 200 feet above the lake, may easily become one of the finest avenues in America, and already it numbers among its appointments some of the most artistic and costly houses in the Lake Superior region. With its drives and neighboring forests, its fishing-

streams, and the beauties and pleasures offered by the lake, Marquette would naturally rank as a summer resort, but the addition of Presque Isle Park will, when the park is developed, raise it to the first rank among the idling-places in the West. This park covers a bold promontory formed of enormous piles of stone like the Pictured Rocks, which are themselves not far away. The water has eaten several caves into the foot of the sheer wall of forest-capped rock, and into one of these a boat may be rowed. The park is best seen when approached from the lake. The deep pellucid waters in the shadow of its walls form a famous fishing-field.

The greatest commercial activity around the lake is due to the mining. On the north shore gold has been found in the Port Arthur district. The quartz-bearing rock has been followed and the land

pre-empted along several veins, but there has been no systematic mining. Silver has been very profitably and extensively mined, the famous Silver Islet Mine having yielded \$3,250,000 worth of the metal. There are very many other mines in the district, many of which have proved failures, and a few of which are prosperous, while still others give promise of good futures.

But, either owing to the greater enterprise and capital of the Americans or to the more valuable and widely diffused metalliferous deposits, it is on the south side that most of the notable mining is found. The names "Calumet and Hecla," "Gogebic," and "Marquette," distinguishing great mines or districts, are doubtless of world-wide fame. There are seventy-three iron mines on the Marquette range, and their output for 1890 was more than four millions of tons.



TROUT-FISHING.



Open-pit mining is largely followed in this district. In the region between Ishpeming and Negaunee are a few gold mines. The richest of these is stopped by litigation, but one profitable mine is being worked. The great copper region of Keweenaw peninsula—a broad, long area of land thrust out of Michigan into the middle of the lake—abounds with copper in the form of conglomerates, or mineral mixed with rock. The census report upon the district declares that 117,800,000 pounds of this mineral yielded 87,445,000 pounds of ingot, showing the percentage of copper to be 74.24. In the census year, 1890, the amount of rock crushed was 2,137,653 tons, and this yielded 86,604,283 pounds of ingot copper. Silver is said to be found in the copper region. The famous Gogebic iron region, or range, marks the western limit of Michigan's 150-mile-wide mineral section, from which, exclusive of gold, copper, and silver, between five millions and eight millions of tons of ore is annually sent away. The logging or lumbering industry, especially on the southern and western ends of the lake, is a gigantic calling, but it is not within my ability to summarize its extent with figures.

All the commerce of Lake Superior that is sent to or from it must pass through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, until the Canadians finish the parallel waterway, which they are building in order to be in all respects independent of us. Nature made the waters of Superior to flow into Huron

ORE DOCKS AT MARQUETTE, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

by means of the St. Marie River, but in doing so they drop to Huron's level, which is somewhat lower than that of the king of lakes. They make eighteen feet of the descent suddenly by the rapids which give to the artificial waterway built to avoid them the name of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. "Soo" and "Soo Saint Mary," or "Susan Mary," as it is often called, are Western forms the words take. Commercially speaking, this canal added Superior to the great lake system or route, connected it directly with the Atlantic and the world at large, and shortened very greatly the railroad carriage of ore and grain to the East, and of coal and general merchandise to the far West. The canal accommodates an amount of traffic which for years has been greater than that of the Suez Canal. In 1886 the freighting through the great African canal amounted to a gross tonnage of 8,183,313 tons; but it has decreased, if I am not mistaken; while the tonnage that passed "the Soo" in 1890 was 9,041,313. It is interesting to note that of this sum the proportion of freight carried by Canadian vessels was only six per cent. in

1888, and four per cent. in 1889. It is also worth while to note that of the nine millions of tons floated through the canal in 1890, about 4,500,000 were east-bound, and 2,600,000 were west-bound.

But the canal is inefficient; wofully so in the opinion of the extra-energetic shippers at the Lake Superior ports, who assert that its inability to pass the largest vessels fully laden operates to the advantage of their great rival, Chicago. The depth of water in the canal in 1890 ran from fourteen feet and nine inches to fifteen feet three inches, and during the

great commerce that strains toward development on the lake is not the "Soo" canal. That will soon be as large as it needs to be. The trouble lies in the inadequacy of the canals far to the eastward—the Welland and Lachine canals. Instead of furthering the ambition of the West, they hold it at the throat and choke it. Until they are enlarged, or belittled by larger canals, the lake commerce with Europe will continue to be greatly limited. It is true that the whaleback steamer *Wetmore* went to Europe from Superior with a load of grain, but had she been



LIGHT-HOUSE AT MARQUETTE.

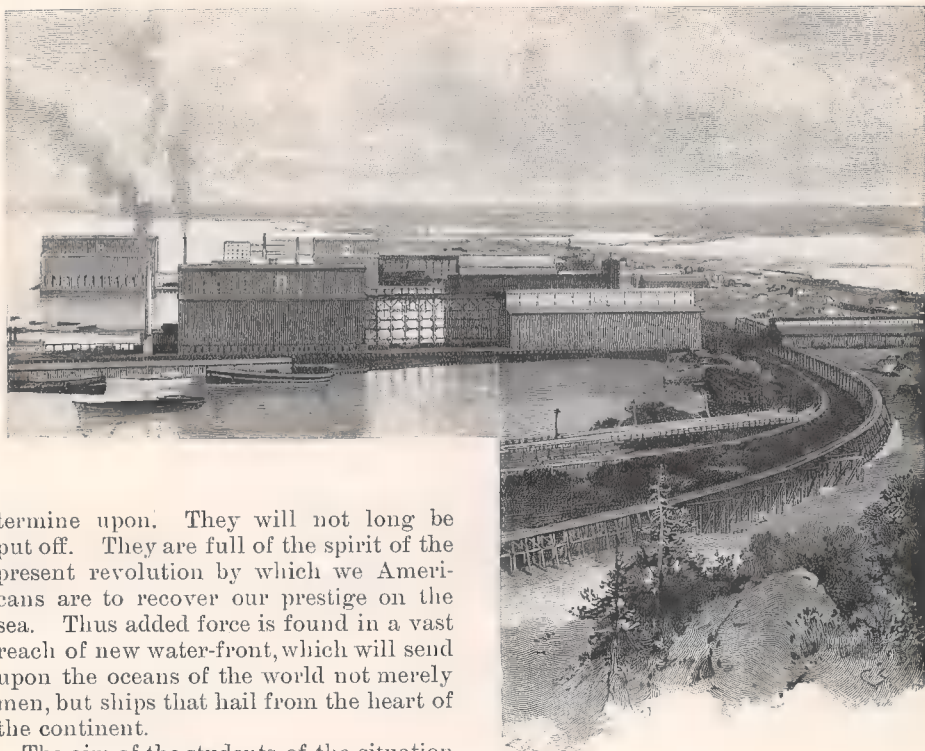
first half of 1891 it varied between thirteen feet and ten inches and fourteen feet five inches. Such vessels as are now being added to the lake service draw sixteen and a half feet, and in view of the present depth of water in the canal it will be seen that they lose several hundreds of tons a trip by carrying only partial loads. The government is awake to the situation, and the new lock which it is now building, at a cost of more than four millions of dollars, will be 100 feet in width, 21 feet deep, and 1200 feet long.

The fact that the canal does more business in seven months than the Suez Canal effects in a year does not give so clear an idea of its importance as is gained from the consequences of a slight accident to the lock year before last. This necessitated closing the canal temporarily, but it cost the men and companies who use the canal a loss of about one million dollars. There were at that time 183 vessels waiting to pass out of Superior, and nearly as many going in the other direction.

The worst brake on the wheels of the

the least bit longer she could not have gone through the Welland Canal, around Niagara, and she had to dodge the St. Lawrence canals by shooting the rapids of that river. Were she to return to Superior she would have to be unriveted and pulled through the canal in two parts. Thus it was that the steamships of the Canadian Pacific Company plying on the larger lakes were brought from the Clyde.

It was a valuable experiment, that with the *Wetmore*. It demonstrated the pluck of the far Western navigators and merchants, and it accentuated the demand of the people of the entire Northwest for a practicable water route to the Atlantic. The people of the region around the Great Lakes are chafing and fretting under the chains that bind and hinder them. They demand the means of reaching the Atlantic either by the St. Lawrence or the Hudson, and they will not be satisfied with less than "twenty feet of water from Duluth to the sea." That is the battle-cry of a people with the will and persistence to achieve whatever they de-



termine upon. They will not long be put off. They are full of the spirit of the present revolution by which we Americans are to recover our prestige on the sea. Thus added force is found in a vast reach of new water-front, which will send upon the oceans of the world not merely men, but ships that hail from the heart of the continent.

The aim of the students of the situation is not only to keep beyond the constant reduction of railroad rates, but also to secure the carrying of the products of Asia. They argue that the Pacific Ocean currents naturally set toward Puget Sound, and put San Francisco out of the natural course of shipping, and also that the Puget Sound coast is six hundred miles nearer the north Atlantic ports than is San Francisco.

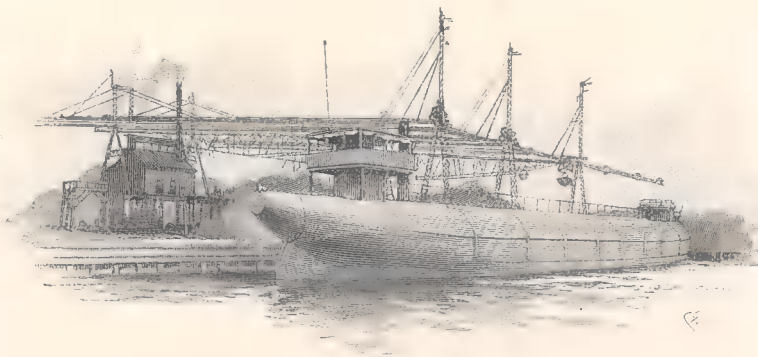
There are two sides to the contention for improved internal waterways, and I propose to present both sides, because both together reflect the influences that are building up the new West, and show the strides that have been made toward the perfection of transportation facilities.

There is a conspicuous railroad man in the West who argues that water rates will cease to influence rail transportation when the development of railroading reaches the near point toward which it is hastening. For a time in 1891 the freight rate from Chicago to New York was seventeen cents a hundred pounds, and he says that this forced the lake rate down to one and a quarter cents. He argues that when the railroads make a twelve-cent rate, as they must in time, the boats

ELEVATORS AT DULUTH, WEST SUPERIOR IN THE DISTANCE.

on the lakes will not be able to earn their operating expenses.

The form of railroad progress which attracts every one's attention is that which is marked by the improvement of the palace cars through the introduction of baths, barber shops, and libraries. But the progress which affects earning capacity, and which is constantly lessening the cost of railroad service to the public, is that which comes of the improvement of the road-beds of the trunk lines by the creation of direct lines from point to point, the reduction or abolition of grades, the easing of curves, the increase in the weight of the rails, and the enlargement of locomotive power and car capacity. The outgo and the income of the railway business are found by considering the train mile and the ton mile as the units or bases of calculation. The cost of running a train a mile is the unit of expense. The amount obtained per ton per mile is the unit of income. The difference be-



LOADING A WHALEBACK BARGE.

tween the two is the profit. The resistance, which must be reduced to a minimum, is the law of gravity. But for that a child might drag a train of cars with a piece of twine. But, as the Western railroad man remarked, "the law of gravity is like the poor, whom we have always with us, and the railroad men must see that it is not further weighted by steep grades, weak rails, sharp curves, and indirect routes. Originally railroads were laid on the surface of the ground; now they must find a level, and keep to it, as water does."

The modern railroad must also avoid all possibility of obstruction that can be avoided; and we see in the sunken track of the New York Central Railroad in New York city an example of the lengths to which the best railroads must go to obtain guaranteed freedom from obstruction. With the same aim, this railroad is to pass through Rochester upon an elevated structure, and through Buffalo on a sunken track. Yet, in spite of these strides toward the perfection of railroading, with a consequent lessening of rates, President Depew does not predict the destruction of lake traffic. On the contrary, he says that it will always be carried on. The railroads themselves find it of service; and all those trunk lines which have lake ports on their routes now either own steamers or have made contracts with steamship lines. President Depew says that although his railroad company once opposed the canals, he lives at peace with them, his argument being that the lake boats bring to Buffalo more business than the canals can handle, and the surplus goes to the railroads. Moreover, the

canals form highways through the State, and, by contributing to the prosperity of the canal towns, add to the prosperity of the railroads. Mr. Depew adds, nevertheless, that the canals are no longer formidable competitors with the railroads, as they once were. In the old days a canal-boat carried as much grain as a train of twenty 10-ton cars; but now a train may consist of fifty cars, each one carrying 25 tons. The locomotives have grown from a weight of 30 tons to a weight of 90 or 100 tons, the cars have tripled their capacity, the rails that weighed 56 pounds per yard have been replaced by 80 or 90 pound tracks; and with all these improvements has come a reduction of 50 per cent. in freight rates in the time that he has been interested in railroads.

The leading men of the lake ports admit all this; in fact, they make out a strong case for the railroads in order to emphasize the need of facilities by which those great regulators of transportation rates, the freight-boats, may meet the new conditions. Those who have made the arguments for the various lake ports show that whereas in 1868 the rail rate on grain from Chicago to New York was 42.6 cents a bushel, it was 14 cents in 1885. The water rate in that period fell from 25 cents a bushel to 4.55 cents. It has kept between 25 per cent. and 67 per cent. lower than the rail rate. The value of the waterways to the public is illustrated in a startling way by making use of the government records of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal traffic for 1889. There passed through that canal 7,516,022 tons, carried an average distance of 790.4 miles, at 0.145 cents a ton a mile. The railroads

would have charged 0.976 cents, and the business would have cost the public fifty millions of dollars more if the railroads had transacted it than was charged by the boatmen.

system will be complete. It will only need enlargement to make it serve the requirements of the near future, but, even as it is, it will serve, in case of war, for the introduction of gunboats and torpedo-



A WHALEBACK DESCENDING THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

In pressing upon the attention of the country the value of a twenty-foot waterway to the sea, the lake-port business men assert that not only did the Lake Superior traffic through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal amount to three-quarters of a million tons more in 1889 than passed the Suez Canal, but the lake business which was transacted in the Detroit River was more than 36,000,000 tons of freight, or ten millions of tons more than the total tonnage of all ocean and gulf ports of the entire coast line of the United States. In view of that fact they ask what would be the growth of this business if, instead of taking this freight out of 3000-ton ships to put it into 200-ton canal-boats, it could go directly and without change of vessels to the sea. As to the expense of the improvements that are asked for, Mr. S. A. Thompson, of the Chamber of Commerce of Duluth, asserts that in all time the Federal government has expended upon all the lakes above Niagara Falls only \$28,038,590, so that the saving at the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, on the business of one lake, amounted to a return of \$1 85 to the people for every dollar the government spent upon the lakes.

From the stand-point of the people of the lake ports we have not been either as liberal or as long-sighted as the Canadians, who have a well-defined system of waterways, completed by canals wherever navigation is hindered by nature. They are building a canal around the St. Mary's Falls, and when it is finished their

boats by way of the St. Lawrence into those lakes on which we are prevented by treaty from maintaining a squadron. We have upon the lakes only the old wooden sloop of war *Michigan*, and can put no other war vessels there in case of danger, unless we have the time to build them at some lake port. England, on the other hand, has fifty gunboats and other war vessels of sufficiently light draught to pass through the canals into the lakes.

It is not necessary to weigh the various plans which are offered for a national highway from Duluth to the sea. One looks toward the deepening of the canal between Oswego and Syracuse, New York, and of the canal between Syracuse and the Hudson River. Another plan leaves New York city out of consideration, and proposes direct communication between Duluth and the ocean, or the world at large, by means of a duplication of the Canadian canal system on the American border. Both these plans necessitate the building of an American canal around Niagara Falls.

The provision of twenty feet of water in the new Sault Ste. Marie lock, now undergoing construction, will make possible the employment of vessels carrying 6000 to 8000 tons, in place of the present largest-sized lake boats, which cannot carry their complement of 3000 tons. Such carriers, it is said, can cut down the present cost of water transportation fully fifty per cent. and leave a profit for the ship-owners.

In view of the enormous field awaiting development in the Northwest, and in view of the steady lowering of railway rates, the ardor with which the people of the lake ports urge the creation of an American twenty-foot water system, at least as far east as Oswego, does not seem unreasonable.

Upon the 1500 miles of the lake's shore there are living now less than 150,000 persons, and these are mainly in bustling cities like Duluth, Superior, and Marquette, in industrial colonies like Calumet and Red Jacket, or in struggling little ports like Fort William and Port Arthur. Even there the wilderness and primeval conditions are face to face with the robust civilization which is shouldering its way as capital is accustomed to do rather than as natural growth usually asserts itself. Not that it is not a wholly natural growth which we find at all points on the lake shore, for it is all in response to the inexorable laws of supply and demand. Yet the communities there have sprung into being far apart from well-settled regions in answer to these laws.

Thus it happens that to-day one may ride in an electric street car to the starting-point for a short walk to a trout stream, or one may take the steam railroad, and in an hour alight at a forest station, breakfasting there, but enjoying for luncheon a cut of the deer or a dish of

the trout or the partridge which he has killed for the purpose. It is, so to say, a region wherein the wholesale fisherman with his steamboat disturbs the red man who is spearing a fish for supper, where the wolf blinks in the glare of the electric lamp, and where the patent stump-puller and the beaver work side by side.

The strange condition is most startlingly illustrated by a recent occurrence in Michigan, in the same region. Close to a watering resort which is crowded in summer by persons from all over the West, some men were cutting timber in the winter. Two brothers were among them. One hit himself with an axe, cutting open an artery in his leg. The other hurried away for surgical help. When the messenger returned, nothing but the bones of his brother were left. Wolves, attracted by the scent of his blood, had eaten him up.

It is thus that there is forced upon the comprehension the practical newness of this giant fresh-water sea, which geologists would have us believe is millions of years old, and which even history mentions in detailing the exploits of men who died in the seventeenth century. But with the youth of this new civilization have come the vigor and enterprise needed to develop industries and to rear cities of which all the people of all the States, new and old, may well feel proud.

LA CABANE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

ONE winter me an' Xiste Brouillette we make 'mos' six 'undred' dollar wid de skin w'at we take, an' de nex' winter after dat I'll say I'll not 'ave no pardner, jus' 'ire two men for work. One of dose men is Injun feller from de Mission call' Alexis, an' de h'odder was de *métif* call' Joe.

I'll never go so far on de woods for camp like dat time. We was take five days for get h'up after we leave de settlemen', but we 'ave de bully place, an' we buil' good big cabane, an' we do pretty good biznet for de firs' part de winter.

One Sunday morning—I'll make 'eem some time near Chris'mis—I'll get h'up, light my pipe, an' go h'out for see de wedder. Dat was fine col' day; de sun was show strong, an' de sky was col' an' blue widout no cloud. Den I'll get de bucket,

an' go down on de river for get de water, an' w'en I'll get near de 'ole, I'll see de moose track h'all fresh an' new, jus' like 'e was pass on de 'ole for drink.

Bagosh! I'll 'ave noddin' but my knife, I'll be in my shirt, an' no *raquettes*, but I'll can' 'elp 'eem, dat track 'e was too strong for me, an' I'll drop de bucket an' start.

De snow was pretty t'ick, an' I'll know de moose can' be far h'off, an' I'll run so 'ard I'll can; but w'en I'll come on de place w're de tree was t'in, I'll see de moose 'way on de middl' of de clearin', an' dere's no chance.

Bagosh! I'll feel bad; but dere's no good. Den I'll fin' myself wid h'all my win' gone, an' so tire I'll feel like de h'ol' man. Den w'en I'll be done call dat moose some bad name, I'll start for go back, an'

I'll be so dry dat w'en I'll come on de firs' water, I'll break de 'ole on de h'ice, an' I'll drink an' drink.

Den I'll go h'on for de camp, but I'll fin' dat ver' long way w'at was so littl' w'en de moose was on de front; an' de wedder was make more col', an' de win' begin for blow, an' bymby I'll feel de shirt dry on my back, an' h'every time 'e touch my skin 'e make me jump.

Well, bymby, after 'while, I'll get back on de camp, an' I'll fin' de boys 'ome from de traps, an' dey 'ave pretty good catch, an' dey 'ave de breakfas' cook'. But I'll not feel like h'eat; my 'ead was 'eavy like 'e was fill' wid sand, an' I'll jus' drink de tea, an' den I'll crawl on my bunk, an' de boys say:

"W'at's de matter? You was sick?"

But I'll be 'mos' too sleepy for say nodding; an' I'll 'ear dem talk, an' w'at dey say soun' big on my 'ead, an' bymby I'll go for sleep.

An' I'll t'ink I'll be sleep 'ard and I'll be sleep long; an' w'en I'll wake h'up 'e was h'all dark like de middl' of de night, an' I'll not know w'ere I'll be. Dere was big noise go h'on, an' I'll not know w'at make 'eem. An' I'll be col', an' w'en I'll try for get h'up, I'll fin' I'll can' 'ardly move my leg. Den I'll put h'up my 'an', an' I'll feel de wall, an' I'll know w'ere I'll be.

An' den I'll call, "Joe!" pretty sof', an' nobody say nodding.

Den I'll call, "Alexis!" more strong, an' nobody say nodding.

An' den I'll get h'out my bunk, an' I'll shake all h'over wid de col', an' my legs dey ben' h'up, an' I'll fall h'over on de floor. Den bymby I'll crawl on de h'odder bunk, an' I'll feel on 'eem, an' dere's nobody dere. I'll crawl h'over on de fire, an' dere's no wood on, jus' a littl' bit of fire, w'at show like some h'eyes on de dark.

Dat *was* scare me, an' I'll yell h'all de strong I'll be h'able: "Joe! Alexis! Joe!" An' nobody don' say nodding some more. Bagosh! I'll be scare den for sure. I'll be 'fraid somet'ing arrive on dose boys, an' I'll not be h'able for do no good, an' dey was fall down some place an' dey die.

Den de col' come on me some more, an' I'll shake an' shake, an' den I'll be scare' I'll go for be sick sure. I'll t'row some wood on de fire, an' bymby 'e was burn h'up good, an' I'll be warm, an' I'll feel

more better; but I'll t'ink on dose boys h'off on de dark, an' dat 'mos' make me sick on my 'eart.

Den I'll say, "Melchior, don' you be de baby! Dem boys dey's h'ol' 'nough for take care demself. You be get somet'ing ready for dem w'en dey come 'ome."

An' I'll begin for stir h'up littl'. I'll cut de pork, an' I'll fry good lot, an' I'll boil good big pot tea. An' h'all dat make me feel more good; an' de fire burn good, an' de cabane was h'all look warm, an' I'll t'ink dose boys was pretty glad w'en dey see de fire an' smell dat pork an' h'onion w'at I'll cook.

An' I'll lis'en for long time, but dere's no soun', an' bymby I'll go on de door an' I'll look h'out, an' dere's no soun' come, h'only de win' w'at begin for rise on de tree an' cry like de h'ol' man on de pine. De moon look sof' an' w'ite like de snow come, an' 'e was ver' dark on de groun'.

Den—I'll don' know for w'y—I'll look on de big wood-pile w'at we make near de door, an' I'll don' see de h'odder toboggan. I'll t'ink dat funny, an' den de win' strike me col', an' I'll go back on de cabane.

'E was look so warm, an' de fire was burn so good, I'll sit down, an' de warm come all h'over me, an' I'll 'mos' forget h'all 'bout de toboggan, w'en h'all to once Somet'ing come—I'll don' know w'at dat was, but jus' de same like on de door—an' I'll look roun' de wall, an' I'll see h'all de skin w'at was 'ang dere on de stretchers, 'e's h'all gone.

Den I'll jump h'up an' I'll go on my bunk, an' my gun 'e's gone from 'es place. I'll look on de corner, an' h'all de *raquettes* 'e's gone too! An' den I'll know w'at arrive.

Dem boys t'ink I'll be sick bad, an' dey steal h'all de skin, an' dey was go h'off wid h'everyt'ing, an' lef' me dere by myself for die in de col'.

Bagosh! I'll don' care. I'll be so sick an' so col' I'll can' 'elp 'eem. I'll jus' sit down an' I'll cry dere on de fire.

Den I'll say, "No, bagosh! I'll not die, me! I'll get h'all right, an' I'll 'ave dem two fellers 'ang'."

An' den I'll go h'over on de door, an' I'll bring in de wood, an' I'll pile 'eem h'up on a big pile near de fire till I'll be near dead, I'll be so tire' an' sore. Den I'll drink some de 'ot tea, an' dat make me feel some good, an' I'll say, "Come

h'on, Melchior, dere's more work for you to-night." An' I'll take de two bucket, an' I'll go down on de river, an' I'll fill 'eem on de 'ole, an' den I'll fin' I'll not be h'able for carry de bot', an' I'll 'ave to lef' de one dere; an', bagosh! dat was long time before I'll get dose two bucket on de cabane. An' w'en I'll start for fix h'up de door, de storm was jus' begin, an' w'en I'll shut de door, 'e feel like I'll was shut h'out de 'ole worl' wid de storm an' de dark, an' I'll was de h'only man w'at was 'live on de bush wid my fire an' my cabane. An' w'en I'll get de blanket h'out de bunk for pile dem on de floor near de fire, I'll feel like I'll was 'appy, I'll don' know for w'y, an' den I'll get h'all de bread, an' more tea, an' de Pain Killer.

An' den I'll put more wood on de fire, an' I'll sit dere an' wait.

Bymby Someting was h'ax me w'at I'll was wait' for. Den 'e say: "Dere's no good wait' for de boys! Dere's no good wait' for de boys!" An' 'e say dat h'over an' h'over more nor forty time, an' h'every time w'at 'e say dat my 'ead go round, an' my 'ead get more big an' more big, an' sometime I'll see de fire h'all move togedder an' swing de 'ole cabane wid 'eem.

I'll try for say de prayer, an' I'll try for make de—*vœu*, de promis—but I'll can' remember nodding 'cep' dose h'ol' song w'at my littl' modder teach me w'en I'll be de baby:

*"Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours;
Servez moi de défense,
Prenez soin de mes jours."*

An' dat's h'all. But w'en I'll say dat, de fire stop for move, an' I'll not 'ear dose word some more, an'—dere's one t'ing for sure—*Dey* know w'at I'll h'ax for w'en I'll h'only be h'able for say,

"Je mets ma confiance."

I'll tell you 'ow I'll know dat.

De firs' night, 'cep' I'll not get de wood an' de water, I'll never be h'able for got dat sence; ef I'll not cook dose t'ings for de boys, I'll not 'ave nodding for h'eat; den no matter 'ow long I'll sleep, dat don' make nodding for *Dem*; I'll h'always was wake plenty time for roll de wood on de fire, an' de fire never go h'out once; an' one time I'll wake h'up, an' I'll fin' big 'ole burn' on my blanket, an' de fire was put h'out 'fore 'e make no bodder; 'e h'only burn long 'nough for show me

Dey lis'en w'en I'll not be h'able for talk no sense, an' h'only can say,

*"Servez moi de défense
Prenez soin de mes jours."*

I'll not know wedder I'll be dere for t'ree week, or t'ree mont', or t'ree year. I'll can' tell 'ow long I'll sleep. An' ef 'e was dark w'en I'll wake h'up, I'll not be sure ef 'e's de same night 'e was w'en I'll go for sleep.

Sometime I'll wake h'up an' I'll fin' I'll be sit h'up on de fire, an' p'raps I'll be cry like de baby.

One night w'en de fire was burn' low I'll look h'up t'rough de camboose 'ole, an' I'll see de star, an' dey look so near like I'll be h'able for touch dem wid my 'an', an' jus' like de littl' baby, I'll put my 'an' h'up; but de minute I'll move de star dey dance mile an' mile 'way on de sky, an' I'll jump h'up, and I'll scream h'out wid de fright w'en I'll see de littl' fire an' de black wall of de cabane w'at shut me in. An' after dat I'll never forget w'at I'll be h'all alone, an' dat was de wors' of h'all.

'Nodder time I'll was wake h'up, an' I'll fin' myself kneel' down, an' I'll t'ink I'll be on de church, an' I'll 'ear de curé say, "*Sursum corda.*"

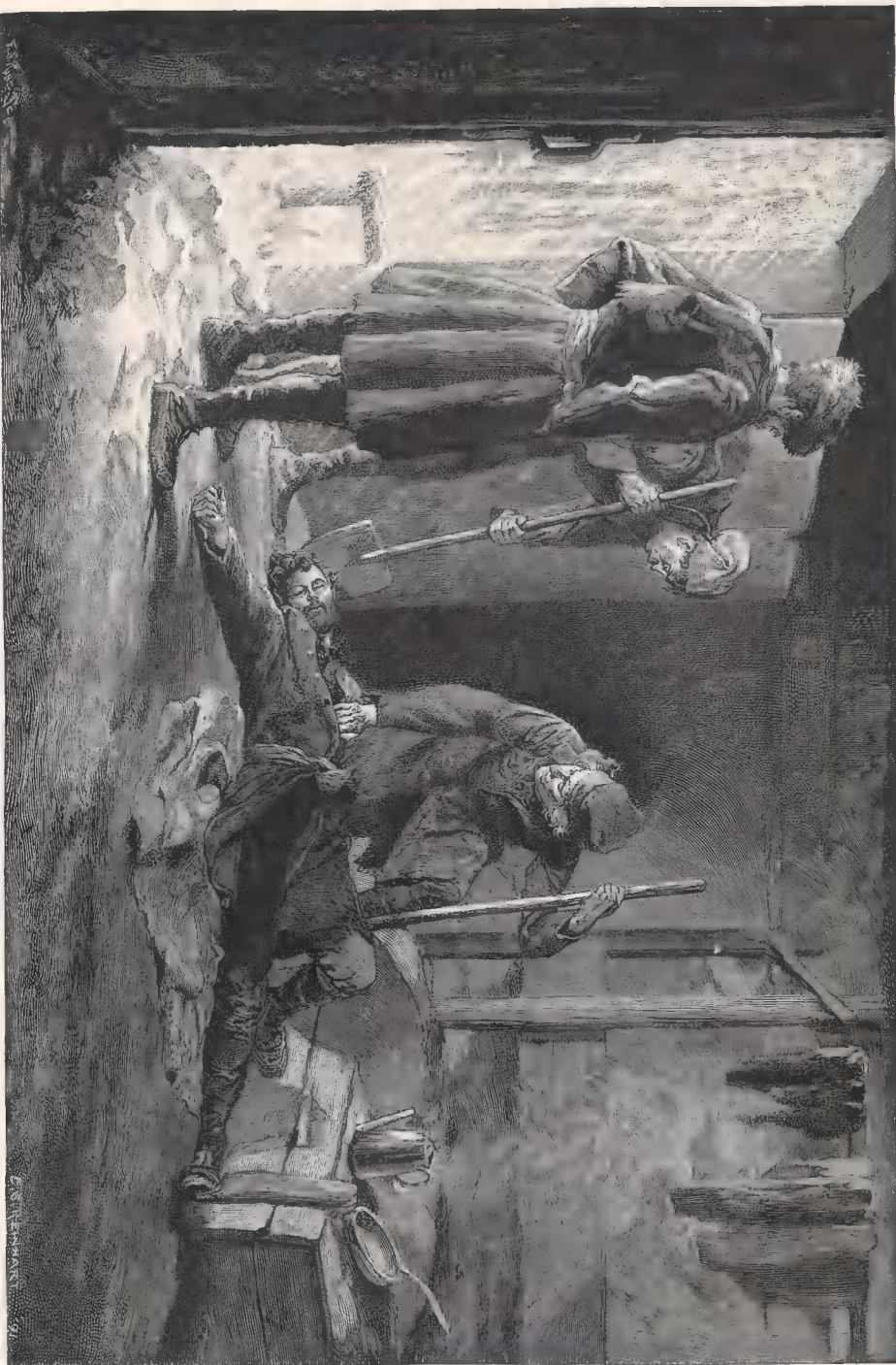
An' I'll make for answer,

*"Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours."*

An' I'll see de candle w'at burn on de h'altar like de little star, an' I'll 'ear dem sing de *Noël*; an' den I'll begin for wake h'up littl' more, an' I'll see de light on de h'altar get more small, an' I'll 'ear de noise like de people was go h'out, an' I'll see de candle on de h'altar was go h'out too, firs' one, an' den 'nodder, an' den 'nodder, an' I'll begin for get scare' I'll be lef' dere h'all 'lone, an' I'll go for get h'up, an' de church h'all go, de h'altar go, de candle go, an' I'll see h'only de fire, w'at dance h'up an' down like 'e was glad for fool me; an' den h'everyt'ing go roun'. an' I'll 'ear myself laugh, an' I'll fall down.

W'en I'll wake h'up I'll be col', col', like my 'eart was froze, an' I'll t'ink I'll lie dere, an' not try no more; an' den de col' twist me some more, an' I'll look h'on de fire, an' I'll see dere's jus' de w'ite h'ash lef', an' h'outside I'll 'ear de win' ou de pine cry like de h'ol' man: "Dere's

"AN' DEY RIN' ME JUS' HEND UP DE LAS' HACT."



no good wait' for de boys! Dere's no good wait' for de boys!" An' I'll crawl h'over on de fire, an' I'll move de h'ash, an' dere I'll fin' some fire w'at was 'live yet. An' den I'll crawl h'over on de wall an' I'll pick h'out all de dry moss w'at I'll fin', an' h'all de time I'll be cry like de baby, an' h'all de time de win' call t'rough de wall an' down de camboose 'ole: "Dere's no good wait' for de boys! Dere's no good wait' for de boys!" I'll be so tire' I'll can' go ver' fas', an' h'all de time I'll be 'fraid de fire go h'out, or p'r'aps I'll go for sleep some more an' I'll not get de moss. But bymby I'll 'ave good lot on de ches' of my shirt; but I'll be so tire' I'll can' crawl some more, an' I'll pull myself h'over wid my h'arms till I'll get on de fire, an' h'all de time I'll say de song of de littl' modder:

*"Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours."*

An' dere I'll lie down, an' I'll can' 'ardly move. Bymby I'll try some more, an' I'll take de smalles' wood w'at I'll fin' near, an' I'll take h'all de moss, an' I'll take de littl' bits pork w'at was lef', an' I'll put dem on de fire, an' I'll wait an' wait. I'll try for blow, but I'll not 'ave no win'. Den I'll say de same song some more; an' bymby firs' de smoke come, an' den de littl' fire like some littl' snake w'at run h'out an' den h'in, an' after w'ile de red fire come, an' begin for climb for de roof.

De smoke was ver' bad, but de win' don' speak no more, an' I'll put more wood on, an' jus' be near fall 'sleep w'en I'll 'ear, *biz!* an' den some more, *biz!!* an' den I'll see de fire give littl' wriggle, an' den 'e come more fas', *biz! biz!! biz!!!* an' I'll see dat was some snow w'at melt on de chimbly; an' de smoke come more worse, an' my 'ead begin for make de noise an' go roun', an' I'll jus' begin for say, "*Je mets ma—*" w'en, *tr-r-r-r!* down come de snow in a 'eap on de top of de fire, an' de fire go, *z-z-z-z!* an' de smoke go h'all on de cabane, an' I'll can' see nodding; an' I'll 'ear de win' say some more: "Dere's no good wait' for de boys! Dere's no—good—wait'—!" An' den I'll not know nodding.

De nex' t'ing w'at I'll know I'll feel I'll be move—move—move, like somebody was carry me wid deir h'arm h'every place w'ere I'll was tire' an' sore; an' I'll feel

de win' on my face, col' an' good, an' den I'll know I'll be dead, an' de h'angel was carry me on *le Sain' Paradis*, an' I'll say, h'all sof' to myself:

*"Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours;
Serez moi de défense,
Prenez soin de mes jours."*

An' I'll not h'open my h'eye. I'll jus' feel dem goin' h'on, goin' h'on, an' I'll not t'ink for nodding, jus' be 'appy.

Bymby I'll t'ink dere's no 'arm for jus' h'open one h'eye; an' I'll h'open 'eem littl' bit, an' I'll see somet'ing w'at was pass quick, an' I'll know dat's de fedder of de h'angel. Den bymby I'll look some more, an' I'll see somet'ing w'at pass some more, an' 'e look like de tree; an' den some more, an' I'll be sure I'll see de pine. An' den I'll be 'appy, for I'll know ef dere's de bush in *le Sain' Paradis*, I'll be h'all right jus' like 'ere.

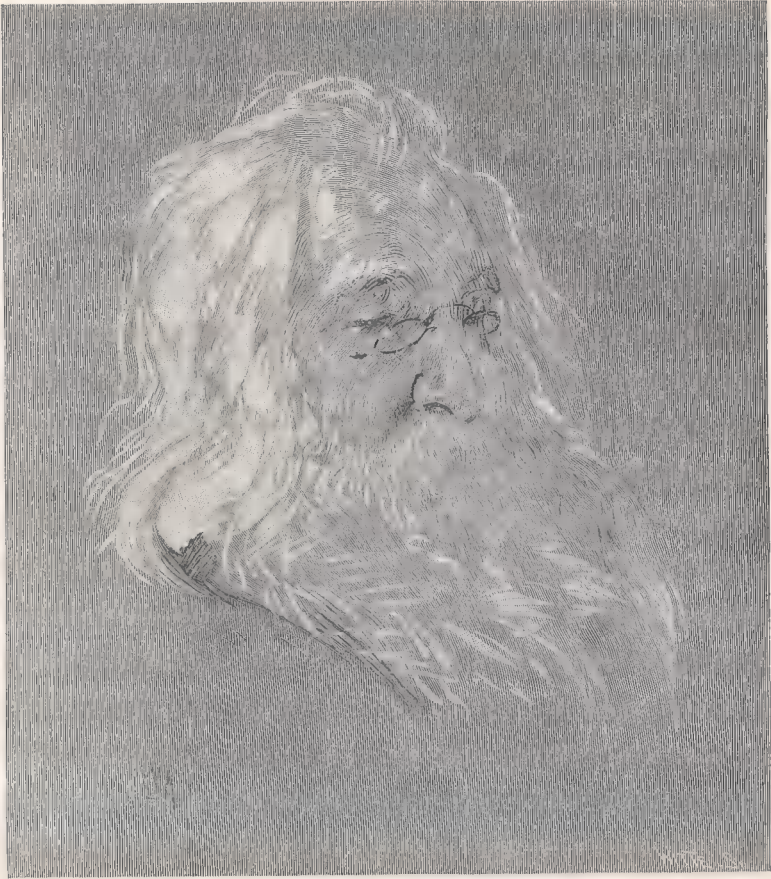
An' den I'll look down 'longside my nose, an' I'll see de skin—bear-skin. Well, I'll t'ink dat's fonnny; an' I'll wait littl' w'ile, an' den I'll look some more, an' I'll see de skin all right; an' I'll look more far, an' I'll see two men w'at was walk on front an' pull; an' den I'll try for lif' h'up my 'ead, an' I'll 'ear somebody say, "'Ol' on, Jim!" An' de feller on front stop, an' somebody come h'up, an' I'll see dere was four feller, an' I'll try for h'ax somet'ing, but dey say, "'Ere, try dis!" An' dey 'ol' de bottl' on my mout'; an' de minute I'll tas'e 'eem, I'll know 'e's wiskey, an' I'll not be on *le Sain' Paradis* dis time.

Well, dey don' let me say nodding, an' I'll lie dere on dat toboggan an' sleep mos' de time; an' after four day we get down on de settlemen', an' dey tell me dey was pass on my shanty widout see nodding, de snow was cover h'up de 'ole *boutique*—w'en h'all to once dey 'ear like somet'ing fall, an' dey see de smoke come h'out de top of dat pile snow w'at 'ide h'everyt'ing; an' dey start for dig for de door, an' dey fin' me jus' h'end up de las' h'act 'longside de fire w'at was go h'out.

No, sir; I'll never be h'able for 'ear nodding on Alexis an' Joe.

De pries' on de Mission, 'e say dat don' make nodding; ef dey don' be ang', dey be sure for burn some day.

An' w'en dat day come, I'll not be cry, for sure!



WALT WHITMAN.

From a recent sketch by J. W. Alexander.

DEATH'S VALLEY.

(To accompany a picture; by request.)

BY WALT WHITMAN.

NAY, do not dream, designer dark,
Thou hast portray'd or hit thy theme entire:
I, hoverer of late by this dark valley, by its confines, having glimpses of it,
Here enter lists with thee, claiming my right to make a symbol too.

For I have seen many wounded soldiers die,
After dread suffering—have seen their lives pass off with smiles;
And I have watch'd the death-hours of the old; and seen the infant die;
The rich, with all his nurses and his doctors;
And then the poor, in meagreness and poverty;
And I myself for long, O Death, have breathed my every breath
Amid the nearness and the silent thought of thee.

And out of these and thee,
I make a scene, a song, brief (not fear of thee,
Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark—for I do not fear thee,
Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-tied knot),



THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH. — From the painting by George Inness

Of the broad blessed light and perfect air, with meadows, rippling tides, and trees
 and flowers and grass,
 And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst God's beautiful eternal right
 hand,
 Thee, holiest minister of Heaven—thee, envoy, usherer, guide at last of all,
 Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture-knot call'd life,
 Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

WESTERN MODES OF CITY MANAGEMENT.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

ONE has a feeling that the young Lochinvar of perfected city government may yet come out of the West. That is where the loves of men for the cities they live in pass the understanding of us Easterners. That is where old traditions count for the least, and enterprise and progress mark most of the affairs of man. There are signs of the advent, though they are small and weak thus far. A study of the subject in Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul is a revelation of a movement like that of a band-master's bâton along the sides of a triangle, from mayoral supremacy to diluted control by commissions, and from these to vicarious government by State Legislatures. But the more their cases are pondered, the more the wonder grows that those communities should be governed as well as they are. We shall see that they offer rich ground for the good seed that is to come; that the weeds there are fewer and less vicious than those that beset our own municipal fields.

In the unrest and striving of the Western people is found the hope that the mark will yet be reached by them. When we consider how very sharp the struggle has been to meet the business demands of a rapid national development; when we realize how nearly completely that struggle has monopolized every individual's attention; when we remember the poor and mortgaged beginnings of all the Western districts, and realize that where the debts have disappeared, the recollection of them is yet vivid—then the story of Western experiments in city government will find very lenient and charitable readers.

I see in Chicago two communities, we will say—one composed of twelve hundred thousand persons in the city at large, and one of four thousand men and women in the office building called "the Rookery." One body of persons has its wants

attended to by officers they elect for the purpose; the other body relies on a syndicate of speculators to manage the building in which they pay rent, and in which they spend as many hours as they give to their life in their homes. Why should there be any difference in the temper and spirit in which these two communities are managed? Each set of governors has the same duties to perform. Each must provide protection, drainage, cleaning, lighting, and varying conveniences and forms of attendance. We say that there is a difference—that one is a city, and the other is a business. The very devil must have invented the difference, or put the notion of it in our heads, for it has no substance; it does not appear unless we put it there before we go to search for it. The syndicate of business men who manage the Rookery bend every effort to make money. And how? By providing every improvement and attraction which, when economically obtained, will leave a fair and legitimate margin of profit out of receipts that are governed by the charges for like service in other buildings. These receipts are what would be the taxes if the Rookery were a city; the profits would take the form of a surplus in the treasury—at least until they were wisely spent. The analogy never falters, however far we pursue it. The Rookery managers gladden the eye with onyx, marble, and bronze, as the city fathers treat their tenants with parks and lakes and fountains. The Rookery managers give to their tenants the best elevator service ever yet devised in the world, batteries of the swiftest cars, some of which run as express trains, while others stop at every floor. They control these, and see that they are the best, as the city fathers should control their street railways, if they should not own them. The street-cleaning department of the Rookery is

composed of a corps of orderly, respectful, hard-working, faithful men, who keep the dozen corridors and storiesful of offices as neat as the domain of a Dutch housewife. The air is not tainted; the litter and rubbish are whisked out of sight with due regard for decency; the corridors are never torn up with pits and trenches at times when they are in use. Alterations in the building are made at night, when the work will annoy and inconvenience the fewest tenants. The Rookery water supply and that which corresponds to its sewage system are the best that can be provided; in some cities out West I found office buildings where the landlords had sunk artesian wells for pure water—because they believed the water provided for the people generally was unfit to drink in one case; because it cost too much in another. In both instances the people of those cities were scandalously wronged, of course. To return to the Rookery, the building is policed efficiently without the creation of a uniformed class of bullies. In short, it is a pleasure to visit such a building, where every official and servant constantly exhibits a desire to do his duty and to give satisfaction.

I instance the Rookery building merely for convenience. I might as well have spoken of any of the great office buildings of any of the great cities. They are all subject to the same rivalry toward providing the most modern conveniences and the most attractive and well-managed interiors. I have yet to hear of one in the management of which politics plays the slightest part. The owners do not throw away money to pay salaries to men who do not earn them; they do not make rules to please the German tenants, and then wink at the violation of them to tickle the Irish or any other persons; they do not permit their servants to steal a little of every sum of money that passes through their hands; they do not allow rubbish and filth to collect in the thoroughfares; they do not recruit their forces of servants with the ne'er-do-well or disreputable friends of men who send tenants to their buildings; they do not discharge all their trained help and drill in a new force biennially; in fact, they never discharge a good servant or keep an incompetent one. Since the management of a lot of daytime tenements is a business by itself, and has no connection with

the Bering Sea question or the policy of trade relations with Australia, they do not feel obliged to buy Democratic brooms, or Republican coal, or Tammany soap, unless those happen to be the best and most economical wares. In one respect they enjoy an immense advantage over every city government in this country. They are permitted to manage their own businesses. No State Legislatures are continually changing their modes of conducting their affairs.

Chicago does not yet manage its district of homes as the landlords manage their districts of offices, but I do not believe that any good reason can be given why it should not try to do so, or be permitted to try to. Nor do I believe there is an intelligent man who honestly thinks the business plan cannot be adopted with as close an approach to business results as is possible where the selfish and personal incentive to success is lacking. And for that may be substituted the desire for honor and public approbation—powerful forces which have wrought wonders in the governments of Glasgow, Birmingham, Sheffield, and other Old World cities.

The city government of Chicago recalls that garment of which a humble poet has written,

"His coat so large dat he couldn't pay de tailor,
And it won't go half-way round."

It is a Josephian coat of many colors, made up of patches of county methods on top of city rule. And the patches are, some of them, far from neatly joined. Like the immortal Topsy, it has "just growed." It discloses at once the worst and the best examples of management, the one being so very bad as to seem like a caricature on the most vicious systems elsewhere, while the other extreme copies that which is the essence of the good work in the best-governed city in the world. Chicago therefore offers an extremely valuable opportunity for the study and comparison of municipal methods in general.

The worst feature, that which seems almost to caricature the worst products of partisan politics, is seen in the Mayor's office. The Mayor of Chicago has to hide behind a series of locked doors, and it is almost as difficult to see him as it would be to visit the Prefect of Police in Paris.

When he leaves his office he slips out of a side door—the same by which he seeks his desk. The charm that the door possesses for his eyes is that it is at a distance from the public antechamber of his suite of offices. When he goes to luncheon he takes a closed cab, and is driven to some place a mile or more away, in order that he may eat in peace. The reason for this extraordinary and undemocratic condition of affairs is that the Mayor of Chicago is the worst victim of the spoils system that has yet been created in America. The chase for patronage fetches up at his door, and all the avenues employed in it end at his person. He is almost the sole source and dispenser of public place of every grade.

The system was established a great many years ago, and they say in Chicago that it "worked well enough" under Carter Harrison, because after he got his municipal organization complete he was elected and re-elected several times, and had little difficulty in keeping the machinery of government in smooth running order. It was a city of only 400,000 population in those days, but the conditions were the same. The experience of a succeeding and very recent Mayor was needed to demonstrate the possibilities of an office so constituted. He spent the first year at his desk in handling patronage. He could do nothing else because he undertook to do that. He made it his rule that there should be no appointments that were not approved by him. The present Mayor is of the opposite mind. He has found that if he manages the patronage he cannot perform the other duties of his office. He has inaugurated a new departure, and seeks to make the heads of the subordinate departments responsible for their own appointments. This works only partially, because the place-hunters are not to be deceived. They know what his powers are as well as he does, and if they do not get what they want from his deputies, they fall back upon him. He orders them back again to the deputies, and so the game goes on. By setting apart one day in the week for the scramble, and by locking himself up like a watchman in a safe-deposit vault, he manages to serve as Mayor. But he finds the nuisance very great, and says so. When told that it seemed singular to find a Mayor behind bolts and locks, and accessible only to those who

"get the combination," as the safe-makers would say, he replied that only by such a plan was he able to do any work. Mr. Washburne, the present Mayor, is a square-headed, strong-jawed, forcible-looking man, who gives his visitors the impression that he will leave as good a record as the system can be forced to afford.

Chicago is a Republican city, but is rapidly becoming Democratic. There are no "bosses" or "machines" there. Western soil does not seem suitable for those growths. The Democrats have been trying to effect an organization like that of Tammany Hall, but they are divided into two factions, and the plan has fallen between the two. The Republicans have recently recovered from a mild attempt at bossism. They are also divided, and only unite under favorable circumstances. The assessment evil is said not to be very great. Candidates or their friends contribute toward the cost of election contests, and public employés are assessed for the same purpose, but these outrageous taxes seem to be laid on lightly. It's your machine that always calls for excessive oiling, and it is noticeable that the chief engineers nearly always grow mysteriously rich.

In the city government there are four charter officers who are elected by the people—the Mayor, the City Treasurer, the City Attorney, and the City Clerk. Each is independent of the other, and the Mayor is not vested with power to remove the others. The City Attorney is in charge of the litigations into which the corporation is drawn; but the more important legal officer is the Corporation Counsel, who acts as adviser to the government, and is appointed by the Mayor. The manner in which this office came to be created is peculiar. It is said that a score or more years ago there was elected to the City Attorney's place a man who knew no law, and proved worse than no attorney at all. A competent adviser was needed, and so the new office was created, and has ever since remained a feature of the government.

We still find justices of the peace in Chicago, and in great force of numbers. They are county officers. They have jurisdiction everywhere, as they please to exercise it, and live upon their fees—a plan that works no better there than elsewhere, that causes rivalry and confusion where there should be only the dignity of

law, and that creates courts which are inclined to rule against the defendants, and to extort money from all from whom it can be got. These justices are named by the judges of record of the county, and the list is sent to the Legislature for approval and appointment. From the lot the police magistrates are selected by the Mayor. There are ten police courts and twelve magistrates, and the reason there are two more judges than courts lets in a flood of light upon the situation. There are two very busy courts, and in order to share their business it became the custom for other judges than those appointed by the Mayor to hire apartments next door to these courts, and in them to hold courts of their own. These piratical justices inspired the lawyers and prisoners appearing before the regular courts to demand a change of venue and bring their causes next door, the incentive being a promise of more satisfactory treatment than the regular courts would be likely to vouchsafe—lighter fines, for instance, or other perversions of justice. It became, and it remains to-day, a custom for these motions for a change of venue to be offered in the most commonplace and perfunctory manner, the magistrates administering the oath, and the others solemnly swearing that they ask a change of venue because they are of the opinion that they cannot get justice in the court in question. To break this custom at its strongest points the Mayor has appointed additional magistrates for the principal police courts, and they hold court in rooms adjoining those of their associates, so that those who insist upon a change of venue are taken one door away to obtain the same quality of justice which they would have obtained in the first court. The justices who may be called the Mayor's magistrates are salaried. The busy ones get \$5000 a year, the others less.

The saloon license system is another village development. The regular fee is \$500, and there are only 5000 licenses, but any man of what is called "good character" may get a license on his own application, and the license is then issued *to the person*. He may sell his liquors anywhere that he pleases within the city limits. The law declares that the drinking saloons shall be closed at midnight. It has proved extremely difficult to enforce this ordinance, but the

present Mayor has been making a brave battle toward that end. He is of those who believe that all evils which seem either necessary or ineradicable should be regulated, and his idea was to enforce the law for closing the saloons, and to issue licenses to sell liquor in the restaurants which keep open all night, the drinks to be sold only with food. He found, what was no new discovery, that the reform was loudly opposed by the worst element in the business, who said that they could and did sell liquor in their restaurants, anyway, and that there was no need for licenses. He also found that the ultra-temperance folk took sides with these defiers of order by opposing the reform on the usual ground that licensing liquor-selling was recognizing and authorizing the evil. As late as the end of last autumn the Mayor was manfully holding to his determination to enforce the midnight closing law, and it was said by all with whom I spoke that it was extremely difficult to obtain even a glass of beer after twelve o'clock, and that no saloons displayed lights or open doors after hours.

He was able to enforce his orders and perform this function of his office for a reason that points a moral for every student of the subject to remember. He holds the power to dismiss those who disobey him. He promised to discharge any policeman upon whose post a drink was sold or a saloon was kept open after hours. He could discharge every policeman, from the Chief down, and they all knew it. It will be remembered that almost similar authority is vested in the police magistrates in the most progressive English cities. The result is wholesome everywhere.

Some past work of the Chicago police has made the force famous. The World's Fair commissioners who went abroad to urge foreign participation in the exposition found their way paved before them by the good opinion of Chicago that had been aroused by her treatment of the anarchists. But the force has deteriorated. It looks as if it had run down at the heels and needed a soldier in command to discipline it and develop among its members an *esprit de corps*. The almost all-powerful Mayor recognizes this, and has appointed Major R. W. McLaughry to the chieftaincy on account of that gentleman's reputation for administrative

ability and for disciplinary force. As warden of Joliet (Illinois) Penitentiary, and later of a reformatory at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, he caused these qualities to attract attention. The Chicago police force had become a hospital for the political toughs of the city, and any man could join it provided only that he had "influence." He might be a man just out of State-prison, or only thirty days in America, but if he was the protégé of a politician he was made a policeman. There were regulations as to fitness, both mental, moral, and physical, but they were disregarded. The plan for rehabilitating the force is an adaptation of civil service methods. The men are cross-questioned like school-boys at a quarterly examination. Their moral character is looked into less sharply than their ability to comprehend the true nature of a policeman's duties and relation to the people. Politics are not shown the door. The wards and "heelers" of the politicians are the candidates as before, but after a man is admitted to be examined it is asserted that his political backing ceases to affect his fate. He must obtain a grade of seventy in a possible one hundred, and when twelve candidates have passed the examination, if only six are needed, the best six are taken.

But even before this reform began, the Western habit of experimenting with new ideas had led to the introduction of features of police service which we in New York could have copied with advantage, and must copy sooner or later. On that corner of Clark Street where the Grand Pacific Hotel stands, one day toward the middle of last October, I saw a policeman try to arrest a maniacal victim of delirium tremens. It was at six o'clock, and the streets were crowded. Had the case occurred in New York, our public would have witnessed a brutal and sickening "clubbing match," for in no other way than by stunning the man could one of our officers have handled him. If the policeman would have preferred help, he would have beaten the sidewalk with his club and waited, while the maniac fought like a tiger, until another policeman arrived. Ringing a club on a pavement is better than springing a rattle, as our police did a century ago—but that is not saying much in its favor. However, this was in Chicago.

There they have discovered the advan-

tages of a perfected electrical system of communication between the police stations and the patrolmen on duty. In this case the policeman stepped to one of those patrol boxes that are so numerous as to seem always at hand, and flashed a signal to the nearest station for help. In a jiffy a wagon-load of policemen dashed up to the spot, the men leaped out, the rum-crazed offender was bundled into the wagon, and it was driven back to the station. A neater, cleaner, more admirable bit of police work I never saw; but the frequent sight of these wagons flying through the streets assured me that such work, in such cases, is the rule with that force.

It is not the purpose here to describe other than what may be called the peculiarities of these city governments, and of the general plan of Chicago's management there is little more to say. After the Mayor has appointed his heads of departments (and all the 8000 or 9000 "feet," if he chooses), he divides his farther powers with the Common Council, which has been but little shorn of its inherited functions. Its committees follow the more important divisions of the government, and one of them, the finance committee, acting like New York's Board of Estimate and Apportionment, determines the cost of each year's undertakings. The Council is a very large body, and contains two members from each of the thirty-four wards of the city, one being elected from each ward every year. They are paid on the *per diem* plan for actual service, and, like almost all the officers of the government, are moderately recompensed. The city has experimented with bureaus headed by commissions and with intrusting the patronage to the Common Council. It has now had for years what is popularly known as "one-man power." It is often said that this is whatever the one man proves himself, but the experience of the present time in Chicago is that if the Mayor were a saint, so long as the spoils system obtains, he would find it difficult to succeed in dispensing the patronage and attending to his duties, at least during the first year of his two-year term.

But there are other municipal corporations in Chicago with which the Mayor has nothing to do. They are the park boards. It is a strange thing about Chicago that those monuments of her public spirit, enterprise, and taste which are at once her glory and her pride are out of

the control of her city government. It is to the management of them that I have referred as exemplifying the very best method of the administration of local affairs. They do not do this in their origin because they are the creatures of either the courts or the State government, whereas to be as they should they must be the products of popular and home rule. But in the methods and work of the boards is seen that which produces the best government. There seem to be no "politics" about them. They appear to be doing business on business principles. They have produced one of the notable park systems of the world by methods so wise and economical that the people have witnessed the spectacle of a wondrous and beautiful park development without feeling the tax by which the cost has been met. The park commissioners serve without pay and in the belief that their duties bring honor with them. They are inspired to give the public their best service by the consciousness that when the plans for the pleasure-grounds have been executed, it will be worth as much as a monument to any man to have been concerned in the work.

Even in the City Hall and among the politicians students of the city government are referred to the parks as examples of the best public work that has been performed in Chicago. And in the City Hall I was told that the reason for this is that the Park Commissioners are unhampered by political obligations.

There are three of these corporations—the South Park, the Lincoln Park, and the West Park commissioners, and they not only are independent of the city government, but they have jurisdiction over all the parkways and boulevards, at least one of which reaches to the very heart of the business quarter in the thick of the town. They enact their own ordinances, and maintain police to enforce them. They build, repair, clean, and police the parks and boulevards in their charge; and have been, by the courts, declared to be quasi-municipal corporations in themselves. Each commission is maintained by a direct tax upon the district or division of the city which it benefits.

It will not be profitable to study all the commissions: one does not differ materially from another. The South Side Commission, headed by President William Best, consists of five members, who are

appointed for five-year terms by the judges of the Circuit Court. When the majority of the judges are Democrats, they appoint Democrats; and Republican majorities appoint Republican commissioners; but beyond that point I am assured that politics cut no figure in the case. At present there are three Democrats and two Republicans on the board. One member is a real-estate dealer, one is vice-president of the stock-yards, one is a tobacco merchant, one is a coal-dealer, and one is an editor. All are well-to-do and middle-aged men. One has served fifteen years, another twelve years, and another, ten years. Mr. H. W. Harmon, the secretary, has held that place nineteen years; and Mr. Foster, the Superintendent, has filled that position seventeen years.

This commission performed its functions for three towns originally—South Chicago, Hyde Park, and Lake. They now comprise a part of the city. They are assessed for \$300,000 annually, South Chicago paying 80 per cent., and the other towns 10 per cent. each. In addition, a tax of one mill is levied on the taxable valuation of the district, because the fixed sum of \$300,000 proved insufficient. The additional tax is to be imposed as long as the commission has any bonds outstanding. The weight of the total tax upon the community is $2\frac{3}{4}$ mills, and is presumably an unfelt burden. For this the commission maintains Michigan Avenue, the boulevard that leads into the heart of the city; Drexel Boulevard, modelled after one of the noblest avenues in Paris; the Grand Boulevard, a splendid thoroughfare; Washington Park, which is one of the most grand and beautiful breathing-spots in the city; Jackson Park, where the Columbian Exposition is to be held; and many other boulevards and park extensions. Lakes, notable floral collections, boats, restaurants, picnic and play grounds, park phaetons, a zoological collection, sprinkling-carts, police, laborers, a nursery for trees, and a score of other sources of expense or attractions are thus provided for. The commission employs a force that is mainly composed of Swedes and Germans. The same men are retained year after year. They are skilled in their several lines of work; they own their little homes, and feel secure in their places; they are not told how to vote, nor are they watched at the

polls. The work of the commission embraces several sources of income, but no effort is made to force profits out of the conveniences and playthings provided for the people.

Lincoln Park is the one that all visitors to Chicago are certain to be advised to see. It is only 250 acres in extent, but it lies along the curving shore of Lake Michigan, a fringe of sward and shade beside a sheet of turquoise. We in New York waited until we were 200 years old before we built such parks. Chicago waited only forty years. Already statues, fountains, and a conservatory are ornaments piled on ornament in Lincoln Park. A lake a mile long is being added for aquatic sports, and the noble Lake Shore Drive, which is a part of the park, is to be faced with a paved beach and a sea-wall, and is to connect with the drive to Fort Sheridan, distant twenty-five miles northward on the lake front. There are five commissioners in charge of this park and the boulevarded streets that approach it. They are appointed by the Governor of Illinois, with the approval of the Senate, and serve five years. Three are Democrats and two are Republicans, but their employés are chosen for fitness as workmen, and the trust is managed practically and economically.

William C. Goudy, the president, was counsel to the commission for fifteen years before he was chosen president. General Joseph Stockton has been a commissioner twenty-two years, and E. S. Taylor has been the secretary since the organization of the board in 1869. The commission bought its land for only \$900,000, and in five years will have extinguished that debt. Now it is borrowing half a million to meet the cost of reclaiming from the lake land that will be worth millions as soon as it is made. The tax rate last year was eight mills on the low assessed valuation that prevails in Chicago. During the twenty-two years of existence of the commission there never has been the slightest taint or suspicion of jobbery or impropriety of any sort in its relation to its work, its employés, or the people.

It is true that these park boards are the products of the organization of Cook County, which extends around and beyond Chicago. The absurd justices of the peace are the old village squires of the county system also. Though there

are only about 100,000 persons in the county outside the city, the Cook County Board of Commissioners exercises an authority that is perfectly independent of the City Council. The parks are therefore managed by the State, and not the city, and this is cause for offence to all who hold that perfected city government must be complete self-government. The argument is too solid to be broken down by any exception, and yet these commissions are singular in presenting the spectacle of State organizations freed from politics in a city where the local organization is poisoned to the core with partisan allegiance and spoils-grabbing. But beyond that is the renewed proof that local government succeeds best when administered by non-politicians working in no interest but that of the public.

That is what the Chicago park managers newly demonstrate. Call them county officers, as they are, yet they are of and for Chicago. They are Chicago business men, and they have been induced to give up what time they can spare from private business because they feel it a distinction and an honor to be intrusted with the execution of what every man in Chicago thinks is to become the greatest and most beautiful park system in the world. They are anxious to prove that no mistake was made in choosing them as men of business ability. The instant politicians are chosen they begin to pay off their debts to the party with which they have bargained for a living. They pay their debts with the valuables that belong to the people. Their constant thoughts and best efforts are put forth to strengthen their party and to please its managers. The non-politician in office has no one to please but the public.

In Minneapolis, a city of 164,000 population, the striking feature of the city government is the system of licensing saloons. Of the government in general there is little more to be said than that it appears to be reasonably satisfactory to the people, and businesslike in its general plan and results. There are no bosses, "halls," or other organizations among the politicians. Here the Mayor becomes a figure-head, and the Chicago plan is diametrically reversed. A recent Mayor made this public comment on the case: "The Mayor has but little authority; he has hardly more than an advisory power in any department." The government is by the

Common Council, and the most important official is the City Engineer. His salary is \$4500; the Mayor's is \$2000. The Mayor appoints his Chief of Police, and may appoint the policemen. He also appoints his own secretary. The other officials, high and low, are the appointees of the Council. This consists of two Aldermen from each of thirteen wards, who also order all public improvements and repairs and grant all licenses. Politically the present Council consists of sixteen Republicans and ten Democrats, and the membership is principally American, something like twenty of the twenty-six having been born in this country. That important bureau the Board of Tax Levy consists of the City Auditor, the Comptroller, the chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, the president of the Board of Education, and the chairman of the committee of ways and means of the City Council. It fixes the maximum limit of city expenditures; and the Council, in consultation with the various local boards, may determine upon any sum of outlay within but not above the levy. The assessed valuation on which the levy is based is thought to be a liberal one (50 to 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of the actual value), and the tax is 21.4 mills, but nine wards pay an added tax of two mills for street extension and improvements, or 23.4 mills in all.

But the noticeable and most admirable single feature of the government is the licensing plan. Dram-selling is kept away from the residence portions of the town, and is confined to the business and manufacturing districts. As we have seen in a previous paper on the cities of the Northwest, Minneapolis is distinctively and peculiarly a city of homes. It spreads itself, with elbow-room for nearly every dwelling, over fifty-three square miles of territory. The entire city area is very park-like in its appearance and surroundings, and up and down its beautiful residence avenues and along its scores of semi-rural streets the home atmosphere and influence are unbroken by the presence of saloons. They are relegated and confined to a comparatively small fraction of the space covered by the town. This is called "the patrol district," and the plan is named, after it, "the patrol limit system." It is not easy to understand why it is so called, since the whole city is patrolled, but a study of the map

shows that the territory in which the licenses are granted is mainly in two narrow belts along the river, in the more thickly built, older parts of the two towns that have since become one city. As it is a city of superb area, most of the dwellings are at a distance from the outer edges of the saloon districts. The electric-car lines are numerous, and the cars are swift, but those who feel that peculiar thirst which can only be quenched while the sufferer leans against a bar must make a long journey and pay ten cents car fare to obtain relief.

Minnesota is a high-license State, and the fee for a permit to maintain a saloon or hotel bar in cities of more than 100,000 population is \$1000. To obtain a permit in Minneapolis the applicant must be twenty-one years of age, and must not have had a previous license revoked, or been convicted of an offence against the liquor laws or ordinances within a year of the date of his application. The applicant must manage his place himself and for himself. He may not have more than one license. He may not sell liquor in or next door to any theatre, or within 400 feet of a public school, or within 200 feet of a park or parkway. All this he must swear to, and agree that if he has sworn falsely in any particular in his affidavit his license may be revoked. He must, together with his application and affidavit, also file a bond in \$4000, with two sureties, who shall not be on any other similar bond.

The license is for a fixed place as well as for a person, and carries farther conditions against Sunday selling, gambling, and disorderly conduct on the premises, as well as against selling to minors or to public-school pupils or drunkards. The applicant goes before the City Clerk, pays a fee of one dollar, and registers his application and bond. If it appears that his case comes within the requirements, and his proposed saloon is to be within the patrol district, the application is published once a week for two weeks in the official newspaper of the city. If any citizen then protests against the granting of the license, a hearing is had before the City Council. If the license is granted, it is not assignable to any other person, though the executor or administrator of a deceased licensee may carry on the business under the license. It is not transferable to any other place, though the al-

teration of the neighborhood around the saloon may make it necessary for the city to grant a permit for removal. In case a license is revoked by the Mayor or City Council "for reasons authorized or required by the laws of the State," then the liquor-seller shall have refunded to him "a sum proportional to one-half the sum paid for such license for the unexpired term thereof." But if the courts order the license revoked, the dealer loses all that he has paid. The courts may order a license revoked on the first conviction for a breach of the law. On a second conviction they must revoke it.

Last year 274 persons took out licenses, and there is a liquor-seller to every 675 inhabitants, as against one to every 177 persons in New York city. But the fee of \$1000 makes the liquor-dealers pay into the Minneapolis treasury \$274,000, or about \$52,000 more than the cost of the police force of the city. This Minneapolis plan speaks for itself. It does not easily lend itself to a city like New York, where the population is squeezed into a narrow space, and there is no broad division of the city into a residence and a business part. But it will be seen that it could be applied to most of the cities of the country, especially when it is noted that even in Minneapolis there are irregularities in the patrol district to meet each eccentricity of the city's growth. The more worldly-wise the reader is, the more likely he will be to ask at once whether the law is enforced, and whether the druggists (who are everywhere the "silent partners" in the liquor trade) are not, as usual, violating it wherever the people have sought to make it prohibitory. The answers to these questions are that the appearances and general testimony go to show that the law is absolutely enforced as to the liquor saloons, but that there is some illicit drinking in many of the apothecary shops. These are popularly known as "blind pigs" in Minneapolis, a term that is not so happily chosen as that adopted by the good citizens of Asbury Park, New Jersey, who call such illicit grogeries their "speak-easies." It is said that it would be impossible for a stranger in Minneapolis to get a drink in a drug store. Even if the authorities do not wage war on such druggists as violate the law, one would think that where such a high fee as \$1000 is paid for the right to sell liquor, the licensed traders

would take measures against drug-store abuses. The fact that the saloon-keepers are not complaining in Minneapolis seems proof to me that the abuse is not considerable or general.

In an earlier article in this series I dwelt on the beauty and original character of the Minneapolis parks, and only need to say further that the city finds within its limits a number of pretty little lakes, incidents in that natural arrangement which renders all the surroundings of Lake Superior a great sponge-like territory, and which gives to Minnesota alone no less than 7000 lakes. Each little body of water in Minneapolis is made the central feature of a park or the ornament of a parkway. But while there are half a dozen such bodies of water, there are thirty-four parks under the control of the Park Board, and those which are joined by the eighteen miles of boulevards that have been laid out now form a beautiful cordon around two sides of the town. The city's parks comprise 1469 acres, and are valued at \$3,918,000, yet so wisely was the land purchased that it cost the city only \$80,000 to acquire it. That certainly appears to have been a bit of honest, businesslike governmental work.

It was in St. Paul that a leading official confided to me his observation that "the better a municipal commission is, the worse for the tax-payers." He argued that in howsoever great a degree the head of a department evinces a desire to distinguish himself by his work, in just that degree he will increase the cost of his department. That is true; but whether that will prove the worse for the tax-payers depends entirely upon whether the money spent is wisely put out. A very thoughtful friend of mine is in the habit of saying that "the greater the tax is, the less will be the burden." He finds property values and the general comfort so increased by wise public expenditures that the people in progressive communities feel the benefits more than they feel the taxes. It is in the out-of-the-way and backward rural districts, where very inferior roads and schools are the only visible returns, that the people complain aloud against having to pay taxes whose sum totals seem to others ridiculously small. What might seem a great deal of money has been spent in Minneapolis in developing the tracts that have been set aside for parks (something like a million

and a half of dollars since 1883). The method of raising the money for new work is to issue bonds for ten years, payable one-tenth annually by assessment on adjacent property. Yet a tax-payer there, in speaking of park improvements that had been made near various plots of his real estate, declared that the increase in values had been so great in each case that he never felt like complaining of the heightened taxes he had been called upon to pay.

The Minneapolis Park Board consists of twelve members, who are elected by the people, and of three *ex officio* members—the Mayor, the chairman of the Council Committee on Roads and Bridges, and the chairman of the Council Committee on Public Grounds and Buildings. It is politically partisan, and much of the lesser patronage changes with changes of political complexion. The board gets authority from the Legislature to issue bonds when it wishes to purchase land, but all such issues are subject to a charter limitation of the bonded indebtedness of the city to five per cent. of the assessed valuation of the taxable property. The regular assessment is less than one mill. Under the circumstances the good work of the board must be credited to the enthusiastic and watchful interest the people have taken in the work. In Mr. Charles M. Loring, a wealthy miller and extra public-spirited citizen, they found a practical business man to direct their enterprises. He was able and willing to travel abroad for the purpose of studying the notable park systems elsewhere. It is only fair to say that other excellent men were found to work with him.

In making the short journey to St. Paul we pass to still another experiment in city government. There they enjoy the same very excellent system of liquor-licensing. In confining the saloons to the business and manufacturing precincts, whole wards where the dwellings are found are under the taboo. They issue about 390 licenses a year in St. Paul, at \$1000 each, and keep a license-inspector at \$1500 a year and the cost of a horse and buggy, to protect the licensees and the city. The officials boasted to me that there is not one unlicensed saloon in St. Paul. As was the case in Minneapolis, they said that strangers could not procure liquor to be drunk on the premises in those drug stores which violate the law. But while, in the main,

the same excellent method of liquor-licensing obtains in both towns, I was permitted to gather the notion that in St. Paul there is a looseness about minor details of the superintendence which does not exist in Minneapolis. For instance, it is found impossible to close the saloons at eleven o'clock at night or on Sundays, as the law commands. They keep open until midnight, or even later, and on Sunday follow the New York device of closing the front doors and opening those side or rear doors which for some hidden reason are in New York called "family entrances."

When I was first told that the law could not be enforced, it occurred to me that perhaps the impossibility was like that which defeated the better impulses of a little child of my acquaintance when he ate an apple which he was carrying to his sister. He explained that he "truly could not help eating it; it really would be eaten, and he could not stop it." But I found afterwards that the law was an enactment of the State Legislature and not of the local authorities, and that the city is different from Minneapolis in that it possesses a very much more mixed population of transplanted Europeans. The failure to enforce the law therefore emphasized two well-established points: first, that cities should govern themselves; and second, that laws which reflect the prejudices or peculiar tenets of a class or race are extremely difficult to enforce in a mixed community. Yet it is always a pity when they are loosely administered and disobeyed. Such a condition is a grave misfortune, for nothing but harm can come of permitting any community to witness the contemptuous treatment of any law. Would that all officials charged with carrying out the statutes were of General Grant's mind, to insist upon the enforcement of mistaken as well as wise laws, that the first sort might the sooner be repealed! The city of St. Paul is said to contain fully 65 persons of foreign birth in every 100 of its population. It has one saloon to every 370 inhabitants.

I found St. Paul undergoing a governmental revolution, owing to a gift of a new charter from the Legislature. Again the Mayor here rose to importance, and divided honors and work with the Common Council—he making half the appointments, and they administering the more important trusts. But it is a dual Coun-

cil—a double-bârrelled board of supervisors—called Aldermen and Assemblymen. Each ward elects one Alderman, and there are eleven in all, while the nine Assemblymen are elected at large from all over the city. Both serve two years and receive \$100 a year, presumably for car fares. They meet on alternate Tuesdays. The majority of the members of the two houses are Irish or Irish Americans. The city is Democratic. The Mayor appoints the Chief of Police and the policemen under him, and has the power to remove as well as to appoint. He does so with the advice and consent of the Council; but it is said that no conflicts have arisen in the matter of removals, either under this or the former charter. The Mayor's salary has been raised from \$1000 to \$2500. The judges of the municipal court are elected; they receive \$4000 a year, and have civil jurisdiction where the sum at issue is under \$500. A feature that would seem to be the outcome of sage reflection is the Conference Committee. It is composed of the Mayor, president of the Assembly, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Aldermen, the Comptroller, Treasurer, Engineer, and the heads of nearly all the bureaus of the city government. They come together once a month to confer upon the work each has in hand.

I asked a high official of the city government, who is a "practical" Democratic politician, why the new charter had established a return to the old plan of a double legislative body. He said that it was a Republican effort to put a check to Democratic expenditure. When I asked if it would have that effect, he dropped in my ear this astonishing reflection, which I will set down without any further comment than that it appears to possess the quality of frankness in a marked degree.

"Among politicians," said he, "*all legislation is trading*. You know that as well as I do. We all use our opportunities and influence to help those who have been of service to us. That is the main consideration in politics. Every Alderman who is elected is indebted to certain influential men in his ward, and he expects to legislate to pay his debts. It cannot be so easy to do this if the legislation must afterward pass a body of men elected at large, and not indebted to the same persons for their election."

If the government of St. Paul has been

slow in providing parks, it remains to be said that the lack has been little felt amid environs that offer many of the best advantages of cultivated pleasure-grounds. And the city government has been so far from idle as to have produced by prodigious energy within the past few years public works which have raised its conditions from those of a village to those which entitle it to rank with the most progressive cities of its size in the country. Its streets, sewers, railroad crossings, fire-defence, public buildings, water-supply plant, and half a dozen other important features of the public service have taken on a first-class character, and in some of these developments no city of the first grade surpasses it. A quicker, longer leap from haphazard to perfected conditions is not recorded anywhere in the West.

The machinery of government by which this was effected has been changed, but we know that there was nothing novel about it, and that the change has brought nothing novel to it. The credit lies with the public-spirited, enterprising people behind the government, and it is a pity that they cannot be left alone to work out their own administrative methods with the same forehandedness they exhibit despite the interference of the State Legislature.

And now, to end this glance at the more striking features of the management of the public business in this group of cities, I come to a subject which has been taken up with hesitation because I know that it is fashionable and popular to hold but one opinion with regard to it—that is, the public-school management. It seems to me that nothing in the West—not even the strides she is making in population, wealth, and power—is so remarkable as the footing upon which the common schools are maintained.

The last Mayor of Chicago uses these words in his second annual message: "It is gratifying that the public-school system of our city receives that generous support and attention to which its magnitude and importance entitle it. In 1887 the amount appropriated and otherwise available for educational purposes was nearly \$2,250,000; in 1888, nearly \$2,500,000; in 1889, about the same amount; in 1890, nearly \$4,750,000; and the present year, over \$5,500,000. Thus it will be seen that over \$17,250,000 have been ap-

propriated during the past five years for the construction and maintenance of our schools. About eighty-six per cent. of this amount is from taxation; the balance, the revenue from school property.... The total enrolment of pupils for the school year reaches nearly 139,000.... Night schools cost the city nearly \$77,000 during the year; the compulsory feature, about \$15,000; deaf-and-dumb tuition, \$5000; manual training, \$10,000; music, nearly \$13,000; drawing, over \$17,500; physical culture, about \$15,500; foreign languages, over \$115,000. It is estimated that the average pupil leaves the public schools about the age of twelve to fourteen years." At \$5,500,000, the cost *per capita* of 139,000 school-children is a little more than \$39.

The Comptroller of the city of Minneapolis in his last report places the disbursements for schools at \$923,619. The secretary of the Board of Education of that city reports the supervision of the studies of 20,000 children. The cost *per capita* is, therefore, more than \$46 a year. All allusions to the city's school work in the official reports are enthusiastic, and it appears that a high rank has been accorded the Minneapolis schools by those engaged in public educational work throughout the country. The Mayor, in his reference to the schools in a recent message, notes the fact that the manual-training branch of the teaching operates to retain an increased number of pupils in the high schools. This discovery of a means for lessening the disproportion usually noticeable between the number of high-school pupils and the numbers in the lower schools will doubtless be hailed with joy by those who find the system generally and greatly underbalanced all over the country.

The 17,227 pupils in the schools of St. Paul enjoyed the benefits of an expenditure of \$1,205,000 last year. This is practically at the rate of \$70 *per capita*. (The total cost is as above in the Comptroller's report; the Treasurer places the disbursement at \$1,310,000.) The Superintendent of Schools reports that the city maintains a carefully graded course of tuition, covering *a period of eight years*! It includes tuition in civil government, physics, hygiene, manual training, Greek, Latin, French, German, political economy, common law, zoology, astronomy, chemistry, and English literature.

Here I note the first attempt to curb these expenses. The St. Paul School Board possessed almost complete legislative powers to raise and to spend what money it pleased. The Council was obliged to grant its demands; in addition the Board issued bonds and certificates of indebtedness. "It was like sacrilege to complain," an official told me. Now the new charter subordinates the school inspectors. Their pay-rolls and bills must be approved by the Council, which may reduce salaries. Moreover, another board of city officials buys all the supplies for the schools.

But in no city in the West is there a sign that public education will not remain the most costly branch of government. There are two ways to look at such a condition, but, in my opinion, the two ways are not what they are commonly supposed to be. One way should be to look with envy on the rich, who thus may send their children to school for eight years, while the poor, who must put their little ones to work at tender ages, foot the greater part of the cost. The other way might well be to commiserate the poor who are deceived by sentimental clap-trap into inflating the common-school system in such a manner that at last their share in its benefits becomes microscopic.

Two things that are novel to a visitor attract attention in all the far Western towns and cities. Neither is a branch of government, yet both affect it. The first is the stand-point from which vice is regarded as a factor in public affairs, especially in the smaller cities. It is a trick of the popular mind where I have been (between Chicago and the Pacific coast) to gauge the vitality and prosperity of a town by the showing it makes in what may be called its "night side." It is part of the quality of hospitality, and is born of the desire to entertain all comers as they would wish to be entertained. These cities are far apart, and are the centres of great regions. It is understood that those who visit them come to spend money not only upon necessities and luxuries, but at drinking and gaming, in concert-halls, dance-houses, and the like. If a large and lively section of a town ministers to these appetites, visitors are taken to see it. If such a quarter languishes, good citizens apologize, and seek to show that the city is not

backward in other respects. In discussing this subject, a very pushing Western man of national and honorable reputation said: "There is wisdom and experience behind all that. If I am asked to buy lots or to locate in a city, I would visit the place, and if I didn't see a good lively 'after-dark quarter,' and didn't hear chips rattling and corks popping, there would be no need to tell me about the geographical position of the town or its jobbing trade or banking capital; I would have none of it."

The other novelty in Western town life is the inevitable combination of leading citizens pledged to promote the best interests of their town. Such a body is variously called a Board of Trade, a Chamber of Commerce, or a Commercial Club. It is the burning-glass which focusses the public spirit of the community. Its most competent officer is usually the highly salaried secretary. He does for his town what a railroad passenger agent or a commercial traveller does for his employers, that is to say, he secures business. He invites manufacturers to set

up workshops in his city, offering a gift of land, or of land and money, or of exemption from taxation for a term of years. The merchants, and perhaps the city officials also, support his promises. In a South Dakota city I have known a fine brick warehouse to be built and given, with the land under it, to a wholesale grocery firm for doing business there. In a far Northwestern city there was talk during last winter of sending a man East on salary to stay away until he could bring back capital to found a smelter. These boards of trade often organize local companies to give a city what it needs. They urge the people to subscribe for stock in associations that are to build electric railways, opera-houses, hotels, convention halls, water supply, and illuminating companies, often dividing an acknowledged financial loss for the sake of a public gain. Thus these boards provide the machinery by which the most ambitious, forward, and enterprising communities in the world expend and utilize their energy.

IN A LONDON STREET.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THO' sea and mount have beauty, and this but what it can,
Thrice fairer than their light the light here battling in the van,
The tragic light, the din and grime,
The dread endearing stain of time,
The beating heart of man.

I know the sun at boldest a bubble in the sky,
That where he dare not enter steals in shrouded passion by;
I know the river sails, the bridge;
The plane-trees, each a greener ridge
To rest an urban eye;

The bells in dripping steeples; the tavern's corner glare;
The cabs like glowworms darting forth; the barrel-organ's air;
And one by one, and two by two,
The hatless urchins waltzing thro'
The level-paven square.

Not on the Grecian headlands of song and old desire
My spirit chose her pleasure-house, but in the London mire:
Long, long alone she loves to pace,
And find a music in this place
As in a minster choir.

O things of awe and rapture! O names of legendry!
Still is it most of joy within your saddest town to be,
Whose very griefs I fain would slake
Mine angels are, and help to make
In hell a heaven for me.

SOME TALK ABOUT ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IT is always interesting to compare the views of a former with those of a present generation, especially in regard to institutions which have survived earlier criticisms only to encounter fresh opposition from latter-day critics. We have lately renewed our acquaintance with some essays of Sydney Smith's,* which reflect in the witty mirror of that reverend gentleman's mind the dissatisfaction of his contemporaries with a very long-lived institution—the English system of education—and we propose now to consider shortly the form which this dissatisfaction has in later days assumed.

Two main points are attacked by Sydney Smith in the essays to which reference has been made—the neglect of female education, and the system of male education in public schools. The question of the higher education of women has been often fully discussed; and, though much yet remains to be done, practical steps in the right direction have already been taken, particularly in the United States. We shall confine our remarks to that system of public schools of which England is the sole possessor, and which in that country is hedged by all the high divinity of tradition.

It is now five hundred years ago that William of Wykeham founded the School of Winchester, thereby creating the first endowed institution for the encouragement of learning at a primary stage in direct and avowed connection with the university. Fifty years later Eton was built by Henry VI., in acknowledged imitation of Winchester, and subsequent important foundations mark the approbation with which these educational experiments were regarded by the most large-minded men of the times.

These schools differed obviously in important respects from the schools into which they have developed, or from those by which they have been imitated. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which five hundred years ago contained respectively seven and six colleges, halls, or houses, took largely the place at present taken by the public schools. A century after the founding of Winchester, Wolsey had taken his university degree at an age when many boys of the present day would

scarcely find themselves well settled at school. The words "school" and "public school" were applied loosely, in England, possibly from the time of Alfred, and in France from the time of Charlemagne, to any institution for the study of letters, without reference to the age of the students. In the "schools" of Lyons, Fulda, Corvey, and Rheims were taught the trivium and quadrivium—the threefold and fourfold high-roads of monastic learning. In the "school" of Oxford, Ingulphus, Abbot of Croydon, "learned Aristotle and the first and second books of Tully's Rhetoric." The very number of "scholars," though doubtless much exaggerated, points to the general part played by the early university as school and college in one. In the thirteenth century there were 30,000 "scholars" at Oxford. At Bologna there were 10,000 in the thirteenth and 13,000 in the fourteenth century. In the fifteenth century there were 25,000 at Paris.

But from the beginning of the sixteenth century, in England at least, a subdivision of the work of education had already begun. The schools of Wykeham and of Henry VI. were already beginning to attract the younger scholars, passing them on to Oxford or to Cambridge for the ripening and completion of their studies. The first public school was founded in connection with a college at Oxford; and Winchester led as naturally to New College as Eton, later, led to King's College, Cambridge, and Westminster to Christ Church, Oxford.

This original link must not be lost sight of, for it gave the direction to the class of studies pursued at the schools. These, so long as they were recognized as but the initial stages of a university career, were inevitably compelled to adapt their instruction to the university requirements. What these requirements were, even at the end of the fifteenth century, may be seen from Erasmus's picture of Cambridge. "Scarcely thirty years ago nothing was taught here but the *Parva Logicalia* of Alexander, antiquated exercises from Aristotle, and the *Quæstiones* of Scotus." Even the new learning which came in by the influence of Colet, More, and Erasmus scarcely affected the predominant classical tendency, though it vastly improved the methods and means of study.

* Professional Education (1809). Female Education (1810). Public Schools (1810).

The first point, then, which we have to observe with regard to these schools is their traditional leaning to classical education. A second point is their class tradition.

Doubtless in origin the public schools were mainly intended for the support of poor students, and this without respect of class distinctions. But the grammar-schools (of which that of St. Paul's, founded by Colet, was the principal example) multiplied so rapidly in the reigns of Edward VI. and of Elizabeth that they bore the main burden of middle-class education. Meanwhile the schools under royal patronage, still spoken of in the Prayer-book as "our colleges of Eton and Winchester," acquired a different social status, which they have never to this day lost.

But popular favor, constantly shifting, has had much to do with the assignment of the title public school. Sydney Smith's definition of the term is, "an endowed place of education of old standing, to which the sons of gentlemen resort in considerable numbers, and where they continue to reside from eight or nine to eighteen years of age." The nine public schools are generally taken to be Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Charterhouse, Westminster, Rugby, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', and Shrewsbury. It is of these that Sydney Smith wrote in 1810; it is on these that the Public School Commissioners reported in 1864. But socially the last two have fallen out of the first rank. Shrewsbury, in spite of its reputation for elegant scholarship, is now almost relegated to the inferior condition of grammar-school. Merchant Taylors', always socially inferior to Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, has suffered by its situation in London. Charterhouse has avoided the same fate by a politic remove to the hills of Surrey; and St. Paul's has taken a new lease of life by emigration from the City to the West End. But Westminster is still in its old home in Dean's Yard, its reputation resting upon the past rather than upon the present. Meanwhile, within the present century, other schools, at first looked upon as inferior, have gradually won their way into social and educational esteem. Of these we may instance Marlborough, Wellington, Clifton, Cheltenham, Repton, and Haileybury; though none of these has as yet acquired the social prestige of the more ancient foundations.

It is, then, of the six older schools and of the half-dozen modern imitations that we propose to write, under the general title of public schools. Some of these institutions are called schools, others are called colleges; but between college and school there is no essential difference of constitution. Eton, Marlborough, Clifton, Cheltenham, Wellington, and Haileybury are colleges; Harrow, Westminster, Charterhouse, Repton, and Rugby are schools. Winchester was originally founded as a "collegium," but was habitually spoken of as a school. It is now more generally called a college. One of the main features of these schools is the boarding system. Many do not admit day boys at all; some admit very few; in none is the day boy an important element. By the other boys he is generally regarded with prejudice, as standing outside the *esprit de corps* of their own more concentrated community. In grammar-schools, on the other hand, the day boy is a much more prominent feature. This fact in itself has some social influence.

Having thus limited the subject-matter of our inquiry, we shall first speak of the social character of these schools, and then of their educational value.

In England, while a boy is still in the unreasoning stage of childhood, good-natured people will ask him playfully what he is going to be. At a little later stage the inquiry takes another and more serious form—"What school are you going to?" There is no playfulness in the question now. Hereby hangs a whole social history. In one family the tradition is for Eton, in another for Rugby; and to these traditions father and son are, as a rule, absolutely loyal, except under especial emergencies of typhoid or scarlet fever. The true Englishman of the upper class is not more certainly born

"either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative,"

than he is an embryo Harrow boy or Winchester "man." In after-life he meets with the question, "What school were you at?" And here again he is apt to feel at a disadvantage if he cannot fasten upon one of the important public schools the credit or blame of his youthful training. It matters nothing that he was only there for half a year, that he never rose above the lowest form, that he was flogged half a dozen times in as many weeks, that

he was promptly expelled for outrageous insubordination—he was at a public school, he has the *cachet* of an English gentleman. To have been at the university is as nothing compared with this. Many a man is compelled by army examinations or by business opportunities to forego the pleasures of the *alma mater*. With the public school it is otherwise: to this they must all come.

There are some prevalent delusions with regard to the influence of public schools on a boy, some of which have been noticed, though only casually, by Sydney Smith. It is said by many people that he there gains a knowledge of the world; that he acquires a healthy moral tone; that he gets the conceit knocked out of him; that, in short, his loss is all from the bad, and his gain all to the good. These popular and loosely stated beliefs are very far from the truth. The public school is a large body of boys, whose ages range from twelve to nineteen, whose numbers may be anything from 350 to 950. There is an efficient staff of masters for educational but scarcely for moral supervision. The consequence is that except in the rare event of the presence of a strong master, who will enlighten the whole school with the reflection of his own spirit, school-boy honor and public opinion are apt to drift into the current which chance circumstances may determine, and a bad or good school-boy of power and popularity may affect the *morale* of the school more than any master can possibly do. The public school is a microcosm, but the minuteness of the copy causes many a feature of the larger cosmos to disappear from view. Sydney Smith puts the case as forcibly as it can be put: "The morality of boys is generally very imperfect, their notions of honor extremely mistaken, and their objects of ambition frequently very absurd." Let us take a single instance. It is the custom to speak of the public school boy as if by nature and education he abhorred a lie. It is no doubt true that school opinion is opposed to anything which is "sneakish" or dishonorable. But these terms require definition, and school-boy ethics are not always satisfactory in this respect. For example, to "crib," or to cheat in examination, is this dishonorable? The school-boy answer is, as regards your school-fellow, Yes; as regards your master, No.

A more serious matter, in fact if not in principle, is the consideration of how far positive immorality is encouraged by these large assemblages of boys, controlled rather by a public spirit of their own manufacture than by much authoritative supervision. Here again we must admit that the license is apt to be greater than should be the case; and we could, if we cared to enter upon the subject, name certain public schools which have in this respect acquired an unenviable notoriety.

We must, however, confess that these faults are inseparable from school life, and that our only charge against public schools in this matter is that we do not see in them much capacity for minimizing the evil. We turn now to some distinct advantages, as they seem to us, of the public-school system.

It rarely happens that the peculiar institutions of one country can with advantage be transferred to another, especially when these institutions have grown with the growth of the particular community. The observer will notice an intimate connection between the character of the English schools and the character of the society from which English school-boys are chiefly taken. There is in the English mind a great love of personal freedom, as distinct from that national liberty which sometimes loses sight of the independence of the individual. The French *liberté* has little in common with the American "independence." The English spirit of independence is exactly satisfied by the authorized license of a public school. It is impossible, on the other hand, to conceive of a genuine Englishman tolerating the system of the *pignon* as practised at a French *lycée*.

Again, the majority of young English gentlemen are educated to a love of sport and exercise at home, of which they find the most fitting counterpart in the games of a public school. This devotion to cricket and football, to fives and racquets, has often been urged as a disadvantage against the English system. Sydney Smith passes his jokes upon it, asking whether young lords and esquires are hereafter to wrestle in public, or the gentlemen of the bar to exhibit Olympic games in Hilary Term. But it is not fair to set the question in this light; it is not true to assert that an English gentleman "does nothing but ride and walk." In all classes of English society the fondness for active

exercises and for those pursuits which require a good eye and a steady hand is remarkable. This is a matter of course in the case of the country squire. But it is not less true of a vast number of those who are attached to sedentary and urban professions. For hunting, cricket, football, racquets, athletic sports, volunteering, or cycling there are few who will not contrive to get an occasional holiday. Those who are blest with longer vacations will make for an Alpine climb or a tour in Brittany, will be found walking up a trout stream or a salmon river, shooting a moor in Scotland or a covert in Norfolk. This is as it should be. From Plato's combination of *μουσική* with *γυμναστική* to Juvenal's *mens sana in corpore sano* the ancients recognized the value of bodily development as an element of the best education. The Admirable Crichton was not less a master of fence than a master of syllogism. Abuse of sport at public schools may in some cases occur; but in the majority of cases the popularity of games produces good effects, morally, physically, and by consequence intellectually.

Two more points in the English system we must allude to, which are intimately connected, which have been often attacked, but which we believe to be in the main advantageous—the system of prefects, prepositors, or monitors, and its almost necessary attendant, the system of fagging. Of these systems Winchester supplies the most perfect example; though even at that very conservative school great changes have been introduced within the last twenty years. It is not generally known that William of Wykeham was the originator not only of the principle, but even of some of the details of the system of prefects. He intended it to be partly disciplinary and partly paternal; and, when properly carried out, it checks to a great extent that tendency to bullying which is so difficult to banish from a school. If one boy must command another, it is better that the power should be vested in the possessor of the superior brain than in the possessor of the superior muscle.

Of fagging generally even non-English readers can form some idea from the pages of Tom Brown; but the extent to which it is permitted is very different at different public schools. Sydney Smith was unfortunate in chancing upon Winches-

ter when it was in a very neglected condition, and he cordially hated the life of the school. Even forty years ago a writer upon the Winchester of that day could say with truth that a fag might have been called upon to do anything in the world except to make beds and to black boots. He was at the beck and call of some twenty senior boys at the head of the school, in whom were vested the general government and punishment of the junior boys. This system, with modifications, prevails in all public schools; and though it has in particular cases been found to work badly, experience has, upon the whole, pronounced in its favor. Three distinct advantages—but there are many others—may here be noted. A little practical acquaintance with humbler duties, in which habits of carefulness and obedience must be exercised, is no bad commencement for a boy's life in the small world of school. A little experience of the duties and responsibilities of authority is no bad preparation for a boy's start into the larger world of life. And lastly, an open system of police on the part of the elder scholars is an admirable substitute for the vexatious interference of masters in the minor details of morals and behavior. In this way the senior boys secure the respect of their juniors and enjoy the confidence of their masters. And this further result follows—the public-school master is as far removed as possible from the conception of an usher; he is always, or at least with very rare exceptions, a gentleman, and often as well connected as any in the country. The effect of this upon the tone and style of the school is marked and beneficial.

Such are some of the advantages and disadvantages of public schools, viewed from a social and moral point of view. It now remains to consider their educational value.

Sydney Smith has, in the essay to which we have several times referred, made a lengthy collection of men remarkable in many lines of fame who have never been educated at public schools. That list might no doubt be indefinitely extended and indefinitely corrected, but would always give the impression of proving a more striking conclusion than it can really justify. It must remain as the curious composition of a Winchester boy, the greatest wit of his generation, in the days of an Eton boy's immortal triumphs upon

the field of battle, in the days of the not less wonderful achievements of two public-school boys—one from Eton, the other from Harrow—in the world of poetry. It seems to us, however, to be but of little use to point out that Mr. Gladstone was at Eton and Christ Church, while Lord Beaconsfield was neither at public school nor college; or to remark that the late and present Archbishops of Canterbury were neither of them public-school men, but that, on the other hand, the late and present Deans of Westminster were both Rugbeians. The present editor of *Punch* is an old Etonian; the most popular comedy-writer of the present day in England was not, we believe, a public-school boy. Of the fourteen members of the last Liberal cabinet, only six were at public schools. But all, with the exception only of Mr. Chamberlain, were either at Oxford or Cambridge.

The fact is that in this connection, of a mere list of eminent persons, we must at once leave out of consideration (under the present and past systems) most of those who have made their fame in art, medicine, science, war, engineering, law, and politics, as well as most Scotchmen and Irishmen. Boys of the two last-mentioned nationalities have gone rather to the schools of their own country, which are not public schools. The lights of the first-mentioned professions would have found no particular encouragement for their particular pursuits at any existing school, public or private. They are, therefore, rather arguments for the abolition of all educational establishments, except those dedicated to the encouragement of a single pursuit. A Davy would have been a Davy even if he had had the misfortune to waste three years over the irregular verbs at Rugby; a Wellington would have been a Wellington—that famous saying about the Eton playing-fields notwithstanding—even had he slaved at home with a private tutor; and Sydney Smith was Sydney Smith in spite of the hard necessity which made him a Winchester boy. Given general conditions of intelligence, genius may be found in every branch of society in a proportion which will be pretty constant. A fraction only of the youthful public is educated at public schools; a fraction only of the nation's geniuses will be found to be public-school men. The province of the public school is to give an intelligent

education to the young gentleman of the period, not to be a hot-house for the cultivation of Marlboroughs, Newtons, and Tennysons under impossible conditions of military, scientific, and poetical atmospheres. The problem of public schools is not one of the creation of genius, but of the education of mediocrity. Schools cannot create genius. What we require of a school to which a potential genius may go is merely that no difficulties be placed in the way of this potentiality becoming developed into a fruitful energy.

We shall, therefore, in the next place, advert to a fault in the public-school system, which we believe to be a very serious one; and in this matter we must not only endorse, but even go far beyond the strictures of Sydney Smith.

In one of his essays on "Professional Education," the cry of the canon is throughout, "Too much Latin and Greek!" His was almost the first voice raised, in the days of classicalism, against the indiscriminate slavery of incapable youths to the hard bondage of the dead languages. Seventy years have passed away, and great changes have taken place in university and school. The old classical and mathematical curricula of the universities have been enlarged to half a dozen. "Modern sides" have sprung up in many public schools, and Greek has been discarded for botany and German. Sciences have made their appearance also. The school Scientific Society, which at first struggled on under the sobriquet of "The Bug and Snail Society," has grown into popularity, and publishes "Transactions." The laboratory has been supplemented by the workshop and smithy. This is much, but more yet remains to be done. The ghost of dead languages still exerts a weird and midnight influence over the counsels of the English educational leaders. The public schools are still cramped by the university regulations, and prevented from producing thoroughly satisfactory results. But already there are signs of a great and radical change.

What are the benefits obtained by a Latin and Greek education? In the first place, it affords an admirable intellectual training; in the second place, it opens up a magnificent literature; in the third place, it contributes very much to the right understanding of a language which is largely indebted to Greek and Latin. The first advantage is not of great importance. A

modern language taught systematically may be made useful in much the same way, if not in the same degree. The second advantage is, for the vast majority of students, absolutely non-existent. The average school-boy or university man, when he closes for the last time his Virgil or Sophocles, is no whit the better acquainted with ancient literature than if he had spent a single year upon adequate translations of the famous originals, through which he has blindly blundered for a dozen years or more. The third advantage is one which, for general purposes, might be attained by a very short study in early life scientifically directed to word formation, rather than to the endless mysteries of inflection and syntax.

Our conception of an ideal system of education would consist of three stages of instruction, each directed to a particular end. The private school should take boys until about the age of twelve, the public school until the age of eighteen, the university until the age of twenty-one. Beyond this age we should be inclined not to permit a young man to take a degree at the university. Take the not unknown case of a young gentleman whose age is a quarter of a century, and who is a magistrate in his own county, occupied in the desultory pursuit of his bachelor's degree. Let us imagine him to be successful before the close of the present century, of what value is an honor thus obtained? To those who know the circumstances, it is worth nothing; upon those who do not, it is an imposition.

At a private school a boy should be taught the usual rudiments of knowledge. Upon his entry into a public school he should be examined to see how far he has gained a sufficient general acquaintance with the several departments of learning. Those departments of study in which he is found to be well grounded he should be allowed, if he pleases, to drop at once. He will then be free to continue some old study in which he may feel that his real interest lies, or pursue new ones with the view of discovering the true bent of his mind. In nine cases out of ten the classics would be dropped as soon as possible, and preference would be developed in the direction of science, engineering, literature, or mathematics. And for all practical purposes the average boy would be no loser by this defection from the classics.

For we would have him taught in the early stage the history and general meaning of words, the way in which they group themselves into families, and pass from language to language—in short, all that is interesting, instructive, and useful in Latin and Greek, rather than that which has merely dry and disciplinary advantages. That peculiar insight into the structural and syntactical parts of language, that taste for the details of antiquity, which combine to form a scholar, will early make themselves apparent; and it is only scholars that we would wish to see seriously devoting years of study to the classics.

It is at a public school, on the other hand, that attention should be paid to matters which are among the most important of educational requirements, but which in England are either habitually postponed until a boy passes to the university, or are entirely neglected. At a public school a boy should be early trained to the science of logic, and to the arts of making a speech and writing an essay. Accuracy of thought and correctness of expression cannot be too soon insisted upon; they are rarely acquired in perfection if their pursuit be postponed to later years. As it is, in England debating societies exist in public schools, and essays are set to the elder boys; but the school as a whole is not educated to these practices. Logic, as a rule, is studied for the first time at the university, and thus, after nineteen years of life, a youth first begins to find that correct thought need not be a haphazard or God-given addition to man's ordinary faculties. By essays and by debates a most serviceable if perhaps superficial knowledge is acquired, and particularly a stimulus is offered to research into subjects of immediate interest—research which may be intelligent without being laboriously uninviting.

Meanwhile the more severe studies of the lad may be supposed to be proceeding, not, as now, diverted into a dozen channels, of which a large part is wholly without interest to him, but confined to some two or three selected subjects. The inevitable consequence of such a system would be that science, history, classics, modern languages, literature, mathematics, and law would be specialized to an immense extent, and gradually a particular school would become identified with successes in some particular study. Eton

might become famous for its history, Harrow for its modern languages, Rugby for its scholarship, Winchester for its law. There would, we imagine, be no disadvantage in this result.

But no such change as this would be possible without a corresponding change in the third stage of education—the university. Many boys do not pass from the public school to the university; but many,

on the other hand, do; and this remove must not be made impossible.

The universities ought in every case to be satisfied with receiving from the public school a certificate that a boy has at some time qualified himself in the rudiments of classics and mathematics, and they should then be prepared to allow him to continue the course of study which he has been pursuing at his school.

THE MYSTERY OF COLUMBUS.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the New World will be celebrated in Europe and America as it could never have been celebrated before. The interest in these decisive events in history deepens as knowledge spreads and the intellect becomes more eager for exact information.¹ We are no longer satisfied with historic fables; we labor more than ever for historic truth. And hence the story of the man who first unfolded a new page in human annals before his contemporaries, who decided the chief question of his time, and led on his race to high achievements, will be read and studied anew with unequalled interest. One man, it was said, gave a new world to Castile and Leon, or rather to Europe. It is to him that all eyes are once more turned. Columbus will rise before us more famous, more extraordinary, than when he sailed into the port of Palos in 1494 to relate his unparalleled discovery.²

What navigator ever accomplished so much? On him rests the history of a

continent. Yet when we ask who was this Columbus, and what were his character and aims, we find that we know even less of his private life than of the lives of Shakespeare and of Dante. With him everything is lost in doubt. Even his name can scarcely be said to be known. If we can trust the latest researches, "*Columbus*" was only a borrowed title—a *nom de plume*, or rather *de la mer*—and Colombo (the Dove) a sea term that covered up some early mystery. It was a name probably borrowed by the great Columbus from the two pirates or corsairs under whose flag he sailed, whom he claimed as his relatives, and with whom he fought and plundered on the high seas. It was a name hated and feared as that of the most merciless sea-rovers of the time—a name with which mothers terrified their infants, and from which every honest trader shrank in fear.

We first hear of the name Colombo in 1468. The publication of the Venetian State Papers by Mr. Rawdon Brown has thrown some faint light upon its origin. It was the custom for Venice to send yearly three or four huge galleys laden with rich goods and spices to London, Bruges, or Sluys;³ they were known as the Flemish galleys, were probably more than one thousand tons burden, and were moved by oars and sails.⁴ They sailed

¹ Vita di Cristoforo Colombo, per suo Figlio, tradotta da Alfonso Ulloa. London, 1867. Navarrete. Tom. i. Colección de los Viajes, etc. Viajes de Colon, almirante de Castilla. Madrid, 1827. Major Letters of Columbus. Hakluyt So. 1870. Venetian State Papers. R. Brown, Ed. 1874. Vol. i.

² See Istoria del Sig. Don Fernando Colombo—vera relazione della vita, & de' fatti dell' ammiraglio Don Cristoforo Colombo suo Padre. Milan (1614?). The first edition of the Vita was in 1571. The editor of the Milan edition, in some lines prefixed, addresses Genoa in terms very different from Dante, and celebrates Columbus:

"Poichè Colombo fù vera tua prole,
Prole in alto valore simile a Dei."

The Venetian edition of 1685 is small and poor. Harisse's attack on the authenticity of this Vita, though inconclusive, should be consulted. See Fernando Colomb., savie. Paris, 1872.

³ Venetian State Papers, 1414, August 9th. And in 1417 four galleys were sent so early. See Goodrich. History of the Character and Achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus—a valuable work to which I have often been indebted. I can not join with the author in his low estimate of Columbus.

⁴ Ibid., 1488, November. "At present there are no ships of upward of 1000 tons burden," the Senate complain, and they offer a bounty of 2000 ducats for ships of 1000 tons "below-deck,"

down the Adriatic in the month of July, touched at Malaga and Cadiz, coasted along the bold shore of Portugal, and in the English Channel divided, two going to London, the rest to the Flemish ports. We may easily imagine the slow and heavy-laden fleet, rich with spices, wines and fruit, cloths, Persian and Italian silks, cotton goods from India, sugar from Sicily, gems and jewels, glass and earthenware, ducats and gold, making its way in two or three months from Venice to the English ports. But it was a hazardous enterprise, and proves the rare courage of these mediæval traders. Storms, wars, pirates, and above all, the famous sea-robber Columbus in 1468, seemed to threaten ruin to the adventurous fleet.

In July of that year the Venetian Senate had received warning from their consuls at London and Bruges that Columbus the pirate was lying in wait on the Flemish seas to waylay their unprotected ships.¹ This is the first time we hear the name Columbus. It is not that of the discoverer, but of a famous corsair who had long been the terror of the European seas. Columbus calls him his relative, and may have sailed with him at this time. The Venetian galleys escaped by the timely warning. But again in 1470 Columbus the sea-rover is mentioned as watching for the Flemish fleet,² and the Senate order a convoy of two ships of war, the *Malipiera* and the *Squarcia*, to defend them from the "pirate," as they call him. From this time we hear no more of the Columbi on the Venetian records for fifteen years. But in 1485 they appear again in a painful and terrible light.

It is one of those tales that illustrate the manners of this cruel age. The pirates had long been the scourge of the honest Venetian traders. Sometimes they would disguise themselves as merchantmen, trading peacefully to Candia for wine, and then throwing off their disguises, would prey upon all around them.³ No mercy was shown in these fearful con-

and a proportional sum for larger ones. Hence we may infer that in 1468 there were ships of 1000 tons.

¹ Venetian State Papers, 1468, July 20th (p. 122).

² Ibid., 1470, May 17th. The Senate decree that the war ships protect the galleys, etc.

³ Ibid., 1491. The Doge Agostino Barbarigo resolves to "extirpate" the pirates. They infest the wine fleets to Candia particularly, pretending to be merchantmen.

tests. Between the sea-robbers and the merchants there was a lasting and deadly hostility. It was to the pirate class that the Columbi belonged, and of all the corsairs of the day they were the most renowned. The elder Columbus had apparently lain in wait in vain for the rich fleet that sailed yearly to the north. But he had a son, known as Columbus Junior, who followed the same profession, and whose true name was Nicolo Griego, or Nicholas the Greek. He at last succeeded in the project which his father had so long essayed in vain. The prize was a tempting one to the bold buccaneers. The Flanders galleys with their freight were valued at two hundred thousand ducats—perhaps two millions of dollars—and would have proved an immense fortune to the captors could they have retained the spoil.¹

In 1485 the galleys were equipped with unusual care.² We have the decree of the Senate under which they set sail. The Doge Giovanni Mocenigo appoints the noble Bartolomeo Minio captain, with a salary of six hundred ducats. Four great galleys are provided, and to each captain a bounty of 3500 golden ducats is promised upon their safe return to Venice.³ This money was to be paid out of the tax on the Jews, and calls up anew Shakespeare's unreal picture; it is plain that the merchants of Venice were the true Shylocks of the time. A medical man was assigned to the fleet; his salary was only nine ducats a month.⁴ Minute rules are given for the conduct of the expedition. The freight is to be paid to the state. No deck-loads of tin or pewter ware are allowed,⁵ no currants nor molasses are to be stored in the hold. Two galleys were to go to London or the English ports, the rest to Sluys or Bruges. On their passage they might touch at Malaga and other ports in Spain; on their return a ship was detached to trade with the Mohammedans along the Barbary shore.

¹ Ven. State Papers. The amount can only be estimated, so different was the value of money. Yet it is evident that four ships, of 1000 tons each, supplied the whole northern trade. We see how small the trade was that seemed so great to the writers of the day.

² Ibid., 1485, April 12th. Commission of Doge G. Mocenigo to the noble Bartolomeo Minio.

³ Ibid., 1485, April 12th.

⁴ Ibid. The directions are minute and prudent, proofs of commercial sagacity.

⁵ Ibid. The tin and pewter ware came from England, its first rude productions.

The Venetians were too keen traders not to find profitable markets even in the lands of the infidel.

The Columbi or the Griegos were at last to seize their prize. They watched with seven ships—powerful, no doubt, and well equipped—off the Spanish coast to intercept the fleet of Bartolomeo Minio. The commander of the pirates was Nicolo Griego, the son, we are told, of the elder Columbus. His father had disappeared from sight. But with him in the pirate ships was another Columbus, the future discoverer and admiral of the Indies. In his "Life" Fernando Columbus boasts of his father's share in this famous engagement—famous because it led to the settlement of Columbus at Lisbon, his marriage, and his future exploits. He was now a man of at least fifty, hardened by thirty-six years of ceaseless adventure. What position he held in the pirate fleet, whether as commander or seaman, his son does not tell. We only know that he served under his relative, Columbus or Griego, and that he fought with desperate energy in the famous sea-fight off Cape St. Vincent.

The corsairs or the Columbi approached their prey in the evening; they waited all night on the still Atlantic, and in the morning rushed upon the Venetians.² It was seven, perhaps eight, ships against four. The galleys were heavy-laden and unmanageable, compared to their swift assailants. The Colombi had evidently resolved to make sure of their prey. They sailed under the French flag, and may have been fitted out in Genoa. It was the custom of the pirates, it seems, to assume false colors. But dreadful was the contest and fierce the fight that raged all day, as Columbus had told his son, on the tranquil sea—the scene, nearly four centuries later, of the battle of St. Vincent—and his narrative is confirmed by the Venetian archives. The four great galleys under Bartolomeo Minio defended themselves with unflinching courage. From the first to the twentieth hour they beat off their savage assailants. The ships grappled with each other, and fought hand to

hand. They used, we are told, artificial fire, and the pirates fastened their ships to the galleys by hooks and iron chains. Then no doubt they boarded, and were at last successful. And then Fernando Colon relates the romantic incident that led, he thinks, to the discovery of a new world. The ship in which his father fought was lashed by chains and hooks to a great Venetian galley. The Venetians seem to have set Columbus's ship on fire. The flames consumed both vessels. The only resource left to the survivors was to leap into the sea.¹

Columbus, an excellent swimmer, seized an oar that floated near him, and partly resting on it and partly swimming, sustained himself in the water.² He knew that he was about six miles from the land, the coast of Portugal, and made his way toward it. Wearied, half inanimate, he was dashed upon the shore. He had much difficulty in reviving himself.³ But he was near Lisbon, and made his way, a shipwrecked, penniless seaman, to the Portuguese capital. Here began a wonderful change in his character and fortune. Some Genoese, his countrymen, received him, and helped him in his distress. He abandoned his piratical life, and, as his son tells us, lived "honorably."⁴ At the church where he attended mass he saw a fair maiden, Donna Felipa Moniz, the daughter of Perestrello, the discoverer of the Madeiras. The admiral, his son says, was of fine appearance and honorable life; the lady was charmed with him, and married him. He lived with his mother-in-law, the widow of Perestrello, in great harmony⁵—a most rare and worthy mother-in-law, who showed him her husband's maps and charts. He studied carefully the Portuguese annals of discovery, when suddenly there broke upon him the new revelation of the world that lay beyond

¹ The story is told with such accuracy of detail that it could only have come from Columbus himself. Ma, essendo l'ammiraglio grandissimo nuotatore, e vedendosi due leghe o poco più discosto da terra, prendo un remo, etc.

² The Venetian Papers say nothing of the loss of a ship by fire; they rather indicate that the galleys were all recovered. But they may have passed over the fact.

³ Benchè stato stanco e travagliato dall' umidità dell' acqua che egli stette molti dì a rifarsi, etc.—Could this be invention? It seems impossible.

⁴ E perciocchè si portava molto onoratamente ed era uomo di bella presenza (p. 19).

⁵ The doubt that rests upon this narrative is well shown by Harris. See Harris.

¹ Life, p. 47. He calls the captain Columbus "a great man on the sea." Questi fu chiamato Colombo il giovane a differenza di un altro, che avanti era stato grand'uomo per mare.

² Venetian State Papers, 1485. Fernando Colon leaves out some particulars, but is generally accurate. See Life.

the dark Atlantic. The Portuguese, in their plans of discovery, he saw, sailed to the south; he would seek the Indies in the west.

Such is the narrative told by Fernando Colon, and evidently taken down from his father's lips. Mr. Major says it has "an apocryphal aspect." Irving and the later biographers evidently think it incredible.¹ They notice it faintly or pass it over. The story is in plain contradiction to many of the preconceived notions of Columbus's life. If he came to Lisbon in 1485, how could he have corresponded with Toscanelli in 1474, or planned the discovery as early as 1470? The contradiction only deepens the mystery that surrounds all the earlier period of Columbus's life. But the chief interest that attends this romantic story comes from the new light, in connection with the Venetian records, it throws upon the name and origin of Columbus. If his son is to be believed, Columbus was closely allied to the two Columbi who were well known to the Venetian traders and Senate, under the name of Griego, as the most dangerous of pirates. Columbus the discoverer sailed with Nicolo Griego, or Columbus the younger, for a long time before the sea-fight off St. Vincent. He tells us himself that he was of that family and name. He boasts that he was not the first admiral of his family, and Columbus the younger was known as the admiral of the French king. But to the Venetians he was known only as Nicolo Griego the pirate; the true name of the Columbi was therefore Griego, or the Greek, and it is quite impossible that the acute Venetians, the most intelligent traders of the time, could have been mistaken in the names of their chief foes.

In the Venetian despatches the story of the naval contest off Cape St. Vincent is told as follows:²

"On the 18th of September news came that on the 22d of August our four Flanders galleys, Bartolomeo Minio captain,

having left Cadiz, fell in with Colombo—that is to say, Nicolo Griego—captain of seven armed ships, under the flag of King Charles of France. It was at night, but at daybreak they came to blows. Three hundred of the galleys' crews were killed. The battle lasted from the first to the twentieth hour. At length Columbus was victorious, captured the galleys, and took them into the port of Lisbon." Here he set on shore the captain Minio, two masters, and the merchants, and left them stripped of everything.¹ They had, the account says, "scarcely clothes to their backs." The merchandise Griego placed in his own ships, and sailed away. But the King of Portugal, remembering some former kind acts done by the Venetian Senate to his ancestors, clothed the distressed captain and the merchants, and sent them home. For this the Venetian Senate despatched an embassy to Lisbon to return thanks for the king's generosity.

The pirate Griego, the despatches relate, made off with his rich plunder. But he was not permitted to enjoy it long. The Venetian Senate appealed to Charles VIII.² of France. The king summoned Griego before him. "Nicolo Griego," the records say, "who is called Colombo Junior [Colombo Giovane], wanted to obtain a safe-conduct to the king for three weeks to arrange a compromise." The king, it appears, consented, heard his defence, and decided against him. The goods and the ships were given back to the Venetians.³ Two hundred bales of spices, one hundred and fifty butts of Malmsey wine, thirty bags of cotton, forty casks of currants, etc., were found at Harfleur, the rest in Biscay. Thus the pirate Nicolo Griego was deprived of his plunder, and from this time disappears, like his father, from history. The Venetians seem to have begun a keen war against the pirates. Piracy ceased to be profitable, and Columbus the discoverer, Griego's near relative and companion for many years, now apparently married, and keeping house at Lisbon, began to make known to his contemporaries his fanciful project of crossing the impassable Atlantic to Cipango and Cathay.

¹ But if we reject this part of the son's "Life," what part shall we believe? See Major, *Letters, Int.*, p. xl. The story of "Casanueve" or Colon is told by Zurita, libro 19, *De los anales de Aragon*. He notices the sea-fight at St. Vincent, and calls Colon the younger, Colon, capitan de la armada del Rey de Francia. See Major, *Int.*

² Venetian State Papers, Sept. 18, 1485. *Deliberazioni Senato secreta*. This account, it is remarkable, says nothing of any ship having been burned, and the later accounts give no countenance to the story.

¹ Ven. State Papers. Sept. 18, 1485.

² *Ibid.* The Doge and Senate to the ambassador at Milan, Hieronimo Zorzi. He is "to go with all speed" to the French court.

³ *Ibid.*, April 9, 1486. "Letters received from our ambassador in France, Hieronimo Zorzi, that he has recovered from the captured Flanders galleys 200 bales spices," etc.

But who was this famous navigator, and what were his character and aims? The common legend paints him in saint-like and superhuman colors. No man was so wise, gentle, learned, studious, humane. To several of his recent biographers he is without a fault, a Numa, a Washington, with even a higher aim. With more than chivalric austerity he prepares himself for his rare achievements; Heaven guides him on his way; he works miracles; sorrows and afflictions follow him; majestic and godlike, he passes away from among men, without a blemish and without a fault. Such he is to De Lorgues, Belloy, and the Abbé Cadoret. Irving's delightful biography¹ admits his faults, but softens them into venial errors. His hero is clothed in the fairest drapery of his matchless style. The common legend has filled all modern histories, until the whole story of Columbus is wrapped in a cloud of falsehood.² And yet there is some truth in the picture. Columbus possessed an unrivalled strength of character and will, a mind of rare power and sagacity. He was strong as Hercules in forcing his way into distant seas, but, unlike Hercules, rather committed than redressed wrongs. Never was there a more striking difference than that between the traditional Columbus of the biographers and the Columbus of true history, of his contemporaries.

When Columbus first appears in the light of true history he was a storm-beaten sailor, worn with the toils of many years. He relates in one of his letters that he had been forty years upon the sea. For twenty-three years he had scarcely ever left the unsteady deck. It is probable that he was nearly sixty years old. He was poor, obscure, neglected—so obscure that all the years of his early life were unknown and unrecorded. It is remarkable that no authentic portrait of him remains. The various likenesses, engravings, paintings, and busts all differ

from each other, and are supported by no safe authority.³ We have among us a portrait of Columbus;⁴ it is accepted in the European collections. But his son tells us his father's hair turned white at thirty, and we notice that the hair of the portrait is black.⁵ It is plainly a work of the imagination. He was tall, his son says, fine-looking, polite, with light—perhaps gray—eyes, aquiline nose, and gray or white hair and beard.⁶ But this is all we know. Dante, two centuries before, had his Giotto; Spain abounds in portraits of the contemporaries of Columbus; but no one cared to preserve the name and features of the most eminent man of his time.

Columbus left no clear record of his own life, although his journals and letters show that, had he cared to do so, he could have written excellent memoirs.⁷ He became an admirable writer. His rare adventures over the summer seas are told with extreme clearness in his journal. He describes the storms of the tropics with Cooper's accuracy. His own sorrows and misfortunes, the ingratitude of his age, and the neglect of his contemporaries he tells with poetic energy and simplicity. But of his earlier life and adventures he never cared to write. He seems to have sought to hide them in obscurity. The only account of his life is that written apparently by his son Fernando. It was no doubt inspired by the father. It is known to us only in an Italian translation; the original is lost. Some doubts have been expressed of its authenticity. But this peculiar life of Columbus, composed in part under his own eye or taken down from his own lips, is wanting in most of the details that mark all other biographies. It tells neither when nor

¹ Major, *Int. Letters of Columbus*, lxxxviii., says, "Not one of the so-called portraits of Columbus is unquestionably authentic." They differ from each other, and cannot represent the same person.

² In the *New York Historical Society*.

³ Nella sua gioventù hebbe i capelli biondi, benchè giunto che fù a trenta anni tutti gli divennero bianchi, *Vita*, cap. iii. It is worthy of note that no portrait of Cervantes remains. Spain's two chief benefactors owe little to their ungrateful age.

⁴ Translators have usually made the hair "gray." But the true translation is "white." Both editions of the *Vita*, that of Milan, 1614, and of Venice, 1685, agree in *bianchi*. Baret's dictionary makes *bianchi* white, not gray.

⁵ See his touching letters in Mr. Major's translation, his acute defence of himself, his appeal to the justice of future ages.

¹ Yet Irving, book viii., c. 4, admits the cruelty of sending 500 Indian slaves to Spain as "a foul stain on his character," but defends it by the usages of Church and state at the time. So, 8, 7, "Columbus knew that gold alone would satisfy the avaricious dreams of Spain," and he obtains it by dreadful deeds. "The natives, weak, indolent, unused to labor of any kind," perish (8, 7). They sang melancholy ballads of the happy days before the white men came. Peter Martyr, iii., 9, etc.

² Belloy, *Columbus*, with fine illustrations continues the delusion. Isabella is "the noblest of women," Columbus a saint, almost a martyr.

where he was born.¹ One would suppose that Columbus would have given his son some clear account of his parents, his birth-place, his relatives and early friends. Not one of these is alluded to except the two corsairs, Columbi or Griegos. There is no genealogy or family record. Fernando Columbus evidently did not know the names of his grandfather and grandmother, nor of any near connections. One other relative, John Anthony Colon, is mentioned as commanding a ship under Columbus. Columbus himself tells us that all his family had been traders on the sea. It is plain that he could not have been the son of a wool-comber at Genoa,² and the story commonly told cannot be true. The mysterious relationship to the two Columbi is all that is known, and the questions may well arise—was he the son of the elder Colombo or a nephew? was not his father some bold sea-rover like himself? was he not Greek rather than Italian? These questions are still to be answered.

The Columbus of history is one of its least pleasing characters. He was evidently a sea-rover and a buccaneer. He sold his services to René of Anjou or Charles of France indifferently. A rude uneducated seaman,³ he joined in the barbarous sea-fight off St. Vincent, and aided in the massacre of honest traders and useful men. Time somewhat softened his harsher traits, but his early impulses never left him. He became familiar with the slave-trade in Portugal, and introduced it to the New World. He treated the natives of the new land with pitiless severi-

ty. He threw them into chains, cut off their hands and feet, or sold them as cannibals to misery and death. He probably invented the fiction of the Caribs only to destroy them.¹ Las Casas thought that the judgments of Heaven had fallen upon the merciless discoverer. In almost every trait of moral excellence Columbus seems equally wanting.² To the Spanish settlers in Hispaniola he was a hated tyrant, a cruel usurper. He threw Moxica over the walls of his fort with his own hands, and spurned him as he fell. His victims, hung by the neck, shocked the humanity of Bobadilla. It was believed that Columbus and his brothers planned a new empire in the Indies, and hoped to throw off the yoke of Spain; in later years Columbus engaged in a treasonable correspondence with Genoa. His ingratitude to the Pinzons, his betrayal of Beatriz Enriquez, his falsehoods, his fierce bursts of rage, his avarice, his revenge, his wild ambition, his pious frauds, his fanatical faith, can never be forgotten; they may be forgiven. Harsh, fierce, severe, the features of Columbus look down upon us over the flight of four centuries, the symbol of his cruel age.

Columbus found the natives of America full of the passion for gold. The glittering particles had for them an irresistible attraction, as to so many of what are called the educated races. They searched in the rivers and sands for gold, and when they had found it hung it in their ears and noses. Sometimes the more highly cultivated beat it into plates, which they fastened around their necks. It was their chief and almost only ornament, almost their only dress; they used, too, paint, feathers, and strings of pearls. The universality of this strange passion for the ductile metal in civilized and savage man is without an explanation; it is natural. We are told that there are ants that heap together glittering particles of precious or colored stones; it is their instinct. In Columbus the passion raged with a violence

¹ The curious capitolo ii., *Chi fossero il padre e la madre dell' ammiraglio*, tells the name of neither father nor mother. It seems written only to avoid telling them, or Fernando Columbus has nothing to tell. Conti, *Estratto di note sulla Crist. Colombo*, etc., 1846, notices this omission, and says: nessuno però lo fece, e la ragione è ben chiara; perchè Colombo non era nato in Genova (p. 4).

² The story of the wool-comber Dominico Colombo is adopted by most biographers. Conti shows its absurdity. *Estratto di note*, etc. He says: F. Colon was in Genoa; why was he not told where his father was born? He certainly must have known. That he was not the son of a wool-comber Columbus himself has told us. Fernando came to Genoa in 1537, per chiarirsi del vero appoggio a Genova, e si ha ragione a credere che il figliuolo di sì renomato e benefico uomo venisse accolto con gran onore, etc. Yet no one explained the mystery. Non si trovò quivi alcuno che gli sciogliesse ogni dubbio, etc.

³ See Mr. Goodrich's severe criticism, but in most cases true.

¹ So Señor Armas thinks. *La Fabula de los Caribes*, Havana. See too Darling, *Anthropology*, a paper read before the Oneida Hist. So., for a summary. Mr. Darling finds man-eating among the American Indians, pp. 40, 41, in Brazil, p. 37, but does not refer to Columbus's narrative.

² The slave-trade flourished at Lisbon in all its early enormity in 1466; 100,000 slaves were imported from Africa annually; often hundreds died on a single passage. Slaves were cheaper at Lisbon than cattle or sheep. See *Bohemian Travels*, 1466.

seldom known. He dreamed of golden palaces, heaps of treasure, and mines teeming with endless wealth. His cry was everywhere for gold. Every moment, in his fierce avarice, he would fancy himself on the brink of boundless opulence; he was always about to seize the treasures of the East painted by Marco Polo and Mandeville. "Gold," he wrote to the king and queen, "is the most valuable thing in the world; it rescues souls from purgatory and restores them to the joys of paradise."¹

It was something of his early pirate life that stirred him in his plans of discovery. He was always the buccaneer; he was always a slave-trader. He selected the port of Navidad because it seemed a convenient harbor for slave-ships. He made slaves wherever he went. In his fierce avarice, when he found the naked Indians had little gold, he proposed to sell them, and thus establish a wide source of profit. Gold he must make by some means. He urged upon the king and queen his infamous project. They seemed at first to disapprove, and afterward countenanced it. They could scarcely fail to see that hunting the helpless natives through the islands and the continent to sell them into slavery was not a Christlike trade. They gently rebuked the discoverer, but soon after we find them lending him their approval. "Let him be informed," they wrote, "of what has transpired respecting the cannibals that came to Spain. He has done well," etc." Soon every Spaniard who sailed to America became a slave-trader. Ojeda and Americus Vesputius filled their ships with "cannibals," and the brothers of Columbus followed the example of the admiral. A boundless horror settled upon the new-discovered lands. Las Casas thought the sickness and pains that fell upon Columbus a judgment for the woes he had inflicted upon the helpless Indians.

In nothing does Columbus seem less consistent than in his account of these native races. At one moment he paints them as the gentlest and fairest of men. They live in idyllic peace; they are kind, benevolent, good. But the next we are told that the islands are constantly at war with each other; there is no peace in all

the fair circle of the Bahamas. Then we are told of the islands of cannibals, and last Columbus describes the natives in words probably nearest the truth. "They eat," he says, "all the snakes, lizards, and spiders and worms they find upon the ground, so that, to my fancy, their bestiality is greater than that of any beast upon the face of the earth."²

Columbus was filled with the wild fancies of the fifteenth century, and tells as extravagant falsehoods as Marco Polo or Mandeville. One of these, his account of the cannibals and Amazons of the New World, has been carefully exposed in a learned treatise, *La Fabula de los Caribes*, by Señor Armas, read before the Havana Anthropological Society. On no point does Columbus insist more strongly than that the Caribs were man-eaters. Señor Armas shows that they fed only on fruits and insects. In his first voyage Columbus says, "I saw a very large island whose inhabitants the other islanders are very much afraid of, because they eat men."³ He sees the Caribs everywhere, at least in fancy. But he never produces any proof of having detected them in their horrible feasts. Señor Armas denies that there were any cannibals in the West Indies, and proves his case by a learned argument. He suggests that the only instances of man-eating discovered in the New World were when in their horrible distresses at times the Spaniards fed upon each other. The Indians of the West Indies, he thinks, were almost unacquainted with animal food.⁴

But the reason, the fatal cause, that led Columbus to spread this falsehood, Señor Armas suggests, was his avarice or his fear. The cost of his expedition had been great; he must have gold to satisfy the claims of his friends, his creditors, and the king and queen. Among the innocent and feeble natives he had found little, and he was forced to become a slave-trad-

¹ Letter I., Major, p. 68.

² "I vido tierra i era una isla mui grande—a que llama—ban *Bohio*, poblado de jente. De esta jente diz que los de *Cuba* o *Juana* i de todas esotras islas tienen gran miedo, porque diz que comian los hombres." Armas, p. 8. Jour. Colon, 5 de Diciembre.

³ Armas. *La Fabula de los Caribes*, p. 15. Los unicas casas autenticos de antropofagia en la conquista fueron cometidos por los mismos conquistadores, etc. Señor Armas, in some of his views on the "artificial deformation of the Indian skulls," has been opposed in a very learned treatise by Dr. José R. Montalvo, of the Havana Academy of Sciences, etc. Our Havana *savants* are not idle.

¹ Letters, p. 96.

² Ibid, p. 83. Directions of the king and queen. Memorial on the second voyage. The story is told by Dr. Chanca. There is no account of this voyage by Columbus.

er to satisfy the avarice of his employers.

But Columbus, with all his errors or his crimes, was at least in advance of his contemporaries. His contemporaries were still the cruel tyrants of the Middle Ages. Kings, priests, and nobles shared in the boundless profligacy and cruelty of the time. A Borgia, gifted but remorseless, sat in the chair of St. Peter.¹ Louis XI. and Charles VIII. were the kings of France; Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. covered England with endless horrors. It is strange to read in the Venetian despatches the congratulations of the Senate to Richard III. on his marriage with the hapless Anne, whom he soon after poisoned. Next we read of the battle of Bosworth and the death of the murderous king. Columbus was born not long after the death of Joan of Arc; he saw the restoration and the misery of France. From his Spanish sovereigns he could have learned only lessons of profligacy and crime. The researches of Bergenroth in the archives of Salamanca have refuted all the traditional legends. The saintly queen, celebrated by Prescott and Irving, is transformed into a cruel mother, a hated wife, the oppressor of the hapless Jews, the author of the Inquisition. No pity had she for the countless Hebrew women and children she drove from her realm; she even robbed them in their flight of their jewels and their gold. The king, worthy of his wife, left his daughter Katherine to suffer from want in England; he was cold, cruel, immoral; a faithless husband, a treacherous ally, a dangerous friend. Among his contemporaries, Columbus the sea-robber seems almost humane.

One king was an exception to his order. René of Anjou, nominal King of Jerusalem, Naples, and Sicily, was closely connected with the two chief discoverers of the New World.² He was painter, poet, architect, student, and everything but a king. He was father of that fierce and cruel Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. of England, whose vigorous will prolonged and added new terrors to

the wars of the Roses. But René shared none of his daughter's savage instincts. He preferred his painter's easel to a crown; he built curious castles and palaces; he travelled often from Angers to Aix; he adorned his capitals with gardens, and founded a menagerie that was the wonder of the age.¹ He wrote verses and illuminated his own manuscripts. He sang, and played on the viol. He corresponded with many of the learned men of the time. But his chief claim to our attention is that he employed the young Columbus in some expedition against Tunis. It is possible that among the archives of Anjou, part of which are now removed to Paris,² some trace of the discoverer may be found.

René II., the grandson of the first, probably fixed upon the New World the name of America. He had been educated by the uncle of Americus Vesputius. Americus was his fellow-student, and to him Americus addressed his four voyages, and claimed the discovery of the continent. To René II. was written Waldseemüller's letter giving the name of America to the New World.³ The connection of the two Renés with the two chief discoverers is at least curious. The records of Aix, Angers, and Saumur may reveal the secret of the name and birthplace of Columbus.

One great thought fixed itself in the mind of this mediæval pirate and buccaneer, and transformed him into a hero, the benefactor, the discoverer. But whence came this sudden inspiration, whence did Columbus borrow his new impulse? Here, too, is one of the mysteries that mark his career. An uncultivated, half-barbarous seaman, he could scarcely have found it in study. He had no example to incite him. He had only the skill and daring won in his wild adventurous life, in his wanderings over the sea from the Gulf of Guinea to the shores of England and the distant peaks

¹ See *Roi René, Comptes et Mémoires*, Paris, 1873. Par De la Marche. Here we have the king's accounts in part, and a record of his many useful labors. He burned one Jew, Astorge, for blasphemy.

² *Roi René*, pref. The archives of Anjou were removed to Paris.

³ Major, *Letters*. See Navarrete, tom. iii., p. 183 et seq. Vesputius writes to René II., quod olim mutuum habuerimus inter nos amicitiam tempore juvenis nostræ cum grammaticæ rudimenta imbibentes, etc.

¹ The fearful story of the Cenci was a century later, 1599. The Cenci kill their father, one of the Santa Croces her mother. Violence and cruelty marked the conduct of all classes. See Bertolotti, *Cenci*, etc.

² *Œuvres choisies du Roi René*, Paris, 1849, avec une biographie et des notices. Par De Quatrebarbes. René I. was born 1408, died 1480.

of the Ultima Thule'—perhaps Iceland—in his strong intellect and iron frame. His son Fernando gives several chapters to this peculiar theme. He shows that the idea of a passage over the Atlantic to the coast of Cathay had long been the subject of speculation or of hope in Europe. But nothing that he says explains the obscurity that rests upon his father's enterprise, or indicates why he alone should have made the idea a practical one. Men hung in terror beside the swelling waves of the dark ocean, timid, irresolute; Columbus led them over.

It is probable that in Portugal he first conceived or found the idea. I have met with a tradition that seems to have escaped the notice of writers on this theme.² It is from the very interesting journal of some Bohemian travellers—Prince Leo, Tetzl, and Schassek—who in 1466 visited Portugal and Spain. They had passed from Prague to Bruges and Flanders, crossed into England, where they were received with great amity, and kissed a thousand times by all the fair ladies of the court of Edward IV. From London they crossed into France; saw Louis XI. in his fortress cowering and timid; visited the gentle René of Anjou at Saumur—the artist who was painting a partridge when the news came that he had lost the Kingdom of Naples, and who went on with his painting. At last they came to Spain, saw its misery and despair, its starving, sullen people, its corrupt priests, its savage kings, made a pilgrimage to Compostela, and reached the ocean at the bold headland of Cape Finisterre. Here they stood on the mighty rock that guards the extremity of Europe and repels the fiercest surges of the Atlantic. Before them spread the boundless expanse of the mysterious ocean, the sky, the infinite heavens; and here they were told the legend of three ships that had once crossed the sea, only one of which had returned. They had been sent out by a King of Portugal. For three years they had wandered over the ocean. The

ship that came back brought a wasted and decimated crew, who told of the strange lands they had discovered in the Atlantic, and of the monsters and the wild men who filled its distant shores. This legend was told in 1466, long before Columbus could have projected his voyage of discovery.

It was to the Arabs and the Jews that we probably owe the discovery of America.¹ From them the Spaniards and Portuguese learned all that they knew of civilization. The Arabs from the ninth to the twelfth century were the rulers of the sea, the founders of European commerce. Edrisi, the Arab historian, describes the harbors of Almeria, in Spain,² filled with the ships of the East and of Lisbon (Eschbona), the centre of wealth and trade. Two Mohammedan travellers, or one, who visited China in the ninth century, found its ports frequented by the vessels of their countrymen, who sailed around the coasts of India. Edrisi, again, describes the China seas, unknown to Greek and Roman, and the Chinese ships as the finest of their kind.³ The adventurous Arab sailors were found on every sea. It is from them that Portugal and Spain learned the art of ship-building, as most of the other arts. Our Bohemian travellers in 1466 found the Spaniards everywhere clothed in Arab dress, imitating the Arab manners, riding Arab horses, and the kings surrounded by Arab guards. Splendid Cordova and matchless Granada still ruled the taste of the peninsula.⁴ Even the chief terms of business and of naval affairs, of police and finance, the Spaniards borrowed from the Arabs.⁵ The maravedi, an Arab coin,

¹ Conde, *Hist. Dom. Arabes en España*, describes the splendors of the Moorish dominion, their arts, learning, etc. He complains of the loss of Arabic manuscripts in the fire at the Escorial in 1671. Navarrete, i, int. v., vii., *los Arabes merecen particular consideracion—among geographers.*

² One merchant of Almeria, Ibn-abba, was worth many millions of dollars. His library contained 80,000 volumes.

³ Edrisi's picture of the China seas is clear, but full of improbabilities of monsters and fishlike islands. I., p. 96: "Tous les navires chinois, grands et petit, sont solidement construit en bois," etc.

⁴ So, in his patriotic ardor, Edrisi describes ii., 52, les jardins qui environnent Toledo and Malaga—une ville très belle. Le territoire environnant est planté en vergers de figuiers produisant des fruits qu'on expédie en Egypte en Syrie dans l'Irak et même dans l'Inde; ces figues sont d'une qualité parfaite.

⁵ See Dozy, *Glossaire arab.*, and Engelmann, *Almirante, Amiral*, etc. Engelmann thinks ammeral

¹ Columbus boasts that he had sailed three hundred leagues beyond Iceland—an improbable story—that he had seen mermaids in the African seas, etc.

² Notices sur les Voyages faits en Belgique par des Étrangers. Par Isidor Hye. Ghent, 1847. See *Nouvelles Annales des Sciences Géographiques*, 1842, and *Commentarius brevis et jucundus Itineris atque Peregrinationis susceptæ*, Barone de Rosmital et Blatna, 1844, Stuttgart, etc. Of the scarce original of 1577 one copy is in the British Museum.

was used in the time of Columbus to express all their moneyed transactions. It was at Lisbon that Columbus first planned his voyage. But long before, when Lisbon was a flourishing Arab city, intelligent and splendid, Edrisi relates that an expedition was sent out from its port to explore the dark and unknown ocean.¹ The commanders were brothers known as the Almagrurins, or the Wandering Brothers. They must have set sail before the year 1150. They crossed the Atlantic, it is said, visited unknown islands, and discovered new lands. After a weary voyage of many months they returned in safety. A street was named after them in Moorish Lisbon, called the street of the Almagrurins.² Possibly the attempt might have been renewed, and a Moorish city might have sprung up in Cuba or Hispaniola, at Philadelphia or New York. But soon the conquering Christians took Lisbon, and checked its advance in knowledge. For many centuries it was given up to war and chivalry. At length it revived the Moorish instincts of trade and commerce. Lisbon became the centre of discovery, and Columbus learned in its traditions, perhaps, the story of the Almagrurins.

But Columbus could have found no certainty in the vague traditions of the past of Arab or of Portuguese. Where did he obtain his assurance that the Atlantic was not altogether impassable? Whence came the perfect faith that convinced so many, and won the friar Perez Santangel, and the shrewd sailors the two Pinzons, to his side? His contemporaries, in explanation of the mystery, told the story of the pilot. "Some say," Oviedo relates, in his history,³ "that a

from Al Emir; Dozy doubts. Algebra, alchemy, and many other terms suggest themselves—alguazil, gabelle, etc. The *maravedi* was once gold, then silver, then copper. In its last form it was worth less than three cents.

¹ Humboldt, Ex. Crit., ii., 137–8, etc., relates the story of the Almagrurins. They could not penetrate à l'extrémité de la mer ténébreuse (l'atlantique). He thinks they reached only the Gulf of Guinea. But the tradition and the length of the voyage might well have taken them to Brazil or Hayti.

² Edrisi, ii., 26–7, tells the story of the Almagrurins and of the street named from them. "It exists yet," he says—about 1153.

³ Oviedo's Hist. Gen. and Nat. de las Indias, cap. ii. Quieren decir algunos que una caravela que desde España passaba para Inglaterra cargada de mercaderias é bastimentos assi como vinos é otras cosas, etc. The pilot and the seamen died, but they left

caravel in passing from Spain to England was driven far off upon the ocean, and came at last to the unknown land." "It came," says Eden,¹ "to a haven, but many of the crew died; only the pilot and a few seamen survived. All writers agree that they came to the house of Columbus at Madeira, and died there, leaving him their charts, writings, what they saw on the ocean, and the elevation of the pole at the new discovered land." After the pilot's death, Columbus, possessed of his secret, resolved to follow the path he had indicated; he evidently believed it was the pathway to the Indies and Cathay. This story of the pilot is told by nearly all the contemporaries of Columbus. It explains the persistence with which he asserted his faith in the possibility of crossing the Atlantic.² The story is rejected by all the later biographers except Mr. Goodrich, who asserts its truth. Irving treats it as a fable. Fernando Colon does not mention it in his "Life." But the testimony of Eden is confirmed by many circumstances and repeated by many writers. I think we may assume that Columbus had some certain guide to lead him on his unparalleled voyage.

The most interesting of all these questions—these mysteries of Columbus—is, where did he first land? No one apparently can tell. I confess that I can never read even the simplest, plainest narrative of that memorable voyage—the most important of all voyages—without a thrill of intense feeling. The poor half-shattered ships; the crews of criminals and convicts; the jealous Pinzons; the chief Columbus, hated, feared, the pirate and corsair still; the soft and favoring winds; the friendly ocean; the *salve regina* chanted at evening over the quiet sea; the keen watch for each trace of the coming land—at last a floating flower (a dogrose) and some fresh green grass told that it was near.³ But had Columbus faltered,

with Columbus their secret. But Oviedo says: Que esto passasse assi ó ne, ninguno con verdad lo puede afirmar.

¹ Eden speaks of the story as well known and true. See Hakluyt, Supplement, page 370.

² Ibid (Hak., Supplement, page 370) is in doubt where Columbus was born, but it was in the territory of Genoa. He had gained the secret of the new world, and "told it to John Perez de Marchena," and resolved to follow the pilot's directions.

³ Thursday, October 11th. "Those of the caravel *Nina*" saw a little stick with a dogrose. "The men

had his strong will and fierce resolution yielded to the common weaknesses of men, he would long ago have turned back, and we should not have been here. In the first light of the October morning—the 12th Old Style or 21st the New—the ravishing sight broke upon the Spaniards of an island fair as any the sun ever shone upon.

"It was very large," says Columbus, "and has green trees and abundance of water. There is a very large lagoon in the midst of it, but no hills, and all is covered with verdure most pleasing to the eye." It was filled with a cinnamon-colored people, the gentlest of their kind; it abounded in the fruits on which they fed.¹ Columbus landed with gracious ceremonies on the verdant shore, and kneeling down beneath his banner of the green cross, took possession of what he seemed to think a gift from Heaven. He sailed in a boat around or along his new property. It contained a harbor large enough to hold all the navies of Europe. It was the fairest of islands; he named it San Salvador; the natives in their musical tongue called it Guanahani.²

But it would seem that it could only have been a delusive dream of the discoverer.³ No such island exists to-day along the Bahama reefs. The islands are all barren banks of sand; no verdure or trees, no lakes, no water, and no traces of inhabitants, can be found on them. It is quite impossible that the picture drawn by Columbus can have applied to them. The one called San Salvador on the maps and Cat Island by the English is usually pointed out as the place of landing. It is a sandy, barren spot, without fresh-

water, trees, or any trace of the charming scene that entranced the first discoverers.⁴

Lady Brassey, in her *In the Trades, the Tropics, etc.*, thus presents the question and decides it: "To the southeast of Eleuthera," she says, "is Cat Island, long believed to be the first landing-place of Columbus in 1492, and to have therefore been called by him San Salvador, by which name, I believe, it is still known to Americans. We English, on the contrary, after much consideration of Columbus's somewhat imperfect journal, and comparison of his charts with those of the present day, have come to the conclusion that a much smaller island² farther to the southward and eastward, called Watling's Island (but now also known as San Salvador), is the historical landing-place. The three reasons that lead to this conclusion are, first, that Watling's Island lies more in the track of Columbus than Cat Island could have done; secondly, that he specially mentions having rowed around San Salvador in a single day, a feat that could easily be accomplished as regards Watling's, while it is practically impossible at Cat Island; thirdly, that he mentions a large inland lake, which exists in Watling's, whereas there is no water on Cat Island."³

Four islands claim, or, had they any inhabitants to speak for them, would claim, to be the scene of the historic landing. Their advocates at least maintain their pretensions with long and vigorous arguments. They are Turk's Island, Watling's, Cat or San Salvador, and Samana. Several others have been suggested.⁴ Navarrete, the most careful of all the students of the Columbus papers, prefers Grand Turk, and Mr. Gibbs sustains him after an actual survey. But there seems no possible connection between this

of the *Pinta* saw a piece of cane and some other grass, which grass grows upon the land."

¹ Puestos en tierra vieron arboles muy verdes y aguas muchas y frutas de diversas maneras. Colum. Journal. See Fox, p. 11. Navarrete, 1, 20.

² Venuto adunque il giorno videro che era un' isola di 15 leghe di lunghezza, piana, e senza montagna, Vita. F. Colon. cap. xxii. Columbus says he came á un isleta de los Lucayos, que se llamaba en lengua de indios Guanahani. Primer Viage. This is the most stirring passage in all the annals of the New World. It is the first.

³ The picture of the islands in the *Life* is equally fanciful. The other islands Columbus describes as all beautiful. Por ende yo miré por las mas grande, —y será lejos destadi San Salvador cinco leguas y las otras dellas mas, dellas menos, sin montana y muy fértiles y todos poblados, y se hacenguena la una á la otra.

¹ San Salvador in the *Life* is—senza montagna, piena di alberi molti verdi e di bellissime acque, con una gran laguna in mezzo, popolata da molta gente, che non con minor desiderio concorrevano alla marina tutti stupidi, etc.

² On the English charts the name San Salvador is now given to Watling's Island; within a few years, on the American, Cat Island is still Guanahani and San Salvador. At least the musical name Guanahani, the first known to Europeans of all the new world, should be preserved.

³ Brassey, *In the Trades, etc.*, pp. 364-7. She says, "I am told that at San Salvador the remains of an Indian temple may still be seen, and that curious implements and idols are occasionally found there."

⁴ Señor de Varnhagen (1864), in his *La Verdadera Guanahani de Colon*, indicates Mayaguana.

barren reef of salt-pits and lagoons and the fair vision painted by Columbus. The English authorities since 1856 unite upon Watling's Island. It is called San Salvador on all their maps. Mr. Major and Captain Becker defend this change, and Muñoz, as early as 1793, suggested it. But Watling's Island is only twelve miles long, filled with low wooded hills and salt-water lagoons. The island described by Columbus was very large—*bien grande*—he tells us, and nearly fifteen leagues in length. It had no hills. Watling's is too small and barren to deserve the name of San Salvador.

Humboldt, Irving, and Slidell MacKenzie have fixed upon Cat Island, long known as San Salvador on the English and American charts—at least from 1650 to 1850, or two hundred years. It is forty-two miles long, according to Mr. Major—thirty-six by another account—and has the loftiest hill in the Bahamas.¹ In length it would seem to approach nearer the fifteen leagues of Columbus. It is treeless and without water. There is no lake in the interior.² Barren, deserted, waste, its lonely scene can little recall the bloom and beauty of the Indian isle. Was this the fair Guanahani, the home of innocence, the land of flowers? We are lost in conjecture. It is possible that the fresh streams, the rich verdure, the trees, the fruits enumerated by Columbus, may have faded with the gentle savages they nourished. But it seems incredible.

The latest study of this interesting question is by Captain G. V. Fox, of the Coast Survey. He has carefully compared the journal and letters of Columbus, and endeavored to trace the exact path of the discoverer. His laborious essay deserves the highest praise, but its conclusions cannot be held final. He fixes upon the island of Samana as the landing-place. He objects that from Cat Island no others are seen, and forgets that Columbus set sail, *di la vela*,³ before he saw the countless islets around him. Mr. Major makes a similar mistake. Columbus, he says, called San Salvador "a

small island," but in his letters Columbus says it was *bien grande*—"very great."

The chain of islands that lies in front of Nassau is full of undying historical interest. Along them sailed the first ships that crossed the unknown ocean; on one Columbus landed; which of them was Guanahani? The question can perhaps be answered by a new and careful study of the islands themselves. Some of our active inquirers might well devote a few months each winter to the examination of their opposing claims. The wonders of the Bahamas are endless. The corals of rare colors and form; the fish, tinted like the rainbow, that caught the eye of Columbus; the waters so limpid as to reveal their lowest depth; the caves, the sea-flowers, the sea-monsters, described by the discoverer, are still there. Lady Brassey tells of the remains of an Indian temple and a burial-place on San Salvador—she means Watling's Island, and there could be no more exciting study than that of the real condition of these memorable islands, and of that most important question, on which of them did Columbus land?

The last great mystery we may notice that enfolds this memorable life is the disgrace and poverty in which it closed. "Weep for me," Columbus cries in a moment of agony—"weep for me who ever has charity, truth, and justice. I did not come out on this voyage to gain for myself wealth or fame, for all hope of such things was dead within me." His abject fall and distress are unaccountable. Admiral of Castile, Viceroy of the New World, the owner of one-tenth of all its revenues, Columbus was so poor that he complains he had no money to pay his reckoning at a tavern. He had been brought home in chains from his imperial rule. His fierce, aspiring spirit was broken. His last two voyages were undertaken in a kind of mad despair. His letters describing them are filled with improbable tales and wild conjectures. It is plain that his great sorrow had clouded his active mind. Yet never was his intellect greater. These last voyages, borne down by sorrow, pain, disease, shipwreck, old age, seem more wonderful even than the first.

It is in this light that we are to view question by careful observation; it is honorable to the country that owes most to the discoverer. Nav., i, 25.

¹ Major, Int. Johnston's Dic., 1855, English, gives Cat Island as San Salvador. The recent American charts call it only Cat Island. They are timid.

² Mr. Gibbs says, there is no tree or lake on Cat Island—San Salvador.

³ Yo miré todo aquel puerto y despues me volví á la nao y *di la vela*, y vide tantas islas que yo no sabia determinarme á cual iria primero, etc. Captain Fox's is the most recent attempt to solve this

Columbus. He was not a man of the nineteenth century, but of the fifteenth; he shared the semi-barbarism of his contemporaries. But his strong intellect achieved for mankind what none had done or could have done before. It is this power of endurance, this heroic energy, this herculean strength devoted to the welfare of posterity, that places him above a Cæsar or an Alexander—a master intellect among men. It matters little, except for the historical interest, what were his name and lineage, whether he were corsair or pirate, Italian, Greek, or Jew, we stand filled with admiration before him, overwhelmed with sympathy for his fate. His dying appeals sound over the New World like

the wail of Hercules in the shirt of Nessus, of Prometheus torn by his vulture. With Prometheus he seems to cry, "I that gave a new world to men am tortured for my services to mankind."

The fittest homage we can pay to the great discoverer on the four-hundredth anniversary of his voyage is to study anew his wonderful career. Let us see him as he really was. The historical truth will only add to his real greatness. It is the man we wish to see; and if by a transcendent effort he sprang from the corsair's deck or some obscure employment, from ignorance, from error, to become the benefactor of men, it will only redouble his unequalled merit.

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

IF on the thorns thy feet be bruised to-morrow,
And far the fierce sands glare,
Unbind thy temples! thank life for its sorrow,
Its longing and despair.

With love within, what heart shall fail and wither,
Athirst for rivered hills?
Moaning, "Mine, mine! what hate hath led me hither
Unto a sky that kills!"

Unworthy thou! if faith should sink and falter;
Blind hand and blinder eye
Bind the blind hope upon thy doubt's old altar
And stab it till it die.

Think not hast hugged no happiness and never
Communed with lovely sleep;
Had night before thine eyeballs—night forever
To lead thee to the deep.

Aye! wouldst thou have thy self-love for a burden,
A fardel bound with tears,
To sweat beneath and gain at last as guerdon
From hands of wasted years!

Coaxing lewd stars to light thee, feebler, thinner
Than phantoms in the moon;
Dead stars and all the darkness of the inner
Self's deader plenilune;

To see at last—beneath Death's sterner learning—
Through sockets sealed with frost,
The awful sunsets of red heavens burning
God's baffling pentecost.

FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY F. D. MILLET.

III.



THE harmonizing mists of early morning silvered the tawny surface of the Danube, and softened the jagged outlines of Dürrenstein, on the crowning pinnacle of the rocky spur which thrusts its shoulder boldly out from the wooded flanks of higher summits behind, and stands sentinel over the little village at its base, and the sunny hill-side vineyard and valley beyond. Our camp, in a little glade by a backwater nearly opposite the ruin, was so peaceful and quiet that something of the repose of the place crept over our restless spirits, and, for the first time since we began to coquet with the nervous currents of the whirling stream, we felt a keen desire to pause in our onward rush, an ambition to extend our horizon, to climb above the river-bank, to explore the gorges that fascinated us with their mysterious gloom, to linger yet awhile in the great defile where every peak bears the ruins of a noble castle, and every hamlet has a history crowded with tales of minstrelsy and chivalry, and enriched by familiar legends and interesting traditions. Our eyes, keen to observe vigorous outlines of mountain forms, had discovered in this defile the most impressive landscapes the river had yet unfolded before us, and it was with a sense of proper dramatic climax that we found that Dürrenstein—the very name of which set free a flood of childish memories of Cœur de Lion, of Blondel, of ladies fair and chivalrous knights, of robbery and ransom—was the very outpost of the chain of ruins which had serrated the sky line through the whole defile, and looked down upon the gem of all the river reaches. I may as well confess that my idea of the geographical situation of the

castle had hitherto been in the region of hazy uncertainty, if not actually in the humiliating penumbra of utter ignorance. Its position, then, had the added charms of surprise and novelty.

The towers and arches, high on the bare summit of the rock; the half-ruined walls, skirting each projecting spur, and straggling away down the steep rough declivity, embracing with diverging ramparts and frequent projecting towers the little town on the ledge by the river below, with its castle, its Gothic church edifice, disfigured by utilitarian restoration, and defiled by stores of grain, and confining within the mediæval limits the quaint and crowded jumble of shops and dwellings—the charm of this unique situation, and the vivid memory of the traditions connected with the spot, were stronger even than the wily arguments of the beautiful effects on the river, and the fascinations of the exhilarating, throbbing current that, in spite of paddle, almost swept us past the landing we had chosen. But we conquered both the water and the impulse bred of its restless power, and clambered, broad-chested and full of pride at our victory, up a narrow cañon, with dark frowning rocks overhead, shale and shingle underfoot, and the refreshing, half-forgotten odors of pine and warm dry earth in our nostrils. Some distance up the gorge a steep slippery grass slope extends upward between two rough pine-clad crests to a little depression in the ridge behind the ruin, and to the lower gate of the castle itself. Multicolored butterflies hovered in the sunlight, the grass and rock crevices were gay with flowers, and our botanist gathered, as we went, wild pinks, columbine, and anemone, and panted out to our eager ears the Latin names of scores of mountain plants. Our steps, retarded by these botanical delights, not to say delayed by the unaccustomed exercise, and our lungs expanding with a vigor unknown in the lazy life in the canoes, we were long in reaching the first point from which we could look down upon the wonderful panorama of mountain and river, valley and scattered towns. Our world had indeed been too narrow, our horizon



DÜRRENSTEIN.

much too low. The giantess of a river from whose tyranny we had just escaped lay like a shining narrow lake below us, its beautiful curves contrasting with the harsh lines of the mountains, which met in an apparently impenetrable wall beyond. From the height at which we stood we could not see its eddies nor hear the hiss of its rapid flow. We were for the moment quite beyond the power of its spell.

The castle ruin bears so many traces of the destruction of successive sieges and consequent restorations that as it now stands it makes an architectural and archæological puzzle which we felt quite

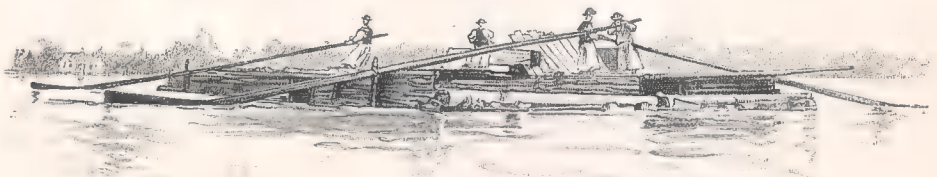
unable to struggle with. In general plan it is not unlike other mediæval strongholds, with yard and keep, watch-towers and gates, banquet-hall and chapel, and with extensive outworks intended to protect the little town of Dürrenstein, at once its weakness and its strength. Utterly neglected by the owner, whoever he may be, the perfection of its masonry and the wonderful quality of the mortar have alone prevented it from becoming long since an ugly mass of worthless rubbish. Most of the later constructions have, indeed, fallen down, or have served so long as convenient quarries that they have almost disappeared. We did not find with-

out some difficulty the traces of the grand old stairway that led from the lower enclosure on the town side up into the pile of buildings at the top and the older part of the castle. Scrambling up a moraine of small stones and mortar, an unsightly avalanche, where the noble flight of steps once mounted the ledge, we came to an irregular open space, now roofless, but with doorways almost perfect and well-preserved window penetrations. From this passages lead into towers on the edge of the precipice, and into a small vaulted chapel, where rows of Byzantine saints cover the walls with dim visions of red and yellow, their halos now but circlets of rough holes where jewels were once embedded in the mortar, and their rigid countenances disfigured by the weathering of centuries of storms and frosts that have fought nature's battle on this bleak and dizzy crag. The northern wall of the open space just alluded to is a solid ledge of rock hewn square and true, and in this wall is an opening like a doorway, but bearing no traces of hinges or of any other contrivance to close it, which leads into a spacious room cut out of the hard stone. If this was the place where Richard Cœur de Lion was confined, not only could no minstrel song ever have reached his ears, but no sound of the world outside the castle less startling than the crash of thunder ever have broken the hateful quiet of this rock dungeon. The summit of the ledge is reached by a narrow stairway, casually twisting and turning as the inequalities of the surface dictated to the builder, and bears traces of a much-worn passageway of huge floor beams. This was once enclosed by walls of great height and exceptional solidity. From the ordinary indications of construction it is proper to assume that here was the original structure, enlarged and altered a good deal since the twelfth century, but still preserving much of its old shape. Portions

of huge towers and jagged edges of apartment walls, where immense pieces were blown out and down into the chasm below when the Swedes destroyed this stronghold in the Thirty Years' War, now alone remain to give a meagre idea of its grandeur and unique strength. Unapproachable except across the narrow depressed ridge behind the summit, and this entrance defended by overhanging towers and a series of walls, it withstood many sieges, and no doubt harbored many a robber baron whose descendants now enjoy the titles and wealth which throw a dazzling glamour over the methods of their acquisition.

For a long time we enjoyed to the full the view up the defile and down the broad valley where the river, spreading out into a net-work of small streams, disappears in a screen of wooded islands. Away to the southeast the great Benedictine monastery of Göttweig shows an imposing mass of white on the rounded hills that bound the Tullnfeld, and stretch off to mingle their summits with the broad dark patch of the Wienerwald in the extreme distance. Far beyond the low islands lies the little town of Tulln, the Comagenæ of the Romans, later famous in the *Nibelungen-Lied*, and the point where the great army assembled in 1683 to deliver Vienna from the hands of the hated Turk. Dotted along the hill-sides and in the broad valley on the left bank of the river stand Stein and Krems and Wagram.

The insidious influence of the guide-book stole upon us unawares as we began to ponder over the history of the region within the range of our uninterrupted vision. Our imaginations, stimulated now by the mention of these names, wandered from the realities of the Napoleonic campaigns, through the dim traditions of crusading days, back to the times when the Roman fleets crowded the narrow channels at the busy stations on the river-bank. The germ of latent restlessness



LUMBER RAFT.

F. S. Muller



PEASANT WAGON, HAINBURG.

thus grew like a noxious fungus in our minds; contentment and peace vanished like a faint odor. This history was but stale, and the study of it unprofitable. Myths and legends were like poetry and music, to be taken only when the spirit yearns for them. Reality is now before us; teeming modern life awaits us beyond those distant hills. A new nervousness and a new ambition of progress are upon us—new because there opened to our mental vision, at the mention of Islam, broad and fascinating vistas of the Orient, of strange lands and stranger peoples, of types new to our pencils, of colors to tempt the strongest tints on our palettes.

Vienna, hidden from us by the dark mass of the Wienerwald, is, for us at least, the last station before that mysterious East toward which the resistless current rushes below us, and whither our impatient canoes shall carry us through bewitching plains of Hungary, wild Carpathian gorges, and savage regions of Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Russia, to the shores of the Black Sea. What a force the very mention of these names has upon us, and how we chafe at a moment's delay! Castles and churches will keep, but what of that great mysterious land beyond those distant hills? Railroads have scarred the fertile plains, and have made the remote valleys and mountain gorges hideous with iron and raw stone. Customs have changed and costumes have disappeared. Even the Turk, so long the master of the lower Danube, has now sullenly withdrawn to the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. We must get on, for in our impatience it seems as if these changes are but the work of a

day, not of a generation, and unless we hasten we shall be too late.

Many and many a time had we roundly cursed the canalization of the river which gave us for a water line only the dull angle of a stone dike. But after leaving the village of Dürrenstein, which, at the last moment, we found, to our surprise, to be a favorite resort of Viennese artists, and after a brief pause for luncheon at Stein, with its obnoxious river improvements, we found our-

selves very glad to follow the stone dikes through the maze of channels, and later in the day to utilize the stone-work in a way we had never anticipated. We were swept along by a current so rapid that our pace permitted no hesitation in the choice of route among the monotonous willow islands. Through openings in the trees along the bank we occasionally saw pleasant villas and clusters of houses reflected in the glassy lagoons, and here and there a sportsman in search of wild-fowl paddled along behind the dike. Sudden wind and rain squalls swept across the river in the late afternoon, rudely interrupting our sentimental meditations, and approaching darkness forced us at last to land. Under the friendly lee of bushes growing in the crevices of the masonry embankment we at last succeeded in checking our too willing canoes, and drew them up reluctantly, and only after it was evident that we had to choose between the ragged platform of the dike and the sodden swamps which extended for miles away from the main stream. It must be understood, by-the-way, that the embankments follow the large curves of the main channel, not forming a continuous dike like that along a canal or a polder, but leaving here and there an opening where the stiller water from the artificial lagoons joins the flowing stream. In these side branches or lagoons the water is frequently clear and pellucid, and in them, indeed, we found the first and only "blue Danube" we had seen from the start. Our visions of the sunny East had been forgotten in the struggle with the violent squalls and at the prospect of a night on the water, and as we hauled the canoes up

on the firm stone-work of the dike and explored the snail-infested morass behind it, we accepted the unæsthetic situation on the well-drained platform, and were even grateful to the engineers who had spoiled the river for sketching, but had improved it, at this point at least, for camping purposes. In the alder swamp behind our camp a great gushing spring of clean Danube water, filtering through the dike, abundantly supplied this the most desirable luxury of a bivouac. There is more than one compensation, we thought, for the annoying desecration of this beautiful scenery.

With the brilliant sunshine and drying air of the next morning returned the eager anticipations of the day before. The river was full of life. Great flat-boats and rafts, which we recognized as old friends of the river Traun, drifted past us as we prepared to start. The raftsmen laboring at the great sweeps gave us the morning greetings with a true ring of hearty and honest good-will, and shouted "Auf baldiges Wiedersehen" as they swung along down the reach. We had long since learned that the old adage that the race is not always to the swift might be as well illustrated by the active canoe and the cumbersome raft as by the hare and the tortoise, and we knew that while we were giving our boats their morning toilet the rafts would be surging along at the rate of three or four miles an hour, and would reach their destination near Vienna long before we should.

Tulln, seldom considered worthy a visit, has more than one relic which repays careful examination and study. Adjoining the much-restored church stands a small decagonal Byzantine baptistery, with circular interior not over twenty feet in diameter. An Early Gothic doorway grafted on the original edifice, and a complete restoration of the whole as late as 1873, have not essentially altered its general appearance, for the naïve irregularity of its plan, the noble proportion of its sides, and the purity of its characteristic ornamentation survive all the eccentricities of ancient as well as modern tinkering. The great church has been distorted by successive additions and rebuildings during several centuries, and little remains of its original Byzantine dignity. As for the little dull town itself, the name, familiar to us in poetry as well as in the recorded events of his-

tory, is the chief proof to the casual traveller that it is one of the oldest, and was for a long time one of the most important, towns on the Danube. Many of the houses are probably built out of material quarried from the ancient palaces and fine old mediæval churches which, ruined in the severe sieges and conflagrations, had yielded up the treasures of stone and marble which the wanton destruction of



A LITTLE GIRL OF HAINBURG.

Roman temples had contributed to their erection. Little of the spirit of that ancient architecture has survived the change and destruction, for all modern Tulln is as plain and meagre of invention as stone and mortar can make it. Of all the great Roman buildings which once stood here, a single broken altar, moss-grown and neglected, in the shadow of the baptistery, remains as a monument to the early splendor of this provincial town. By what chance it escaped the stone-cutter's hammer no one can tell. Perhaps the delicate lines of its mouldings and the grace of its shattered figures may have secured it a place among the paraphernalia of the Byzantine church, and thus it had lost its identity as a relic of heathen worship. Would that the mute eloquence of its pathetic beauty had the voice of a brazen trumpet to denounce the modern



THE WIENERTHOR, HAINBURG.

restorer, whose touch is death to the charms of all art!

The commonplace aspect of the river-front let us down gently to the ugliness of the railway bridge, which stretches its rigid arm across the fine reach of the river just below Tulln, and screens with its hideous framework the beauties of the landscape below. The up-river navigation became hideously mechanical as well. Puffing, crawling, wheelless steamers groaned and clanked as they pulled their ugly black hulks against the current by a long chain lying in the bed of the stream. Huge iron barges, the most helpless of monsters without the partnership of a tug, added their shapeless masses to the procession of mechanical freaks that indicated the proximity of a large manufacturing city. Distracted by these new dangers to our navigation, and by the vigorous opposition of a strong head wind, we had scarcely time to notice the great vine-clad hill which crowds the river on the right bank, and shelters under its towering declivity the extensive Augustinian Abbey of Klosterneuburg, before we found ourselves slipping along a high stone-faced quay, and saw in the smoky distance the great rotunda on the Prater in Vienna, and the straight lines of the numerous railway bridges there.

In the little village of Kahlenbergerdorf our waterman instincts led us to an humble inn, where we found all our raftsmen acquaintances assembled for their mid-day meal, and for a final friendly glass before returning up river to start again on another downward voyage. We needed not to know their names; they did not even ask us ours, nor desire to learn about our customary occupation; the masonic bonds of kindred experiences and similar trials and dangers of the long journey made us friends without further introduction. They were old water-rats, they said, and though we could claim to be but the tiniest mice of aquatic tastes, our parting with them in the flickering shadows of the garden, surrounded by brigades of beer-glasses, was tinged with a genuine regret that we should no longer hear their cheery voices of a morning, nor see their honest faces again.

The inexhaustible hospitality of the Lia Rowing Club of Vienna, where our canoes found shelter and healing varnish for their wounds, would never tire our muse were we to start the song agoing. This hospitality, not only general, but particular and special, so gilded our stay in the city that the bitterness of parting from Danube and canoes gave but a flavor to the joys of congenial society. One perfect summer morning we saw the last of the Lia Club as we shot the railway bridge and cast a hasty glance past the belling mizzen of the bounding canoe. No less absorbing feeling than the glorious sense of freedom and irresponsibility as we found ourselves again on the river would have excused to our consciences the joy we felt at leaving Vienna. But the memory of its kindness and courtesy has survived all ephemeral sentiments.

After a short half-day's paddle down a tossing current, past scores of floating mills, and along miles of stone embankments, we came to the point where the hills again close in from both sides and form a wall along the eastern horizon. Though less imposing than some other mountain ranges we had passed, and, indeed, very narrow where it touches the river, this is the barrier where for many centuries constant and successful resistance has been kept up against the advance of the Mohammedans. Here for a long time was the extreme eastern bulwark of Christendom, the advance outposts of the West; and here, after countless campaigns,

the hereditary enemy suffered the crushing defeats which, a little over a century and a half ago, marked the beginning of the decline of his power in Europe. This gateway to the great Carpathian plain, and the political as well as geographical frontier of Hungary, is as perfect a natural rampart as could be imagined. At the very river's edge rise, on either bank, high isolated hills, covered now with masses of ruins, but formerly part of a complete system of fortifications perfectly commanding the river from both sides. These fortifications enclosed, as the ruins now plainly show, the little town of Hainburg, on the right bank, and Theben, a few miles below on the other side of the river, the highest Danube town in the Hungarian kingdom.

The sentimental spirit generated in us on the occasion of the happy visit to Dürrenstein, though veiled a little by the distractions of Vienna, was now stimulated afresh as we landed in Hainburg. We had accidentally chosen it as a place for a few days' quiet work, and found that we had stumbled unawares into a little walled town full of archæological and historical interest. Through an ancient arched gateway near the railway station, Blutgasse (blood lane) winds steeply up between crowded white-washed houses to a broad open square, where a large church with intricately ugly copper-covered spire throws a shadow over rows of peasant women squatting on the pavement beside their baskets of market stuff, their blue dresses and bright kerchiefs adding an agreeable note of color to the blond tones of the surrounding architecture. Blutgasse! No stretch of the imagination is required to picture the carnage when the Turks, hunting the inoffensive citizens through the streets with fanatical ferocity, left only one alive to tell the tale. This narrow lane, offering a possible escape to the river, was piled high with headless corpses, and the blood ran in streams under the oaken gate into the turbid river, which washed the foundations of the town walls. Tradition says that the one survivor was a woman, who

hid herself, with a small store of provisions, in a disused chimney, where for three days she listened to the horrid sounds of the massacre. During the long centuries while history is silent this little town, with the neighboring region, has been the theatre of many another thrilling and dramatic episode now only faintly echoing in the murmur of tradition. On the whole length of this great water highway there has been no busier spot than this from the time when the goaded slaves first towed the ponderous Roman galleys against the rushing stream up to its docks until its complete destruction in the struggle against the Turks. Indeed, the whole neighboring country bears



THE TOWN WALL, HAINBURG.

abundant witness to the importance of this point. Extensive Roman remains are scattered all over the fertile plateau a short distance above Hainburg, near the village of Deutsch-Altenburg and Petronell, where Carnuntum once stood. Military engineers, since the earliest mediæval days, have burned the shattered marbles for lime, and have built into hastily constructed defences tiles and mouldings, capitals and cornices; and in times of peace the local masons, with more deliberation and less excuse, have completed the work of destruction. Recent archæological explorations have uncovered the ruins of an amphitheatre, of villas and baths, and latterly a commendable local interest has been taken in these relics, a proof of which is the popularity of the little museum where are stored a multitude of objects of Roman origin. The farmers now point with pride to the crumbling ruins of the great triumphal arch, which they but recently considered an unsightly

excrecence on the fair surface of a broad wheat field, and speak of Carnuntum as familiarly as if its glories were but of recent date.

Nearer Hainburg the hill-sides are scored with grassy mounds of ancient earthworks, and on the high isolated peak behind the town the extensive ruin of a mediæval castle is a landmark visible for many miles both up and down the river. Immense government tobacco factories and a school for military cadets have somewhat disturbed the mediæval aspect of the streets, and a railway has ruthlessly cut through the walls, and now trains crunch and rumble high up on a row of ugly arches that disfigure the quay. The old side walls, with frequent towers of irregular shape and at various angles, converge from the water-front, and, narrowing the town limits as they go, join by a solid cross wall at the foot of the hill, and then clamber up the precipitous rugged declivity to the angles of the great châteaueau which covers every yard of the summit. The hill itself is gay with numberless varieties of wild flowers and shrubs—a botanist's paradise. From Alfred Par-

sons's sketch-book I steal the following notes of the flora of this region:

"The Schlossberg behind the town of Hainburg is very rich in plants—one large rock garden. On it grow several kinds of sedum and campanula, dwarf iris, coronilla, genista, two species of dianthus (one of which has white fringed petals and a very strong scent), a yellow and a pink allium, wall-rue, thalictrum, and many other plants and shrubs. In the woods around the town are pyrola, hepatica, Turk's-cap lily, and there I also noticed a very handsome leaf of an umbelliferous plant. The bladder-nut is a common shrub, and on the borders of the woods grows a melampyrum with yellow flowers which turn orange when older, and have a tuft of bright mauve leaves above them. Masses of this, with the slender white spikes of the small St. Bruno's lily (*Anthericum liliastrum*) growing up through it, had a very beautiful effect. In the corn fields grow poppies and daisy-like flowers, also a beautiful annual larkspur with purple and blue flowers, and a pale bluish-white nigella. On the stony slopes at Theben I first saw an everlasting flower with pinkish-mauve blossoms, which grows abundantly east of this point. The commonest flowers on the sandy patches near the river are the yellow snapdragon (butter and eggs), pink ononis, and a pale green eryn-



A FAMILY WASH.



HUNDSHEIM.

gium, very prickly. In the meadow at the mouth of the Raab I saw *Eryngium amethystum*, and a herbaceous clematis, drooping flowers with blue petals and a yellow centre."

From the ruined walls, high above the quiet town and the glittering expanse of the river, threading its intricate way through the flat and fertile plain, from the shadowy heights rising above the smoke of Vienna, we could look far beyond the castle-crowned rocks of Theben and the great hill of Pressburg, over the rich plain of Hungary checkered with growing crops, stretching away to a mysterious horizon distant as the sky itself. The wooded hills of the boundary range tempted us with their shady paths and wealth of wild flowers, and we found new beauties at every turn, new delights in every glimpse of the fertile valleys, where whitewashed villages shimmered in the sunlight among the yellow fields of ripening corn. On rare occasions we met Hungarian peasant men with queer huzzar jackets and breeches, round hats with

cockade of badger hair, and wonderfully high-heeled boots, and sturdy peasant women with stiff outstanding short skirts, and high riding-boots like the men—skirmishers of the host of novel types and costumes the Danube had in store for us. Steep and narrow footways lead over the hills three miles or so to the nearest village of Hundsheim, which, quite off the highway, and therefore as yet unspoiled by the Gothic of the villa architect, is so perfect a specimen of a rural hamlet, practically unchanged since mediæval times, that we often made it the goal of our evening expeditions. Here, as in all the neighboring villages, it has been the custom, dating from the early days of conflict with the Turk, to build the houses each like a tiny castle, with court-yard and arched gateway, with few and often no windows on the street, and solid high walls on all sides. At Hundsheim two parallel irregular streets straggle down opposite sides of a stony stream which serves as a public washing-place, and



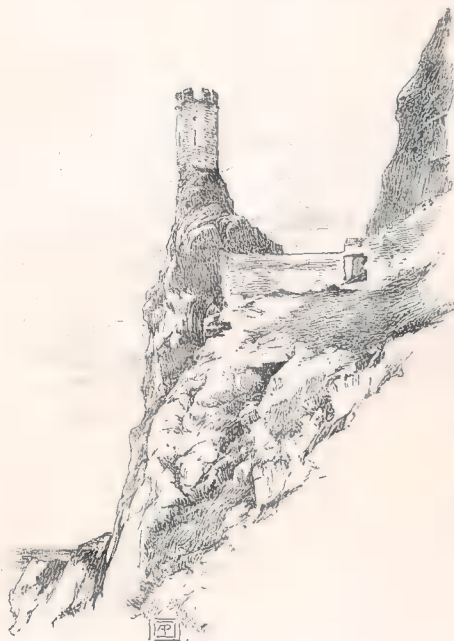
GOSSIPS, HUNDSHEIM.

side and a wooded bank on the other, brought us to the muddy March, pouring a sluggish coffee-colored flood into the yellow Danube. In another moment we landed in Hungary, under the overhanging ruins of the great castle of Theben, which, with its fellow at Hainburg, guarded the entrance to the wealthy kingdoms along the great water highway. In the little whitewashed town, crowded into a narrow valley behind the castle, the musical accent of the Magyar tongue confirmed to our ears what our eyes had readily discovered—the presence of another type of face, of figure, and of character. The as-

furnishes abundant water for all purposes. Each house is like its neighbor in main lines, differing only in unimportant details. All are whitewashed with scrupulous care, and although the streets are little more than rough gullies, there is a refreshing air of prosperity about the place. The inhabitants cultivate the rich fields for miles around the village, pasture their countless sheep and cattle on the adjacent mountain-sides, and at night gather live-stock and farm wagons into the enclosure of each tiny castle and retire behind its ponderous gates as if the Turk were still a threatening enemy.

One bright morning—the 27th of July, to be accurate—a crowd of new-made friends assembled to see us pack the canoes and launch them in the eddying stream. The hospitable miller, who had housed the delicate craft for us in an empty shed, had not kept secret the hour of our departure, and there were hundreds watching us as we hoisted sail to cross the frontier with speed and in sporting style. A short half-hour, past bold cliffs and picturesque ruins on one

pect of the village, too, was new to us, and suggested a warmer sun, longer summer, and habitual out-of-door life. There are little gardens filled with bright flowers, tiny court-yards, with tables and benches shaded by trellises of grape-vines and gourds. We met a cheery hospitality at the rude inn, where Maria, the shy beauty of the village, soon forgot her coyness in her delight at our enjoyment of the spicy viands new to our palates. In kerchief and short petticoat, she had no rival between the ruins of Petronell and the château of Pressburg; but when she hesitatingly yielded to our importunities for a sitting, and appeared, after a brief absence, in black silk frock, booted and gloved, and with parasol in hand, our pencils were too loyal to her peasant charms to attempt the caricature. No visitors of our nationalities had left any impressions on the minds of the simple folk here, but the mention of England and America was, as it always is in Hungary, our best introduction. The active sympathies of these two countries with the people struggling for freedom in '48 are



THE WATCH-TOWER, THEBEN.

still gratefully remembered by the whole nation, and the traditions of that sympathy are handed down loyally to the rising generation. At the post-office, where we went to buy our first Hungarian stamp, the gossiping old postmaster and his wife—characters not unfamiliar in the rural offices in other countries—were so overwhelmed by the extent of our requirements and the number of our letters that the wheels of official machinery refused to work at all. After they had carefully read all the addresses, and had marvelled long at the range of our correspondence, we succeeded in communicating to their dazed senses the fact that we wanted to buy a stock of stamps of various denominations.

"What! so much money for stamps? Impossible!" protested the old man and his echoing wife. "You are already sending away florins' and florins' worth on these letters!"

"But we want a stock of stamps to keep for our convenient use," we urged.

"Yes, yes, you want to use them; but why don't you buy them as you need them?" was the reply, as he shut the drawer under his elbow, apparently loath to part with any of its precious contents.

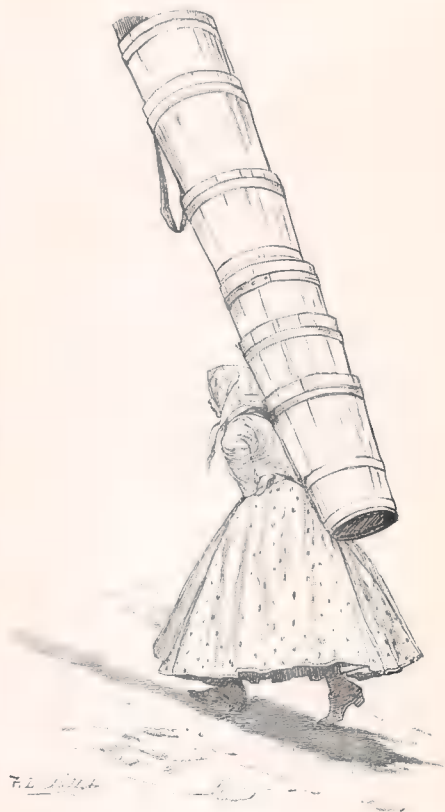
Arguments were useless, and we gave

up the notion of securing a variety, and tempered our demand to a humble request for a few ten-kreutzer stamps for foreign postage.

"Ah, no!" he said. "I can't let you have any ten-kreutzer stamps, for the sheets haven't been broken into yet, and it is near the end of the month, when I make up my books, and I can't have my accounts confused by selling ten-kreutzer stamps to any one."

We compromised on a double number of five-kreutzer stamps, the ones in use for local postage, and ornamented our envelopes with effigies of Franz Josef until they looked like the walls of a chromo-dealer's shop.

Sturdy girls, returning from market with veritable Eiffel towers of empty tubs on their backs, strode up the steep banks from the landing as we fled from the enervating luxuries of the inn and hastened to paddle toward the busy little



PEASANT GIRL, THEBEN.



A HUNGARIAN FERRY.

town of Pressburg, boasting a new railway bridge, as ugly a château as man has ever devised, and as pleasant parks and gardens as ever soldier and nursery-maid chose for their public flirtations. It claims as its chief historical distinction the honor of having crowned within its walls the Hungarian kings since the dynasty was founded. It is a gay little place, with tastefully decorated shop windows, and signs everywhere in the Hungarian language. In a brief two hours' paddle we had passed beyond the limit

tended. The canalization of the river, which practically comes to an end in this territory, makes the channel quite plain, and diverts the flow of water from the tortuous branches where the villages cluster on the muddy banks. On the first day after leaving Pressburg the active arguments of hunger persuaded us to explore one of these lagoons in search of an inn, and after a while we came upon a straggling

collection of low shingled houses gathered into the semblance of a village by low fences of wattled willow. With a microscopic vocabulary of Hungarian words we succeeded in getting food to satisfy our colossal appetites, and in holding the friendliest relations with the bronzed peasants, who were fast courting oblivion through the medium of strong wine in the Italian-like hostelry. Here we first made acquaintance with Hungarian dust and Danube mud, an intimacy which ripened as we went on,



AN ARK-BOAT.

of a distorted dialect of German, and now heard only the soft music of the Magyar speech. No phase of our journeying was more interesting than the experience with this abrupt philological frontier.

Below Pressburg the Danube branches into three sinuous arms, cutting the great low plain into two long irregular islands, little better than swamps for the most part, at least as far as our horizon ex-

until at last no adjectives would fitly apply to the one or describe the disgusting characteristics of the other. The willow, too, in this first great flat stretch forced itself on our notice, and began to aggravate us with its monotony, turning an otherwise agreeable landscape into a series of object-lessons in simple perspective. But even the willow came to an end here after a while, and for an agree-



ALFRED. PARSONS.

HUNGARIAN CATTLE.

able change we welcomed an open country, with broken mud banks, where we heard the plaintive music of shepherds' pipes, saw stalwart swineherds against the sky, and startled, as we drifted past, great droves of wild-looking cattle cooling themselves in the shallows. The river Raab sneaks into the Danube in the guise of a lesser side lagoon, and but for our delightful flower-carpeted camp in sight of the group of barges at its mouth and within the sound of the tattoo of many mills, we should scarcely remember it as a feature of our trip. A brief pause at Komorn, regular and uninteresting architecturally as most Hungarian towns are, did not increase our desire for exploration, and we voted, since our time was limited, to land in the future only at places which, smaller and less Germanized by the commerce of the river, would probably be more characteristic and picturesque. But the great cathedral of Gran—Esztergom is the sonorous Hungarian name—rising above the ruins of a great brick fortress on a prominent height among vineyard slopes, made us accept a speedy amendment to this resolution, and under the lee of its bridge of boats we drew up alongside of one of the great arks which recall the naval architecture of the pre-deluge period. We sampled the characteristic cookery of its famous restaurant, and passed an hour or two of wild excitement over the wonderful colors in the market-place, where shoulder-high heaps of scarlet paprika (big sweet peppers) set the key for a combination of rich and varied tones that would have exhausted the palette of an old Venetian painter; and when at last an inviting breeze rippled the water, we forced ourselves away and sailed down the beauti-

ful reaches among grand hills, our eyes still full of the kaleidoscopic sparkle of enchanting Esztergom.

Our frisky boats lost the breeze in the narrow, crooked defile below, and we settled ourselves to a quiet drift under the great ruins of Visegrad, where villas, bath-houses, and a level road, gay with ladies and children, marked the little village as the first sybaritic outpost of Buda-Pesth. Preoccupied with the beauties of the scenery, we did not at first notice the frantic waving of the union-jack in the hands of some one on the shore, but we soon turned our bows in the direction of this unmistakable invitation to land, and were welcomed on shore by an English gentleman, a summer resident there, who explained that, having read of our trip in a Vienna newspaper, he and his family had been on the watch for us for many days. Such hearty hospitality as he offered us could not be refused, although it was the Delilah to our Samson strength of purpose, and we went ashore, explored the castle and the deep pit where the crown of Hungary was once concealed, rambled with the cheerful party through delightful groves, and when at last the waning light of evening warned us to seek a camp, we hardened our hearts to all the fascinations of the people and the place, and, full of wonder, gratitude, and joy at this our first invitation into the frank and sympathetic society which is one of the greatest and most unique charms of life in Hungary, we waved last adieu to the young ladies who accompanied us a short distance in a wherry, and paddled out into the glowing twilight.

The frequent villas that dot the shores below Visegrad we now looked upon through glasses of different color. Only



COUNTRY MARKET BOAT, BUDA-PESTH.

twenty-four hours before we would have named them landscape-spoilers, and would have turned our faces from them as we passed. But we had caught the infection of the happy land; the microbe which, once in possession, never leaves the willing victim, had begun to attack us, one and all, and we saw possible friends in every pretty garden and in every luxurious pleasure-boat. At this moment less than ever did a great city have any attraction for us, and we wildly planned to cut Buda-Pesth altogether, and continue our joyful cruise down into the great wild region beyond, where the river life is active and varied, and where our days should be a succession of pleasant experiences and surprises—where, indeed, we might learn to know, with an intimacy that only such a free life makes possible, the people in their unaffected simple existence.

Just above Waitzen, a good-sized town with prison and manufactories and busy quay, with barges and peasant market boats, the river bends gracefully around to the south, divides past a long flat island covered with fertile farms, and then loses itself in the distance where

the grand old fortress on the heights of Blocksberg overhangs the suburb of Ofen (Buda in Hungarian) on the right bank and looks down upon the imposing façades of Pesth on the opposite shore. An accident, happy in its result, but threatening for a moment a painful disaster, made a pause at Buda-Pesth a necessity. Sudden summer thunder-storms swept over the river from the cloud-compelling summits in the west, and then cleared away with a strong wind, which, blowing across the current, soon stirred up what the ocean pilots would call a "nubbly" sea. The temptation to hoist sail and triumphantly dash past the populous water-front of the great city was not long to be resisted, and soon the sparkling river was enlivened by three pairs of snow-white sails. Open-mouthed millers stared at us as we swept past their groaning floats, throwing up spray like so many yachts. Suddenly a polished rudder gleamed in the air, following the total eclipse of one of the canoes, crew and all. A multitude of objects tossed on the waves and bobbed away down stream, while the humiliated canoeist

came up, shining like a seal, and righted his water-logged craft. A landing was made, not without difficulty, more soaked and ruined articles were recovered than it would have been thought possible to stow under the mahogany hatches, and we were glad to seek refuge, after the

could have passed inspection with credit. But the unexpected event of a capsize forced us to swallow our pride, and we accordingly bundled the wet things on to the float, and stowed the canoes away among the slender racing craft in the boat-house. Not only had the accident



GRAN (ESZTERGOM).

canoe was bailed out, in the hospitable boat-house of the Neptune Rowing Club, a mile or two below the scene of the accident, among the pleasant groves of the Margarethen-Insel (Margitsziget).

We had often remarked that in our independent way of travelling constant variety was the rule, and monotony of incident never possible. If we could have had the choice, we certainly would not have introduced ourselves to the rowing men of the Neptune Club until our fleet

taken the bloom off our self-confidence, but it had upset many pet theories which had from the start been quite undisputed. Our blind faith in the value of India-rubber as a water-proof material had hitherto not been disturbed, but on this the occasion of the first real test elaborate rubber boat bags and air-tight hatches only seemed to aggravate the disaster; for all these contrivances seemed not only to actually suck the water in, but to hold it perfectly when it was inside. We



VISEGRAD.



SWINEHERD.

hereafter limited our belief in water-proof receptacles to the ordinary well-corked glass bottle of commerce in which we kept our matches.

What a medley of gypsy music, song, and *csárdás*, of beautiful women and cheery, sympathetic men, of abundant hospitality and general good-fellowship, Buda-Pesth now remains to us in our memory! It wellnigh proved our Capua, for, being only human, we could but yield to the enchantment. Who shall adequately describe the fascination of the native gypsy music, with its throbbing, wailing strains and its intoxicating rhythm? What writer's pen or artist's pencil shall picture the *csárdás*, with its Oriental action and its exhilarating intensity? It would be easier to convey by words or by lines the

sense of a strange perfume than to analyze and explain the charms of the music or the attractions of the dance. Prosaically described, the *csárdás* is a dance for one or for any number of couples. The partners face one another, the lady resting her hands on the gentleman's shoulders, who, in his turn, places his hands on her waist. A long-cherished admiration for the dance forbids me to attempt to give any notion of the step or of the vibrating action of the body, truly interpreting in motion the spirit of the music, which, with sweet insinuating melodies, wild and ever wilder bursts of mad chords, lends the contagion of its tireless vigor to the dancers, and sways them like reeds by the power of its savage harmonies.

AN INDIAN FAIR IN THE MEXICAN HOT COUNTRY.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

TRAVELLERS in the fascinating land to the south of our own may find there an institution that carries the thoughts far back into the past of the New World and the Old, and far out into the wide present. It is an institution joined with the beginnings of commerce, and probably thereby with the beginnings of civilization. One need not forsake his path to seek it, for it is an institution that is universal in that country. There is probably no time of year when it may not be seen in some one place or another. But to behold it in primitive shape that tells visibly the story of its vast dispersion in time and space, to witness the quaint customs and strange usages that characterize it, one must depart, as did the writer, from the beaten tracks of travel, and journey into some region where the spirit of the modern world penetrates but faintly.

Every town in Mexico that pretends to any rank at all has its annual *feria*, its great fair, when for a week it abandons itself to a round of festivities. The Mexican *feria* has a triple aspect, and it rests with the mood of the participator as to whether its phase of religion, of commerce, or of pleasure shall be considered the most important.

The *ferias* of Mexico may be said to occur in regular series, or "circuits," to use a term common in travelling theatri-

cal parlance. From the capital of the republic down to the Pacific coast at Acapulco there is a regular chain of these *ferias*, following each other week after week throughout a large portion of the year. The same companies of circuses, caterers, professional gamblers, "fakirs," etc., pass from one to the other, and thus find steady and usually very lucrative occupation. Beginning at Tacubaya, the fashionable suburb of the city of Mexico, just after Lent, these *ferias* occur successively at Amecameca, the Swiss-like pilgrimage town at the foot of the two great volcanoes; at Cuantla de Morelos, the centre of one of the great sugar-cane regions, and formerly the capital of the state of Morelos; and Tepalcingo, in the same state, the second greatest fair in the country, and the immediate subject of this article. Thence the line of *ferias* proceeds from town to town down to the coast.

These first four in the series may be taken as typical of the various classes of the *feria* in Mexico, for in each a different feature predominates, and gives it distinctive character. At Tacubaya the newcomer in Mexico will find the occasion novel and picturesque, but to one more familiar with the country it will be exceedingly commonplace. It is little more than a great gambling festival, at which crowds from the great city devote the

week to an unlimited indulgence of their passion for hazardous games. Being in the favorite metropolitan suburb, it is a modernized and cosmopolitan affair, brilliant in aspect, and frequented by fashionable people of both sexes, well commingled with plebeian throngs.

Amecameca is the second pilgrimage town in Mexico, and there the religious element gives the dominating tone, although motives of pleasure probably excel in attracting the multitudes drawn thither largely by reason of its convenience of access by rail. The town is doubtless indebted for its rank in the esteem of Catholic pilgrims to its similar rank in the ancient Aztec days, when its situation at the foot of the two great volcanoes brought multitudes thither to propitiate with their sacrifices the deities presiding there. The ground about Amecameca is full of rich remains of pottery and ornamental terra-cotta that were probably broken in these sacrificial rites.

The third of these *ferias* occurs under conditions strongly contrasting with those of this Alpine-like town. Cuautla de Morelos lies further along on the same line of railway—the Morelos division of the Great Intercoastal system—basking in the genial temperature of the *tierra caliente*, the hot country. It is seen afar from the heights in our meandering approach down the long descent, embowered in arborescent verdure, and seeming an island amidst a vast lake of golden green sugar-cane with brown and sun-baked shores. “*Es ocasion de lujo, es la feria de Cuautla; esa de Tepalcingo es de comercio*” (It is an occasion of luxury, is the Cuautla fair; that of Tepalcingo is one of commerce), is the way in which the difference between the two was explained to me.

Cuautla is one of the favorite winter resorts for the people of the capital, who take the same delight in tropical warmth and luxuriant vegetation that is found by the tourists from the far North, who of late years have also frequented the beautiful place in considerable numbers. Pleasure is therefore the leading motive that attracts people to the *feria* at Cuautla. There are bull-fights and cock-fights and circuses and theatricals, and, of course, gambling galore, together with all sorts of things to eat and drink, and pretty objects for sale in hundreds of booths that line the principal thoroughfares.

A month or so previous to the occurrence of one of these *ferias* in a Mexican town, the local committee in charge makes announcement of its features in printed placards setting forth the promised attractions, and posted not only throughout the place, but in all railway stations along the line and in neighboring towns. These placards, in their naïve composition, their unconsciously humorous suggestiveness, their flowery language, make delicious reading to a stranger.

We learn that the utmost care has been taken to make it a most successful and particularly enjoyable occasion. Special police protection will be provided for the security of strangers, and all the approaching highways will be guarded with care. The festivities will be inaugurated with a solemn “function” in the parish church, after which there will be cock-fights, bull-fighting, gambling, enchanting music, brilliant fireworks, etc. Mexican fireworks are, indeed, strikingly well made, and in the way of artistic illumination, decoration, etc., the achievements of our great cities in the United States can hardly vie with what is frequently seen at a *fiesta* in a minor Mexican town. In these announcements the bulls are always “arrogant,” and the cock-fights are described as of some one town pitted against another town, indicating a spirit of municipal rivalry, after the manner of our own baseball matches.

The fair at Tepalcingo begins immediately with the close of that of Cuautla. It is an occasion second in importance only to the great *feria* of San Juan de Lagos, in the state of Jalisco, and in many respects is unique. It is a kind of Mexican Nijni-Novgorod. It is probably more given up to commerce than any other *feria* in the country, and the crude Indian town where it is held swells during the week from a place of about ten thousand inhabitants to a population of something like a hundred thousand.

I had arranged to go over to Tepalcingo with a company of friends from the Gran Hotel Morelos, in Cuautla, but at the last moment it happened that several of the intended company could not go. Our kind friend Don Pancho, however, gave us a letter to his friend Don Celso Ortega, the administrator of the great sugar hacienda of Tenango, only a few hours away from the place, saying it would be comfortable to stop there instead of in the

crowded town, where it was doubtful if we could obtain accommodations, and we would find in Tenango one of the most beautiful haciendas in Mexico.

Tepalcingo was a good day's journey by horse, off to the southwestward from Cuautla, at a considerably lesser altitude, and therefore much hotter. We made quite a cavalcade, after all, when we started on Wednesday morning, March 5, 1890. Our party numbered six, all told. There was Don Ernesto, a wealthy young Mexican gentleman from the capital, a guest at the hotel, together with myself and an English friend of roving disposition and cosmopolitan nature. Don Ernesto was an invalid, and so he found a pack-mule necessary to the transportation of the many things essential to his comfort. Don Ernesto was attired in all the gorgeousness of the charro costume, the regulation Mexican riding suit, and rode a beautiful horse of his own. He was accompanied by Don Joaquin as courier and guide, a typical *ranchero*, thin and straight as an arrow, an old man with bright eyes and strong features, his mustache and front chin shaven in old-fashioned style, leaving a well-trimmed fringe of gray beard. Courteous, reserved, and kindly, with a Castilian pride in his erect, vigorous bearing, he was honest and trustworthy as the day is long. His son Manuel was in charge of the pack-mule. He was a smooth-faced, dark-skinned youth, with his father's strong features, though stockier in figure, and was as silent as his sire. Don Joaquin wore the old-fashioned *ranchero* costume, with wide flaring trousers open down the sides and loosely laced, showing full white drawers underneath. This costume is comparatively rare in Mexico nowadays, and Don Joaquin corresponded to the rural New England type that wears a dicky and choker, or a blue swallow-tail with brass buttons.

My English friend, whom I will call Don Norman, with the inherent eccentricity of many travellers of his race, wore a fearful and wonderful suit of corduroy, once white, which he had had specially made in the old country for riding in the New World. It was loose at every



FAMILY GROUP ON THE WAY TO THE FAIR.

point, and clothed his spare figure with the easy grace of a meal-sack on a bean-pole. As for myself, I wore the oldest garments I could find, including a cheap straw sombrero that cost me a *real y medio*, or eighteen cents. Don Norman and I had engaged our horses of a man who was to come along as our *mozo*, or attendant, for the journey. Horses to let were scarce in Cuautla, and we knew that we should have to put up with whatever might be offered. But when we descended into the hotel *patio* that morning we were somewhat taken aback to encounter our *mozo* arrayed *en charro*, in a style that almost vied with Don Ernesto's. He had a fine horse also, elaborately caparisoned. But the two steeds he had brought along for us! They were the sorriest-looking nags I had seen for many a day, and their ancient saddles were marvels of patch-work. Mine had a rope bridle, and before the day was over I concluded that he must have Kentucky blood, for he seemed by his gait own cousin to a steed on which I had traversed the "Kaintuck hog road" through Cumberland Gap the previous summer, and suffered untold misery in so doing. "We shall surely be taken for *mozos* ourselves, and our *mozo* will seem nothing less than an *hacendado*, a rich planter, in compari-

son," I said. But it was all part of the fun, and we accepted it uncomplainingly, concluding not to adopt Don Ernesto's suggestion of making the *mozo* exchange horses with one of us, for then the other would still be just as badly off.

We had intended to start at three o'clock, so as to make the greater part of the journey, according to Mexican custom, before the fierce heat of mid-day set in; but various delays occurred, and it was five o'clock before we sallied out of the great doorway and went clattering over the street pavements. Passing through the silent lanes of the city, where cool shadows lurked under the overhanging bananas, and abundant streams of clear water went their babbling way, we crossed the river over a substantial modern iron bridge, and were soon on the bare brown upland beyond, across which our road took us southward.

It was high noon when I observed in the distance, on the verge of the vast coastward-dipping valley, down into which we had somewhat abruptly descended from the charming little city of Jonacatepec, the clustered buildings of a great hacienda gleaming white in the sunlight, the usual tall chimney, with its smoking pennant, contrasting with the beautiful dome and tower of a great church.

"Allí está Tenango!" said Don Joaquín.

It was much farther away than it looked, and I was so tormented by my horseback misery that it seemed provokingly slow in growing near.

We came close to the place at last, and as I managed to urge my animal into overtaking the rest of the cavalcade, the one-o'clock whistle of the sugar-mill sounded with a nineteenth-century effect strangely out of keeping with the character of the scene.

Our letter of introduction brought a cordial welcome from Don Celso Ortega, who straightway made us at home. The next three days were the chief ones of *feria* week, and the whole country-side was "going to the fair." Don Celso was going to the fair with us, and had kindly offered to take us over in his vehicle. It was shortly after sunrise that we started. Tepalcingo was over on the other side of the valley, on the verge of the foot-hills, between three and four hours away by drive. Our carriage was a strong six-seated vehicle of the "carry-all" varie-

ty, drawn by five mules—two at the wheels and three abreast in the lead.

As we entered upon the main road to Tepalcingo we found it thronged with motley crowds. There were hundreds of people on foot, scores on horseback and donkeyback, and now and then a wagon or a rude cart. But wheeled vehicles were scarce. There were heavily laden donkeys with merchandise for the fair, and occasionally men were passed plodding along with a burden of wares—pottery, basketry, or other light but bulky goods—piled so high as to make the forms of their bearers indistinguishable, and converting them into walking towers. Very commonly a horse would carry man and wife, the latter seated comfortably behind, and occasionally there would be three persons, a little boy sitting behind his mother. A frequent sight was that of a donkey bearing a mother with her infant in her arms, and the father walking beside them. This strongly resembled the pictures of the Flight into Egypt.

For several nights past in Cuautla there had been a steady tramp of these multitudes on the way to Tepalcingo, all night long through the streets. Many of these would arrive early in the evening and put up overnight, departing at dawn, and all the *mesones* in the place were crowded. These *mesones* are caravansaries, with accommodations for man and beast, and are frequented by the ordinary classes. A New England lady stopping in Cuautla for the winter with her artist son, when out for a stroll one evening, and seeing one of these family groups with the mother and infant on donkeyback drawing up at a *meson*, the great door swinging back to receive them, and revealing the numerous animals huddled in the great square interior court, exclaimed, "Oh, Palestine!"

Truly there was an Oriental suggestiveness on nearly every hand. We passed by many groups of pilgrims with their coarse garments, their long staves and their peculiar bottles, striding along and looking neither to the right nor left, with thoughts directed apparently far from mundane affairs. Now and then we met people coming away, having completed their business, either in the sale of their merchandise or the making of all their intended purchases. Sometimes their animals, and more often their own shoulders, would be laden with the things they had

bought. Among these a small and gaudy print of the miraculous image of Tepalcingo, glazed and rudely framed, was very common; it was worn with evident satisfaction and ostentation, depending from a cord around the neck, like a queer breastplate. Perhaps it was held to be a protection against the perils of the journey.

Tepalcingo appeared in the distance, a more considerable place in aspect than I had looked for. It lay directly against the brown slope of the valley-side, with

This custom still prevails in the more primitive towns throughout Mexico.

As we entered the town it had the appearance of being full to bursting. The streets were thronged, and every house yard was converted into a corral, where burros were braying and horses were munching. I could well believe the statement that during *feria* week the population of Tepalcingo swelled to the figure of 100,000 at least. What a store of picturesqueness was here contained! The throngs of people, almost exclusively Ind-



BARTERING IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

several conspicuous towers and domes, among which the large mass of the parochial church was nobly prominent.

When near the place we passed inside a low and rough wall of loose stone, the limit of the municipal square league which, under the old Spanish law, surrounds a town. Within this limit the land is held in common, and assigned for cultivation to the members of the community according to their needs.

ians, from all over Mexico, with their varying types and costumes, the thatched huts, and the massive churches! With the exception of the latter and the public buildings, there were few masonry structures—only a half-dozen or so of stores and dwellings.

In the heart of the town there was a stream with a mere suggestion of water in it, and groups of palms growing on its banks. Crossing on a handsome old stone



STRUCTURES FOR STORING GRAIN.

all his colleagues in that part of Mexico. The income from various sources during the *feria* was so great as to assure the *cura* a very handsome personal return, as well as to maintain the

bridge, and passing a fascinatingly composed old ecclesiastical pile—a chapel with various dome-covered annexes that would delight the soul of any of Richardson's disciples in architecture—we rattled through the narrow streets, and came to a stop not far from the great church. Our mules were led to a corral, and we took our way as best we could through the multitude.

We were in la Calle de las Velas—the Street of the Candles. It was the way which all devout ones had to take on their route to the shrine, and no one could worship there without a lighted candle in hand. Therefore there was an enormous business done in candles, which, to meet the regulations of the church, had to be of pure beeswax. The street was lined with booths for the sale of these, which were displayed in amazing quantities and in a variety of handsome shapes and attractive colors. Probably the idea was that the more elaborate and costly a candle the devotee held in his hand before the altar, the greater the efficacy of the ceremony for himself. The revenue from the sale of the candles was a prerogative of the *cura*—the parish priest—whose position was so snug and comfortable as to make him the envy of

church in first-class condition. I was informed that another priest had offered his brother of Tepalcingo six thousand dollars a year for his position, but the proposition was not entertained for an instant. These candles were not only paid for at goodly prices, but it was the rule that they must be left in the church at the end of the ceremony. The *cura*, therefore, got the greater part of the wax back again, to be made over into fresh candles; for the ceremonies, very likely with regard to the due economy of wax, were made conveniently short.

At the end of this street was the entrance to the large church-yard, which was enclosed by a high wall of stone. The ecclesiastical processions and other ceremonials to which the streets of a Mexican town were formerly given up on religious feast-days are now forbidden by the "reform laws" enacted by the national government in 1857, which, after a severe struggle, dissolved the connection between the state and the Church, sequestered the convents, confiscated the greater part of the property of the Church (into whose hands a large proportion of the wealth of the country had passed), and regulated the conduct of ecclesiastical affairs by very stringent enactments. The

out-door ceremonials are now confined to these great church-yards.

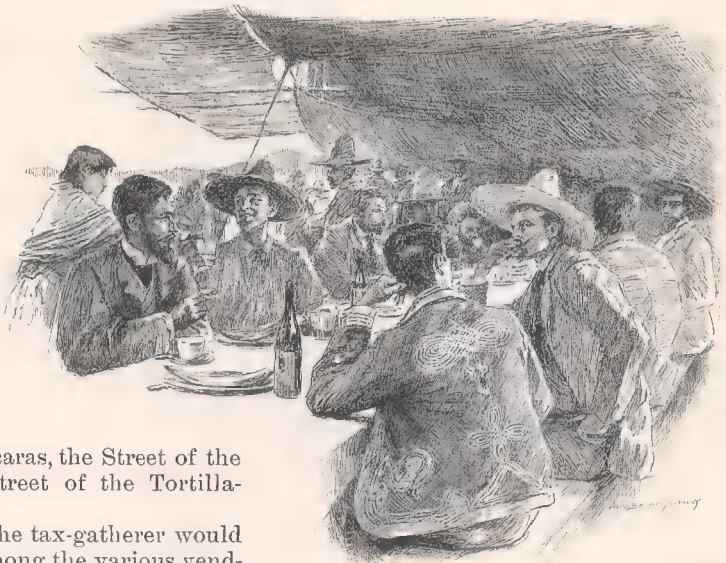
This gateway was a simple and beautiful piece of architecture: a light round arch of a single course of stone springing from two square pillars flanked by plain sections of wall built higher than the regular wall, down to which they sloped in two graceful scallops. This arched gateway framed a view of a fine palm-tree just beyond the church, with the steep hill-side rising in the background.

Close by, on the right, rose the magnificent great church, one of the handsomest and richest I have seen in Mexico. The church-yard was very large, and beyond there stretched a great open space, towards which the church faced; it carried the width of the yard down to the transverse street upon which stood the town-hall. This space, which was bordered by shops on one side and the arcades of a market on the other, was filled with booths made of matting, and arranged along several temporary thoroughfares. These booths extended through other streets, and occupied a large portion of the town. Those intended for the sale of one kind of ware were grouped together, and the thoroughfares named accordingly. There was, for instance, the *Calle de las Jícaras*, the *Calle de las Atoleras*, the *Calle de las Tortilleras*, etc.—the Street of the *Jícaras*, the Street of the *Atole*-sellers, the Street of the *Tortilla*-sellers.

Every morning the tax-gatherer would make his rounds among the various vendors, and gather his tribute of a few cents from each. This amounted to a very considerable revenue for the town in the course of the entire week. The heaviest rates were laid upon the gamblers, who had to pay very roundly for their privileges. Their trade here was conducted in a far less elaborate manner than at the *Cuautla feria*, and there were few of the devices there used for enticing customers.

One of the chief articles of commerce here at Tepalcingo was the *jícaras*, over thirty thousand dollars' worth of which are annually sold—more than at any other place in Mexico. These are bowls of various sizes made from gourds, and usually elaborately decorated in brilliant colors with a sort of lacquer-like paint. The most popular is a gaudy style that includes a lavish use of silver-leaf with a variety of crude colors. Far more beautiful, however, is a simpler kind, with a rich green figure upon a ground of deep orange. This seemed a purely aboriginal art, with the same feeling that is exhibited in the Aztec symbolic decoration. These *jícaras* come from somewhere in the state of Oaxaca.

Another staple peculiar to Tepalcingo is the light poles of bamboo used for prodding donkeys and mules. Thousands and thousands of these are annually sold. Then there is a great sale of dry-goods of various kinds—clothing, cloth, blankets, sashes, and minor articles;



OUR PARTY AT THE FONDA.

hats, boots and shoes, saddles, dressed skins, and hides are in much demand. There is also an extensive sale of hardware, mostly of native make; and some of the articles, such as the locks, are particularly quaint in design. Considerable

pottery is disposed of, but less extensively and not in such variety as I had expected—probably because it is one of the commonest of wares in Mexico, an every-day sort of article, on sale everywhere and at all times.

I was particularly struck with the completeness of the arrangements for catering to this multitude. We are so accustomed to draw our supplies from great distances that the provisioning of one of our great centres of population seems inconceivable without the modern means of transportation. Should anything happen to suspend railway communication for two or three weeks, how disastrous would be the consequence in most of our great American cities! Yet these facilities are not essential in the teeming cities of China, for instance, where the machinery of distribution is adjusted upon different lines. So here long usage has enabled the wants of the masses of humanity that annually gather at this fair to be abundantly met, and the supply appears to adjust itself to the demand with automatic nicety.

The great mass of the throng being Indians, their wants in the way of food

extra in the way of edibles, and probably few are the visitors who do not indulge themselves in some of the savory stews, highly seasoned with chile and onions, that simmer in huge pots on every side. There are also huge stacks of sweetmeats in great variety, and quantities of refreshing drinks are disposed of. The latter included strikingly few intoxicants, and I did not see a single drunken person during the two days of the fair.

After threading our way slowly through the dense crowds, and taking our preliminary survey of the place, Don Celso conducted us to a *fonda*, with appetites well sharpened for dinner. This *fonda*, or restaurant, was a temporary affair, a shed of matting open to the street, and occupying the sidewalk in front of one of the stores. Here were arranged a number of well-set tables spread with snowy cloths, and at one end a cooking-range had been improvised out of adobe bricks. Upon this were simmering in huge kettles of earthen-ware over tiny fires of charcoal the various dishes to be served. Here presided Maria, a handsome young woman, giving directions to a bevy of busy waitresses.

Our dinner was astonishingly good. Just think of a meal in that semi-barbarous place down in the hot lands of Mexico equal to the best to be had in the Italian or French restaurants that stand high in the favor of artists and other bohemians in New York! There were nine bountiful courses, served in excellent style, at a total cost of three reales, or thirty-seven and a half cents in Mexican money, hardly more than twenty-five cents American, with exchange reckoned as it was then. The watermelon served at dessert was the most delicious I had ever tasted—a deep red pulp of a firm texture and mealy crispness that almost melted in the mouth. The melons in this region are raised on the sandy beds of the streams in the dry season, where they mature quickly in the intense heat. For drink there was pulque from Apam on the table-land, brought by railway train to the nearest station, and thence hauled by team across country.

This *fonda* was, of course, patronized by the "quality"—the visitors from the neighboring great estates, city people who had come over from Jonacatepec, and *rancheros* with their families. These last, like farmer-folk the world over, I be-



"ADIOS, JOVITA!"

are comparatively simple. Maize in various forms makes up the basis of the supply. Atole, a gruel of corn meal, and tortillas, the national bread of Mexico—thin cakes made of lye-soaked corn, with a flavor similar to that of our New England hulled corn—are the chief of these viands. Yet such a gala occasion demands to be recognized with something

lieve, were undemonstrative and chary of speech, exchanging but few words as they sat at table, awkwardly handling their knives and forks, and evidently awed by the unaccustomed magnificence

"No, no," she appealed. Her head drooped, pretty fingers went shyly to her mouth, a flush stole over her brown cheeks, and she stood there with face averted, a picture of maidenly shame.



DRINKING-PLACE.

of their repast. Don Ernesto had entered into a little friendly chaffing with Maria, a proceeding upon which a good *ranchera*, who sat opposite with her husband, looked with evident disapproval.

"Drunk!" she was heard to remark to her husband, under her breath.

"Yes," he responded, with a confirmatory glance.

Poor young fellow, to be so harshly misjudged for his metropolitan manners, when his delicate health made him a total abstainer!

Jovita, one of the waitresses, became a great favorite with us all. She was a girl of about fifteen, slight, with regular, delicately chiselled features, and glossy dark hair falling in two long braids—a type of lovely rural innocence. There was an exquisite shy grace in her movements.

"Take her photograph," suggested Don Celso, and the proposition was heartily seconded by all hands. But even here the function of a hand-camera appeared to be known, and Jovita took sudden alarm.

She was now on her guard, and ever glanced apprehensively towards us. Every time she saw the instrument aimed in her direction she would turn her face quickly away. It was too shadowy in the *fonda* for a good snap-shot, and so I really did not lose anything. But when we rose to leave, Jovita was standing by the range, well out in the light, and awaiting an order. She had seen us start, and deemed herself in safety. She was looking the other way, I was within a few feet, and my camera was ready.

"Adios, Jovita!" I said.

She turned my way unthinkingly. Click went the shutter, and I had her.

A shout of merriment from my companions greeted the success of my stratagem, and the expression of dismay on Jovita's face gave way to a rippling little smile, as if to say that now it was done, it was no great harm, after all.

The early afternoon sun was now beating down fiercely, and Don Celso took us over to a *neveria*, one of many places for

the sale of refreshing drinks so popular everywhere in Mexico. There were *limonada*, *tamarinda*, *jamaica*, *orcheata*, and many other beverages. The nature of the first two will be recognized without the necessity of the slight change of translation. It may be said, however, that in Mexico a lemon is a lime and a lime is a lemon—that is, *limon* and *lima* respectively. Lemons are not liked in Mexico, and are called coarse in flavor, and their beverage which gives the name to our lemonade is made from limes. *Orcheata* is a milky-looking drink made from fresh muskmelon seeds ground on a *metate*, or stone hand-mill, of an unpronounced flavor, but agreeable and cooling. It is said to have excellent medicinal qualities. Another favor-

quantity of cold water, and then sweetened, making a beverage of a beautiful crimson hue, just about the color of currant juice, and somewhat resembling it in flavor.

We lingered here for more than an hour, sipping the pleasant *jamaica* and watching the multitude about us. One of these great indigenous fairs would be a field for an ethnologist, and there is none finer than Tepalcingo for the purpose. There were fine types of Indians from all quarters. The proportion of handsome, finely developed figures was remarkably large. I was often struck by the fine

natural carriage of those who passed, their motions unimpeded by the hampering garments of civilization. They were mostly clothed lightly, and here and there were seen men and youths from the remote interior, statuesque in their bronze-like nudity, wearing only a waist-cloth. There were also many fine-looking women, with handsome, regular features, and often a cast of countenance that might be called aristocratic.

The most inferior-looking types of all were the Indians from Tetelcingo, a place on the line of the railway near Cuautla, but as isolated as if it were a hundred miles from the highway of steel. They have squat figures, and appear a race quite distinct from their neighbors. The women wear *jicaras* as a sort of cap, an attractive and graceful form of head-gear that somewhat relieves their natural ugliness. They may always be distinguished from other Indians by this, as well as by a custom they have of coloring their hair, or rather a portion of it, to a peculiar reddish-brown, by a process that they keep a secret from outsiders.

Another peculiar type of Indians who resort to Tepalcingo in large numbers are the Pintos, or "Painted Ones." They come from a certain district in the state of Guerrero. Their dark skin is defaced by great patches of white here and there.



BEGGARS.

ite beverage is made from the shells of cocoa, served cold, and having a mild chocolate taste.

Jamaica was recommended by Don Celso. No, it is neither of rum nor ginger. It is made by steeping the dried petals of a flower of that name, and sold in the markets nearly everywhere. A little of the concentrated decoction is added to a



It is the result of some diseased condition of skin tissues, but there is a difference of opinion as to whether it is produced by contagion or hereditarily transmitted.

ANTIPHONAL BEGGARS.

While we were at the *neveria*, several donkeys, heavily but not bulkily laden, were driven up and unloaded. Their burden consisted of ice enveloped in straw, and carefully wrapped in matting. It had been brought in that manner all the way from the *volcan*, the volcano, as Popocatepetl is universally called on this side of the range. The journey occupies two days, and it is a wonder there is any ice left at the end of it.

In spite of the dense multitudes through which we threaded our way, there was not the least elbowing, not a trace of the rudeness usual to a crowd of our own race. A Mexican throng in its conduct is not unlike what I have often heard related of the Japanese. There is a mutual considerateness throughout all classes, and in the component parts of the most compact mass there appears to be a remarkable mobility, a capacity to yield and give way before individual movement. There was also nothing of the expression of jadedness, of discontent, so common to a holiday multitude in the North. Neither was there any exuberance of joyousness, nor disposition to intensity

of excitement. These people appeared passively interested, receptive in mood, but by no means dull or unobservant, though unconcerned and somewhat indifferent. They were very gentle; much smiling and quiet chatting among friends, with frequent but unboisterous laughter. When they felt like resting, they would squat down Indian fashion anywhere they took a notion. On all sides would be seen little groups thus seated—family parties, women nursing their babies, men smoking cigarettes, and children sporting.

There were beggars out in astonishing variety; some maimed, some blind, and lusty able-bodied fellows, with most artistic "make-ups" of tattered garments and unkempt hair and beards. Some of these would come around and stand before one silently, with the dumb appealing look in their eyes that is characteristic of a wistful dog. Others would kneel in the midst of the way, and fill the air with their doleful stereotyped appeals for charity. Remaining in one spot for a moment, they would move on a short distance on their knees, and repeat their performances. Some would shade their bare heads from

the sun by the improvised handkerchief parasols. In the church-yard I noticed a curious performance on the part of two beggars kneeling opposite each other—a sort of duet or antiphonal ceremony. One would recite in a very vehement voice a long passage about the blessedness of giving, and then his companion would follow in the same strain. And so the two would keep it up interminably.

Of course these beggars were all humbugs, after the manner of their kind the world over. They were all skilled professionals, and belonged to the "circuit" of *ferias* just as the caterers did, and the gamblers and the circus performers. As to the latter, I saw a highly picturesque circus troupe making the rounds of the town to announce their evening performance. The swell circuses in Mexico are American, but this was a native affair, and some of the riders were almost naked, their bare brown bodies brilliantly streaked with paint, and hair stuck full of feathers. The circus was about the only diversion connected with the *feria* except the gambling and the devotional dances at the church. The absence of cock-fighting and bull-fighting was notable.

These church dances are not peculiar to Tepalcingo, but may be seen in various forms in many parts of Mexico, even in front of one church in the national capital itself, where it is considerably modernized. The dances before a church are said to be performed by peasant Indians in accord-

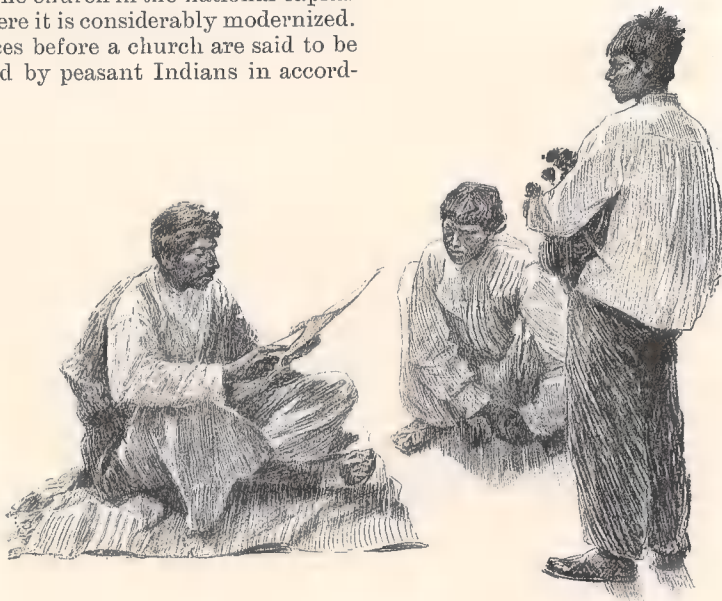
ance with vows made for success in their undertakings, as in their crops for the year, their herds, and the like.

Arrived at the church, we found the various transactions at their height in the yard. Vociferous beggars were sending up their appeals for charity in all directions; and there were readers of ballads and religious broadsides illustrating the qualities of their wares to wondering listeners, simple-faced and illiterate Indians.

The church-yard was also filled with itinerant venders of various wares, which purchasers were critically examining and bargaining for.

Before the church, between the entrance and the great arched gateway, we found a dense throng assembled to witness the dancing there. In these swarthy-faced, cotton-clad Indian peasants of Mexico there was the same manner of gazing, the same look of absorbed amusement, that one might encounter along the Broadway curb-stones at the passing of a great procession.

It was the *Baile de los Cazadores*—the Dance of the Hunters—that day. All the performers were masked. There were several men dressed in hunting garb and armed with guns. These men had long



A BALLAD-READER.



THE HUNTERS' DANCE.

and ragged beards and exaggerated noses. It was a sort of pantomime representing the hunting and killing of various animals, the parts of which were taken by boys. One of these carried on his shoulders a huge head representing a bear, and another a deer, while one bore a stuffed weasel, or something resembling that animal, on top of his head. While the hunters were stalking their game, some clown-like figures, strikingly resembling the "*né-wes*" and "*cóyamaches*" of the Zúñi sacred dances in their grotesque masks, afforded amusement to the spectators by their comments and antics. Instead of the bare painted bodies of the Zúñi performers, however, these characters wore loose garments, some of them white and painted with small crescents and stars, and rings that evidently stood for the sun; the attire of others was yellow dabbled with red. Most likely these were survivals of old pagan dance characters representing mythological beings of air and fire. Finally one of the hunters took aim; bang! went his gun, and, amid general excitement, the tail of some animal—a fox, I believe—was flung into the ring.

That ended the performance for the time being. People now came pouring out of the church, and the band appeared, playing loudly as it walked out backward, succeeded by a company of pilgrims walking in the same way.

So it was kept up all the afternoon. The band would march off into a side street not far from the church, whence it would return at the head of a fresh instalment of pilgrims, each holding a lighted candle in one hand and a staff in the other. When they had disappeared within the church, the dancers would advance from behind the edifice and repeat their performance.

There was something irresistibly ludicrous in the sight of a band of departing pilgrims. They would march off in long strides—the women in front, the men in the rear. About the necks of some would be hung the framed prints of the sacred image. Occasionally one of the men was so highly educated as to be able to read the broadside that he had purchased. Then he would hold it proudly before him, and lift up his voice in song, or what passed for song. The rest of the company would sing also, but not in

unison. Such terrific screeching I never before heard from human lungs. The Mexicans are passionately fond of music, but the Indian portion of the population has not yet acquired the vocal art. A

strange and harsh falsetto is supposed to be the proper thing for song among the "Naturales." It seems odd that it should be so when their natural voices are remarkably soft, sweet, and gentle.

ELEANORE CUYLER.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

MISS ELEANORE CUYLER and her mother had dined alone that night, and she was now sitting in the drawing-room near the open fire, with her gloves and fan on the divan beside her, for she was going out later to a dance.

She was reading a somewhat weighty German review, and the contrast the smartness of her gown presented to the seriousness of her occupation made her smile slightly as she paused for a moment to cut the leaves.

And when the bell sounded in the hall, she put the book away from her altogether, and wondered who it might be. It might be young Wainwright, with the proof-sheets of the new story he had promised to let her see; or flowers for the dance from Bruce-Brice, of the English legation at Washington, who was for the time being practising diplomatic moves in New York; or some of her working-girls with a new perplexity for her to unravel; or only one of the men from the stable to tell her how her hunter was getting on after his fall. It might be any of these and more. The possibilities were diverse and all of interest, and she acknowledged this to herself with a little sigh of content that it was so. For she found her pleasure in doing many things, and in the fact that there were so many. She rejoiced daily that she was free, and her own mistress in everything—free to do these many things denied to other young women, and that she had the health and position and cleverness to carry them on and through to success. But it was rather a relief when the man opened the curtains and said, "Mr. Wainwright, miss," and Wainwright walked quickly towards her, tugging at his glove.

"You are very good to see me so late," he said, speaking as he entered; "but I had to see you to-night, and I wasn't asked to that dance. I'm going away," he went on, taking his place by the fire,

with his arm resting on the mantel. He had a trick of standing there when he had something of interest to say, and he was tall and well-looking enough to appear best in that position, and she was used to it. He was the most frequent of her visitors.

"Going away," she repeated, smiling up at him; "not for long, I hope. Where are you going now?"

"I'm going to London," he said. "They cabled me this morning. It seems they've taken the play, and are going to put it on at once." He smiled and blushed slightly at her exclamation of pleasure. "Yes, it is rather nice. It seems *Jilted* was a failure, and they've taken it off, and are going to put on *School*, with the old cast, until they can get my play rehearsed, and they want me to come over and suggest things."

She stopped him with another little cry of delight, that was very sweet to him, and full of moment.

"Oh, how glad I am!" she said. "How proud you must be! Now why do you pretend you are not? And I suppose Tree and the rest of them will be in the cast, and all that dreadful American colony in the stalls, and you will make a speech—and I won't be there to hear it." She rose suddenly with a quick, graceful movement, and held out her hand to him, which he took, laughing and conscious-looking with pleasure. She sank back on the divan, and shook her head doubtfully at him. "When will you stop?" she said. "Don't tell me you mean to be an Admirable Crichton. You are too fine for that."

He looked down at the fire, and said, slowly: "It is not as if I were trying my hand at an entirely different kind of work. No, I don't think I did wrong in dramatizing it. The papers all said, when the book first came out, that it would make a good play; and then so many men wrote to me for permission to dramatize it that



"ARE YOU READY, ELEANORE?" SHE ASKED, BRISKLY.

I thought I might as well try to do it myself. No; I think it is in line with my other work. I don't think I am straying after strange gods."

"You should not," she said, softly. "The old ones have been so kind to you. But you took me too seriously," she added.

"I am afraid sometimes," he answered, "that you do not know how seriously I do take you."

"Yes, I do," she said, quickly. "And when I am serious, that is all very well; but to-night I only want to laugh. I am very happy, it is such good news. And after the New York managers refusing it, too. They will *have* to take it *now*—now that it is a London success."

"Well, it isn't a London success yet," he said, dryly. "The books went well over there because the kind of Western things I wrote about met their ideas of

this country—cowboys and prairies and Indian maidens and all that. And so I rather hope the play will suit them for the same reason."

"And you will go out a great deal, I hope," she said. "Oh, you will have to! You will find so many people to like, almost friends already. They were talking about you even when I was there, and I used to shine in reflected glory because I knew you."

"Yes, I can fancy it," he said. "But I would like to see something of them if I have time. Cowes wants me to stay with them, and I suppose I will. He would feel hurt if I didn't. He has a most absurd idea of what I did for him on the ranch when he had the fever that time, and ever since he went back to enjoy his ill-gotten gains and his title and all that, he has kept writing to me to come out.

Yes, I suppose I will stay with them. They are in town now."

Miss Cuyler's face was still lit with pleasure at his good fortune, but her smile was less spontaneous than it had been. "That will be very nice. I quite envy you," she said. "I suppose you know about his sister?"

"The Honorable Evelyn?" he asked.

"Yes; he used to have a photograph of her, and I saw some others the other day in a shop window on Broadway."

"She's a very nice girl," Miss Cuyler said, thoughtfully. "I wonder how you two will get along?" And then she added, as if with sudden compunction: "But I am sure you will like her very much. She is very clever, besides."

"I don't know how a professional beauty will wear if one sees her every day at breakfast," he said. "One always associates them with functions and 'varnishing days' and lawn parties. You will write to me, will you not?" he added.

"That sounds," she said, "as though you meant to be gone such a very long time."

He turned one of the ornaments on the mantel with his finger, and looked at it curiously. "It depends," he said, slowly—"it depends on so many things. No," he went on, looking at her, "it does not depend on many things; just on one."

Miss Cuyler looked up at him questioningly, and then down again very quickly, and reached meaninglessly for the book beside her. She saw something in his face and in the rigidity of his position that made her breathe more rapidly.

She did not want him to say anything. She could only answer him in one way, and in a way that would hurt and give pain to them both. She had hoped he could remain just as he was, a very dear friend, with a suggestion sometimes in the background of his becoming something more. She was, of course, too experienced to believe in a long Platonic friendship.

Uppermost in her mind was the thought that no matter what he urged, she must remember that she wanted to be free, to live her own life, to fill her own sphere of usefulness, and she must not let him tempt her to forget this. She had next to consider him, and that she must be hard and keep him from speaking at all; and this was very difficult, for she cared for him very dearly. She strengthened

her determination by thinking of his going away, and of how glad she would be when he had gone that she had committed herself to nothing. This absence would be a test for both of them; it could not have been better had it been arranged on purpose. She had ideas of what she could best do for those around her, and she must not be controlled and curbed, no matter how strongly she might think she wished it. She must not give way to the temptation of the moment, or to a passing mood. And then there were other men. She had their portraits on her dressing-table, and liked each for some qualities the others did not possess in such a degree; but she liked them all because no one of them had the right to say "must" or even "you might" to her, and she fancied that the moment she gave one of them this right she would hate him cordially, and would fly to the others for sympathy; and she was not a young woman who thought that matrimony meant freedom to fly to any one but her husband for that. But this one of the men was a little the worst; he made it harder for her to be quite herself. She noticed that when she was with him she talked more about her feelings than with the other men, with whom she was satisfied to discuss the play, or what girl they wanted to take in to dinner. She had touches of remorse after these confidences to Wainwright, and wrote him brisk, friendly notes the next morning, in which the words "your friend" were always sure to appear either markedly at the beginning or at the end, or tucked away in the middle. She thought by this to unravel the web she might have woven the day before. But she had apparently failed. She stood up suddenly from pure nervousness, and crossed the room as though she meant to go to the piano, which was a very unfortunate move, as she seldom played, and never for him. She sat down before it, nevertheless, rather hopelessly, and crossed her hands in front of her. He had turned, and followed her with his eyes; they were very bright and eager, and her own faltered as she looked at them.

"You do not show much interest in the one thing that will bring me back," he said. He spoke reproachfully and yet a little haughtily, as though he already half suspected she had guessed what he meant to say.

"Ah, you cannot tell how long you will be there," she said, lightly. "You will like it much more than you think, I—" She stopped hopelessly; and glanced without meaning to do so at the clock face on the mantel beside him.

"Oh," he said, with quick misunderstanding, "I beg your pardon, I am keeping you. I forgot how late it was, and you are going out." He came towards her as though he meant to go. She stood up and made a quick, impatient gesture with her hands. He was making it very hard for her.

"Fancy!" she said. "You know I want to talk to you. What does the dance matter? Why are you so unlike yourself?" she went on, gently. "And it is our last night, too."

The tone of her words seemed to reassure him, for he came nearer and rested his elbow beside her on the piano, and said, "Then you are sorry that I am going?"

It was very hard to be unyielding to him when he spoke and looked as he did then; but she repeated to herself: "He will be gone to-morrow, and then I will be so thankful that I did not bind myself—that I am still free. He will be gone, and I will be so glad. It will only be a minute now before he goes, and if I am strong, I will rejoice at leisure!" So she looked up at him without a sign of the effort it cost her, frankly and openly, and said: "Sorry? Of course I am sorry. One does not have so many friends one can spare them for long, even to have them grow famous. I think it is very selfish of you to go, for you are famous enough already."

As he looked at her and heard her words running on smoothly and meaninglessly, he knew that it was quite useless to speak, and he grew suddenly colder, and sick, and furious at once with a confused anger and bitterness. And then, for he was quite young—so young that he thought it was the manly thing to do to carry his grief off lightly instead of rather being proud of his love, however she might hold it—he drew himself up, and began pulling carefully at his glove.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I fancy the change will be very pleasant." He was not thinking of his words, or of how thoughtless they must sound. He was only anxious to get away without showing how deeply he was hurt. If he had not done this, if he had let her see how

miserable he was, and that plays and books and such things were nothing to him now, and that she was just all there was in the whole world to him, it might have ended differently. But he was untried and young. So he buttoned the left glove with careful scrutiny and said: "They always start those boats at such absurd hours; the tides never seem to suit one; you have to go on board without breakfast, or else stay on board the night before, and that's so unpleasant. Well, I hope you will enjoy the dance, and tell them that I was very much hurt that I wasn't asked." He held out his hand quite steadily. "I'll write you if you will let me," he went on, "and send you word where I am as soon as I know."

She took his hand and said: "Good-by, and I hope it will be a grand success; I know it will. And come back soon; and, yes, do write to me. I hope you will have a very pleasant voyage."

He had reached the door, and stopped uncertainly at the curtains. "Thank you," he said; and, "Oh," he added, politely, "will you say good-by to your mother for me, please?"

She nodded her head and smiled and said: "Yes; I will not forget. Good-by."

She did not move until she heard the door close upon him, and then she turned towards the window as though she could still follow him through the closed blinds, and then she walked over to the divan and picked up her fan and gloves, and remained looking down at them in her hand. The room seemed very empty. She glanced at the place where he had stood, and at the darkened windows again, and sank down very slowly against the cushions of the divan, and pressed her hands upon her knee.

She did not hear the rustle of her mother's dress as she came down the stairs and parted the curtains.

"Are you ready, Eleanore?" she asked, briskly. "Tell me, how does this lace look? I think there is entirely too much of it."

It was a month after this, simultaneously with the announcements by cable of the instant success in London of *A Western Idyl*, that Miss Cuyler retired from the world she knew, and disappeared into darkest New York by way of Rivington Street. She had discovered one morning that she was not ill nor run down nor overtaxed, but just mentally

tired of all things, and that what she needed was change of air and environment, and unselfish work for the good of others and less thought of herself. Her mother's physician suggested to her, after a secret and hasty interview with Mrs. Cuyler, that change of air was good, but that the air of Rivington Street was not of the best; and her friends, both men and women, assured her that they appreciated her much more than the people of the east side possibly could do, and that they were much more worthy of her consideration, and in a fair way of improvement yet, if she would only continue to shine upon and before them. But she was determined in her purpose, and regarded the College Settlement as the one opening and refuge for the energies which had too long been given to the arrangement of paper chases across country, and the routine of society, and a dilettante interest in kindergartens. Life had become for her real and earnest, and she rejected Bruce-Brice of the British legation with the sad and hopeless kindness of one who almost contemplates taking the veil, and to whom the things of this world outside of tenements are hollow and unprofitable. She found a cruel disappointment at first, for the women of the College Settlement had rules and ideas of their own, and had seen enthusiasts like herself come into Rivington Street before, and depart again. She had thought she would nurse the sick, and visit the prisoners on the Island, and bring cleanliness and hope into miserable lives, but she found that this was the work of women tried in the service, who understood it, and who made her first serve her apprenticeship by reading the German Bible to old women whose eyes were dim, but who were as hopelessly clean and quite as self-respecting in their way as herself. The heroism and the self-sacrifice of a Father Damien or a Florence Nightingale were not for her; older and wiser young women saw to that work with a quiet, matter-of-fact cheerfulness and a common-sense that bewildered her. She went "up town" occasionally for an afternoon's rest or to a luncheon, or a particularly attractive dinner, but she always returned to the settlement at night, and this threw an additional interest about her to her friends—an interest of which she was ashamed, for she knew how little she was really doing, and that her sacrifice was one of discomfort mere-

ly. The good she did, it was humiliating to acknowledge, was in no way proportionate to what her influence had been among people of her own class.

And what made it very hard was that wherever she went they seemed to talk of him. Now it would be a girl just out from the other side who had met him on the terrace of the Lower House, "where he seemed to know every one"; and another had driven with him to Ascot, where he had held the reins, and had shown them what a man who had guided a mail-coach one whole winter over the mountains for a living could do with a coach for pleasure. Her English friends all wrote of him, and wanted to know all manner of little things concerning him, and hinted that they understood they were very great friends. And the papers seemed to be always having him doing something; there was apparently no one else in London who could so properly respond to the toasts of America at all the public dinners. She had had letters from him herself—of course bright, clever ones—that suggested what a wonderfully full and happy life his was, but with no reference to his return. He was living with his young friend Lord Cowes, and went everywhere with him and his people; and then, as a final touch, which she had already anticipated, people began to speak of him and the Honorable Evelyn. What could be more natural? they said. He had saved her brother's life while out West half a dozen times, at least from all accounts; and he was rich, and well-looking, and well-born, and rapidly becoming famous.

A young married woman announced it at a girls' luncheon. She had it from her friend the Marchioness of Pelby, who was Evelyn's first-cousin. So far, only the family had been told; but all London knew it, and it was said that Lord Cowes was very much pleased. One of the girls at the table said you never could tell about those things: she had no doubt the Marchioness of Pelby was an authority, but she would wait until she got their wedding cards before she believed it. For some reason this girl did not look at Miss Cuyler, and Miss Cuyler felt grateful to her, and thought she was a nice bright little thing. She walked back to Rivington Street from the luncheon composing the letter she would write to him congratulating him on his engage-

ment. She composed several. Some of them were very short and cheery, and others rather longer and full of reminiscences. She wondered with sudden fierce bitterness how he could so soon forget certain walks and afternoons they had spent together; and the last note, which she composed in bed, was a very sad and scornful one, and so pathetic as a work of composition that she cried a little over it, and went to sleep full of indignation that she had cried. She told herself the next morning that she had cried because she was frankly sorry to lose the companionship of so old and good a friend, and because now that she had been given much more important work to do, she was naturally saddened by the life she saw around her, and weakened by the foul air of the courts and streets, and the dreary environment of the tenements. As for him, she was happy in his happiness; and she pictured how some day, when he proudly brought his young bride to this country to show her to his friends, he would ask after her. And they would say: "Who! Eleanore Cuyler? Why, don't you know? While you were on your honey-moon she was in the slums, where she took typhoid fever nursing a child, and died!" Or else some day, when she had grown into a beautiful sweet-faced old lady, with white hair, his wife would die, and he would return to her, never having been very happy with his first wife, but having nobly hidden from her and from the world his true feelings. He would find her working among the poor, and would ask her forgiveness, and she could not quite determine whether she would forgive him or not. These pictures comforted her even while they saddened her, and she went about her work feeling that it was now her life's work, and that she was in reality an old, old woman. The rest, she was sure, was but a weary waiting for the end.

It was about six months after this, in the early spring, while Miss Cuyler was still in Rivington Street, that young Van Bibber invited his friend Travers to dine with him and to go on later to the People's Theatre, on the Bowery, where Irving Willis, the Boy Actor, was playing *Nick of the Woods*. Travers despatched a hasty and joyous note in reply to this to the effect that he would be on hand. He then went off with a man to try a

horse at a riding-academy, and easily and promptly forgot all about it. He did remember as he was dressing for dinner that he had an engagement somewhere, and took some consolation out of this fact, for he considered it a decided step in advance when he could remember he had an engagement, even if he could not recall what it was. So he dined unwarily at home, and was, in consequence, seized upon by his father, who sent him to the opera, as a substitute for himself, with his mother and sisters, while he went off delightedly to his club to play whist.

Travers did not care for the opera, and sat in the back of the box and dozed, and wondered moodily what so many nice men saw in his sisters to make them want to talk to them.

As for Van Bibber, he knew his friend too well to wait for him, and occupied a box at the People's Theatre in solitary state, and from its depths gurgled with delight whenever the Boy Actor escaped being run over by a real locomotive, or in turn rescued the stout heroine from six red-shirted cowboys. There were quite as many sudden deaths and lofty sentiments as he had expected, and he left the theatre with the pleased satisfaction of an evening well spent, and with a pitying sympathy for Travers who had missed it. The night was pleasant and filled with the softness of early spring, and Van Bibber turned down the Bowery with a cigar between his teeth and no determined purpose except that he did not intend to go to bed. The streets were still crowded, and the lights showed the many types of this "Thieves' Highway," with which Van Bibber in his many excursions in search of mild adventure had become familiar. They were so familiar that the unfamiliarity of the hurrying figure of a girl of his own class, who passed in front of him down Grand Street, brought him abruptly wondering to a halt. She had passed directly under an electric light, and her dress and walk and bearing he seemed to recognize, but as belonging to another place. What a girl, well-born and well-dressed, could be doing at such an hour in such a neighborhood, aroused his curiosity, but it was rather with a feeling of *noblesse oblige*, and a hope of being of use to one of his own people, that he crossed to the opposite side of the street and followed her. She was evidently going some-

where; that was written in every movement of her regular quick walk and her steadfast look ahead. Her veil hid the upper part of her face and the passing crowd shut her sometimes entirely from view, but Van Bibber, himself unnoticed, succeeded in keeping her in sight, while he speculated as to the nature of her errand and her personality. At Eldridge Street she turned sharply to the north, and without a change in her hurrying gait passed on quickly and turned again at Rivington. "Oh!" said Van Bibber, with relieved curiosity, "one of the College Settlement," and stopped satisfied. But the street had now become deserted, and though he disliked the idea of following a woman, even though she might not be aware of his doing so, he disliked even more the idea of leaving her to make her way in such a place alone. And so he started on again, and as there was now more likelihood of her seeing him in the empty street, he dropped further to the rear and kept in the shadow, and as he did so he saw a man whom he had before noticed on the opposite side of the street quicken his pace and draw nearer to the girl. It seemed impossible to Van Bibber that any man could mistake the standing of this woman and the evident purpose of her haste, but the man was apparently settling his pace to match hers, as if only waiting an opportunity to approach her. Van Bibber tucked his stick under his arm and moved forward more quickly. It was midnight, and the street was utterly strange to him. From the light of the lamps he could see signs in Hebrew and the double eagle of Russia painted on the windows of the saloons. Long rows of trucks and drays stood ranged along the pavements for the night, and on some of the stoops and fire-escapes of the tenements a few dwarfish specimens of the Polish Jew sat squabbling in their native tongue.

But it was not until they had reached Orchard Street, and when Rivington Street was quite empty, that the man drew up uncertainly beside the girl, and bending over, stared up in her face, and then, walking on at her side, surveyed her deliberately from head to foot. For a few steps the girl moved on as apparently unmindful of his near presence as though he were a stray dog running at her side, but when he stepped directly in front of

her, she stopped and backed away from him fearfully. The man hesitated for an instant, and then came on after her, laughing.

Van Bibber had been some distance in the rear. He reached the curb beside them just as the girl turned back, with the man still following her, and stepped in between them. He had come so suddenly from out of the darkness that they both started. Van Bibber did not look at the man. He turned to the girl, and raised his hat slightly, and recognized Eleanore Cuyler instantly as he did so, but as she did not seem to remember him, he did not call her by name, but simply said, with a jerk of his head, "Is this man annoying you?"

Miss Cuyler seemed to wish before everything else to avoid a scene.

"He—he just spoke to me, that is all," she said. "I live only a block below here; if you will please let me go on alone, I would be very much obliged."

"Certainly, do go on," said Van Bibber; "but I will have to follow you until you get in-doors. You needn't be alarmed, no one will speak to you." Then he turned to the man, and said, in a lower tone: "You wait here till I get back, will you? I want to talk to you."

The man paid no attention to him whatsoever. He was so far misled by Van Bibber's appearance as to misunderstand the situation entirely. "Oh, come now," he said, smiling knowingly at the girl, "you can't shake me for no dude."

He put out his hand as he spoke as though he meant to touch her. Van Bibber pulled his stick from under his arm and tossed it out of his way, and struck the man twice heavily in the face. He was very cool and determined about it, and punished him in consequence much more effectively than if his indignation had made him excited. The man gave a howl of pain, and stumbled backwards over one of the stoops, where he dropped moaning and swearing, with his fingers pressed against his face.

"Please, now," begged Van Bibber, quickly turning to Miss Cuyler—"I am very sorry—but if you had *only* gone when I asked you to." He motioned impatiently with his hand. "Will you please go?"

But the girl, to his surprise, stood still and looked past him over his shoulder. Van Bibber motioned again for her to pass

on, and then, as she still hesitated, turned and glanced behind him. He saw three men running noiselessly towards him. The street had the blue-black look of a New York street at night. There was not a lighted window in the block. It seemed to have grown suddenly more silent and dirty and desolate-looking. He could see the glow of the elevated station at Allen Street, and it seemed fully half a mile away. Save for the girl and the groaning fool on the stoop, and the three figures closing in on him, he was quite alone. The foremost of the three men stopped running, and came up briskly, with his finger held interrogatively in front of him. He stopped when it was within a foot of Van Bibber's face.

"Are you looking for a fight?" he asked.

There was enough of the element of the sport in Van Bibber to enable him to recognize the same element in the young man before him. He knew that this was no whimpering blackguard who followed women into side streets to insult them; this was one of the purest specimens of the tough of the east side water-front, and he and his companions would fight as readily as Van Bibber would smoke—and they would not fight fair. The adventure had taken on a grim and serious turn, and Van Bibber gave an imperceptible shrug as he accepted it, and a barely audible exclamation of disgust.

"Because," continued his new opponent, with business-like briskness, "if you're looking for a fight, you can set right to me. You needn't think you can come down here and run things, you—" He followed this with an easy roll of oaths, intended to goad his victim into action.

A reformed prize-fighter had once told Van Bibber that there were six rules to observe in a street fight. He said he had forgotten the first five, but the sixth one was to strike first. Van Bibber turned his head towards Miss Cuyler. "You had better run," he said, over his shoulder; and then, turning quickly, he brought his left fist, with all the strength and weight of his arm and body back of it, against the end of the new-comer's chin.

The man threw up his arms and went over backwards, groping blindly with his hands.

Van Bibber heard a sharp rapping behind him frequently repeated; he could

not turn to see what it was, for one of the remaining men was engaging him in front, and the other was kicking at his knee-cap and striking at his head from behind. He was no longer cool; he was grandly and viciously excited; and rushing past his opponent, he caught him over his hip with his left arm across his breast, and so tossed him, using his hip for a lever.

A man in this position can be thrown so that he will either fall as lightly as a baby falls from his pillow to the bed, or with sufficient force to break his ribs. Van Bibber, being excited, threw him this latter way. Seeing this, the second man, who had so far failed to find Van Bibber's knee-cap, backed rapidly away with his hands in front of him.

"Here!" he cried, "lem'me alone. I'm not in this."

"Oh yes, you are," cried Van Bibber, gasping, but with fierce politeness. "Excuse me, but you are. Put up your hands, I'm going to kill *you*." He had a throbbing feeling in the back of his head, and his breathing was difficult. He could still hear the heavy, irregular rapping behind him, but it had become confused with the throbbing in his head. "Put up your hands," he panted.

The third man, still backing away, placed his arms in a position of defence, and Van Bibber beat them down savagely, and pounded him until his arm was tired, and he had to drop him at his feet.

As he turned dizzily, he heard a sharp answering rap from down the street, and saw coming towards him the burly figure of a policeman running heavily and throwing his night stick in front of him by its leather thong, so that it struck reverberating echoes out of the pavement.

And then he saw, to his amazement, that Miss Cuyler was still with him, standing by the curb and beating it with his heavy walking-stick as calmly as though she were playing golf, and looking keenly up and down the street for possible aid. Van Bibber gazed at her with breathless admiration.

"Good heavens," he panted, "didn't I ask you *please* to go home?"

The policeman passed them and dived uncertainly down a dark areaway as one departing figure disappeared into the open doorway of a tenement on his way to the roof, and the legs of another dodged between the line of drays.

"I am very, very much obliged to you, Miss Cuyler," Van Bibber said. He tried to raise his hat, but the efforts of the gentleman who had struck him from behind had been successful, and the hat came off only after a wrench that made him wince. "You were very brave," he went on; "and it was very good of you to stand by me. You won't mind my saying so, now, will you? but you gave the wrong rap. I hadn't time to tell you to change it." He mopped the back of his head tenderly with his handkerchief, and tried to smile cheerfully. "You see, you were giving the rap," he explained, politely, "for a fire-engine; but it's of no consequence."

Miss Cuyler came closer to him, and he saw that her face showed sudden anxiety.

"Mr. Van Bibber!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I didn't know it was you! I didn't know it was any one who knew me. What will you think?"

"I beg your pardon," said Van Bibber, blankly.

"You must not believe," she went on, quickly, "that I am subjected to this sort of thing. Please do not imagine I am annoyed down here like this. It has never happened before. I was nursing a woman, and her son who generally goes home with me was kept at the works, and I thought I could risk getting back alone. You see," she explained, as Van Bibber's face showed he was still puzzled, "my people do not fancy my living down here, and if they should hear of this, they would never consent to my remaining another day, and it means so much to me now."

"They need not hear of it," Van Bibber answered, sympathetically. "They certainly won't from me, if that's what you mean."

The officer had returned, and interrupted them bruskiy. It seemed to him that he was not receiving proper attention.

"Say, what's wrong here?" he demanded. "Did that gang take anything off'n you?"

"They did not," said Van Bibber. "They held me up, but they didn't take nothin' off'n of me."

The officer flushed uncomfortably, and was certain now that he was being undervalued. He surveyed the blood running down over Van Bibber's collar with a smile of malicious satisfaction.

"They done you up, anyway," he suggested.

"Yes, they done me up," assented Van Bibber, cheerfully; "and if you'd come a little sooner, they'd done you up too."

He stepped to Miss Cuyler's side, and they walked on down the street to the College Settlement, the policeman following uncertainly in the rear.

"I haven't thanked you, Mr. Van Bibber," said Miss Cuyler. "It was really fine of you, and most exciting. You must be very strong. I can't imagine how you happened to be there, but it was most fortunate for me that you were. If you had not, I—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Van Bibber, hurriedly. "I haven't had so much fun without paying for it for a long time. Fun," he added, meditatively, "costs so much."

"And you will be so good, then, as not to speak of it?" she said, as she gave him her hand at the door.

"Of course not. Why should I?" said Van Bibber, and then his face beamed and clouded again instantly. "But, oh, please," he begged, "I guess I'll have to tell Travers. Oh, please let me tell Travers! I'll make him promise not to mention it, but it's too good a joke on him, when you think what he missed. You see," he added, hastily, "we were to have gone out together, and he forgot, as usual, and missed the whole thing, and he wasn't in it, and it will just about break his heart. He's always getting grinds on me," he went on, persuasively, "and now I've got this on him. You will really have to let me tell Travers."

Miss Cuyler looked puzzled and said "Certainly," though she failed to see why Mr. Travers should want his head broken, and then she thanked Van Bibber again, and nodded to the officer, and went in-doors.

The policeman, who had listened to the closing speeches, looked at Van Bibber with dawning admiration.

"Now then, officer," said Van Bibber, briskly, "which of the saloons around here break the law by keeping open after one? You probably know, and if you don't, I'll have to take your number."

And peace being in this way restored, the two disappeared together into the darkness, to break the law.

Van Bibber told Travers about it the next morning, and Travers forgot he was not to mention it, and told the next man he met. By one o'clock the story had grown in his telling, and Van Bibber's reputation had grown with it.

Travers found three men breakfasting together at the club, and drew up a chair. "Have you heard the joke Van Bibber's got on me?" he asked, sadly, by way of introduction.

Wainwright was sitting at the next table, with his back to them. He had just left the customs officers, and his wonder at the dirtiness of the streets and height of the buildings had given way to the pleasure of being home again, and before the knowledge that "old friends are best." He had meant to return again as soon as he had arranged for the production of his play in New York: his second play was to be brought out in London in a month. But the heartiness of his friends' greetings, and the anxiety men who had been mere acquaintances before showed in wishing to be recognized, had touched and amused him. He was too young to be cynical over it, and he was glad, on the whole, that he had come back. His mind was wide awake, and shifting from one pleasant thought to another, when he heard Travers's voice behind him raised impressively. "And they both went at Van, hammer and tongs," he heard Travers say, "one in front and the other behind, kicking and striking all over the shop. And," continued Travers, interrupting himself suddenly, with a shrill and anxious tone of interrogation, "where was I while this was going on? That's the pathetic part of it—where was I?" His voice rose to almost a shriek of disappointment. "I was sitting in a red silk box, listening to a red silk opera, with a lot of *girls*—that's what I was doing. I wasn't in it, I wasn't. I—"

"Well, never mind what you were doing," said one of the men, soothingly. "You weren't in it, as you say; return to the libretto."

"Well," continued Travers, meekly, "let me see; where was I?"

"You were in a red silk box," suggested one of the men, reaching for the coffee.

"Go on, Travers," said the first man.

"The two men were kicking Van Bibber."

"Oh yes," cried Travers. "Well, Van just threw the first fellow over his head,

and threw him *hard*. Then the second fellow begged off; but Van wouldn't have it, and threw him into the street, and asked if any other gentleman would like to try his luck. That's what Van did, and he told me not to tell any one, so I hope you will not mention it. Think of it, will you? And think of me sitting in a red silk box listening to a—"

"What did the girl do?" interrupted one of the men.

"Oh yes," said Travers, hastily; "that's the best part of it; that's the plot—the girl. Now, who do you think the girl was?" He looked around the table proudly, with the air of a man who is sure of his climax.

"How should I know?" one of the men said. "Some actress going home from the theatre, maybe—"

"No," said Travers. "It's a girl you all know." He paused impressively. "What would you say, now," he went on, dropping his voice, "if I were to tell you it was Eleanore Cuyler?"

The three men looked up suddenly and at each other with serious concern. There was a moment's silence. "Well," said one of them, softly, "that *is* rather nasty."

"Now what I want to know is," Travers ran on, elated at the sensation his narrative had made—"what I want to know is, where is that girl's mother, or sister, or brother? Have they anything to say? Has any one anything to say? Why, one of Eleanore Cuyler's little fingers is worth more than all the east and west sides put together; and she is to be allowed to run risks like—"

Wainwright pushed his chair back and walked out of the room, staring straight in front of him.

"See that fellow, quick," said Travers; "that's Wainwright, who writes plays and things. He's a thoroughbred sport, too, and he's just got back from London. It's in the afternoon papers."

Miss Cuyler was reading to Mrs. Lockmuller, who was old and bedridden and cross. Under the influence of Eleanore's low voice she frequently went to sleep, only to wake and demand ungratefully why the reading had stopped.

Miss Cuyler was very tired. It was close and hot, and her head ached a little, and the prospect across the roofs of the other tenements was not cheerful. Neither was the prospect that she was to

spend her summer making working-girls happy on a farm on Long Island.

She had grown sceptical as to working-girls, and of the good she did them—or any one else. It was all terribly dreary and forlorn, and she wished she could end it by putting her head on some broad shoulder, and by being told that it didn't matter, and that she was not to blame if the world would be wicked and its people unrepentant and ungrateful. Corrigan on the third floor was drunk again, and promised trouble—his voice ascended to the room in which she sat and made her nervous, for she was feeling the reaction from the excitement of the night before. There were heavy footsteps on the stairs, and a child's shrill voice cried, "She's in there," and suspecting it might be Corrigan, she looked up fearfully, and then the door opened, and she saw the most magnificent and the handsomest being in the world. His magnificence was due to a Bond Street tailor, who had shown how very small a waist will go with very broad shoulders; and if he was handsome, that was the tan of a week at sea. But it was not the tan, nor the unusual length of his coat, that Eleanore saw, but the eager, confident look in his face—and all she could say was, "Oh, Mr. Wainwright!" feebly.

Wainwright waved away all such trifling barriers as "Mr." and "Miss." He came towards her with his face stern and determined. "Eleanore," he said, "I have a hansom at the door, and I want you to come down and get in it."

Was this the young man she had used to scold and advise and criticise? She looked at him wondering and happy. It seemed to rest her eyes just to see him, and she loved his ordering her so, until a flash of miserable doubt came over her that if he was confident, it was because he was not only sure of himself, but of some one else on the other side of the sea.

And all her pride came to her, and thankfulness that she had not shown him what his coming meant, and she said: "Did my mother send you? How did you come? Is anything wrong?"

He took her hand in one of his and put his other on top of it firmly. "Yes," he said. "Everything is wrong. But we'll fix all that."

He did not seem able to go on immediately, but just looked at her. "Eleanore," he said, "I have been a fool, all

sorts of a fool. I came over here to go back again at once, and I am going back, but not alone. I have been alone too long. I had begun to fancy there was only one woman in the world, until I came back, and then something some man said proved to me there was another, and that she was the only one, and that I had come near losing her. I had tried to forget about her. I had tried to harden myself to her by thinking she had been hard to me. I said she does not care for you as the woman you love must care for you, but it doesn't matter now whether she cares or not, for I love *her* so. I want her to come to me and scold me again, and tell me how unworthy I am, and make me good and true like herself, and happy. The rest doesn't count without her; it means nothing to me unless she takes it and keeps it in trust for me, and shares it with me." He had both her hands now, and was pressing them against the flowers in the breast of the long coat.

"Eleanore," he said, "I tried to tell you once of the one thing that would bring me back, and you stopped me. Will you stop me now?"

She tried to look up at him, but she would not let him see the happiness in her face just then, and lowered it, and gently said, "No, no."

It must have taken him a long time to tell it, for after he had driven them twice around the park the driver of the hansom decided that he could ask eight dollars at the regular rates, and might even venture on ten, and the result showed that as a judge of human nature he was a success.

They were married in May, and Lord Cowes acted as best man, and his sister sent her warmest congratulations, and a pair of silver candlesticks for the dinner table, which Wainwright thought were very handsome indeed, but which Miss Cuyler considered a little showy. Van Bibber and Travers were ushers, and, indeed, it was Van Bibber himself who closed the door of the carriage upon them as they were starting forth after the wedding. Mrs. Wainwright said something to her husband, and he laughed, and said, "Van, Mrs. Wainwright says she's much obliged."

"Yes?" said Van Bibber, pleased and eager, putting his head through the window of the carriage. "What for, Mrs. Wainwright—the chafing-dish? Travers gave half, you know."

And then Mrs. Wainwright said, "No, not for the chafing-dish," and they drove off, laughing.

"Look at 'em," said Travers, morosely. "They don't think the wheels are going around, do they? They think it is just the earth revolving with them on top of it, and nobody else. We don't have to say 'please' to no one—not much! We can do just what we jolly well please, and dine when we please and wherever we please. You say to me, 'Travers, let's go to Pastor's to-night'; and I say, 'I won't'; and you say, 'I won't go to the Casino, because I don't want to'; and there you are, and all we have to do is to agree to go somewhere else."

"I wonder," said Van Bibber, dreamily, as he watched the carriage disappear down the avenue, "what brings a man to the proposing point?"

"Some other man," said Travers, promptly. "Some man he thinks has more to do for the girl than he likes."

"Who," persisted Van Bibber, innocently, "do you think was the man in that case?"

"How should I know?" exclaimed Travers, impatiently, waving away the unprofitable discussion with a sweep of his stick, and coming down to the serious affairs of life. "What I want to know is to what theatre we are going, that's what I want to know."

THE LAST DAYS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(WITH NEW DOCUMENTS.)

BY GUIDO BIAGI.

OF that dark catastrophe which ended the life of Percy Bysshe Shelley so tragically, as in some antique drama woven by inevitable fate, it were idle to present the details already known to those who have felt their hearts ache, as they have read Trelawny's and other accounts of the event, as also the particulars collected with such devotion by Professor E. Dowden, in his masterly biography of the poet. And, indeed, who can read without profoundest sympathy, one might almost say without tears, the touching letter written to Mrs. Gisborne on the 15th August, 1822, by Mary Shelley, the bereaved widow, in which she narrates the story of those days of anguish?

"The days pass," she writes, after the awful event, "pass one after another, and we still live. 'Adonais' is not Keats's elegy, but his very own." And who may tell how often she read and re-read it in those long nine-and-twenty years in which she outlived him, vestal of her one and only love? A copy of the Pisa edition of this poem found in her possession after death bears witness to this. Among the pages was a tiny silken bag containing the ashes taken by her from the fatal urn.

On the 15th of January, 1822, the Shelleys and Williamses took apartments in a house called I Tre Palazzi di Chiesa, on the Lung' Arno at Pisa, and opposite to Palazzo Lanfranchi, where Byron was

then living. The two families were close friends, and had been living together for over a year. Edward Williams, who had been a school-fellow of Shelley at Eton, had come from Geneva to Italy to make the personal acquaintance of the poet, whom he had heard so enthusiastically lauded by Medwin. He had served in the navy, but, disgusted at the tyrannical discipline exercised in it, had entered a regiment of dragoons, and been for many years in India. Frank, loyal, brave, and generous, devoted to the sea, fond of travelling, an enthusiast for art, he could not fail to please Shelley. His wife, Jane Williams, was possessed of such natural grace that she made conquest of all who came in contact with her. To Shelley she seemed, with her grace and gentleness and the blandishment of her every word and action, the incarnation of the utmost ideal sweetness.

The apartment in the Tre Palazzi di Chiesa looking westward over sea and country, "suspended citadel," as he calls it, in which blossomed flowers whose fragrance still endures in the verses to the Zucca, and other fugitive poems, was to receive a new inmate on that evening of January 15th, a new friend, who had arrived on the previous day. Edward Trelawny, to whom Medwin had also spoken of Shelley with his accustomed admiration and enthusiasm, had conceived a strong affection for him, and had come to Pisa to make his acquaint-

ance, and to take Williams and another old navy friend, Captain Daniel Roberts, to winter in Maremma for the hunting season.

In the course of that memorable evening the talk turned again to the plan so often discussed by Shelley and Williams, of passing the coming summer together at Spezia. In order to do this a boat was necessary, and Trelawny had already been written to, to get Captain Roberts to see to its construction. He had now brought with him the model of an American schooner, and it naturally formed the subject of their discussion. They decided to have a boat built, thirty feet long, and wrote to Genoa requesting Captain Roberts to have it put in hand at once. "Thus on that night, one of gayety and thoughtlessness," writes poor Mrs. Shelley, later, "Jane's and my miserable destiny was decided."

Shortly after, they began to look out for a villa for the summer colony, which was to include Lord Byron and the Guiccioli, Pietro Gamba, Trelawny, and Captain Roberts. Those first warm spring days of clear sky, brilliant sunshine, and flowering hedges were admirably adapted to such expeditions. The two friends, Shelley and Williams, explored the Gulf of Spezia, but with poor result. Meanwhile certain circumstances had occurred to modify the notion of the *villeggiatura* in common. When they again set to work hunting for the long-dreamed-of summer quarters, it was only for the Williamses and themselves, and they had to be content with the Casa Magni at San Terenzo, on the Gulf of Spezia, to which they transferred their furniture by sea, moving in on the 1st of May, 1822.

There could have been, writes Montegazza, no more splendid frame for Shelley's genius, no abode more worthy of the transcendental idealism of his

"High-spirited winged heart."

A rugged old house standing in the sea, and backed by a hill covered with pines and evergreen oaks; lonely, strong as the foundations of a fortress, with a terrace and a little porch opening on to the sea. More ship than house, the sea flows as if by right into the porch, washes the walls, and often sends its salt greeting even up to the inhabitants of the terrace and first floor. These rough caresses give to the

house, called to this day "Shelley's house," the wrinkled, weather-beaten look seen on old sailors' faces. The iron railings are eaten away like old cheese, and the sea-salt sparkles in wavy lines on the crumbling bricks.

Poor Mary, then *enceinte* and suffering, did not like the place, the gorgeous beauty of which jarred on her overstrung and delicate nerves. The house seemed to her dreary, and the sense of misfortune hung over her spirits. "No words can tell you how I hated our house and the country about it. . . . My only moments of peace were on board that unhappy boat, when, lying down with my head on his knee, I shut my eyes, and felt the wind and our swift motion alone."

The "unhappy boat" arrived on the afternoon of Sunday, May 12th. The whole crew consisted of a boy of eighteen, Charles Vivian, who had come from Genoa on board. Trelawny wanted to add a Genoese sailor who knew the coast; but Williams, who thought he knew all about it, would not listen to him.

The schooner, when she was ordered from Captain Roberts at Genoa, was to have belonged to Shelley in partnership with Trelawny and Williams. Trelawny, in his enthusiasm for Byron, proposed to christen her the *Don Juan*, and Shelley made no objection. But the partnership was dissolved before the vessel was ready, and she remained Shelley's property at the price of £80. Mary and the poet gave her the name of the *Ariel*.

Shelley left with Williams on the *Ariel* on the 1st of July for Leghorn to meet Leigh Hunt. The last mentioned (Shelley's paragon of a friend) was coming to Italy, with the means Shelley had procured for him, to talk over with Byron the establishment of a literary periodical.

At last the two friends met. Shelley, with a cry, threw himself on Hunt's neck, and they embraced one another. "I am inexpressibly delighted," he exclaimed; "you cannot think how inexpressibly happy it makes me!" Thornton Hunt, Leigh Hunt's eldest son, still remembered many years later that cry and that affectionate greeting.

From Leghorn the Hunts went with Shelley to Pisa, where Byron put them up on the ground-floor of the Lanfranchi Palace.

Shelley wrote melancholy letters to

Jane and Mary, lamenting the never-to-be-forgotten hours of the peaceful intimacy at Casa Magni, as if foreboding disaster. Mrs. Williams replied with one even sadder, in which she complains of not having seen her dear husband Ned return, and which she ends with the following singular postscript: "Why do you say that you will never again enjoy moments like those which are past? Do you mean that you are going to join your friend Plato?"

Shelley and Hunt went together to see the monuments, the cemetery, the cathedral, the "melancholy leaning tower"—glorious records of republican splendor.

Hunt used to recall a conversation they had together. "He assented warmly to an opinion I expressed in the cathedral at Pisa, while the organ was playing, that a truly divine religion might yet be established if charity were really made the principle of it, instead of faith."

But the day was waning, and the hour came for the sad farewells. It was time to depart. Williams could not restrain his impatience, and the two women were panting for the joy of the return. Leigh Hunt implored his friend not to venture out to sea if the weather were bad, and gave him to read on the voyage a copy of the last volume of poor Keats, that containing the sublime fragment of "Hyperion." "Keep it," he said, "till you can give it back to me with your own hands." They embraced for the last time, and Shelley's carriage disappeared in the dark night on the road to Leghorn.

The days had been very hot, close, and stifling. On the 8th of July, the fatal Monday, the rain so long implored seemed near. The sky had changed, and a storm broke, but circled round in the distance, and the weather became fine and calm again as before. Shelley spent all the morning paying visits. Then, still accompanied by Trelawny, he went back to the harbor. A light breeze was blowing in the direction of Lerici; and Williams, who was impatient to put off, assured him that they would reach home in seven hours. Shelley was in especially high spirits that morning, as is sometimes the case when some occult danger hangs over us. He paid no heed to Captain Roberts, who prophesied that a violent hurricane would shortly be blowing up.

At noon or a little later the two friends and the sailor, Charles Vivian, went on

board the *Ariel*. At the stroke of two the *Ariel* went out of the harbor, almost simultaneously with two feluccas.

Captain Roberts at the extreme end of the harbor was keeping the *Ariel* in sight. He saw her at first making a speed of about seven knots an hour; then, ascending to the top of the light-house, whence he commanded a much wider extent of sea, he saw with terror the hurricane coming up from the gulf, and the whirlwind envelop the frail boat, the mainsail of which had been lowered.

"In the darkness of the tempest," he says, "it was hidden from my gaze and I could no longer distinguish it. When the storm had a little subsided I looked again and again, hoping to see it, but on the whole expanse of sea not a boat was to be seen."

Hours and days of anguish followed. On the morning of the third day Trelawny hastened to Pisa, to Palazzo Lanfranchi, hoping to find that some letter had been received from Casa Magni. There was nothing.

"I told my fears to Hunt," he writes, "and then went up stairs to Byron. When I told him, his lips quivered and his voice faltered as he questioned me. I sent a courier to Leghorn to despatch the *Boliviar* to cruise along the coast, whilst I mounted my horse and rode in the same direction. I also despatched a courier along the coast to go as far as Nice."

Those days had been passed by the two widows of Casa Magni in a state of the most cruel anxiety. Mary was slowly recovering, but oppressed by such unconquerable melancholy that she could not refrain from tears. Summer was full of painful memories to her mother's heart. Three years before, on a hot June day, she had watched the veil of death dim William's blue eyes—her precious boy, who seemed to be beckoning to her from the cemetery by the pyramids of Caio Cestio, at Rome, as though awaiting her; and now she was trembling for her little Percy, on whom she had set all her affection. She was yearning for Shelley's return as for a healing balm. He had written to her once or twice, telling her of the difficulties connected with arranging for the Hunts, adding that it was impossible to say when he would get back. Thus a week had passed. On Monday, 8th, Jane received a

letter from Edward, dated Saturday, telling her that he was waiting at Leghorn for Shelley, who had been detained at Pisa. Shelley would be sure to return, but, he added, "if not here by Monday, I will hire a felucca and be with you, at latest, by Tuesday evening."

"This was Monday—the fatal Monday," writes the bereaved widow in her letter to Mrs. Gisborne. "But with us it was stormy all day, and we did not at all suppose that they could put to sea. At twelve at night we had a thunder-storm. Tuesday it rained all day and was calm—the sky wept on their graves. On Wednesday the wind was fair from Leghorn, and in the evening several feluccas arrived thence. One brought word they had sailed on Monday, but we did not believe them. Thursday was another day of fair wind, and when twelve at night came, and we did not see the tall sails of the little boat double the promontory before us, we began to fear, not the truth, but some illness, some disagreeable cause for their detention." The poor women still deceived themselves. "Jane got so uneasy that she determined to proceed the next day to Leghorn in a boat to see what was the matter. Friday came, and with it a heavy sea and bad wind. Jane, however, resolved to be rowed to Leghorn, since no boat could sail, and busied herself with preparations. I wished her to wait for letters, since Friday was letter day. She would not, but the sea detained her; the swell rose so that no boat would venture out. At twelve at noon our letters came. There was one from Hunt to Shelley. It said: 'Pray write to tell us how you fared on Monday,' and, 'we are anxious.' The paper fell from my hands. I trembled all over. Jane read it. 'Then it is all over,' she said. 'No, my dear Jane,' I cried, 'it is not all over; but this suspense is dreadful. Come with me; we will go to Leghorn. We will post, to be swift to learn our fate.' We tried to encourage each other, but we felt death in our hearts. We crossed to Lerici, despair in our hearts. They raised our spirits there by telling us that no accident had been heard of, and that it must have been known, etc. But still our fear was great, and without resting we posted to Pisa.

"It must have been fearful to see us—two poor, wild, aghast creatures—driving towards the sea to learn if we were to

be forever doomed to misery." Truly a sad, mournful sight. "I knew that Hunt was at Pisa, at Lord Byron's house, but I thought that Lord Byron was at Leghorn. I settled to drive to Casa Lanfranchi, that I was to get out, and ask the fearful question of Hunt, 'Do you know anything of Shelley?' On entering Pisa, the idea of seeing Hunt for the first time for four years under such circumstances and asking him such a question was so terrific to me that it was with difficulty that I prevented myself from going into convulsions. My struggles were dreadful. They knocked at the door, and some one called out, 'Who is there?' It was the Guiccioli's voice. Lord Byron was at Pisa. Hunt was in bed; so I was to see Lord Byron instead of him. This was a great relief to me. I staggered up stairs; the Guiccioli came to me smiling, while I could hardly say: 'Where is he? Do you know anything of Shelley?'" "They knew nothing; he had left Pisa on Sunday; on Monday he had sailed; there had been bad weather Monday afternoon; more they knew not." "Both Lord Byron and the lady have told me since that on that terrific evening I looked more like a ghost than a woman; light seemed to emanate from my features; my face was very white, I looked like marble." And she was of marble, like the lady sung by Leopardi, who walks alone towards the wind and the tempest. "Alas! I had risen from a bed of sickness for this journey. I had travelled all day; it was now twelve at night, and we, refusing to rest, proceeded to Leghorn—not in despair; no, for then we must have died, but with sufficient hope to buoy up the agitation of spirits which was all my life. It was past two in the morning when we arrived. They took us to the wrong inn; neither Trelawny nor Captain Roberts were there, nor did we exactly know where they were, so we were obliged to wait until daylight. We threw ourselves dressed on our beds and slept a little, but at six o'clock we went to one or two inns to ask for one or the other of these gentlemen. We found Roberts at the Globe. He came down to us with a face which seemed to tell us that the worst was true, and here we learned all that had occurred during the week they had been absent from us, and under what circumstances they had departed on their return."

A thread of hope still remained. The

boat might have been cast by the storm upon the coast of Corsica or Elba. They were said to have been seen in the gulf. Who could tell? "We resolved to return," continues Mrs. Shelley, "with all possible speed. We sent a courier to go from tower to tower along the coast, to know if anything had been seen or found; and at 9 A.M. we quitted Leghorn, stopped but one moment at Pisa, and proceeded towards Lerici. When at two miles from Viareggio, we rode down to that town to hear if they knew anything. Here our calamity first began to break upon us. A little boat and a water-cask had been found five miles off. . . . The description of the boat tallied with one they had made; but then this boat was very cumbersome, and in bad weather they might have been easily led to throw it overboard. The cask frightened me most; but the same reason might, in some sort, be given for that." Dread journey! The two poor women strove to find any pretext to elude the awful doubt; and Trelawny, who was with them, endeavored to delude them with pious falsehoods.

"We journeyed on, and reached the Magni about half past 10 P.M. I cannot describe to you what I felt in the first moment when, fording the river, I felt the water splash about the wheels. I was suffocated. I gasped for breath. I thought I should have gone into convulsions, and I struggled violently that Jane might not perceive it. Looking down the river, I saw two great lights burning at the *Foce*. A voice from within me seemed to cry aloud, 'This is his grave!'"

"After passing the river, I gradually recovered. Arriving at Lerici, we were obliged to cross our little bay in a boat. San Terenzo was illuminated for a *fiesta*. What a scene! The waving sea, the sirocco wind, the lights of the town towards which we rowed, and our desolate hearts that colored all with a shroud. We landed; nothing had been heard of them. This was Saturday, July 13th, and thus we waited until Thursday, July 18th, tossed about by hope and fear. We sent messengers along the coast towards Genoa and to Viareggio; nothing more had been found than the skiff. Reports were brought us; we hoped—and yet to tell you all the agony we endured during those six days would be to make you conceive an universe of pain, each moment intolerable, and giving place to one worse.

The people of the country, too, added to one's discomfort; they are like wild savages. On *fiestas* the men and women and children, in different bands, the sexes always separate, pass the whole night in dancing on the sands close to our door, running into the sea, then back again, all the time yelling one detestable air at the top of their voices—the most detestable in the world. Then the sirocco blew perpetually, and the sea forever moaned their dirge. On Thursday, 18th, Trelawny left us to go to Leghorn to see what was doing, or could be done. On Friday, 19th, I was very ill; but as evening came on I said to Jane: 'If anything had been found on the coast, Trelawny would have returned to let us know. He has not returned, so I hope.' About seven o'clock P.M. he did return. All was over; all was quiet now. They had been found, washed on shore."

Wrapped in their deep sorrow, the two victims of this profoundly human drama, which we have here sketched by the aid of documents already published, disappear from our ken. Now follows the epilogue, for the which we are privileged to avail ourselves of other authorities hitherto unknown, culled by us from the archives of Florence, Lucca, and Leghorn, and verbally from some of the old seamen of Viareggio who had been present at the finding and cremation of Shelley's body and the recovery of the *Ariel*.

On July 18th we have proofs, from the letter here appended, how the Governor of Viareggio hastened to notify to His Excellency the Minister for Home and Foreign Affairs of Lucca.

Royal State Archives of Lucca. Foreign Affairs. 1822. No. 89. 381.

DUCHY [Stamp] OF LUCCA.

VIAREGGIO, July, 1822.

Privy Councillor, the Governor of the City of Viareggio, President of the Sanitary Commission, to His Excellency the Secretary of State for Home and Foreign Affairs, Lucca.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—It is my duty to inform your Excellency that the heavy sea has washed up a body, greatly decayed; and that the same, after being duly inspected by the Tribunal of Sanitation, has been buried upon the shore, and covered with strong lime, in accordance with existing maritime sanitary regulations.

There has been no notification with reference to the same, but it is thought probable that it may be one of two young Englishmen

who are said to have been wrecked on a voyage undertaken by them on the 8th instant, in a small launch in shape of a brig, which left Leghorn on the 8th instant for the Gulf of Spezia, with the current running strong on to the Tuscan coast.

Receive, your Excellency, the expression, etc., etc.,

The afore-named Governor,
G. P. FREDIANI.

P.S.—What leads me more especially to think that it may have been one of the Englishmen is that an English book has been found in the pocket of a double-breasted cloth jacket with two button-holes, which he always wore. The remaining attire consisted of a pair of nankeen trousers, a pair of boots, and white silk stockings—the whole of which being interred with the before-named regulations.

This document is not without interest and importance. It proves to us that the body of Shelley was "washed up," that is, cast by the sea upon the shore of Viareggio, upon the 18th of July; while, if the Governor Frediani had already received notification of it, that of Williams must have been previously recovered on the shore of Tuscany. From it also we learn what dress the poet wore; and to do away with any doubt concerning the English book, it was the volume of Keats lent to his friend by Leigh Hunt, and doubled back at "The Eve of St. Agnes," "as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust it away."

Trelawny halted at Viareggio to see the body before its interment. "The face and hands, and parts of the body not protected by the dress, were fleshless. The tall, slight figure, the jacket, the volume of Sophocles in one pocket, and Keats's poems in the other.... were all too familiar to me to leave a doubt on my mind that this mutilated corpse was any other than Shelley's."

Williams's body had been washed up three miles further south, in Tuscan territory, near the Tower of Migliarino, at the mouth of the Serchio. The devoted friend hastened at once to identify it.

The two bodies having been identified, and temporarily buried close to the places where they had been found, it became necessary to devise the mode in which they should be transferred for honorable sepulture. Trelawny had recourse to Mr. Dawkins, then English Resident at Florence and Chargé d'Affaires to the government of Lucca, and Dawkins writes from Lucca, where he then was,

the letter published by Trelawny, recommending him to ask permission to convey Shelley's body to Leghorn. That permission obtained, and with the papers in order, he would be enabled to convey it by sea or land where desired. As concerned the removal of the other body—that of Williams—he was then awaiting reply from Florence. Without delay, Dawkins had despatched the following memorandum to Mansi, Secretary for Home and Foreign Affairs to the Duchy of Lucca:

Royal State Archives of Lucca. Foreign Affairs.
1822.

381.

Un petit Brigantin, propriété de Monsieur Shelley, Gentilhomme Anglais, coula à fond près du Serchio la semaine passée. L'équipage consistait de 3 individus, c. à d., Mr. Shelley, Mon^s le Capitaine Williams, au service de S. M. Brit^{ann}ique, et un garçon de Marine Anglais. Les dépouilles mortelles des deux premiers ont été jetées par la mer, le premier sur les côtes du Duché de Lucques, le second sur ceux de la Toscane. Les parens et les amis de Mon^s Shelley voudraient transporter les restes du lieu où ils sont ensevelis à la cimetière anglaise à Livourne.

And Mansi, who annotates, "This document has been remitted by the hand of Mr. Dawkins, British Chargé d'Affaires," writes the following to the Governor of the city of Viareggio:

383.

To His Excellency the Governor of the City of Viareggio.

LUCCA, 27 July, 1822.

EXCELLENCY,—The English Legation accredited to this Court has apprised me that a small brigantine belonging to a Mr. Shelley, an English gentleman, was wrecked some days ago at the mouth of the Serchio. Three persons were on board the said vessel, namely, the owner, Mr. Shelley, Captain Williams, of H. B. M.'s service, and a young English sailor; and that the bodies of the two first have been washed to land, that of Captain Williams on the shore of Tuscany, that of Mr. Shelley on the shore of this Duchy. Further, the above-mentioned Legation, having represented to me that the friends and relatives of the late Mr. Shelley desire to move his remains from the place where they have been interred to the English Cemetery at Leghorn, urgently press me to obtain from this Government the necessary orders for the exhumation of the said body, and for the removal of the same from this Duchy. The above papers appear to leave no doubt but that the before-named body is identical with the one mentioned in the despatch of your Excellency of the 18th instant, No. 89.

His Majesty having granted the request preferred by the English Legation, it devolves upon me to pray your Excellency to be pleased to grant the necessary dispositions, in order that the body of the late Englishman buried upon this shore be given to the person duly authorized, and who shall present himself to your Excellency for that purpose. It being understood that the sanitary laws in force being duly observed in their entirety by the said individual. The transport of the body will, without doubt, be effected by sea, the whole cost of the same to be borne by the person who shall be charged to receive the consignment of the body.

I take this opportunity to express to your Excellency the assurance, etc., etc.

Meanwhile, at first confidentially, negotiations were proceeding with the Tuscan government for the exhumation of Williams's remains. Dawkins—partly to oblige a friend of Byron's, but even more from a conscientious sense of duty that made him write: "Do not mention trouble. I am here to take as much as my countrymen think proper to give me"—had written on the 25th or 26th of July to H. E. Don Neri Corsini, Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Grand Duchy, who sends the following despatch to the President del Buon Governo (Minister of Police):

State Archives of Florence. Foreign Affairs.
Prot. 95. No. 63.

To the Hon. President del Buon Governo.

27 July, 1822.

MY LORD,—The Royal Legation of Great Britain informs me that Captain Williams, who was drowned last week in the Serchio at the point where the river debouches into the sea, and who was buried in a neighboring field in what proved to be Tuscan territory, earnestly requests that the body of the said officer be exhumed and conveyed to the English cemetery at Leghorn.

This Imperial and Royal Government being minded that it should not refuse such request, it being understood that the said exhumation be conducted according to the tenor of the regulations, I am charged to beg your lordship to give such orders as you judge expedient either to the magistrate or local authorities in whose jurisdiction the body was temporarily buried, as also to the government of Leghorn, and to acquaint me about when the instructions and authorizations forwarded by you can reach the above-named magistrate or authorities, that thus the said Legation may apprise two English gentlemen, who will repair to the locality to be present at the disinterment and transport, and who will satisfy all claims.

I avail myself, etc., etc.

All seemed going smoothly, thanks to the good-will of the Tuscan government. Dawkins, it must be borne in mind, had merely spoken of the exhumation and transport of the bodies to the English cemetery at Leghorn. Thus both to Lucca and to Florence he had used the same urgency, which seemed as if it must be favorably received; but now intervened a long exchange of despatches between the various departments concerned in the matter. At length it occurred to Prince Neri Corsini, Secretary of State and Superintendent of the Sanitary Department, "to obviate the difficulties offered by the quarantine laws by the ancient custom of burning and reducing the body to ashes." Certain it is that the first demand was then withdrawn, and the following substituted:

State Archives of Florence. Foreign Affairs.
Prot. 95. No. 63.

To His Excellency Prince N. Corsini, etc., etc.

PRINCE,—Two English gentlemen, Captain Williams and Mr. Shelley, embarked on the 12th of last month at Leghorn, to rejoin their families at Spezia. Their vessel, the property of Mr. Shelley, caught in a storm the following day, was wrecked with all on board, consisting of the two gentlemen above named and a young English sailor. The mortal remains of the Captain were cast, on the 17th of that month, upon Tuscan territory; those of Mr. Shelley upon the coast of Lucca, near the mouth of the Serchio. The relatives of Captain Williams request me to obtain the permission of the Tuscan Government to remove his body, *or his ashes*, from the spot where he was interred to the English cemetery at Leghorn, with a view to their removal to England.

I have had the honor of addressing a similar request on behalf of Mr. Shelley's family to the Government of H. M. the Duchess of Lucca, who has already acceded to it.

I avail myself, etc., etc.

This request, in which appear those errors of date and locality which have been subsequently perpetuated in all biographies of Shelley, even the most authentic, was despatched to the Governor of Leghorn with the customary formalities. To which he returned the following official reply:

Archives of State in Florence. Foreign Affairs.
Prot. 95. No. 63.

To His Excellency Councillor Corsini, Superintendent of the Sanitary Department, Florence.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—The request preferred by the British Legation to be allowed to burn

the body of Captain Williams, already interred on the shore of Migliarino, with all requisite sanitary precautions, in order that the ashes may be conveyed to the Protestant cemetery, can encounter no difficulty, inasmuch as such operations are prescribed by our regulations upon sandy, rocky tracts of shore whereon are no human habitations, and provided such operations be conducted with regard to necessary sanitary precautions.

Having further consulted the Medical Officer of Health, Cavaliere Palloni, I am of opinion that the exhumation and subsequent burning of the above-named body can take place upon the spot where it was interred; and in order that on the occasion all the measures of the existing regulations be fully observed, I propose to despatch there one of the most trusty and experienced officers of health with seasonable instructions, to the object of insuring that the above-named operation be carried out with greatest exactitude.

This reply I have the honor to submit to your Excellency in answer to your esteemed despatch bearing date of yesterday, and awaiting your further pleasure on the subject, I have the honor to subscribe myself, etc., etc.

SPANNOCHIO.

Now that it was question of burning the body directly upon its being exhumed, there was no further obstacle. It only remained to inform the "English signori" that the operation would be performed at their expense, and that it remained for them to make the necessary arrangements with the Governor of Leghorn. On the 3d of August Prince Corsini advises Mr. Dawkins in the following letter, written in a French worthy of the laws of quarantine:

State Archives of Florence. Foreign Affairs.
Prot. 95. No. 63.

3 Août, 1822.

À Mr. Dawkins:

MR.—Le Magistrat Sanitaire de Livourne ne met pas de difficulté à ce que le corps de feu Mr. le Capitaine Williams inhumé dans un point de la côte de Migliarino soit deterré et brûlé, sauf toutes les précautions commandées par les lois en pareils cas, pour les cendres en



THE SHELLEY HOUSE, AT SAN TERENZO.

être ensuite transportées dans le cimetière des Protestants à Livourne.

En m'empressant de porter ce résultat à votre connoissance, j'ai aussi l'honneur de vous prévenir que les M. Mrs. Anglais intéressés à ce que cette opération soit effectuée, et à la charge des quels seront tous les frais y relatifs, auront à s'adresser à son Ex. M. le Gouverneur de Livourne chargé de donner les ordres nécessaires afin que le tout soit strictement exécuté d'après les Réglements Sanitaires.

Je saisis cette, etc., etc.

Trelawny made every preparation to carry out the painful duty committed to him. He procured at Leghorn an iron furnace of the dimensions of a human body, and an abundant supply of fuel; took with him, besides, two small oak cases, which he had made, the size of a writing-desk, lined with black velvet, having on the lid a metal shield, on which were engraven in Latin the name, age, and country of the deceased.

On the 14th August Trelawny, with an English friend, Captain Shenley, set sail in the *Bolivar*, after having settled with Byron and Hunt to let them know when all was ready, that they might be present. The breeze was light and fitful, and it took them from ten to eleven hours to reach their destination. Having cast anchor and landed, they arranged matters with the commandant of the tower at Bocca Serchio,* who had already re-

* The correct name of the fort usually called by Trelawny "the Tower of Migliarino, at the Bocca Lericcio."

ceived his instructions from the Tuscan government, and fixed the following day at noon for the exhumation, sending a messenger to inform Byron. The next morning, as Trelawny tells us in his *Records*, they received a note from Byron certifying that he would be there, if possible, even before the time. "At ten we went on board the commandant's boat, with a squad of soldiery in working dresses, armed with mattocks and spades, an officer of the quarantine service, and some of his crew."

From the great dread of contagion, the then laws of quarantine had been drawn up. "They had their peculiar tools, so fashioned as to do their work without coming into personal contact with things that might be infectious—long-handled tongs, nippers, poles with iron hooks and spikes, and divers others that gave one a lively idea of the implements of torture devised by the holy inquisitors. Thus freighted, we started, my own boat following with the furnace and the things I had brought from Leghorn. . . . as were said to be used by Shelley's much-beloved Helenes on funeral pyres." "We pulled along for some distance, and landed at a line of strong posts and railings, which projected into the sea, forming the boundary dividing the Tuscan and Lucchese states. We walked along the shore to the grave, where Byron and Hunt soon joined us. They, too, had an officer and soldiers from the Tower of Migliarino, an officer of the Health Office, and some dismounted dragoons; so we were surrounded by soldiers; but they kept the ground clear, and readily lent their aid. There was a considerable gathering of spectators from the neighborhood, and many ladies richly dressed were amongst them. The spot where the body lay was marked by the gnarled root of a pine-tree.

"A rude hut, built of young pine-tree stems, and wattled with their branches, to keep the sun and rain out, and thatched with reeds, stood on the beach to shelter the lookout man on duty. A few yards from this was the grave, which we commenced opening, the gulfs of Spezia and Leghorn at equal distances from us. As to fuel, I might have saved myself the trouble of bringing any, for there was an ample supply of broken spars and planks cast on the shore from wrecks, besides the fallen and decaying timber in a stunted pine forest close at hand. The soldiers

collected fuel whilst I erected the furnace, and then the men of the Health Office set to work shovelling away the sand which covered the body, while we gathered round, watching anxiously. The first indication of their having found the body was the appearance of the end of a black silk handkerchief. I grubbed this out with a stick, for we were not allowed to touch anything with our hands. Then some shreds of linen were met with, and a boot, with the bone of the leg and the foot in it. On the removal of a layer of brushwood, all that now remained of my lost friend was exposed—a shapeless mass of bones and flesh. The limbs separated from the trunk on being touched. . . .

"The funeral pyre was now ready. I applied the fire, and the materials being dry and resinous, the pine wood burnt furiously, and drove us back. I was hot enough before, there was no breath of air, and the loose sand scorched our feet. As soon as the flames became clear and allowed us to approach, we threw frankincense and salt into the furnace, and poured a flask of wine and oil over the body. The Greek oration was omitted, for we had lost our Hellenic bard. It was now so insufferably hot that the officers and soldiers were all seeking shade."

Here Byron made an audacious proposal. "Let us try the strength of these waters that drowned our friends. How far out do you think they were when their boat sank?"

"If you don't wish to be put into the furnace, you had better not try; you are not in condition."

Useless advice. Stripping, he plunged into the sea, followed by Trelawny and Shenley. However, after swimming out a mile Byron felt exhausted, and had to turn back to land. Shenley meanwhile had been seized with cramp, and had to be helped in by Trelawny.

"At four o'clock," he continues, "the funeral pyre burnt low, and when we uncovered the furnace, nothing remained in it but dark-colored ashes, with fragments of the larger bones. Poles were now put under the red-hot furnace, and it was gradually cooled in the sea. I gathered together the human ashes, and placed them in a small oak box bearing an inscription on a brass plate, screwed it down, and placed it in Byron's carriage."

Byron and Hunt returned to Pisa,



EDGE OF PINE WOOD—SCENE OF THE CREMATION.

promising to be at Viareggio next day, while Trelawny and his escort retook the road traversed in the morning, "and supped at the inn" at Bocca del Serchio. Next day, "with the same things," but assuredly not "with the same party," as he writes, as the Tuscan officers of health, with their soldiers and guards, had only to do with Lucchese territory, "rowed down the little river near Viareggio"—probably the Burlamacca Canal—"pulled along the coast towards Massa, then landed, and began our preparations as before."

"Three white wands had been stuck in the sand to mark the poet's grave, but as they were at some distance from each other we had to cut a trench thirty yards in length, in the line of the sticks, to ascertain the exact spot, and it was nearly an hour before we came upon the grave." Meanwhile the carriage drove up containing Byron and Hunt, accompanied by soldiers and officers of health.

The spot where Shelley was buried and subsequently burned cannot be absolutely determined, Trelawny, as we have seen on several occasions, being somewhat confused and uncertain in his topography. Thus Dowden, the accurate biographer, writes that it was "at a spot three or four miles nearer to the Gulf of Spezia." The greatest confusion also exists in the documents of the English legation. Thus it is not to be wondered at if those who carelessly copied from Trelawny easily fell into errors, perpetuated in dictionaries and encyclopædias, and finally in the epitaph on the monument erected by his son Sir Percy and Lady Shelley at Christ Church, Hants, where-

on is inscribed, "Drowned by the upsetting of his boat in the Gulf of Spezia."

The body of Shelley, let us explain once more, was "washed up," as is stated in Governor Frediani's despatch, upon the shore of Viareggio; and very close to the town, for Mary Shelley writes, in a letter to Mrs. Gisborne, these words: "I have seen the place where he lies, the pine trunks which mark the spot where the sand covers him. But they did not burn him there; *it is too close to Viareggio.*"

But it were vain to endeavor now to trace the spot from the romantic description of the romance-loving Trelawny, written amid all the confused memories that were surging in his brain.

But let us take yet another page from the *Records*, which sets before us the touching scene: "The work went on silently in the deep and unresisting sand, not a word was spoken, for the Italians have a touch of sentiment, and their feelings are easily excited into sympathy. We were startled and drawn together by a hollow sound that followed the blow of a mattock; the iron had struck a skull, and the body was soon uncovered. Lime had been strewn on it; this or decomposition had the effect of staining it of a dark and ghastly indigo color. Byron asked me to preserve the skull for him; but remembering that he had formerly used one as a drinking-cup, I was determined that Shelley's should not be so profaned. The limbs did not separate from the trunk, as in the case of Williams's body, so that the corpse was removed entire into the furnace. I had taken the precaution of having more and larger pieces of timber, in consequence of

my experience of the day before of the difficulty of consuming a corpse in the open air with our apparatus.

"After the fire was well kindled we repeated the ceremony of the previous day, and more wine was poured over Shelley's dead body than he had consumed during his life. This, with the oil and salt, made the yellow flames glisten and quiver. The heat from the sun and fire was so intense that the atmosphere was tremulous and wavy. The corpse fell open, and the heart was laid bare. The frontal bone of the skull, where it had been struck with the mattock, fell off, and as the back of the head rested on the red-hot bottom bars of the furnace, the brains literally seethed, bubbled, and boiled as in a caldron for a very long time."

This time Byron's feelings did not allow him to remain at a scene that must have seemed too repulsive to him. "He withdrew to the beach, and swam off to the *Bolivar*. Leigh Hunt remained in the carriage. The fire was so fierce as to produce a white heat on the iron, and to reduce its contents to gray ashes. The only portions that were not consumed were some fragments of bones, the jaw, and the skull; but what surprised us all was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace my hand was severely burnt, and had any one seen me do the act, I should have been put into quarantine. After cooling the iron machine in the sea, I collected the human ashes and placed them in a box, which I took on board the *Bolivar*." The Mediterranean, writes Leigh Hunt, who could not forget that day, "now soft and lucid, kissed the shore, as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and the blue sky were intensely contrasted with one another, marble mountains touched the air with coolness, and the flame of the fire bore away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, wavering and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty."

The documents which have been sought out and collected by us from the archives of Florence, Lucca, and Leghorn have enabled us to clear up various facts which from the information hitherto accepted had appeared uncertain and confused. Nevertheless, the story of those last unhappy days of Shelley being very present to us, we determined on visiting Viareggio in August of 1890 to find out

whether there was any remembrance of or eye-witness to the burning of the bodies and recovery of the *Ariel*. After the lapse of only sixty-eight years, the spectators of that never-to-be-forgotten scene could not be all dead. Surely among the old men to be met with on the quay, smoking their pipes or sitting at the open doors of their cottages, the which, after the manner of Viareggio cottages, disclose all their simple interiors to the passers-by, some must be bordering upon ninety. The thing was to search about and investigate, and not to trust to vague gossip or interested statements, for quite as much as at a certain age people like to give themselves out to be younger, so, that stage passed, they affect wrinkles and white hair.

Here and there I found some recollection of the affair, but the name of Shelley was unfamiliar. Of the burning of the Englishmen or man, for popular tradition tended to turn the two into one, there was some confused recollection; and some of the shrewdest, who liked to air their knowledge at the apothecary's or the baths, stated that the cremation had taken place beside the canal of Burlamacca—that is, to the east, over against the Fort of the Royal Marines. But who could prove it? There was none.

Even among the higher classes in Viareggio and the mayoralty little was known. The archives, recently rearranged, even if they possessed any of the documents we fruitlessly sought to find, would have been valueless to those who merely knew the English poet by name, by the Carduccian quotation, "Titan soul in virgin form," and who were ignorant of the date of his death and the circumstances connected with it.

We then conceived the idea to make more sure investigations, and to have recourse to the one the most calculated to give the necessary aid; and this we deemed to be the captain of the port at Viareggio, officer of the Italian navy, and head of all maritime affairs in virtue of his office and jurisdiction. And such, in truth, was Captain Pietro Anselmo, who is possessed in the highest degree of the qualities requisite to an official in the Italian navy, combined with intelligence and refinement, an infinite courtesy and patience. With his vigorous assistance the investigation proceeded with ease and facility. It was



Raffaele Simonetti. Antonio Canova. Raffiello Canova. Francesco Simonetti. Carlo Simonetti. Francesco Pietrucci. Giacomo Bandoni.
Maria Guidi.

THE EIGHT SURVIVING WITNESSES OF SHELLEY'S CREMATION.

only necessary to consult the books of the Naval Reserve to find the names of the oldest seafaring men, the probable witnesses of the act. The courteous official, accustomed to similar examinations, and understanding our desire to confront the depositions of living witnesses with the documents we had collected, sent to some among them, and made all arrangements for the examination to be held that very day, 30th August, at 3 P.M., in the hall of the Capitaneria of the Port.

The examination commenced at the hour appointed. The captain, who knew nearly all the weather-beaten old men by sight, questioned them, while we performed the office of clerk. Before beginning his inquiry he made each man produce his papers, from which he gleaned a general idea of the facts, which he dictated to us as he went on.

The first to present himself was Raffaele Simonetti, fu Domenico, sea-captain, born at Viareggio 3d October, 1817. A

fine old man with white whiskers and eyes still full of fire under his white bushy eyebrows. He was a tall man, dressed in a good cloth suit, with the air of a well-to-do countryman, wearing round his linen shirt a silk tie knotted with artistic skill. He answered frankly, with a sailor's brusqueness. "Giuseppe Giampieri was captain of two fishing-smacks, owned by Stefano Baroni, of Viareggio (father of Antonio, now living by the post-office). A child at the time, he remembered, in September of 1822, the hull of a small schooner that had foundered in the roads of Viareggio being caught in the net of the said Giampieri's boat. The schooner had left Leghorn, and at the time of the wreck had three persons on board. One of those three persons, washed up on to the shore by the sea, had been found between the Palazzo della Paolina (Piazza Paolina) and the Two Dykes.* The body was buried where found with quick-lime; then, after some days, disinterred and burned. He recollected that there were two gentlemen in the carriage that came from Pisa, either friends or relatives of the deceased. He knew that the body was burned in an iron furnace, and had been an eye-witness of the burning. He added that, boy-like, having gone too close to the fire, he was warned off by the quarantine officers."

Giacomo Bandoni was next examined. Born 10th September, 1812, at Viareggio, son of Giovanni, then head sanitary inspector. A poor, miserable, ragged, unshod creature, with furrowed face and beard unkempt, who spoke in a hoarse, hollow voice. He remembered that his father was present at the burning; he had taken his dinner to the place. Could point out the spot where the cremation took place, between Palazzo della Paolina and the Two Dykes. The day was fine. There were present the aforesaid Giovanni Bandoni, sanitary inspector, Michele Orlandi, and Ottavio Baroni, called Comparini. Captain Domenico Simoncini and Antonio Partito, quarantine officer, had directed the work.

The third witness that appeared was Francesco Giovan Simonetti, born at Viareggio 13th November, 1813, a tidy-looking old man, with eyes half closed and small white beard fringing his face.

* The sea at that time came up to within a few yards of Piazza Paolina.

He confirmed the above, as also the place of cremation. On asking him how it happened that he and the other witnesses concurred in stating that the act had taken place on the shore east of Viareggio, and how that shore came to be now called *west*, he said that by west shore is always known that to the left on entering the canal of Burlamacca, that is, that towards Spezia.

Next came Francesco Pietrucci di Cosimo, born at Viareggio 18th February, 1809. A tall old man, with bright eyes and iron-gray hair that contrasted with his white beard, who carried his eighty-one years wonderfully. "He remembered," says his deposition, "seeing the schooner brought in by Giampieri, captain of Baroni's two fishing-smacks, and knew that the burning of the corpse was before the boat was brought in. Concurred as to locality; and added that it was said *that when the ashes were taken to England, the dead came to life again.*"

Carlo Simonetti di Giovan Domenico, born at Viareggio, 1822, "remembers that he began going to sea at the age of four, and that the fishermen of that time, when wanting to be believed, used as an oath, 'May I be burnt like the *Ingresi* [*sic*] at Du' Fossi.'"

This witness ended the inquiry for that day. We then repaired with the Captain of the Port to visit an old woman of ninety-three, who lived in a clean little cottage in Via del Riposo, near the Campo Santo Vecchio. Maria Pietrini, wife of Andrea Guidi, known as Giuraddua, and therefore called Maria Giuraddua, was a wrinkled old woman, nearly blind, but who well remembered the occurrence. "She agrees the locality to be that of Two Dykes," I read in her deposition; "she was present, but drew back and stood by the sea."

The next morning, at 10 A.M., August 31st, we examined, in the office of the Captain of the Port, Antonio Canova del fu Giovanni, born at Viareggio, 1803. This was a fine type of a well-to-do old sailor, with long beard and white flowing hair. His answers were given frankly and without hesitation. "A fisherman at nineteen, he was one of the crew of Baroni's fishing-smacks, commanded by Giampieri, who retrieved the schooner in the roads of Viareggio, exactly five miles out, in the direction of the Tower of Migliarino, it having caught in their net. They

towed her westward, beached her, bailed out the water, cleaned her, and found on board a chest with cloth clothes, bills of exchange or bonds, one hundred francs in cash, sixteen sand-bags for ballast, some iron spades, and several hampers full of bottled beer. Canova and another sailor, accompanied by two Leghornese, subsequently conveyed the schooner into the harbor of Leghorn. The amount of salvage-money was 25 crowns 25 bolognini to every man on board the two fishing-smacks, being their share of the value of the wreck and its effects, thirty parts of which went to the owner of the smacks. He too, though not present at the cremation, knew that the body had been burned close to Two Dykes, and remembered having seen smoke in that direction. He related that during the time they were in quarantine, it being the Feast of Santa Croce (September 14th), Giampieri dressed himself in one of the suits he had found in the chest."

Lastly, Raffaello Canova di Giovanni, aged eighty-two, an emaciated old man, with clean-shaven face, confirmed his brother's deposition.

The inquiry ended, there now only remained to determine the exact spot where the burning of Shelley's body had taken place. We repaired thither, accompanied by the Captain of the Port and two veterans who had been present at the scene,

and succeeded in identifying it with tolerable accuracy.*

By the side of the Marine Hospital Vittorio Emanuele lies a vast sandy waste, shut in on the west by a row of pine-trees (Pineta). On this shore, between the hospital and the Pineta, at about a distance of two hundred and fifty yards from the sea, is the spot where was burned with fire the philanthropic poet, whose heart responded to every exalted aspiration, of whom we can say, with Lady Shelley, "that his wild spiritual character seems to have prepared him for being thus snatched from life under circumstances of mingled terror and beauty, while his powers were yet in their spring freshness, and age had not come to render the ethereal body decrepit, or to wither the heart which would not be consumed by fire."†

VIAREGGIO, 12th August, 1891.

* We took photographs of the eye-witnesses and of the place of cremation.

† Returning this year to Viareggio, I learned that the poor old woman Maria Giuraddua had died some months before, and that the municipality had collected the depositions of those fishermen and sailors examined by us, the which entirely coincide with those to which we have referred. A committee has also been formed to erect a memorial on the spot where the cremation took place, the authorities having granted a site upon the beach for the purpose. The first stone of the monument is to be laid on August 11, 1892, that being the centenary of the birth of the poet.

G. B.

AT NIJNII-NOVGOROD.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

"A CRAFTY Persian set this stone;
A dusk Sultana wore it;
And from her slender finger, sir,
A ruthless Arab tore it.

"A ruby, like a drop of blood—
That deep-in tint that lingers
And seems to melt, perhaps was caught
From those poor mangled fingers!

"A spendthrift got it from the knave,
And tost it, like a blossom,
That night into a dancing-girl's
Accurst and balmy bosom.

"And so it went. One day a Jew
At Cairo chanced to spy it
Among a one-eyed peddler's pack,
And did not care to buy it,—



“Yet bought it all the same. You see,
The Jew he knew a jewel.
He bought it cheap to sell it dear:
The ways of trade are cruel.

“But I—be Allah’s all the praise!—
Such avarice, I scoff it!
If I buy cheap, why, I sell cheap,
Content with modest profit.

“This ring—such chasing! look, milord,
What workmanship! By Heaven,
The price I name you makes the thing
As if the thing were given!

“A stone without a flaw! A queen
Might not disdain to wear it.
Three hundred rubles buys the stone;
No kopeck less, I swear it!”

Thus Hassan, holding up the ring
To me, no eager buyer.
A hundred rubles was not much
To pay so sweet a liar!

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the happy Wanderjahre the Easy Chair came to the gay Austrian capital on the Danube before Europe as settled by the Congress of Vienna had been disturbed. Whatever may be its other charms, it is always the city of Mozart, and of Beethoven, who came hither to study with Mozart, and among all its famous citizens none are more renowned than these. Loitering about the pleasant streets, the steps of the Easy Chair kept time with the melodies that above all the roar and crash of the later music still ring clear like the songs of the lark in the upper sky. In Vienna, too, Schubert lived, and the Easy Chair knew a lady who as a child had been taught by that master, but who remembered little more than that he had a mass of curling hair and suffered from painful headaches.

In that region of Europe, too, is the Salzkammergut, in which Mozart's statue stands looking up at the town-hall, from whose tower "at midnight and at noon" ripple in mellow chimes those immortal melodies that refresh the soul of man. Like all great European cities, Vienna has a hundred associations, one involving another, so that its annals effloresce with interest and poetry and romance as an old apple-tree in June with blossoms. It is this charm which makes going to Vienna or Rome or Florence or Athens or Jerusalem different from going to Milwaukee or Bangor or Indianapolis, or even to Chicago. For this frank delivery, however, let not the Easy Chair be evil entreated as secretly pining for the ancient colonial vassalage to Great Britain, or as repudiating Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, Lake Erie and the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, Shiloh, Gettysburg, and the Appomattox apple-tree. May it not admire the Pleiades because of mighty Orion, or follow with fascinated eyes the glowing form of Cassiopeia because the Bear of the Northern skies is Great?

It is part of the enchantment of old and storied cities that their names cannot be mentioned for any purpose but multitudinous figures and associations are evoked with which there is no present business. So it is now. The gossiping Easy Chair, which always saunters tow-

ards its themes instead of running at them, does not propose to discourse of the famous Viennese or of music, although such an intention might justly be expected from its talk. The misapprehension is due to the inevitable association of the city. If, for instance, he had preluded tentatively of Brussels, would any sagacious reader doubt that before he had done he would be invited by his gossiping guide to the famous Waterloo ball?—upon the whole, the most famous ball in history, the last guest at which died the other day in England, a very old lady. Beginning, then, to speak of Vienna, and instantly turning to the musicians, how inevitable the suspicion of the imminence of some musical reminiscence, and how delightful it would be! But that is not the text. The text is really two spectacles in Vienna at that time which were curiously interesting to a child of the great republic, and one of which, as he recalls it, suggests a scheme that shall be presently disclosed.

One of the spectacles was the Emperor going to chapel on Sunday morning in his palace. The royal and imperial chief of the Austrian Empire in those days was poor Ferdinand, who had not been endowed even with the usual complement of wits allotted to royalty, but to see whom a large and brilliant company gathered in one of the halls of the palace. After much waiting, a group of glittering officers entered from the imperial apartments and passed on. Then more officers. Then a bustle and a hush, and an officer of immense pride of bearing and magnificence of plumage announced distinctly, "Der Kaiser!" and immediately—surrounded by a resplendent retinue of household officers, plainly dressed in black, with a star of some order upon his breast, carrying a mass-book, and with the utterly wearied air of a man conscious that he was solely a great public personage without the least sacred privilege of privacy, and without apparently observing anything—an insignificant figure shambled by, and the "function" for the spectators was over. There were the usual bustle and murmuring of a large company complacently conscious that they

had discharged one of the duties of the sight-seeing traveller, and the palace was soon deserted.

The other spectacle was the Emperor dining in public, a tradition of the time when the Baron kept open hall, and the spectacular monarch, Louis the Fourteenth of France, dined as he lived, to be observed and admired of all men. The same ceremony, in another form, is now sometimes to be seen on our own great occasions, as at the centennial banquet of the Constitution in 1889, at the Metropolitan Opera-house, when a select circle of ladies sat in the boxes, and surveyed the President of the United States and an illustrious company of his sex as they dined. The spectacle was a late survival in Vienna, and has now probably vanished entirely. But in another form there was an attempted reversed revival of it last Christmas at the Madison Square palace of pleasure, where it was designed that rich children should watch poor children enjoying their Christmas food and gifts.

Making poverty a spectacle for riches was merely reversing the plan of making dining royalty a pageant for the commonalty. But why reverse it? Why not restore it under our happy republican forms? Next Christmas—and the Easy Chair speaks in time surely for the committee's deliberations—next Christmas, why not reverse the form of last Christmas, and let Dives dine in public for the gratification of Lazarus and his friends, who seldom dine at all? The same spacious arena might serve for the scene. The well-chosen poor—selected poverty, as one might say—the degree of penury to be determined by a published scale, should be admitted to the dress circle and the boxes, where suitable and comfortable preliminary gifts of food might be served, and whence Lazarus reclining at ease and with contented fulness might survey the scene.

Would charity demur? But why? Would not the scene disclose our common humanity? Would it not demonstrate the personal sympathy and the kindly affection of one to another, the universal fraternity which Christianity declares and inculcates? Here would be Christianity made easy, and adapted to modern conditions. For one hour Lazarus, eating the food and sitting upon the sofa provided by Dives, could con-

template Dives also sitting at meat—but not with him. Heaven forefend! Lazarus would actually behold the luxury and splendor of those who, like him probably, but in another way perhaps, are fulfilling the curse that in the sweat of their brow they shall eat bread. Is there a sceptic who applauded the exhibition of the poor to the rich, who doubts that the scene would stimulate a more fraternal community of feeling, and demonstrate the deep sense of the responsibility of great riches, and of their boundless opportunity? And what truly Christian and well-regulated Dives would not willingly consent, like the good King Louis, to dine in public, a spectacle to Lazarus and his children, as last year he proposed that Lazarus and his children should be made a holiday spectacle for Dives and his family?

WHETHER the Spaniard, who seeks pleasure in seeing a man fighting to the death with a bull, is a more civilized being than the Roman, who made a holiday by watching men kill each other, is a question of delicate doubts and balances, with perhaps a suspicion that the modern is a little more brutal. A taste which is tickled by a battue or slaughter of pigeons *en gros*, or by a contest of cocks, or a baiting of dogs, is a taste of the shambles, a predisposition for butchery. John Bull's fancy for fagging at school develops naturally into delight with the prize-ring, and an appetite for shooting and hunting not for food, but for excitement.

These tastes and practices are all veiled prettily under a fine name; they are called the cultivation of manliness, grit, endurance, courage, and other pleasing aliases. But the most credulous infant never thought that the wolf became an infirm elderly lady because she assured Red Riding-hood that she was her old grandmother. Caligula and Nero were excited pleasantly, at least with a certain fierceness of pleasure, by the spectacle of blood and cruelty; but they are not usually prized as noble specimens of the race. The Tutbury Pet had great endurance, and gave and received punishment without winking. But what then? In the old fairy tale it is not the youth in his hairy quadrupedal form as the brute who is admirable, but as the blooming and gracious prince. It was not the Tutbury

Pet, it was Charles Lamb leading his sister across the field to the asylum who illustrated the essential manliness of the Englishman.

The tastes and pleasures of a people furnish a key to their civilization. The savage still lurks in the blood of those who delight in bull-fights. The barbarous Berserker looks out from the eyes that gloat with eager joy upon the prize-ring. But the inquirer who looks for true manly courage in all this pummelling and slaughtering is sadly bewildered. The Jesuits in Canada who, for their faith's sake and the salvation of heathen souls, were tortured and burned, without reporters at hand to assuage their agony with the assurance that the public curiosity to know every detail of their suffering would be gratified by a free and independent press—these men were manly in the highest sense. They did not voluntarily submit to be burned to attest their courage and to be admired as heroes, but they endured fearful torment that haply some might be saved.

On the other hand, the latest accounts from the Cannibal Islands relate that at a recent meeting of a secret society of young Cannibals of the most select strain, several of the youth smilingly cut delicate collops from the plumper and juicier parts of their persons, and broiling them at the fire, served the succulent feast to their comrades, who gazed at the cutting and broiling, and consumed the collops with the unconcerned indifference which by those simple savages is cultivated as the demeanor of men. The traveller to whom we owe these interesting details was for some time resident in the Cannibal Islands, and was much interested in the study of their manners and customs. His work when published will increase greatly our knowledge of a people at once singular and, although savage, amusing.

Thus he states that the particular society or club or tribe or group of young Cannibals who serve appetizing collops of their own flesh broiled to their companions is called the Nest of Humming-birds, and their rites are very interesting as illustrations of true savagery. To prove their fitness for the sacred company, the neophytes must hang by the leg from trees, and hoot like owls at the passers-by. They must enter in the guise of the African Mumbo Jumbo the peaceful wigwams where only the squaw is sitting. As idiots

are peculiarly detested by the Cannibals, the novices must, in every ingenious way, appear to be idiots, and the intelligent traveller, who has studied them closely, remarks the extraordinary success of the Humming-birds in this particular, which indeed is so complete that he alleges it to be impossible to suppose that they are not idiots. This habit of the pupillage or provisional stage, he says, is such that it cannot be thrown off. Apparently, after a course of idiocy as proselytes or catechumens, the young Cannibals practically become idiotic, and the Nest of Humming-birds, as he observed it, is only another name for a nursery of idiots.

These freaks of savagery in the Cannibal Islands have an obvious kindred with the bull-fighting of the Spaniards and the heroism of the prize-ring in Britain. It is remarked in the bull-ring at Madrid and elsewhere that the humane spectator of the fight, if he be also instinctively just, is satisfied only when the bull tosses his tormentor; and when pigeons are thrown up in the air or game birds are huddled in a corner for cockney sportsmen to slaughter, the same instinct demands some future place of torment to avenge the righteous order of things upon the cockney. Or it would be satisfied perhaps if the most timid of the frightened doves as the gun is aimed should suddenly dilate into a huge condor of the Andes, and before the shot is fired should seize the dapper sportsman and bear him away to the young condors all at play among the mountains. One such happy intervention would adjust a long and awful arrearage in the accounts of justice, and be sanctified to all concerned.

Meanwhile this latest story from the Cannibal Islands illustrates forcibly the contrast between barbarism and civilization. Physical endurance is the distinction of the savage, but moral heroism, which includes such endurance, is the glory of civilization. Manliness, as our traveller well remarks, in our Anglo-Saxon vocabulary is essentially a moral, not a physical quality. The Cannibal Humming-bird who cuts a slice from his leg to feast his friend, would stab him stealthily in the back should they quarrel. Could we fancy such practices in a civilized community, would it be the kind of endurance which would cut the collop that we should trust to lead the forlorn hope of a great crusade? The Cannibal

Humming-bird's endurance is a poor travesty of manly courage. It is the fear of ridicule which sustains the Cannibal under physical pain. It was something else that enabled the Canadian priest and English Latimer and Ridley to smile in the fire.

A GENEROUS observer upon Trimountain, who hides his friendly features under the mask of *Modern Society*, introduces his neighbor Pericles into the golden company of Dives and Midas, and claims consideration for him as no less typical of that company than they. The masked observer will not see Lothario accepted as a gentleman without remarking that Sir Philip Sidney also deserves the name. He will not permit Captain Bobadil to figure as a hero when Leonidas and Arnold von Winkelried or Joseph Warren and Nathan Hale are still living. He will not suffer Dr. Parr and Casaubon to stand for scholars in the generous sense while Darwin and Lowell are also scholars. There is gilt undoubtedly, says our courteous mask, but there is gold also. Mose and the political b'hoys may spread a splash of paste upon their bosoms, but does the flash of glass disillumine the Koh-i-noor? Can the chromo dim the splendor of Giorgione? Vulgarities drive in a chariot, but is Refinement in the other chariot less refined?

It is a timely word. The Marquis of Steyne and young Lord Verisopht or Lady Ionia Colonnade, as they move through the pages of the novel of society, must not be regarded as the only denizens of May Fair. No, not although Burke's glowing apostrophe to Marie Antoinette saluted with romantic chivalry of feeling a society which makes the heart ache. Out of that British circle which seems from the satirist's point of view compact of pretence, hatred, envy, cruelty, ignorance, and stupidity, superficially veneered with courtesy and elegance—out of all this meanness and sordidness of soul into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell, rode the six hundred. The drawing-room which money alone builds and furnishes, and fills with figures noted for money only, is that the nursery of a self-sacrificing and enthusiastic heroism which lives in immortal song, and to which the human heart responds as to the story of Thermopylæ? No, no, says the masked mentor.

Scold Dives and Midas as you will, but be just to Pericles, nor confound him with the baser crew.

The plea is fair. Emerson tells the story of the friar Bernard from Mount Cenisi, who goes to Rome to reform its corruption. "His piety and good-will easily introduced him to many families of the rich, and on the first day he saw and talked with gentle mothers with their babes at their breasts, who told him how much love they bore their children, and how they were perplexed in their daily walk lest they should fail in their duty to them. 'What,' he said, 'and this on rich embroidered carpets, on marble floors, with cunning sculpture and carved wood and rich pictures and piles of books about you?'" They told him of their life, gentle, refined, thoughtful of others. Then the friar Bernard went home swiftly with other thoughts than he brought, saying: "This way of life is wrong, yet these Romans whom I prayed God to destroy are lovers, they are lovers. What can I do?"

Yes, a swift generalization may be easily unjust to individuals, but as a generalization it is no less true. The way of life is wrong, says the good friar, and what is the wrong but the result of the general tendency of such conditions? Shall the prophets and the reformers follow Bernard and leave Rome to itself, and the wrong way to become worse? Were ever weeds torn from a garden that some lovely flower was not cut down? Should Juvenal have stayed his hand because in Rome there were noble among the ignoble, purity in purple, and virtue jostling vice? Shall Garrison hold his tongue because of the conscience and care and tender humanity on many a plantation? Great riches are great opportunity. Is it Dives or Pericles who illustrates its general use?

THE Easy Chair first saw Christopher Cranch one evening at Brook Farm, when the Arcadian company was gathered in the little parlor of the Eyry, the brown cottage which was the scene of its social pleasures. He was then nearly thirty years old, a man of picturesquely handsome aspect, the curling brown hair clustering around the fine brow, and the refined and delicate features lighted with sympathetic pleasure. He seated himself presently at the piano, upon which he

opened a manuscript book of music, and imperfectly struck the chords of an accompaniment to a song which was wholly new and striking, which he sang in a rich reedy barytone voice, and with deep musical feeling. There was an exclamation of pleasure and inquiry as he ended, and he said that it was called the "Serenade," and was composed by a German named Schubert. He had transcribed it into his book from the copy of a friend.

Thus at the same time the Easy Chair made the acquaintance of Cranch and Schubert. The singer was still a preacher, but was about leaving the pulpit. He was already a disciple of transcendentalism, the far-reaching spiritual revival and impulse of that time, and two years before, his kinsman, John Quincy Adams, made this characteristic entry in his diary:

"A young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of my once-loved friend William Emerson, and a classmate of my lamented son George, after failing in the every-day avocations of a Unitarian preacher and school-master, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies. Garrison and the non-resistant abolitionists, Brownson and the Marat democrats, phrenology and animal magnetism, all come in, furnishing each some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling caldron of religion and politics. Pearce Cranch, *ex ephebis*, preached here last week, and gave out a stream of transcendentalism most unexpectedly."

There is no better expression than this of the contemporaneous bewilderment of old New England at the outbreak of the new spirit.

Cranch soon left the pulpit, and followed the leading of his temperament and talent in becoming an artist. He was, indeed, an artist in various kinds. The diamond which the good genius brought to his cradle, it broke into many parts. He was poet, painter, musician, student, with a supplement of amusing social gifts, and chief of all was the freshness of spirit which kept him always young. The artistic temperament is one of moods, and Cranch was often silent and depressed. But it is a temperament which is also resilient, and recovers its cheerfulness as a sky of April shines through the scattering clouds. Sometimes in later

years, when the future which, seen from a studio, is often far from smiling, he came to the room of a friend, and there, before a kindly fire, with a pipe of the "good creature," and with talk that ranged like a humming-bird through the garden, the vapors vanished, and the future, seen from another point of view, smiled and beckoned.

For fifty years his life was nomadic. He was much in Europe, living chiefly in Rome and Paris, with excursions; and in America his centre was New York, even although toward the close of his life his home—where he died—was in Cambridge. His heart was disputed by painting and poetry. He painted and sang. The early bent of his mind, which carried him into the pulpit, held him to religious interests and reading, and while he published poetry and translated the *Æneid*, he wrote grave papers, and in his "Satan" and other poems dealt with ethical principles and religious speculation. His nature was singularly childlike and sensitive, and he was wholly in accord with what was really the earnest and advancing spirit of his time. Doubtless he desired a larger public recognition than he found, and he saw, but without repining, that others appeared to pass him in that uncertain competition where the prizes seem often to be awarded by a fickle goddess.

But no such perception chilled his work or daunted his hope. When he was three-score and ten, as Dr. Holmes said of Mrs. Howe, he was seventy years young. His form was still lithe and erect, his step elastic, and, in a friendly circle, his manner was as buoyant as ever. The diffidence of youth still remained, and made his age more winning. Nature in all its aspects did not lose its charm for him, and although in later years he painted little, his interest in books, in society, and good-fellowship never flagged. He was of that choice band who are always true to the ideals of youth, and whose hearts are the citadels which conquering time assails in vain. It was a long and lovely life, and if great fame be denied, not less a beautiful memory remains. It was a life gentle and pure and good, and as living hearts recall its sun and shade, they unconsciously murmur the words of Mrs. Browning, "perplexed music."

Editor's Study.

I.

THERE is a certain pathos in any change. As we stumble along in the journey of this life, if we do not become humble and pitiful, we at least learn to be as sad at a hail as at a farewell. It is as easy to cry at a wedding as it is to smile at a funeral; and the smile, considering our transitoriness, is as pathetic as the crying. In the groups depicted with such artistic simplicity on the gravestones of the ancient Greeks, the figure of the departing one, seated to bid farewell to his approaching friends, has rather the best of it. There is something enviable in his sweet serenity, undisturbed by any anxiety as to the calm country in which he shall walk on the morrow. He has done with vexation and with enmity. If his task is not finished, he cheerfully leaves it to other hands; and as to the good he has tried to do in life, he knows it is no more lost than the sunshine that passed into the wine grapes of his vineyard.

Striking so grave an initial note was scarcely intentional; for of all pathetic things in life there is none more pathetic, partly by reason that it has a touch of comedy, than a person taking himself too seriously. It would have suited the inclination of the present occupant of a room that his predecessor has made one of the most notable and sunniest in all literature, to have stolen unobserved into the Study, hiding even his awe of it, and seated himself by the table, and begun to tell what he saw in the sea-coal fire of the past, or through the open windows of the present, without disturbing the furniture, or even dusting the traditions. Conscious, indeed, he would have been that the tricky Christmas Boy, following the fashion in foreign cities in regard to houses whose present occupants are unknown, but which have been made famous by some genius, was putting on the outer wall a legend—"Here dwelt Howells." But this was not to be; the kindly and sadly humorous comments in the March Study would make such a silent, unresponsive entry seem unsympathetic to the extent of boorishness. In these days one must accommodate himself to the fact that even the kingdom of heaven, not to speak of any meaner sover-

eignty, does not come without observation.

The late master of this apartment has made the succession very difficult, not because of theories that loom and dazzle or becloud, but because of his informing spirit. They used to say of municipal affairs that they preferred a bad charter with a good mayor to a good charter with a bad mayor. The present occupant is, he trusts, animated by a respect for the "cause of common honesty in literature," and he would not like to be classed among those who uphold the common or uncommon dishonesty. There are as many methods of serving the cause as there are serving minds, and, fortunately for the cause, what a man does is as important as what he says, and the spirit in which he says it counts with what he does. There is no doubt of the great indebtedness of American fiction to Mr. Howells, nor is there any more doubt of the intuitive quality, the sincere spirit, nay, more, the spiritual lift of his criticism. Of its value as retrospective or prophetic judgment one should be in no such haste to pass an opinion. There is an old-fashioned theory that God has a way of overruling everything to his own purposes. In entering the Study, the present tenant has no intention of being rude to the gods of his predecessor—the *dii minores* of his private pantheon—though for want of disturbance dust should settle on some of them; and if, on the other hand, he does not incense them, it is because he stands in awe of a very ancient edict, which says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and which even goes into a detail that thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image of anything on earth, even in the wilds of Russia, and fall down and worship it. Still, it would be a sorrowful thing to the owner of any sanctuary if an iconoclast should come in and throw his images out of the window. The spectacle that has been raised of the stricken Tolstoi wandering homeless about the world, excluded from this Study, is enough to melt the heart of a terrapin. There is no iconoclast in this case. Let us all try to be as Christian and as little pagan as we can. If great Pan is dead, the sun still shines. May will come once a year, flow-

ers will bloom, and we shall sit together in charity under the great tree of literature, which has leaves of many varieties for our solace, and fruits of all kinds for our sustenance.

If the present editor has not always been able to follow his brilliant predecessor in the extent of his special worships or his dislikes, he has always been able to follow him with full sympathy in the serious intention of his work. He has never mistaken his kindly and subtle humor for conceit, nor his courageous outspokenness for dogmatism. Mr. Howells has not only thought himself, but he has forced his readers to think, of the relation of literature to life, of its seriousness as an occupation, of the moral element that cannot be counterfeited by a mawkish sentimentality. From his pulpit he has truly been a preacher of the spiritualization of thought, in words that must have gone hard sometimes with the "naturalist" he happened to be praising. It is not necessarily the test of one's service to his age that his sentiments have been agreed with; to win that honor one would only need to ascertain the prevailing sentiment and utter it. Mr. Howells has sought the truth as it appeared to him. His successor would like simply to say to him, as his hand is on the door, that deep affection goes out to him for his sweet spirit and sincerity, and profound admiration for the charm, the grace, the exquisite literary art, that nowhere else in these days, in our tongue, has been so marked and sustained as in his Study.

II.

No other book of our time raises so many questions interesting to the student of literature, or throws so much light on them, as the *Studies in Chaucer*, by Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale University. This result is due to the union, in the person of the author, of the scientific scholar and the sympathetic man of letters. This union is not only excessively rare, but it is almost unprecedented in this case, because the erudition is not only broad, but is commanded by the severest critical censorship, and because the literary sympathy is accompanied by a literary performance in this extraordinary piece of criticism which would increase the reputation of any living man of letters. That these volumes will have immediately the universal recognition

which their erudition and critical acumen entitle them to is too much to expect; for they are not dull, and they are not dry. This may as well be confessed at the outset, as the casual reader will be likely to discover it, and may think his discovery entitles him to complain. For there is no canon better established than that dignified dulness is the adopted sister of learning, and that the outcome of exact scholarship should be as dry as hardtack. Dulness being the earmark of profundity, and obscurity being supposed to be the envelope of subtle thought, it is natural that awe should be felt for the works which it is difficult to read, and still more difficult to understand. At the risk of impairing its reputation with scholars and with critics, the Study is obliged to say that Professor Lounsbury's book is easy reading, and that it does not contain a single obscure sentence.

The relations of the man of letters to the scholar, or perhaps we should say of exact scholarship to literature, have never been more searchingly and comprehensively examined than in these volumes. In the chapter on the learning of Chaucer—which involves the perusal of all that the poet read, of all that was accessible to him which he may have read, and of all that was within his reach which he did not read, in the fourteenth century, meaning, of course, in the three cases, that which has survived to our time—it is shown that he was not a scholar, though of scholarly tastes, nor even entitled to the epithet of learned, which he long enjoyed, judged even by the standard of the fourteenth century. Chaucer was fond of books, and an omnivorous reader; he may have desired the reputation of being learned. Learning is a possession that has a precise and ascertainable value, and the contemporary reputation of it is a trustworthy standard. But even if Chaucer had been learned, it is not upon learning that his reputation would have rested. "The order of intelligence which enables a man to become a great scholar is something more than different in degree from that which enables him to become a great poet. That the former is inferior in that respect will be granted by all. But it is also of a far cheaper and more common kind." It takes from him no needed laurel to deny that he had extensive ac-

quirements in fields of knowledge, or even accurate acquirements in any one field. His knowledge was ample for his purposes, but our admiration of the scenes and the characters he depicts does not depend upon the range of his reading or the accuracy of his scholarship. The inaccuracy of his knowledge no more affects our estimate of his poems than the like inaccuracy of Shakespeare affects our estimate of his dramas. "It was upon a basis much more solid than that of learning that he built the enduring monument of his fame. From its very nature the reputation of the scholar is transitory. It dies with the advancement of knowledge to which it has itself contributed. . . . Creative genius can afford to leave without envy to inferior men undisputed superiority on those lower levels upon which the man of learning moves. . . . How much or how little he himself knew is of slightest consequence when set over against his mastery of that spiritual alchemy which converted the dross of daily life into a gold that after-times have come to cherish as among the most priceless of the possessions handed down from the past." Here comes up the old question, what is genius? Chaucer was a man of genius. He was also a literary artist, and he took pains. But taking pains did not make him a genius. He had contemporaries who were probably as learned as he was, who wrote as much as he wrote, and who took pains. We do not care for what they wrote. Genius is not absolved from the necessity of taking pains, for that is the price of adequate expression to one's own generation and the passport to succeeding generations. Chaucer possessed that something which was wanting to the contemporary poets, which was not learning nor industry nor facility, but which is the value of his poems to us. We call it genius, and the word is adequate without definition, if we did not debase it in common use. It is only in the abstract that we haggle about it; in the concrete, in poem or poet, we never hesitate to put our finger on it. We might call it inspiration, if we could agree on what inspiration is. Some authors have confessed that it lies in the eyes which see; others, with equal reason, attribute it to the fingers that write. It is that which makes the reader say, "I don't see how he did it; I don't see how that idea

came to him." It was as much a surprise to the writer; he could not tell how the idea came to him. Not all the learning at his command, no length of time of hard thinking, would bring it. Suddenly it flashed into his brain. The scholar who has also facility in versification, and who will take pains, can turn out a marketable Christmas poem, correct in form, and containing thoughts freshly expressed; but, wanting the undefined quality we are speaking of, it will go to no one's heart. Poe never wrote a greater untruth—and this is strong language—than the account of his mechanical production of his most striking and enduring poems.

III.

Necessary if not indispensable possessions for the man of genius are humor and the critical faculty. If Wordsworth had possessed either, the world would have been spared his awkward condescensions to what he supposed was simplicity, and the simplicity which he admired in Chaucer. The latter had the secret—which is sought in these days with indifferent success—of speaking about common things without being commonplace, and of mean things without literary vulgarity. The voice of the old poet that we hear in the English dawn is a clean, clear note, whether it is the crowing of a barn-yard fowl or the song of the lark soaring up from an aristocratic park. His humor is manifest in his characters and situations; but it is his sense of humor that enables him to walk securely on the perilous edge of simplicity, that preserves him from exaggeration and from sentimentality. It is a part of his critical faculty which forbids him to be prolix or to be dull, and which always puts him on guard as a conscious critic of his own performance. It is the clearest evidence of a healthy, sane mind, and most valuable testimony in the contention raised by Lambros that genius is a species of insanity. The two poets, placed first and second by our author in the scale of English singers, and of undisputable genius, are also among the most conspicuous examples of common-sense in our race. Professor Lounsbury's treatment of the qualities that make Chaucer interesting, and as interesting to the nineteenth century as to the fourteenth, is exceedingly suggestive, and touches almost

every point in modern literary controversy—the continuity of the life and traditions of literature; the enduring value of a production of genius, independent of the accidents of fashion and contemporary influences; the representation of real life so as to present its kernel and meaning, and not simply its outer husks and appearances; the relation of art to morality, of art to contemporary taste; simplicity in the way of direct expression of a clear thought; handling common life with good-breeding, and not mistaking the value of the trivial and the transient. It might almost be made an apothegm that it needs a gentleman truly to depict vulgar life, for that in it which is of value in the study of human nature is not visible to the vulgar. Chaucer is a good study for the disciples of literalism. In his conspectus of life nothing was too low or too high for his art; and if his plans had been carried out, he would have left us a more comprehensive picture of his age than Balzac attempted for his in the *Comédie Humaine*.

IV.

This book on Chaucer is a remarkable study in biography. The known incidents of his life could all be written on a page. The date of his birth has not been ascertained, the dates of his several poems can be approximately fixed only by other evidence than records, and his career can only be followed by aid of the scantiest official memoranda. Our portrait of the man must therefore be an internal one—drawn from the character, the soul of the man as expressed in his writings. In these modestly named *Studies* we have an exceedingly luminous portrait of the poet, of his very inner self, and his relation to his age. Is not this the essential thing about any author? We possess biographies of authors which are minute in all the details of their external lives, in which the curtain is lifted from all privacy, and the most vulgar curiosity for gossip is catered to. Are we getting in these the real men, or only the accidents of their existence? The study of an author is, of course, immensely aided by intimate knowledge of his exterior life. But if we can suppose a biography of an author composed by a comrade who had known and observed him day by day all his life, but had never read a word he had written, should

we expect a satisfactory picture? All men and women are more or less actors, perhaps most of all actors when they sit down to write their autobiographies. But the author reveals himself more completely in what he writes, when he is not ostensibly the subject, both in what he says and what he does not say. The permanent reservoir upon which he draws must be himself. How surely can we detect him, his egotism, his modesty, his false sentiments, his nobility, his meanness, his sincerity, and his faith, or his assumption of either! Herein is the real man, whatever he may have appeared to be as he walked about the world. How often does it happen that a notable literary performance is a surprise to those who thought they knew its creator from his youth up! A reasonable curiosity would be satisfied if we possessed the external histories of Shakespeare and Chaucer, and the histories would have spared us cart-loads of commentary, invention, and dreary speculation. But Chaucer, the creative genius, the force in letters and in literary art that is as permanent as any human force in history, appears in these *Studies* defined and illuminated. It is a very great achievement, but it is the kind of study needed to portray any author and set forth his real worth to the world.

V.

Chaucer is nearer to us than he was to the eighteenth century. This is partly due to the labors of scholars in the last twenty years, who have taken up the line of the great Chaucer editor, Tyrwhitt, and partly owing to the fact that our generation has been swinging round to the simplicity, the directness, the depicting of real life, which was Chaucer's distinction in his own age. The labor has been to remove the incrustation of misconception, and the errors of scribes and commentators, and to ascertain exactly what Chaucer wrote. He has not suffered so much as Shakespeare has at the hands of commentators, and we have, in the opinion of his latest biographer, a better text of him than we have of Shakespeare. But in order that Chaucer may be easily accessible to more readers than now enjoy him, Professor Lounsbury proposes the modernization of his orthography. This is not the modernization attempted by Dryden and Pope and by many others, not a paraphrase nor an

amplification nor a condensation, not a translation, but simply the adoption of the spelling of this age. Why should that adoption injure Chaucer any more than Shakespeare? "In modernizing the spelling of Chaucer we are not meddling in the slightest with the integrity of his text; we are not substituting other words for the words he wrote; we are not making any modifications in his grammar. All that is essential to him as a man of letters continues to exist in any orthography that is adopted." Much more could be said against this proposition if we had Chaucer's works as they came direct from his hand, and consequently represented his own spelling. But we have no manuscript of his, and wide variations in spelling exist between the different manuscripts extant and between the same words as found in different parts of the same manuscript. For scholars who fancy that the literary aroma would escape in modern spelling, the ancient texts are always accessible, and indeed are needed for purposes of investigation. But, says our author, wisely, the study of the English classics should be made primarily a literary one. The ancient spelling is an obstacle to that. It took more than a century to put Chaucer's works into Roman type after the rest of our literature had abandoned black-letter, and the change brought sorrow of heart to antiquarian students. The contradictory and obsolete orthography must go. "The superstition of scholars may, and doubtless will, delay the time of Chaucer's deliverance from this bondage, but will not prevent its coming at last."

VI.

The discussion of Chaucer's indebtedness to others brings up the whole question of originality. In what does it consist? He has been tried by a standard rarely applied to a dead writer and never to a living one. He has been denied all originality either in his material or the use of it, and accused of petty as well as general larceny as a mere translator, while at the same time wholesale plagiarism has been imputed to him as a merit. The most glowing panegyric on him as a plagiarist is due to Emerson. "In a highly laudatory passage, in which nearly every phrase contains a misstatement of fact or involves a misapprehension of meaning, he exalted the poet's glory by

describing him as plundering, by the privilege belonging to genius, both predecessors and contemporaries. He did not even stop at this point. He made him anticipate the future by using the materials which men who lived after him were to amass. 'Chaucer,' he wrote, 'it seems, drew continually through Lydgate and Caxton from Guido di Colonna.' Lydgate was but little more than a boy when Chaucer was writing, and Caxton was not born till some years after Chaucer was dead." In truth, genius has no more right than talent to steal, and, fortunately, just the quality in a work which stamps it with genius cannot be the subject of theft, and could not have been stolen. It is not in the material of an author that originality is to be looked for, but in his use of it. In the case of a contemporary author we are comparatively little curious as to his originals. The material which the great poet or novelist must use, if he adheres to the probable and deals with life, is accessible and may be known to all. Fiction must not contradict our usual experience. Chaucer in his day deplored, as men do now, the impossibility of finding anything new, mourning that the stories had all been told and the situations all exhausted. Scott, in the midst of his most marvellous creations, made the same complaint. Chaucer did as Shakespeare did—borrowed his plots, and in some places followed his authority word for word; and of all authors he is conspicuous for acknowledging his indebtedness. Chaucer told stories; he gathered them from all sources in a story-telling age, but by the manner of telling them he not only made them his own, but he made them immortal. That genius does, and is justified in doing, even with plots that are known, ideas that are common, and phrases that have been used. But identical thoughts and identical forms may be original in many minds. The oration of our day which has taken its place among the few classics of eloquence is Lincoln's short speech at Gettysburg. The phrase most often quoted from it is "that government for the people, of the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth." Porter's *Rhetorical Reader* was published in 1831; in 1839 it was in its fifty-second edition. From this edition I quote the following sentence for an "exercise," entitled "New

Social Order in America," and credited to one Douglas: "The European emigrant might believe himself as one transported to a new world, governed by new laws, and finds himself at once raised in the scale of being—the pauper is maintained by his own labor, the hired laborer works on his own account, and the tenant is changed into a proprietor, while the depressed vassal of the old continent becomes co-legislator and co-ruler in a government where all power is from the people and in the people and for the people." The idea is not new, though this premature Douglas may have been the first to put it into this form. When Porter published these selections of prose and poetry, Lincoln was twenty-two years of age, and beginning to read law. It is possible that he may have read this very piece in a school-book which was widely circulated, and that this phrase may have stuck in his memory. It does not matter. The phrase in his mouth is as pure as a gold coin just dropped from the mint; it was his genius that set it in an immortal oration.

VII.

The great editor of Chaucer was Thomas Tyrwhitt, born in 1730. He came to bring clearness out of confusion; in him "the sanest of English poets had the good fortune to meet the sanest of editors." He had only one desire, that of ascertaining the truth, and in one respect he attained a level rarely attained by editors or commentators—"when he did not know anything, he knew he did not know it." But it was not merely as a textual scholar that he was eminent; his literary taste is described as almost unerring; "and it is never to be forgot-

ten that in settling the text of Chaucer it is not merely the special learning of the grammarian or the general learning of the scholar that must be brought to bear upon the subject: above both of these must be ranked the cultivated taste of the man of letters. It seems almost too much to hope that a combination of learning, of critical sagacity, of appreciation of poetry as poetry, will ever meet again in the person of another willing to assume and discharge the duties of an editor of Chaucer." This language describes the lineal successor of Tyrwhitt, the author of these volumes. But he has an added qualification, which is exceedingly rare in literary controversy, and that is, fairness towards an adversary. Professor Lounsbury is a hard hitter, but his habit is to take advantage of an opponent by removing the ground from under him in stating the adversary's case as fairly and fully as he could state it himself. This leaves the impression upon the reader that our author is not trying to carry a point against any other man, but only to reach the truth.

It is these qualities of exact and general scholarship, joined with the higher attributes of the man of letters, critical acumen directed by judicial impartiality, and wit and humor, sometimes satirical, which drive dulness from every page, that make these *Studies in Chaucer* the most notable contribution, on the whole, that America has made to literary scholarship. And this is not all. These volumes, in incidental references, bear abundant evidence that the world has a right to look to Professor Lounsbury for the British literary history of the eighteenth century, or rather of the hundred years ending about 1830.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 6th of February.—Although the investigation by the Chilean government of the circumstances connected with the assault upon the crew of the steamship *Baltimore* failed to reveal any mitigating facts, that government neglected to offer any reparation or apology for the outrage. In addition to this neglect, a note of instructions, containing offensive references to the United States government, was sent by Mr. Matta, the Chilean Secretary of Foreign Affairs, to the Chilean Minister at Washington, with directions that it be given to the press of this country for publication. In view of these facts the President, on the 25th of January, laid before Congress

a history of the affair, together with the correspondence between Chili and the Executive Department. At the same time an ultimatum was sent to Chili demanding a suitable apology and adequate reparation for the injury done this government in the affair of the *Baltimore*, and also the withdrawal of the offensive parts of the Matta despatch. On the 28th despatches were received from the Chilean government announcing that it would yield to these demands, and expressing regrets for the Valparaiso outrage.

United States Senators were elected in several States as follows: In Ohio, January 18th, John Sherman (re-elected); in Maryland, January 19th, Arthur Pue Gorman (re-elected), and January 22d,

Charles H. Gibson; in Mississippi, January 19th, James Z. George and E. C. Walthall (both re-elected).

DISASTERS.

January 13th.—Despatches from Hong-Kong announced the loss of the steamer *Namchow*, with her crew and over 400 passengers, off Cupchi Points, in the China seas.

January 22d.—In a fire which destroyed the National Surgical Institute at Indianapolis, Indiana, twenty-one lives were lost.

OBITUARY.

January 14th.—In London, England, Albert Victor Christian Edward, first Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and heir-presumptive to the crown of Great Britain, aged twenty-eight years.—In London,

England, Cardinal Henry Edward Manning, aged eighty-four years.—In Rome, Italy, Cardinal John Simeoni, Papal Secretary of State and Prefect-General of the Propaganda, aged seventy-six years.—In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, General James S. Brisbin, U.S.A., aged fifty-five years.

January 20th.—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, Christopher Pearse Cranch, poet and painter, aged seventy-nine years.

January 22d.—In Washington, D.C., Joseph P. Bradley, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, aged seventy-nine years.

January 29th.—In New York city, Brigadier-General Henry C. Barnum, aged fifty-nine years.

February 3d.—In London, England, Sir Morell Mackenzie, physician, aged fifty-five years.

Editor's Drawer.



WHEN I was at college after the war, clothing was very scarce; there was not a dress suit in college, and very few new suits of any kind. I remember my best coat was made out of an old cloth skirt of my mother's. Billy Logan, however, tall and blond, was a swell, and in his third year he turned up with a brand-new suit, long frock-coat, lavender trousers, and a beaver hat that was dazzling. He was simply "a howler," and caught Miss Mabel, the Doctor's pretty daughter, out of hand.

"Isrul" was the fiddler (as black as your boot). He was also a drunkard and a thief. He and Billy Logan were great friends. He

considered himself a swell also. But the night before the 1st of April, 1869 (on which night we always had a calathump, followed the next night by "a ball"), Isrul was sulky, owing partly to a recent sermon against fiddling by the Rev. Amos Brown, and partly to a difference they had had about a dusky "sister" in the Rev. Amos's congregation, in which the Rev. Amos had come off victor. When we approached him about the music for "the ball," he announced that he had "done gin up fiddlin' and gone to seekin'." It took several stiff drinks from a large bottle obtained for the festivities by Billy Logan and a sight of Billy's new suit to soften him. Billy, a little mellow, put the suit on to show him how he would look when he should lead Miss Mabel up the floor to his music. Up to the top of the room he swaggered, turned with a swing, shouted, in Isrul's tone, "S'lute your pardners," and gave a long low bow as he lifted the bottle to his lips.

Isrul's countenance relaxed. "Unh!" he declared. "Whar meh fiddle? Ef I jest had a coat and pyah o' breeches like dem, I could outplay Gabrul."

A few hours later we swept the town like a cyclone, Billy Logan, as the devil with a pitchfork, leading.

We reached our rooms about three o'clock A.M. As Billy flung open his door, there sat Isrul fast asleep in his arm-chair, with the empty bottle beside him, and his old basket between his feet well filled with Billy's effects. He had been overtaken in the very act. "Get up here. I'm going to kill you and bury you," Billy shouted. He seized him by the collar and pulled him out of the chair. As he let him go, Isrul fell in a drunken heap on the floor. Billy disappeared, with two or three fellows, and in a little while came back with a bucket of paint and the finest coffin from Little Dole the undertaker's shop. The old Doctor and Little Dole both declared next day that it was burglary; but I think they took an extreme view of it. Little Dole had lost his front door and his best coffin, and "the old Doctress," as we called the Doctor's wife, was

exciting him about the rape of her greenhouse. Anyhow, Billy got the coffin, and old Isrul, his face painted a livid blue, and his chin tied up like a corpse with one of Billy's handkerchiefs, and every flower from the old Doctress's greenhouse on his breast, was borne out. The chapel was forcibly entered, and "the corpse" was borne in. Billy officiated, his devil's head poking up over the Doctor's gown. He had the Doctor's very voice. Perhaps it was the Doctor's voice which startled "the corpse," but he opened his eyes. He got ashier under his coat of paint as he fixed his gaze on Billy's horns. The devil raised his fork.

"Now at last we have him in torment. What shall we do with him?" he asked, in a terrific voice.

"D—— him!" came from two hundred throats.

"Light the fire," he said. He turned towards the coffin and brandished his pitchfork. "How many hen-roosts have you robbed?" he asked.

Isrul's jaw worked. His eyes were popping out of his head. "M-m-marse Satan, y-y-you ain't gwine back befo' de war, is you?" he asked.

"Since."

"I-I don't know, m-master; not but three, I b'lieve."

He was evidently in doubt.

"He has lied; record it. Add three hundred years for each one he left out."

There was an awful addition with sticks on the floor at the head of the coffin. A hundred throats responded, "It is recorded." Isrul groaned.

"How often have you been drunk?"

"I-I-I don't know, master; I done forgot," he said, seeking safety in oblivion.

"Add two hundred years."

It was added on the floor.

"How often have you stolen from the college students, particularly from that pious, virtuous, upright, and righteous gentleman, Billy Logan?"

"I-I—'bout a million times," faltered Isrul.

There was a groan on all sides.

"He has told one truth; take off two minutes. Heat the fire, and set the big middle kettle to boiling."

A red calcium-light suddenly lit up the scene, turning the devil's head and flowing robe a fiery red. He brandished his pitchfork and advanced. With a yell, Isrul sprang from the coffin. The devil caught him, and they clinched; and the two rolled around together in a medley of coffins, legs, chairs, pitchforks, and devil's horns, Isrul yelling and fighting for salvation, the devil tangled up in the Doctor's gown, which was being torn to shreds, shouting to us to help him. Suddenly Isrul dealt him a tremendous blow, broke loose, and with one bound sprang crashing through the nearest window, taking the sash with him, and Billy, with his gown in tatters and his mask torn off, scrambled breathless to his feet. We saw him start to speak, then

look towards the door. A change came over his face, and with a shout of "The Doctor!" he swept the lamp from the table and followed Isrul through the shattered window—a proceeding which the rest of us promptly adopted.

The attendance at chapel next morning was better than it had been before in years. Every student showed up. Billy was the demurest of the congregation, sat well forward, but kept in the shadow of a pillar to hide an ugly bruise over the eye, and sang devoutly. The coffin had been removed, but there was no need of a coffin to make the occasion solemn. Little Dole sat on the front bench, and the Doctor's face wore a look of doom. I believe every man of the three hundred stopped breathing. I know I did. He said a great outrage had been committed (Little Dole groaned), and that the faculty had met and determined to inflict the severest punishment in their power—expulsion. "We shall expel every one concerned in its perpetration. The town authorities will probably follow it up with a prosecution." (Little Dole grunted.) The Doctor paused. You could put your hand out and feel the silence. "As soon as the perpetrators are discovered," he added. A hundred men drew long breaths.

It was late in the afternoon when we saw an old lame darky hobbling across the lawn with a stick. His mother would hardly have recognized him. His eye was apparently bunged up, his head was plastered over with court-plaster like a map, his arm was in a sling, and he was so lame he could scarcely hobble; but he was evidently not entirely blind, for he was making straight for the Doctor's office. He was nearly there. Billy gazed at him intently, and suddenly cut out of the door, we after him. It was Isrul. He had actually reached the door and raised his hand to knock when Billy got to him.

"Wait. Come here, I want to speak to you," he said to him, in a breathless undertone, beckoning him away from the door.

"Who dat?" asked Isrul, lifting his head and peering at him out of his bunged-up eye, as if he could not see him. "Who dat? I cyarn see you. Dat Billy Logan done put my eye out."

"No, he hasn't. How do you know he did it?" said Billy, persuasively. "Come this way a minute; I want to talk to you about it."

"Yes, he did. I got he hancher wid he name on it. I know he do it. I cyarn heah what you say. Talk louder; he dun stop up my ear." He put his hand up to his ear as if to try and hear him.

The Doctor was moving within. Billy, with a look of desperation at the door, caught hold of him. "Come here, Uncle Isrul," he said, seductively.

"Ough!" cried Isrul. "Umh! Dat boy done breck my arm. He done ruin me for life." He raised his voice.

"No, he didn't. Don't talk so loud, please, sir," expostulated Billy, with a glance at the

door. "If you come this way I'll talk to you about it."

"I don't want to talk to you. I want to talk to de Doctor. Who is you? You ain' de Doctor, is you? I cym see you." He raised his head again as if to try and see his interlocutor, groaned with pain, and then turned to the door and caught the knocker.

"Come here. I'll pay you, Uncle Isrul."

Isrul paused. "How much you gwine pay me?"

"I'll pay you well. Come here; come on." Billy's voice was never so enticing.

"I cym walk. Dat boy done breck my leg."

"I'll help you; I'll carry you. Come on," and he took the old fellow and helped him hobble along, almost carrying him to his room. "Come in." He flung the door open. But Isrul sank down at the step with a groan, exhausted. Billy offered him five dollars not to tell. He was obdurate. At last Billy in despair asked him what he would hold his tongue for. He reflected, then turned and glanced around inside the room through his almost closed eyes. "Gim me dat new suit o' clo'es." Billy called him a bad name.

Isrul pulled himself up with a groan, and started for the Doctor's. Just as he reached the door, Billy rushed after him. His education, his future, his sweetheart, hung on the issue. Breathing threatenings and slaughter, he went to get the clothes. Isrul examined them critically, and poked them into his basket.

"Whar de beaver?" he asked in surprise, looking around as if he expected to see that article lying beside the basket.

It was not in the contract, explained Billy; but to no purpose.

"Oh yes, it was," he said. "Suit o' clo'es ain' nuttin' 'dout de beaver. You kin teck 'em back. I want to see de Doctor anyways."

He took the clothes out, and rose painfully.

The beaver was brought, and having put it carefully into his basket on top of the clothes, and surrendered the handkerchief, Isrul rose.

"Good evenin', Marse Satan," he said. "I'll have de music dyah in time to-night," and he hobbled off.

Billy spent the afternoon having the rents made the night before in his old black coat sewed up, so that he could wear it to the ball. He was a little late in arriving.

As he led Miss Mabel up the floor to the head of the room, his eyes fell on the players. Well out in front of them sat Isrul, as well as he ever was in his life, without a scratch on him, and decked out in Billy's new suit, and with his beaver cocked on his woolly head. He waited till Billy reached his place, then threw his head back, and took a long look at him, with his eyes nearly closed, as if trying to see him, caught his eye, and bowed low to him. "Good evenin', Marse Satan," he said, lifted his elbow, and, with a triumphant wag of his head, shouted, "S'lute your pardners," and began to "outplay Gabrul."

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

A SWEET REVENGE.

"HAVEN'T you got anything solid to eat?" said a traveller, discontentedly eying the profusion of pies and small cakes on the counter of a restaurant at one of the way-stations.

"Shall I give you some beans?" said the proprietor, with his most persuasive smile.

The traveller assented, and making short work of them, asked "how much."

"Twenty-five cents," was the bland response.

"What?" cried the traveller. "Twenty-five cents for a spoonful of cold beans!"

The proprietor continuing firm in his price, the man paid it and departed.

But late that afternoon a telegram was handed to the restaurant-keeper, for which he paid twenty-five cents; it ran thus:

"Don't you think your price a little high on beans?"
Signed, "TRAVELLER."

STUTTERED BETTER.

WIT seems often to be the compensating quality to those who have been afflicted by nature with impediment of speech. A New York man, meeting for the first time in some years a stuttering classmate, observed,

"Why, Morrow, you do not seem to stutter as badly as you used to."

"N-nun-no," returned the stut-terer. "I h-hub-have h-hub-had so mum-much practice that I fuf-find it v-vuv-very easy t-tut-to stut-tammer now. E-easier thut-than spu-speaking stut-tut-traight."

HE REMEMBERED.

Yes, Bill, my boy, I recollect's it all,
Now that ye've tried them old days to recall.
How you sot Silas Perkins' dorg on me,
'N' how the critter bit my leg in three;
'N' how, when we was goin' to the school,
'Twas I got licked when you had broke the rule.

'N' how we went a-fishin' in the creek,
'N' you soused me in Grimes's pond so slick.
'N' how, when we went to the candy pull,
You filled my best clo'es pockits chock up full;
'N' how that night, when I had told my dad,
The lickin' that I got—'t'was purty bad.

Yes, I remember all them boyhood acts,
Now that ye've chose to bring up all the facts;
'N' I remember, too, when I was small,
I swore I'd lick yer, ef I growed at all;
I growed I has, jess twicet as much as you.
'N' now I'll tell yer what I'm goin' to do:

I'm goin' to take yer right acrost my knee,
'N' spank ye till ye can't most hardly see;
'N' then I'm goin' to sweep ye round the floor
Ontil the hull nex' town kin hear ye roar.
I'd quite forgot ye, Bill, ontill ye spoke,
'N' now, my boy, I'll have my little joke.

And Si unto his spoken word was true.
A lovely course of sprouts he put Bill through.
And when he'd done—some forty minutes after—
The store just rang with Uncle Silas' laughter.
And Bill departed on his hands and knees,
Resolved no more to call up memories.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



THE MAIN POINT.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN. "I would get married too, if I could find a man I could live with."
SECOND YOUNG WOMAN. "Oh, that is easy enough; but the difficult part is to find a man you cannot live without."

A HESITATING VOTER.

THE hero of the following incident was doubtless an offender against good morals; but just how to classify his offense would form a nice point for discussion.

It was election day in F——x, and the hour for closing the polls was near at hand. The polling-place was that of the outermost ward of the city, and on its list were a number of country voters, and also some non-residents, their faces not all familiar to the agents of the respective candidates.

Presently a rough country wagon, containing two men, came rattling down the street in desperate haste. It stopped on the outskirts of the crowd. One of the men sprang out, and began pushing his way toward the polling-place—evidently a tardy voter. The crowd was sympathetic. "Am I in time?" he asked.

"Yes, if you hurry up!" said some of the bystanders.

As he elbowed his way forward, a quiet man caught his arm and moved along with him.

"How are you going to vote?" inquired the quiet man, softly.

"Hain't quite made up my mind," confessed the tardy voter.

"Better vote for Jones," said the quiet man.

"Dun'no'," said the tardy voter, doubtfully.

"Try and make up your mind," said the quiet man, slipping a bank-note into the hand which hung, half open, by the tardy voter's side.

"All right! I'm there!" answered the tardy voter.

And the quiet man melted back into the crowd.

Before the tardy voter had quite reached the polling-place, a genial-looking individual beckoned him into an open doorway; and he went. The genial man grasped his hand warmly, drew him behind a staircase, and inquired, "Made up your mind yet?"

"Reckon not quite," replied the tardy voter. "Vote for Robinson, eh?" whispered the genial man, with a nod and a wink, slipping a bank-note adroitly into the tardy voter's hand.

"I'll do the best I can for you!" said the tardy voter, hastening off to the polling-place. He got there without further detention.

"Hurry up!" yelled the crowd.

"Kin I vote here?" inquired the tardy voter of the presiding officer.

"What name, sir?" asked that functionary.

"Jedediah Barker," said the tardy one, expectantly turning a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

The officer ran his eye down the list, once and again.

"There is no such name on the list," said he, sternly.

"Well, ye needn't go fur to kick. I didn't exactly expect ther was," said the tardy voter. "But I calc'lated 'twouldn't do no harm to ask. I come from over in Maine;" and he turned indifferently away.

Y. X.

LUCINDY.

I.

HEN Lucindy's eye do shine
Lak a ripe, ripe muscadine,
An' 'er lips sticks out
In a tantalizin' pout,
I counts Lucindy mine.

II.

When she droop 'er eyes so shy,
Lak she gwine ter pass me by,
An' des afore she pass
Drap 'er hankcher on de grass,
My courage rise up high.

III.

When she sets up in de choir,
An' 'er voice mounts higher an'
higher,
In unisom wid Jim's.
A-singin' o' de hymns,
I sets back an' puspire.

IV.

When she lean down on 'er hoe,
'N' dig de san' up wid 'er toe,
An' look todes me an' sigh,
Des lak she 'mos' could cry,
I don't know whar ter go.

V.

When she walk right down de aisle
At de cake-walk wid a smile,
An' she an' yaller Jake
Ketch han's an' win de cake,
I steam an' sizz an' bile.



VI.

When she claim me fur her beau,
An' den dance de reel wid Joe;
An' when she swing me by
Squeeze *my* han' on de sly—
I don' know whe'r or no.

VII.

Tell de trufe, Lucindy's ways
Gits me so upstot some days
Dat, 'cep'n dat I knew
Dats *des de way she do*,
I'd do some *damage*, 'caze

VIII.

Some days when she do de wus,
Ef 'twarn't dat I hates a fuss,
An' loves 'er thoo an' thoo
Wid *all de ways she do*,
De *least* I'd do'd be *cuss*.

RUTH McENERY STUART.



[SEE PAGE 820.]

"SHE TOOK THE CHILD'S LITTLE HAND."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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No. DIV.

JANE FIELD.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER I.

AMANDA PRATT'S cottage-house was raised upon two banks above the road-level. Here and there the banks showed irregular patches of yellow-green, where a little milky-stemmed plant grew. It had come up every spring since Amanda could remember.

There was a great pink-lined shell on each side of the front door-step, and the path down over the banks to the road was bordered with smaller shells. The house was white, and the front door was dark green, with an old-fashioned knocker in the centre.

There were four front windows, and the roof sloped down to them; two were in Amanda's parlor, and two were in Mrs. Field's. She rented half of her house to Mrs. Jane Field.

There was a head at each of Amanda's front windows. One was hers, the other was Mrs. Babcock's. Amanda's old blond face, with its folds of yellow-gray hair over the ears and sections of the softly wrinkled pinky cheeks, was bent over some needle-work. So was Mrs. Babcock's, darkly dim with age, as if the hearth fires of her life had always smoked, with a loose flabbiness about the jaw-bones, which seemed to make more evident the firm structure underneath.

Amanda was sewing a braided rug; her little veiny hands jerked the stout thread through with a nervous energy that was out of accord with her calm expression and the droop of her long slender body.

"It's pretty hard sewin' braided mats, ain't it?" said Mrs. Babcock.

"I don't care how hard 'tis if I can get 'em sewed strong," replied Amanda, and her voice was unexpectedly quick and decided. "I never had any feelin'

that anything was hard if I could only do it."

"Well, you 'ain't had so much hard work to do as some folks. Settin' in a rockin'-chair sewin' braided mats ain't like doin' the house-work for a whole family. If you'd hed the cookin' to do for four men folks the way I have, you'd felt it was pretty hard work, even if you did make out to fill 'em up." Mrs. Babcock smiled, and showed that she did not forget she was company, but her tone was quite fierce.

"Mebbe I should," returned Amanda, stiffly.

There was a silence.

"Let me see, how many mats does that make?" Mrs. Babcock asked, finally, in an amiable voice.

"Like this one?"

"Yes."

"This makes the ninth."

Mrs. Babcock scrutinized the floor. It was almost covered with braided rugs, and they were all alike.

"I declare I don't see where you'll put another in here," said she.

"I guess I can lay 'em a little thicker over there by the whatnot."

"Well, mebbe you can; but I declare I shouldn't scarcely think you needed another. I shouldn't think your carpet would wear out till the day of judgment. What made you have them mats all jest alike?"

"I like 'em better so," replied Amanda, with dignity.

"Well, of course, if you do, there ain't nothin' to say; it's your carpet an' your mats," returned Mrs. Babcock, with grim apology.

There were two curious features about Amanda Pratt's parlor: one was a gentle monotony of details; the other, a certain

savor of the sea. It was like holding a shell to one's ear to enter Amanda's parlor. There was a faint suggestion of far-away sandy beaches, the breaking of waves, and the rush of salt winds. In the centre of the mantel-shelf stood a stuffed sea-gull; on either side shells were banked. The fireplace was flanked by great branches of coral, and on the top of the air-tight stove there stood always in summer-time, when there was no fire, a superb nautilus shell, like a little pearl vessel. The corner whatnot too had its shelves heaped with shells and coral and choice bits of rainbow lava from volcanic islands. Between the windows, instead of the conventional mahogany card-table, stood one of Indian lacquer, and on it was a little inlaid cabinet that was brought from over-seas. The whole room in this little inland cottage, far beyond the salt fragrance of the sea, seemed like one of those marine fossils sometimes found miles from the coast. It indicated the presence of the sea in the lives of Amanda's race. Her grandfather had been a seafaring man, and so had her father until late in life, when he had married an inland woman, and settled down among waves of timothy and clover on her paternal acres.

Amanda was like her mother, she had nothing of the sea tastes in her nature. She was full of loyal conservatism toward the marine ornaments of her parlor, but she secretly preferred her own braided rugs, and the popular village fancy-work, in which she was quite skilful. On each of her chairs was a tidy, and the tidies were all alike; in the corners of the room were lambrequins, all worked after the same pattern in red worsted and beads. On one wall hung a group of pictures framed in card-board, four little colored prints of crosses twined with flowers, and they were all alike. "Why didn't you get them crosses different?" many a neighbor had said to her—these crosses, with some variation of the entwining foliage, had been very popular in the rural neighborhood—and Amanda had replied with quick dignity that she liked them better the way she had them. Amanda maintained the monotony of her life as fiercely as her fathers had pursued the sea. She was like a little animal born with a rebound to its own track, from whence no amount of pushing could keep it long.

Mrs. Babcock glanced sharply around the room as she sewed, she was anxious to divert Amanda's mind from the mats. "Don't the moths ever git into that stuffed bird over there?" she asked, suddenly indicating the gull on the shelf with a sidewise jerk of her head.

"No; I 'ain't never had a mite of trouble with 'em," replied Amanda. "I always keep a little piece of camphor tucked under his wing feathers."

"Well, you're lucky. Mis' Jackson she had a stuffed canary-bird all eat up with 'em. She had to put him in the stove; couldn't do nothin' with him. She felt real bad about it. She'd thought a good deal of the bird when he was alive, an' he was stuffed real handsome, an' settin' on a little green sprig. She used to keep him on her parlor shelf; he was jest the right size. It's a pity your bird is quite so big; ain't it?"

"I s'pose he's jest the way he was made," returned Amanda, shortly.

"Of course he is. I ain't findin' no fault with him; all is, I thought he was kinder of big for the shelf; but then birds do perch on dreadful little places." Mrs. Babcock, full of persistency in exposing herself to rebuffs, was very sensitive and easily cowed by one. "Let me see,—he's quite old. Your grandfather bought him, didn't he?" said she, in a mollifying tone.

Amanda nodded. "He's a good deal older than I am," said she.

"It's queer how some things that ain't of no account really in the world last, while others that's worth so much more don't," Mrs. Babcock remarked, meditatively. "Now there's that bird there, lookin' jest as nice and handsome, and there's the one that bought him and brought him home, in his grave out of sight."

"There's a good many queer things in this world," rejoined Amanda, with a sigh.

"I guess there is," said Mrs. Babcock. "Now you can jest look round this room, an' see all the things that belonged to your folks that's dead an' gone, and it seems almost as if they was immortal instead of them. An' it's goin' to be jest the same way with us; the clothes that's hangin' up in our closets are goin' to outlast us. Well, there's one thing about it—this world ain't our abidin'-place."

Mrs. Babcock shook her head resolutely, and began to fold up her work. She



"I WISH YOU WOULDN'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY."

rolled the unbleached cloth into a hard smooth bundle, with the scissors, thimble, and thread inside, and the needle quilted in.

"You ain't goin'?" said Amanda.

"Yes, I guess I must. I've got to be home by half past five to get supper, an' I thought I'd jest look in at Mis' Field's a minute. Do you s'pose she's to home?"

"I shouldn't wonder if she was. I 'ain't seen her go out anywhere."

"Well, I dun'no' when I've been in there, an' I dun'no' but she'd think it was kinder queer if I went right into the house and didn't go near her."

Amanda arose, letting the mat slide to the floor, and went into the bedroom to get Mrs. Babcock's bonnet and light shawl.

"I wish you wouldn't be in such a hurry," said she, using the village formula of hospitality to a departing guest.

"It don't seem to me I've been in much

of a hurry. I've staid here the whole afternoon." Suddenly Mrs. Babcock, pinning on her shawl, thrust her face close to Amanda's. "I want to know if it's true Lois Field is so miserable?" she whispered.

"Well, I dun'no'. She don't look jest right, but she an' her mother won't own up but what she's well."

"Goin' the way Mis' Maxwell did, ain't she?"

"I dun'no'. I'm worried about her myself—dreadful worried. Lois is a nice girl as ever was."

"She 'ain't give up her school?"

Amanda shook her head.

"I shouldn't think her mother'd have her."

"I s'pose she feels as if she'd got to," Mrs. Babcock dropped her voice still lower. "They're real poor, ain't they?"

"I guess they 'ain't got much."

"I s'posed they hadn't. Well, I hope Lois ain't goin' down. I heard she looked dreadful. Mis' Jackson she was in yesterday, talkin' about it. Well, you come over an' see me, Mandy. Bring your sewin' over some afternoon."

"Well, mebbe I will. I don't go out a great deal, you know."

The two women grimaced to each other in a friendly fashion, then Amanda shut her door, and Mrs. Babcock patted softly and heavily across the little entry, and opened Mrs. Field's door. She pressed the old brass latch with a slight show of ceremonious hesitancy, but she never thought of knocking. There was no one in the room, which had a clean and sparse air. The chairs all stood back against the walls, and left in the centre a wide extent of faded carpet, full of shadowy gray scrolls.

Mrs. Babcock stood for a moment staring in and listening. There was a faint sound of a voice seemingly from a room beyond. She called, softly, "Mis' Field!" There was no response. She advanced then resolutely over the stretch of carpet toward the bedroom door. She opened it, then gave a little embarrassed grunt, and began backing away.

Mrs. Field was in there, kneeling beside the bed, praying. She started and looked up at Mrs. Babcock with a kind of solemn abashedness, her long face flushed. Then she got up. "Good-afternoon," said she.

"Good-afternoon," returned Mrs. Babcock. She tried to smile and recover her equanimity. "I've been into Mandy Pratt's," she went on, "an' I thought I'd jest look in here a minute before I went home, but I wouldn't have come in so if I'd known you was—busy."

"Come out in the other room an' sit down," said Mrs. Field.

Mrs. Babcock's agitated bulk followed her over the gray carpet, and settled into the rocking-chair at one of the front windows. Mrs. Field seated herself at the other.

"It's been a pleasant day, 'ain't it?" said she.

"Real pleasant. I told Mr. Babcock this noon that I was goin' to git out somewheres this afternoon come what would. I've been cooped up all the spring house-cleanin', an' now I'm goin' to git out. I dun'no' when I've been anywhere. I 'ain't been into Mandy's sence Christmas that I know of—I 'ain't been in to set

down, anyway; an' I've been meanin' to run in an' see you all winter, Mis' Field." All the trace of confusion now left in Mrs. Babcock's manner was a weak volubility.

"It's about all anybody can do to do their house-work, if they do it thorough," returned Mrs. Field. "I s'pose you've been takin' up carpets?"

"Took up every carpet in the house. I do every year. Some folks don't, but I can't stan' it. I'm afraid of moths too. I s'pose you've got your cleanin' all done?"

"Yes, I've got it about done."

"Well, I shouldn't think you could do so much, Mis' Field, with your hands."

Mrs. Field's hands lay in her lap, yellow and heavily corrugated, the finger-joints in great knots, which looked as if they had been tied in the bone. Mrs. Babcock eyed them pitilessly.

"How are they now?" she inquired. "Seems to me they look worse than they used to."

Mrs. Field regarded her hands with a staid, melancholy air. "Well, I dun'no'."

"Seems to me they look worse. How's Lois, Mis' Field?"

"She's pretty well, I guess. I dun'no' why she ain't."

"Somebody was sayin' the other day that she looked dreadfully."

Mrs. Field had heretofore held herself with a certain slow dignity. Now her manner suddenly changed, and she spoke fast. "I dun'no' what folks mean talkin' so," said she. "Lois ain't been lookin' very well, as I know of, lately; but it's the spring of the year, an' she's always apt to feel it."

"Mebbe that is it," replied the other, with a doubtful inflection. "Let me see, you called it consumption that ailed your sister, didn't you, Mis' Field?"

"I s'pose it was."

Mrs. Babcock stared with cool reflection at the other woman's long pale face, with its high cheek-bones and deep-set eyes and wide, drooping mouth. She was deliberating whether or not to ask for some information that she wanted. "Speakin' of your sister," said she, finally, with a casual air, "her husband's father is livin', ain't he?"

"He was the last I knew."

"I s'pose he's worth considerable property?"

"Yes, I s'pose he is."

"Well, I want to know. Somebody was speakin' about it the other day, an' they said they thought he did, an' I told 'em I didn't believe it. He never helped your sister's husband any, did he?"

Mrs. Field did not reply for a moment. Mrs. Babcock was leaning forward and smiling ingratiatingly, with keen eyes upon her face.

"I dun'no' as he did. But I guess Edward never expected he would much," said she.

"Well, I told 'em I didn't believe he did. I declare! it seemed pretty tough, didn't it?"

"I dun'no'. I thought of it some along there when Edward was sick."

"I declare, I should have thought you'd wrote to him about it."

Mrs. Field said nothing.

"Didn't you ever?" Mrs. Babcock asked.

"Well, yes; I wrote once when he was first taken sick."

"An' he didn't take any notice of it?"

Mrs. Field shook her head.

"He's a regular old skinflint, ain't he?" said Mrs. Babcock.

"I guess he's a pretty set kind of a man."

"Set! I should call it more'n set. Now, Mis' Field, I'd really like to know something. I ain't curious, but I've heard so many stories about it that I'd really like to know the truth of it once. Somebody was speakin' about it the other day, an' it don't seem right for stories to be goin' the rounds when there ain't no truth in 'em. Mis' Field, what was it set Edward Maxwell's father again' him?" Mrs. Babcock's voice sank to a whisper, she leaned farther forward, and gazed at Mrs. Field with crafty sweetness.

Mrs. Field looked out of the window. "Well, I s'pose it was some trouble about money matters."

"Money matters?"

"Yes, I s'pose so."

"Mis' Field, *what did he do?*"

Mrs. Field did not reply. She looked out of the window at the green banks in front. Her face was inscrutable.

Mrs. Babcock drew herself up. "Course I don't want you to tell me nothin' you don't want to," said she, with injured dignity. "I ain't pryin' into things that folks don't want me to know about; it wa'n't never my way. All is, I thought I'd like to know the truth of it, whether there was anything in them stories or not."

"Oh, I'd jest as soon tell you," rejoined Mrs. Field, quietly. "I was jest a-thinkin'. As near as I can tell you, Mis' Babcock, Edward's father he let him have some money, and Edward he speculated with it on something contrary to his advice, an' lost it, an' that made the trouble."

"Was that all?" asked Mrs. Babcock, with a disappointed air.

"Yes, I s'pose it was."

"I want to know!" Mrs. Babcock leaned back with a sigh. "Well, there's another thing," she said, presently. "Somebody was sayin' the other day that you thought Esther caught the consumption from her husband. I wanted to know if you did."

Mrs. Field's face twitched. "Well," she replied, "I dun'no'. I've heard consumption was catchin', an' she was right over him the whole time."

"Well, I don't know. I 'ain't never been able to take much stock in catchin' consumption. There was Mis' Say night an' day with Susan for ten years, an' she's jest as well as anybody. I should be afraid 'twas a good deal likelier to be in your family. Does Lois cough?"

"None to speak of."

"Well, there's more kinds of consumption than one."

Mrs. Babcock made quite a long call. She shook Mrs. Field's hand warmly at parting. "I want to know, does Lois like honey?" said she.

"Yes, she's real fond of it."

"Well, I'm goin' to send her over a dish of it. Ours was uncommon nice this year. It's real good for a cough."

On her way home Mrs. Babcock met Lois Field coming from school attended by a little flock of children. Mrs. Babcock stopped, and looked sharply at her small, delicately pretty face, with its pointed chin and deep-set blue eyes.

"How are you feelin' to-night, Lois?" she inquired, in a tone of forcible commiseration.

"I'm pretty well, thank you," said Lois.

"Seems to me you're lookin' pretty slim. You'd ought to take a little vacation." Mrs. Babcock surveyed her with a kind of pugnacious pity.

Lois stood quite erect in the midst of the children. "I don't think I need any vacation," said she, smiling constrainedly. She pushed gently past Mrs. Babcock, with the children at her heels.

"You'd better take a little one," Mrs. Babcock called after her.

Lois kept on as if she did not hear. Her face was flushed, and her head seemed full of beating pulses.

One of the children, a thin little girl in a blue dress, turned around and grimaced at Mrs. Babcock; another pulled Lois's dress.

"Teacher, Jenny Whitcomb is makin' faces at Mis' Babcock," she drawled.

"Jenny!" said Lois, sharply; and the little girl turned her face with a scared, nervous giggle. "You mustn't ever do such a thing as that again," said Lois. She reached down and took the child's little restive hand and led her along.

Lois had not much further to go. The children all clamored "Good-by, teacher!" when she turned in at her own gate. She went in through the sitting-room to the kitchen, and settled down into a chair with her hat on.

"Well, so you've got home," said her mother; she was moving about preparing supper. She smiled anxiously at Lois as she spoke.

Lois smiled faintly, but her forehead was frowning. "Has that Mrs. Babcock been here?" she asked.

"Yes. Did you meet her?"

"Yes, I did; and I'd like to know what she meant telling me I'd ought to take a vacation, and I looked bad. I wish people would let me alone tellin' me how I look."

"She meant well, I guess," said her mother, soothingly. "She said she was goin' to send you over a dish of her honey."

"I don't want any of her honey. I don't see what folks want to send things in to me, as if I were sick, for."

"Oh, I guess she thought I'd like some too," returned her mother, with a kind of stiff playfulness. "You needn't think you're goin' to have all that honey."

"I don't want any of it," said Lois.

The window beside which she sat was open; under it, in the back yard, was a little thicket of mint, and some long sprays of sweetbrier bowing over it. Lois reached out and broke off a piece of the sweetbrier and smelled it.

"Supper's ready," said her mother, presently; and she took off her hat and went listlessly over to the table.

The table, covered with a white cloth, was set back against the wall, with only one leaf spread. There were bread and butter and custards and a small glass dish of rhubarb sauce for supper.

Lois looked at the dish. "I didn't know the rhubarb was grown," said she.

"I managed to get enough for supper," replied her mother, in a casual voice.

Nobody would have dreamed how day after day she had journeyed stiffly down to the old garden spot behind the house to watch the progress of the rhubarb, and how triumphantly she had brought up those green and rosy stalks. Lois had always been very fond of rhubarb.

She ate it now with a keen relish. Her mother contrived that she should have nearly all of it; she made a show of helping herself twice, but she took very little. But it was to her as if she also tasted every spoonful which her daughter ate, and as if it had the flavor of a fruit of Paradise and satisfied her very soul.

After supper Lois began packing up the cups and saucers.

"Now you go in the other room an' set down, an' let me take care of the dishes," said Mrs. Field, timidly.

Lois faced about instantly. "Now, mother, I'd just like to know what you mean?" said she. "I guess I ain't quite so far gone but what I can wash up a few dishes. You act as if you wanted to make me out sick in spite of myself."

"I thought mebbe you was kind of tired," said her mother, apologetically.

"I ain't tired. I'm just as well able to wash up the supper dishes as I ever was." Lois carried the cups and saucers to the sink with a resolute air, and Mrs. Field said no more. She went into her bedroom to change her dress; she was going to evening meeting.

Lois washed and put away the dishes; then she went into the sitting-room, and sat down by the open window. She leaned her cheek against the chair back and looked out; a sweet almond fragrance of cherry and apple blossoms came into her face; over across the fields a bird was calling. Lois did not think it tangibly, but it was to her as if the blossom scent and the bird call came out of her own future. She was ill, poor, and overworked, but she was not unhappy, for her future was yet, in a way, untouched; she had not learned to judge of it by hard precedent, nor had any mistake of hers made a miserable certainty of it. It still looked to her as fair ahead as an untrodden field of heaven.

She was quite happy as she sat there; but when her mother, in her black woolen dress, entered, she felt instantly ner-

vous and fretted. Mrs. Field said nothing, but the volume and impetus of her anxiety when she saw her daughter's head in the window seemed to actually misplace the air.

Presently she went to the window, and leaned over to shut it.

"Don't shut the window, mother," said Lois.

"I'm dreadful afraid you'll catch cold, child."

"No, I sha'n't either. I wish you wouldn't fuss so, mother."

Mrs. Field stood back; the meeting bell began to ring.

"Goin' to meetin', mother?" Lois asked, in a pleasanter voice.

"I thought mebbe I would."

"I guess I won't go. I want to sew some on my dress this evenin'."

"Sha'n't you mind stayin' alone, if I go?"

"Mind stayin' alone? of course I sha'n't. You get the strangest ideas lately, mother."

Mrs. Field put on her black bonnet and shawl, and started. The bell tolled, and she passed down the village street with a stiff steadiness of gait. She felt eager to go to meeting to-night. This old New England woman, all of whose traditions were purely orthodox, was all unknowingly a fetich-worshipper in a time of trouble. Ever since her daughter had been ill, she had had a terrified impulse in her meeting-going. It seemed to her that if she stayed away, Lois might be worse. Unconsciously her church attendance became a species of spell, or propitiation to a terrifying deity, and the wild instinct of the African awoke in the New England woman.

When she reached the church, the bell had stopped ringing, and the vestry windows were parallelograms of yellow light: the meeting was in the vestry.

Mrs. Field entered, and took a seat well toward the front. The room was half filled with people, and the mass of them were elderly and middle-aged women. There were rows of their homely, faded, and strong-lined faces set in sober bonnets, a sprinkling of solemn old men, a few bright-ribboned girls, and in the background a settee or two of smart young fellows. Right in front of Mrs. Field sat a pretty girl with roses in her hat. She was about Lois's age, and had been to school with her.

Mrs. Field, erect and gaunt, with a look of goodness so settled and pre-eminent in her face that it had almost the effect of a smile, sat and listened to the minister. He was a young man with boyish shoulders, and a round face which he screwed nervously as he talked. He was vehement, and strung to wiriness with new enthusiasm; he seemed to toss the doctrines like footballs back and forth before the eyes of the people.

Mrs. Field listened intently, but all the time it was as if she were shut up in a corner with her own God and her own religion. There are as many side chapels as there are individual sorrows in every church.

After the minister finished his discourse, the old men muttered prayers, with long pauses between. Now and then a young woman played a gospel tune on a melodeon, and a woman in the same seat with Mrs. Field led the singing. She was past middle age, but her voice was still sweet, although once in a while it quavered. She had sung in the church choir ever since she was a child, and was the prima donna of the village. The young girl with roses in her hat who sat in front of Mrs. Field also sang with fervor, although her voice was little more than a sweetly husky breath. She kept her eyes, at once bold and timid, fixed upon the young minister as she sang.

When meeting was done, and Mrs. Field arose, the girl spoke to her. She had a pretty blush on her round cheeks, and she smiled at Mrs. Field in the same way that she would soon smile at the young minister.

"How's Lois to-night, Mrs. Field?" said she.

"She's pretty well, thank you, Ida."

"I heard she was sick."

"Oh no, she ain't sick. The spring weather has made her feel kind of tired out, that's all. It 'most always does."

"Well, I'm glad she isn't sick," said the girl, her radiant absent eyes turned upon the minister, who was talking with some one at the desk. "She wasn't out to meeting, and I didn't know but she might be."

"She thought she wouldn't—" began Mrs. Field, but the girl was gone. The minister had started down the other aisle, and she met him at the door.

Several other people inquired for Lois as Mrs. Field made her way out; some

had heard she was ill in bed. She had an errand to do at the store on her way home; when she reached it she went in, and stood waiting at the counter.

There was a number of men lounging about the large, rank, becluttered room, and there were several customers. The village post-office was in one corner of the store. There were only two clerks besides the proprietor, who was postmaster as well. Mrs. Field had to wait quite a while; but at last she had made her purchases, and was just stepping out the door, when a voice arrested her. "Mis' Field," it said.

She turned, and saw the postmaster coming toward her with a letter in his hand. The lounging men twisted about and stared lazily. The postmaster was a short, elderly man with shelving gray whiskers, and a wide, smiling mouth, which he was drawing down solemnly.

"Mis' Field, here's a letter I want you to look at; it come this mornin'," he said, in a low voice.

Mrs. Field took the letter. It was directed, in a fair round hand, to Mrs. Esther Maxwell, that had been her dead sister's name. She stood looking at it, her face drooping severely. "It was sent to my sister," said she.

"I s'posed so. Well, I thought I'd hand it to you."

Mrs. Field nodded gravely, and put the letter in her pocket. She was again passing out, when somebody nudged her heavily. It was Mrs. Green, a woman who lived in the next house beyond hers.

"Jest wait a minute," she said, "an' I'll go along with you."

So Mrs. Field stood back and waited, while her neighbor pushed forward to the counter. After a little she drew the letter from her pocket and studied the superscription. The post-mark was Elliot. She supposed the letter to be from her dead sister's father-in-law, who lived there.

"I may jest as well open it an' see what it is while I'm waitin'," she thought.

She tore open the envelope slowly and clumsily with her stiff fingers, and held up the letter so the light struck it. She could not read strange writing easily, and this was a nearly illegible scrawl. However, after the first few words, she seemed to absorb it by some higher faculty than reading. In a short time she had the gist of the letter. It was from a lawyer who signed himself Daniel Tuxbury. He stated

formally that Thomas Maxwell was dead; that he had left a will greatly to Esther Maxwell's advantage, and that it would be advisable for her to come to Elliot at an early date if possible. Enclosed was a copy of the will. It was dated several years ago. All Thomas Maxwell's property was bequeathed without reserve to his son's widow, Esther Maxwell, should she survive him. In case of her decease before his own, the whole was to revert to his brother's daughter, Flora Maxwell.

Jane Field read the letter through twice, then she folded it, replaced it in the envelope, and stood erect by the store door. She could see Mrs. Green's broad shawled back among the customers at the calico counter. Once in a while she looked around with a beseeching and apologetic smile.

Mrs. Field thought, "I won't say a word to her about it." However, she was conscious of no evil motive; it was simply because she was naturally secretive. She looked pale and rigid.

Mrs. Green remarked it when she finally approached with her parcel of calico. "Why, what's the matter, Mis' Field?" she exclaimed. "You ain't sick, be you?"

"No. Why?"

"Seems to me you look dreadful pale. It was too bad to keep you standin' there so long, but I couldn't get waited on before. I think Mr. Robbins had ought to have more help. It's too much for him with only two clerks, an' the post-office to tend too. I see you got a letter."

Mrs. Field nodded. The two women went down the steps into the street.

"How's Lois to-night?" Mrs. Green asked as they went along.

"I guess she's about as usual. She didn't say but what she was."

"She 'ain't left off her school, has she?"

"No," replied Mrs. Field, stiffly, "she 'ain't."

Suddenly Mrs. Green stopped and laid a heavy hand on Mrs. Field's arm. "Look here, Mis' Field, I dun'no' as you'll thank me for it, but I'm goin' to speak real plain to you, the way I'd thank anybody to if 'twas my Jenny. I'm dreadful afraid you don't realize how bad Lois is, Mis' Field."

"Mebbe I don't." Mrs. Field's voice sounded hard.

The other woman looked perplexedly at her for a moment, then she went on:

"Well, if you do, mebbe I hadn't ought to said anything; but I was dreadful afraid you didn't, an' then when you come to, perhaps when 'twas too late, you'd never forgive yourself. She hadn't ought to teach school another day, Mis' Field."

"I dun'no' how it's goin' to be helped," Mrs. Field said again, in her hard voice.

"Mis' Field, I know it ain't any of my business, an' I don't know but you'll think I'm interferin', but I can't help it nohow when I think of—my Abby, an' how—she went down. *'Ain't* you got anybody that could help you a little while till she gets better, an' able to work?"

"I dun'no' of anybody."

"Wouldn't your sister's husband's father? *'Ain't* he got considerable property?"

Mrs. Field turned suddenly, her voice sharpened. "I've asked him all I'm ever goin' to—there! I let Esther's husband have fifteen hundred dollars that my poor husband saved out of his hard earnin's, an' he lost it in his business; an' after he died I wrote to his father, an' I told him about it. I thought mebbe he'd be willin' to be fair, an' pay his son's debts, if he didn't have much feelin'. There was Esther an' Lois an' me, an' not a cent to live on, an' Esther she was beginnin' to be feeble. But he jest sent me back my letter, an' he'd wrote on the back of it that he wa'n't responsible for any of his son's debts. I said then I'd never go to him again, and I didn't; an' Esther didn't when she was sick an' dyin'; an' I never let him know when she died, an' I don't s'pose he knows she is dead to this day."

"Oh, Mis' Field, you didn't have to lose all that money!"

"Yes, I did, every dollar of it."

"I declare it's wicked."

"There's a good many things that's wicked, an' sometimes I think some things ain't wicked that we've always thought was. I don't know but the Lord meant everybody to have what belonged to them in spite of everything."

Mrs. Green stared. "I guess I don't know jest what you mean, Mis' Field."

"I mean everybody ought to have what's their just due, an' I believe the Lord will uphold them in it. I've about come to the conclusion that folks ought to lay hold of justice themselves, if there ain't no other way, and that's what we've got hands for." Suddenly Mrs. Field's manner changed. "I know Lois hadn't

ought to be teachin' school as well as you do," said she. "I 'ain't said much about it, it ain't my way, but I've known it all the time."

"She'd ought to take a vacation, Mis' Field, an' get away from here for a spell. Folks say Green River ain't very healthy. They say these low meadow-lands are bad. I worried enough about it after my Abby died, thinkin' what might have been done. It does seem to me that if something was done right away, Lois might get up; but there ain't no use waitin'. I've seen young girls go down; it seems sometimes as if there wa'n't nothin' more to them than flowers, an' they fade away in a day. I've been all through it. Mis' Field, you don't mind my speakin' so, do you? Oh, Mis' Field, don't feel so bad! I'm real sorry I said anything."

Mrs. Field was shaking with great sobs. "I ain't—blamin' you," she said, brokenly.

Mrs. Green got out her own handkerchief. "Mis' Field, I wouldn't have spoken a word, but—I felt as if something ought to be done, if there could be; an'—I thought—so much about my—poor Abby. Lois always made me think of her; she's jest about her build; an'—I didn't know as you—realized."

"I realized enough," returned Mrs. Field, catching her breath as she walked on.

"Now I hope you don't feel any worse because I spoke as I did," Mrs. Green said, when they reached the gate of the Pratt house.

"You 'ain't told me anything I didn't know," replied Mrs. Field.

Mrs. Green felt for one of her distorted hands; she held it a second, then she dropped it. Mrs. Field let it hang stiffly the while. It was a fervent demonstration to them, the evidence of unwonted excitement and the deepest feeling.

When Mrs. Field entered her sitting-room, the first object that met her eyes was Lois's face. She was tilted back in the rocking-chair, her slender throat was exposed, her lips were slightly parted, and there was a glassy gleam between her half-open eyelids. Her mother stood looking at her.

Suddenly Lois opened her eyes wide and sat up. "What are you standing there looking at me so for, mother?" she said, in her weak, peevish voice.

"I ain't lookin' at you, child. I've jest

come home from meetin'. I guess you've been asleep."

"I haven't been asleep a minute. I heard you open the outside door."

Mrs. Field's hand verged towards the letter in her pocket. Then she began untying her bonnet.

Lois arose, and lighted another lamp. "Well, I guess I'll go to bed," said she.

"Wait a minute," her mother returned.

Lois paused inquiringly.

"Never mind," her mother said, hastily. "You needn't stop. I can tell you jest as well to-morrow."

"What was it?"

"Nothin' of any account. Run along."

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Lois had gone to her school and her mother had not yet shown the letter to her. She went about as usual, doing her house-work slowly and vigorously. Mrs. Field's cleanliness was proverbial in this cleanly New England neighborhood. It almost amounted to asceticism; her rooms, when her work was finished, had the bareness and purity of a nun's cell. There was never any bloom of dust on Mrs. Field's furniture; there was only the hard, dull glitter of the wood. Her few chairs and tables looked as if waxed; the paint was polished in places from her doors and window-casings; her window-glass gave out green lights like jewels; and all this she did with infinite pains and slowness, as there was hardly a natural movement left in her rheumatic hands. But there was in her nature an element of stern activity that must have its outcome in some direction, and it took the one that it could find. Jane had used to take in sewing before her hands were diseased. In her youth she had learned the trade of a tailorress; when ready-made clothing, even for children, came into use, she made dresses. Her dresses had been long-waisted and stiffly boned, with high, straight biases, cut seemingly fitted to her own nature instead of her customers' forms; but they had been strongly and faithfully sewed, and her stitches held fast as the rivets on a coat of mail. Now she could not sew. She could knit, and that was all, besides her house-work, that she could do.

This morning, while dusting a little

triangular whatnot that stood in a corner of her sitting-room, she came across a small box that held some old photographs. The box was made of a kind of stucco-work—shells held in place by a bed of putty. Amanda Pratt had made it and given it to her. Mrs. Field took up this box and dusted it carefully; then she opened it, and took out the photographs one by one.

After a while she stopped; she did not take out any more, but she looked intently at one; then she replaced all but that one, got painfully up from the low footstool where she had been sitting, and went out of her room across the entry to Amanda's, with the photograph in her hand.

Amanda sat at her usual window, sewing on her rug. The sunlight came in, and her shadow, set in a bright square, wavered on the floor; the clock out in the kitchen ticked. Amanda looked up when Mrs. Field entered. "Oh, it's you?" said she. "I wondered who was comin'. Set down, won't you?"

Mrs. Field went over to Amanda and held out the photograph. "I want to see if you can tell me who this is."

Amanda took the photograph and held it toward the light. She compressed her lips and wrinkled her forehead. "Why, it's you, of course—ain't it?"

Mrs. Field made no reply; she stood looking at her.

"Why, ain't it you?" Amanda asked, looking from the picture to her in a bewildered way.

"No; it's Esther."

"Esther?"

"Yes, it's Esther."

"Well, I declare! When was it took?"

"About ten years ago, when she was in Elliot."

"Well, all I've got to say is, if anybody had asked me, I'd have said it was took for you yesterday. Why, Mis' Field, what's the matter?"

"There ain't anything the matter."

"Why, you look dreadfully!"

Mrs. Field's face was pale, and there was a curious look about her whole figure. It seemed as if shrinking from something, twisting itself rigidly, as a fossil tree might shrink in a wind that could move it.

"I feel well 'nough," said she. "I guess it's the light."

"Well, mebbe 'tis," replied Amanda, still looking anxiously at her. "Of



"MRS. FIELD STOOD BY THE FRONT GATE, LOOKING DOWN THE ROAD."

course you know if you feel well, but you do look dreadful white to me. Don't you want some water, or a swaller of cold tea?"

"No, I don't want a single thing; I'm well enough." Mrs. Field's tone was almost surly. She held out her hand for the photograph. "I must be goin'," she continued; "I 'ain't got my dustin' done. I jest come across this, an' I thought I'd show it to you, an' see what you said."

"Well, I shouldn't have dreamed but what it was yours; but then you an' your sister did look jest alike. I never could tell you apart when you first came here."

"Folks always said we looked alike. We always used to be took for each other when we was girls, an' I think we looked full as much alike after our hair begun to turn. Mine was a little lighter than hers, an' that made some difference betwixt us before. It didn't show when we was both gray."

"I shouldn't have thought 'twould. Well, I must say, I shouldn't dream but what that picture was meant for you."

Mrs. Field took her way out of the room.

"How's Lois this mornin'?" Amanda called after her.

"About the same, I guess."

"I saw her goin' out of the yard this

mornin', an' I thought she walked dreadful weak."

"I guess she don't walk any too strong."

When Mrs. Field was in her own room she stowed away the photograph in the shell box; then she got a little broom and brushed the shell-work carefully; she thought it looked dusty in spite of her rubbing.

When the dusting was done it was time for her to get her dinner ready. Indeed, there was not much leisure for Mrs. Field all day. She seldom sat down for long at a time. From morning until night she kept up her stiff resolute march about her house.

At half past twelve she had the dinner on the table, but Lois did not come. Her mother went into the sitting-room, sat down beside a window, and watched. The town clock struck one. Mrs. Field went out doors and stood by the front gate, looking down the road. She saw a girl coming in the distance with a flutter of light skirts, and she exclaimed with gladness, "There she is!" The girl drew nearer, and she saw it was Ida Starr in a dress that looked like Lois's.

The girl stopped when she saw Mrs. Field at the gate. "Good-morning," said she.

"Good-mornin', Ida."

"It's a beautiful day."

Mrs. Field did not reply; she gazed past her down the road, her face all one pale frown.

The girl looked curiously at her. "I hope Lois is pretty well this morning?" she said, in her amiable voice.

Mrs. Field responded with a harsh outburst that fairly made her start back.

"No," she cried out, "she ain't well; she's sick. She wa'n't fit to go to school. She couldn't hardly crawl out of the yard. She 'ain't got home, an' I'm terrible worried. I dun'no' but she's fell down."

"Maybe she just thought she wouldn't come home."

"No; that ain't it. She never did such a thing as that without saying something about it; she'd know I'd worry."

Mrs. Field craned her neck farther over the gate, and peered down the road. Beside the gate stood two tall bushes, all white with flowers that grew in long white racemes, and they framed her distressed face.

"Look here, Mrs. Field," said the girl, "I'll tell you what I'll do. The school-house isn't much beyond my house; I'll just run over there and see if there's anything the matter; then I'll come back right off, and let you know."

"Oh, will you?"

"Of course I will. Now don't you worry, Mrs. Field; I don't believe it's anything."

The girl nodded back at her with her pretty smile; then she sped away with a light tilting motion. Mrs. Field stood a few minutes longer, then she went up the steps into the house. She opened Amanda Pratt's door instead of her own, and went through the sitting-room to the kitchen, from whence she could hear the clink of dishes.

"Lois 'ain't got home yet," said she, standing in the doorway.

Amanda set down the dish she was wiping. "Mis' Field, what do you mean?"

"What I say."

"'Ain't she got home yet?"

"No, she ain't."

"Why, it's half past one o'clock! She ain't comin'; it's time for school to begin. Look here, Mis' Field, I guess she felt kinder tired, an' thought she wouldn't come."

Mrs. Field shook her head with a sort of remorselessness toward all comfort. "She's fell down."

"Oh, Mis' Field! you don't s'pose so? The Starr girl's gone to find out."

Mrs. Field turned to go.

"Hadn't you better stay here till she comes?" asked Amanda, anxiously.

"No; I must go home." Suddenly Mrs. Field looked fiercely around. "I'll tell you what 'tis, Mandy Pratt, an' you mark my words! I ain't goin' to stan' this kind of work much longer! I ain't goin' to see all the child I've got in the world murdered; for that's what it is—it's murder!"

Mrs. Field went through the sitting-room with a stiff rush, and Amanda followed her.

"Oh, Mis' Field, don't take on so—don't!" she kept saying.

Mrs. Field went through the house into her own kitchen. The little white-laid table stood against the wall; the teakettle steamed and rocked on the stove; the room was full of savory odors. Mrs. Field set the teakettle back where it would not boil so hard. These little household duties had become to her almost as involuntary as the tick of her own pulses. No matter what hours of agony they told off, the pulses ticked; and in every stress of life she would set the teakettle back if it were necessary.

Amanda stood in the door, trembling. All at once there was a swift roll of wheels in the yard past the window.

"Somebody's come!" gasped Amanda.

Mrs. Field rushed to the back door, and Amanda after her. There was a buggy drawn up close to the step, and a man was trying to lift Lois out.

Mrs. Field burst out in a great wail. "Oh, Lois! Lois! She's dead—she's dead!"

"No, she ain't dead," replied the man, in a drawling jocular tone. "She's worth a dozen dead ones—ain't you, Lois? I found her layin' down side of the road kinder tuckered out, that's all, and I thought I'd give her a lift. Don't you be scared, Mis' Field. Now, Lois, you jest rest all your heft on me."

Lois's pale face and little reaching hands appeared around the wing of the buggy. Amanda ran around to the horse's head. He did not offer to start; but she stood there, and said "Whoa, whoa," over and over, in a pleading, nervous voice. She was afraid to touch the bridle; she had a great terror of horses.



W. J. STARR, 1871

"THEY STOOD LOOKING AT THE YOUNG GIRL."

The man, who was Ida Starr's father, lifted Lois out, and carried her into the house. She struggled a little.

"I can walk," said she, in a weakly indignant voice.

Mr. Starr carried her into the sitting-room and laid her down on the sofa. She raised herself immediately, and sat up with a defiant air.

"Oh, dear child, do lay down," sobbed her mother.

She put her hand on Lois's shoulder and tried to force her gently backward, but the girl resisted.

"Don't, mother," said she. "I don't want to lie down."

Amanda had run into her own room for the camphor bottle. Now she leaned over Lois and put it to her nose. "Jest smell of this a little," she said.

Lois pushed it away feebly.

"I guess Lois will have to take a little vacation," said Mr. Starr. "I guess I shall have to see about it, and let her have a little rest."

He was one of the school committee.

"I don't need any vacation," said Lois, in a peremptory tone.

"I guess we shall have to see about it," repeated Mr. Starr. There was an odd undertone of decision in his drawling voice. He was a large man, with a pleasant face full of double curves. "Good-day," said he, after a minute. "I guess I must be goin'."

"Good-day," said Lois. "I'm much obliged to you for bringing me home."

"You're welcome."

Amanda nodded politely when he withdrew, but Mrs. Field never looked at him. She stood with her eyes fixed upon Lois.

"What are you looking at me so for, mother?" said Lois, impatiently, turning her own face away.

Mrs. Field sank down on her knees before the sofa. "Oh, my child!" she wailed. "My child! my child!"

She threw her arms around the girl's slender waist, and clung to her convulsively. Lois cast a terrified glance up at Amanda.

"Does she think I ain't going to get

well?" she asked, as if her mother were not present.

"Of course she don't," replied Amanda, with decision. She stooped and took hold of Mrs. Field's shoulders. "Now look here, Mis' Field," said she, "you ain't actin' like yourself. You're goin' to make Lois sick, if she ain't now, if you go on this way. You get up an' make her a cup of tea, an' get her somethin' to eat. Ten chances to one, that's all that ailed her. I don't believe she's eat enough to-day to keep a cat alive."

"I know all about it," moaned Mrs. Field. "It's jest what I expected. Oh, my child! my child! I have prayed an' done all I could, an' now it's come to this. I've got to give up. Oh, my child! my child!"

It was to this mother as though her daughter was not there, although she held her in her arms. She was in that abandonment of grief which is the purest selfishness.

Amanda fairly pulled her to her feet. "Mis' Field, I'm ashamed of you!" said she, severely. "I should think you were beside yourself. Here's Lois better—"

"No, she ain't better. I know."

Mrs. Field straightened herself, and went out into the kitchen.

Lois looked again at Amanda, in a piteous, terrified fashion. "Oh," said she, "you don't think I'm so very sick, do you?"

"Very sick? No; of course you ain't. Your mother got dreadful nervous because you didn't come home. That's what made her act so. You look a good deal better than you did when you first came in."

"I feel better," said Lois. "I never saw mother act so in my life."

"She got all wrought up, waitin'. If I was you, I'd lay down a few minutes, jest on her account. I think it would make her feel easier."

"Well, I will, if you think I'd better; but there ain't a mite of need of it." Lois laid her head down on the sofa arm.

"That's right," said Amanda. "You can jest lay there a little while. I'm goin' out to tell your mother to make you a cup of tea. That'll set you right up."

Amanda found Mrs. Field already making the tea. She measured it out carefully, and never looked around. Amanda stepped close to her.

"Mis' Field," she whispered, "I hope

you wa'n't hurt by what I said. I meant it for the best."

"I sha'n't give way so again," said Mrs. Field. Her face had a curious determined expression.

"I hope you don't feel hurt?"

"No, I don't. I sha'n't give way so again." She poured the boiling water into the teapot, and set it on the stove.

Amanda looked at a covered dish on the stove hearth. "What was you goin' to have for dinner?" said she.

"Lamb broth. I'm goin' to heat up some for her. She didn't eat hardly a mouthful of breakfast."

"That's jest the thing for her. I'll get out the kettle and put it on to heat. I dun'no' of anything that gits cold any quicker than lamb broth, unless it's love."

Amanda put on a cheerful air as she helped Mrs. Field. Presently the two women carried in the little repast to Lois.

"She's asleep," whispered Amanda, who went first with the tea.

They stood looking at the young girl, stretched out her slender length, her white delicate profile showing against the black arm of the sofa.

Her mother caught her breath. "She's got to be waked up; she's got to have some nourishment, anyhow," said she. "Come, Lois, wake up, and have your dinner."

Lois opened her eyes. All the animation and defiance were gone from her face. She was so exhausted that she made no resistance to anything. She let them raise her, prop her up with a pillow, and nearly feed her with the dinner. Then she lay back, and her eyes closed.

Amanda went home, and Mrs. Field went back to the kitchen to put away the dinner dishes. She had eaten nothing herself, and now she poured some of the broth into a cup, and drank it down with great gulps without tasting it. It was simply filling of a necessity the lamp of life with oil.

After her house-work was done, she sat down in the kitchen with her knitting. There was no sound from the other room.

The latter part of the afternoon Amanda came past the window and entered the back door. She carried a glass of foaming beer. Amanda was famous through the neighborhood for this beer, which she concocted from roots and herbs after an ancient recipe. It was pleasantly flavor-

ed with aromatic roots, and instinct with agreeable bitterness, being an innocently tonic old-maiden brew.

"I thought mebbe she'd like a glass of my beer," whispered Amanda. "I came round the house so's not to disturb her. How is she?"

"I guess she's asleep. I 'ain't heard a sound."

Amanda set the glass on the table. "Don't you think you'd ought to have a doctor, Mis' Field?" said she.

It seemed impossible that Lois could have heard, but her voice came shrilly from the other room: "No, I ain't going to have a doctor; there's no need of it. I sha'n't like it if you get one, mother."

"No, you sha'n't have one, dear child," her mother called back. "She was always jest so about havin' a doctor," she whispered to Amanda.

"I'll take in the beer if she's awake," said Amanda.

Lois looked up when she entered. "I don't want a doctor," said she, pitifully, rolling her blue eyes.

"Of course you sha'n't have a doctor if you don't want one," returned Amanda, soothingly. "I thought mebbe you'd like a glass of my beer."

Lois drank the beer eagerly, then she sank back and closed her eyes. "I'm going to get up in a minute, and sew on my dress," she murmured.

But she did not stir until her mother helped her to bed early in the evening.

The next day she seemed a little better. Luckily it was Saturday, so there was no worry about her school for her. She would not lie down, but sat in the rocking-chair with her needle-work in her lap. When any one came in, she took it up and sewed. Several of the neighbors had heard she was ill, and came to inquire. She told them, with a defiant air, that she was very well, and they looked shocked and nonplussed. Some of them beckoned her mother out into the entry when they took leave, and Lois heard them whispering together.

The next day, Sunday, Lois seemed about the same. She said once that she was going to church, but she did not speak of it again. Mrs. Field went. She suggested staying at home, but Lois was indignant.

"Stay at home with me, no sicker than I am! I should think you were crazy, mother," said she.



"SHE WATCHED HER MOTHER OUT OF SIGHT."

So Mrs. Field got out her Sunday clothes and went to meeting. As soon as she had gone, Lois coughed: she had been choking the cough back. She stood at the window, well back that people might not see her, and watched her mother pass down the street with her stiff glide. Mrs. Field's back and shoulders were rigidly steady when she walked; she might have carried a jar of water on her head without spilling it, like an Indian woman. Lois, small and slight although she was, walked like her mother. She held herself with the same resolute stateliness, when she could hold herself at all. The two women might, as far as their carriage went, have marched in a battalion with propriety.

Lois felt a certain relief when her mother had gone. Even when Mrs. Field made no expression of anxiety, there was a covert distress about her which seemed to enervate the atmosphere, and hinder the girl in the fight she was making against her own weakness. Lois had a feeling that if nobody would look at her nor speak about her illness, she could get well quickly of herself.

As for Mrs. Field, she was no longer eager to attend meeting; she went rather than annoy Lois. She was present at

both the morning and afternoon services. They still had two services in Green River.

Jane Field, sitting in her place in church through the long sermons, had a mental experience that was wholly new to her. She looked at the white walls of the audience-room, the pulpit, the carpet, the pews. She noted the familiar faces of the people in their Sunday gear, the green light stealing through the long blinds, and all these accustomed sights gave her a sense of awful strangeness and separation. And this impression did not leave her when she was out on the street mingling with the homeward people; every greeting of an old neighbor strengthened it. She regarded the peaceful village houses with their yards full of new green grass and flowering bushes, and they seemed to have a receding dimness as she neared some awful shore. Even the click of her own gate as she opened it, the sound of her own feet on the path, the feel of the door-latch to her hand—all the little common belongings of her daily life were turned into so many stationary landmarks to prove her own retrogression and fill her with horror.

To-day, when people inquired for Lois, her mother no longer gave her customary replies. She said openly that her daughter was real miserable, and she was worried about her.

"I guess she's beginning to realize it," the women whispered to each other with a kind of pitying triumph. For there is a certain aggravation in our friends' not owning to even those facts which we deplore for them. It is provoking to have an object of pity balk. Mrs. Field's assumption that her daughter was not ill had half incensed her sympathizing neighbors; even Amanda had marvelled indignantly at it. But now the sudden change in her friend caused her to marvel still more. She felt a vague fear every time she thought of her. After Lois had gone to bed that Sunday night, her mother came into Amanda's room, and the two women sat together in the dusk. It was so warm that Amanda had set all the windows open, and the room was full of the hollow gurgling of the frogs—there was some low meadow-land behind the house.

"I want to know what you think of Lois?" said Mrs. Field, suddenly; her voice was high and harsh.

"Why. I don't know, hardly, Mis' Field."

"Well, I know. She's runnin' down. She won't ever be any better, unless I can do something. She's dyin' for the want of a little money, so she can stop work an' go away to some healthier place an' rest. She is; the Lord knows she is." Mrs. Field's voice was solemn, almost oratorical.

Amanda sat still; her long face looked pallid and quite unmoved in the low light; she was thinking what she could say.

But Mrs. Field went on; she was herself so excited to speech and action, the outward tendency of her own nature was so strong, that she failed to notice the course of another's. "She is," she repeated, argumentatively, as if Amanda had spoken, or she was acute enough to hear the voice behind silence; "there ain't any use talkin'."

There was a pause, a soft wind came into the room, the noise of the frogs grew louder, a whippoorwill called; it seemed as if the wide night were flowing in at the windows.

"What I want to know is," said Mrs. Field, "if you will take Lois in here to meals, an' look after her a week or two. Be you willin' to?"

"You ain't goin' away, Mis' Field?" There was a slow and contained surprise in Amanda's tone.

"Yes, I be; to-morrow mornin', if I live, on the early train. I be, if you're willin' to take Lois. I don't see how I can leave her any other way as she is now. You sha'n't be any loser by it, if you'll take her."

"Where be you goin', Mis' Field?"

"I don't want you to say anything about it. I don't want it all over town."

"I sha'n't say anything."

"Well, I'm goin' down to Elliot."

"You be?"

"Yes, I be. Old Mr. Maxwell's dead. I had a letter a night or two ago."

Amanda gasped, "He's dead?"

"Yes."

"What was the matter, do you know?"

"They called it paralysis. It was sudden."

Amanda hesitated. "I s'pose—do you know anything about—his property?" said she.

"Yes; he left it all to my sister."

"Why, Mis' Field!"

"Yes; he left every cent of it to her."

"Oh, ain't it dreadful she's dead?"

"It's all been dreadful right along," said Mrs. Field.

"Of course," said Amanda, "I know she's better off than she'd be with all the money in the world; it ain't that; but it would do so much good to the livin'. Why, look here, Mis' Field, I dun'no' anything about law, but won't you have it if your sister's dead?"

"I'm goin' down there."

"It seems as if you'd ought to have somethin' anyway, after all you've done, lettin' his son have your money an' everything."

Amanda spoke with stern warmth. She had known about this grievance of her neighbor's for a long time.

"I'm goin' down there," repeated Mrs. Field.

"I would," said Amanda.

"I hate to leave Lois," said Mrs. Field; "but I don't see any other way."

"I'll take her," said Amanda, "if you're willin' to trust her with me."

"I've got to," replied Mrs. Field.

"Well, I'll do the best I can," replied Amanda.

She was considerably shaken. She felt her knees tremble. It was as if she were working a new tidy or rug pattern. Any variation of her peaceful monotony of existence jarred her whole nature like heavy wheels, and this was a startling one.

She wondered how Mrs. Field could bring herself to leave Lois. It seemed to her that she must have hopes of all the old man's property.

After Mrs. Field had gone home, and she, primly comfortable in her starched and ruffled dimities, lay on her high feather-bed between her smooth sheets, she settled it in her own mind that her neighbor would certainly have the property. She wondered if she and Lois would go to Elliot to live, and who would live in her tenement. The change was hard for her to contemplate, and she wept a little. Many a happiness comes to its object with outriders of sorrows to others.

Poor Amanda bemoaned herself over the changes that might come to her little home, and planned nervously her manner of living with Lois during the next week. Amanda had lived entirely alone for over twenty years; this admitting another to her own territory seemed as grave a matter to her as the admission of foreigners did to Japan. Indeed, all her

kind were in a certain way foreigners to Amanda; and she was shy of them, she had so withdrawn herself by her solitary life, for solitariness is the farthest country of them all.

Amanda did not sleep much, and it was very early in the morning—she was standing before the kitchen looking-glass, twisting the rosettes of her front hair—when Mrs. Field came in to say good-by. Mrs. Field was gaunt and erect in her straight black clothes. She had her black veil tied over her bonnet to protect it from dust, and the black frame around her strong-featured face gave her a rigid, relentless look, like a female Jesuit. Lois came faltering behind her mother. She had a bewildered air, and she looked from her mother to Amanda with appealing significance, but she did not speak.

"Well, I've come to say good-by," said Mrs. Field.

Amanda had one side of her front hair between her lips while she twisted the other; she took it out. "Good-by, Mrs. Field," she said. "I'll do the best I can for Lois. How soon do you s'pose you'll be back?"

"It's accordin' to how I get along. I've been tellin' Lois she ain't goin' to school to-day. She's afraid Mr. Starr will put Ida in if she don't; but there ain't no need of her worryin'; mebbe a way will be opened. I want you to look out she don't go. There ain't no need of it."

"I'll do the best I can," said Amanda, with a doubtful glance at Lois.

Lois said nothing, but her pale little mouth contracted obstinately. She and Amanda followed her mother to the door. The departing woman said good-by, and went down the steps over the terraces. She never looked back. She went on out the gate, and turned into the long road. She had a mile walk to the railroad station. Amanda and Lois went back into the sitting-room.

"When did she tell you she was going?" Lois asked suddenly.

"Last night."

"She didn't tell me till this morning."

Lois held her head high, but her eyes were surprised and pitiful, and the corners of her mouth drooped. She faced about to the window with a haughty motion, and watched her mother out of sight, a gaunt, dark old figure disappearing under low green elm branches.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

I.

THE sons and daughters of men and women eminent in their generation are from circumstances fortunate in their opportunities. From childhood they know their parents' friends and contemporaries, the remarkable men and women who are the makers of the age, quite naturally and without excitement. At the same time this facility may perhaps detract in some degree from the undeniable glamour of the Unknown; and, indeed, it is not till much later in life that the time comes to appreciate. B or C or D is a great man; we know it because our fathers have told us; but the moment when we *feel* it for ourselves comes suddenly and mysteriously. My own experience certainly is this. The friends existed first, then, long afterwards, they became to me the notabilities, the interesting people as well, and these two impressions were oddly combined in my mind.

"Such men are even now upon the earth,
Serene amid the half-formed creatures round."*

When the writer was a child living in Paris, she used to look with a certain mingled terror and fascination at various pages of grim heads drawn in black and red chalk, something in the manner of Fuseli. Masks and faces were depicted, crowding together with malevolent or agonized or terrific expressions. There were the suggestions of a hundred weird stories on the pages which we gazed at with creeping alarm. These pictures were all drawn by a kind and most gentle neighbor of ours, whom we often met and visited, and of whom we were not in the very least afraid. His name was Mr. Robert Browning. He was the father of the poet, and he lived with his daughter in calm and pleasant retreat in those Champs Élysées to which so many people used to come at that time, seeking well-earned repose from their labors by crossing the Channel instead of the Styx. I don't know whether Mr. and Miss Browning always lived in Paris; they are certainly among the people I can longest recall there. But one day I found myself listening with some interest to a conversation

* Paracelsus.

which had been going on for some time between my grandparents and Miss Browning—a long matter-of-fact talk about houses, travellers, furnished apartments, sunshine, south aspects, etc., etc., and on asking who were the travellers coming to inhabit the apartments, I was told that our Mr. Browning had a son who lived abroad, and who was expected shortly with his wife from Italy, and that the rooms were to be engaged for them, and I was also told that they were very gifted and celebrated people; and I further remember that very afternoon being taken over various vacant houses and lodgings by my grandmother. Mrs. Browning was an invalid, my grandmother told me, who could not possibly live without light and warmth. So that by the time the travellers had really arrived, and were definitively installed, we were all greatly excited and interested in their whereabouts, and well convinced that wherever else the sun might or might not fall, it must shine upon *them*. In this homely fashion the shell of the future—the four walls of a friendship—began to exist before the friends themselves walked into it. We were taken to call very soon after they arrived. Mr. Browning was not there, but Mrs. Browning received us in a low room with Napoleonic chairs and tables, and a wood fire burning on the hearth.

I don't think any girl who had once experienced it could fail to respond to Mrs. Browning's motherly advance. There was something more than kindness in it; there was an implied interest, equality, and understanding which is very difficult to describe and impossible to forget.* This generous humility of nature was also to the last one special attribute of Robert Browning himself, translated by him into cheerful and vigorous good-will and utter absence of affectation. But, indeed, one form of greatness is the gift of reaching the reality in all things, instead of keeping to the formalities and the affectations of life. The free-and-easiness of the small is a very different thing from this. It may be as false in its way as formality

* Notwithstanding an incidental allusion in Mrs. Orr's life of Browning, I can only adhere to my own vivid impression of the relations between Mrs. Browning and my father.

itself, if it is founded on conditions which do not and can never exist.

To the writer's own particular taste there never will be any more delightful person than the simple-minded woman of the world, who has seen enough to know what it is all worth, who is sure enough of her own position to take it for granted, who is interested in the person she is talking to, and unconscious of anything but a wish to give kindness and attention. This is the impression Mrs. Browning made upon me from the first moment I ever saw her to the last. Alas! the moments were not so very many when we were together. Perhaps all the more vivid is the impression of the peaceful home, of the fireside where the logs are burning while the lady of that kind hearth is established in her sofa corner, with her little boy curled up by her side, the door opening and shutting meanwhile to the quick step of the master of the house, to the life of the world without as it came to find her in her quiet nook. The hours seemed to my sister and to me warmer, more full of interest and peace, in her sitting-room than elsewhere. Whether at Florence, at Rome, at Paris, or in London once more, she seemed to carry her own atmosphere always, something serious, motherly, absolutely artless, and yet impassioned, noble, and sincere. I can recall the slight figure in its black dress, the writing apparatus by the sofa, the tiny inkstand, the quill-nibbed pen—the unpretentious implements of her magic. "She was a little woman; she liked little things," Mr. Browning used to say. Her miniature editions of the classics are still carefully preserved, with her name written in each in her delicate, sensitive handwriting, and always with her husband's name above her own, for she dedicated all her books to him; it was a fancy that she had. Nor must his presence in the home be forgotten any more than in the books—a spirited domination and inspired common-sense, which seemed to give a certain life to her vaguer visions. But of these visions Mrs. Browning rarely spoke; she was too simple and practical to indulge in many apostrophes.

II.

To all of us who have only known Mrs. Browning in her own home as a wife and a mother, it seems almost impossible to realize the time before her home existed



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

—when Mrs. Browning was *not*, and Elizabeth Barrett, dwelling apart, was weaving her spells like the Lady of Shalott, and subject, like the lady herself, to the visions in her mirror.

Mrs. Browning* was born in the county of Durham, on the 6th of March, 1809. It was a golden year for poets, for it was also that of Tennyson's birth. She was the eldest daughter of Edward Moulton, and was christened by the names of Elizabeth Barrett. Not long after her birth, Mr. Moulton, succeeding to some property, took the name of Barrett, so that in after-times, when Mrs. Browning signed herself at length as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, it was her own Christian name that she used without any further literary assumptions. Her mother was Mary Graham, the daughter of a Mr. Graham, afterwards known as Mr. Graham Clark of Northumberland. Soon after the child's birth her parents brought

* The facts and passages relating to Mrs. Browning's early life are taken (by the kind permission of the proprietors and editor) from an article contributed by the present writer to the *Biographical Dictionary* published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

her southward, to Hope End, near Ledbury, in Herefordshire, where Mr. Barrett now possessed a considerable estate, and had built himself a country house. The house is now pulled down, but it is described by one of the family as "a luxurious home standing in a lovely park, among trees and sloping hills all sprinkled with sheep"; and this same lady remembers the great hall, with the great organ in it, and more especially Elizabeth's room, a lofty chamber, with a stained-glass window casting lights across the floor, and little Elizabeth as she used to sit propped against the wall, with her hair falling all about her face. There were gardens round about the house leading to the park. Most of the children had their own plots to cultivate, and Elizabeth was famed among them all for success with her white roses. She had a bower of her own all overgrown with them; it is still blooming for the readers of the lost bower "as once beneath the sunshine." Another favorite device with the child was that of a man of flowers, laid out in beds upon the lawn—a huge giant wrought of blossom. "Eyes of gentianella azure, staring, winking at the skies."

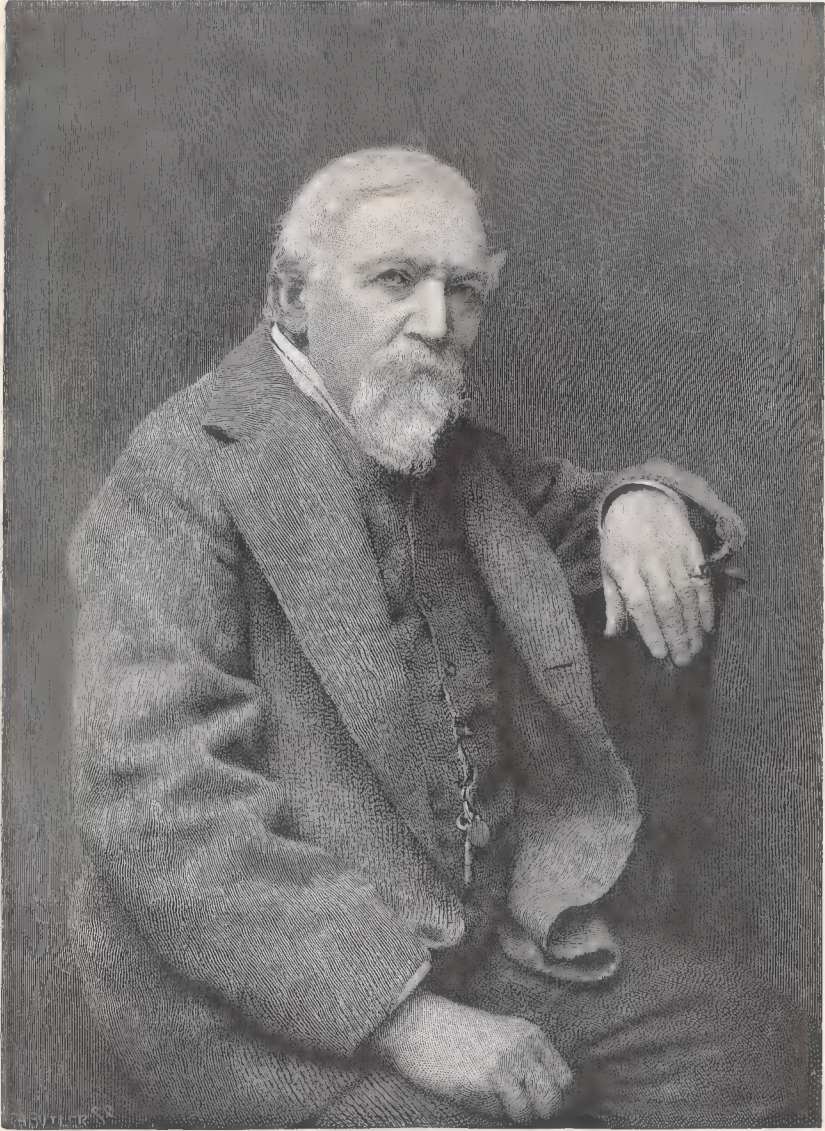
Mr. Barrett was a rich man, and his daughter's life was that of a rich man's child, far removed from the stress, and also from the variety and experience, of humbler life; but her eager spirit found adventure for itself. Her gift for learning was extraordinary. At eight years old little Elizabeth had a tutor and could read Homer in the original, holding her book in one hand and nursing her doll on the other arm. She has said herself that in those days "the Greeks were her demi-gods; she dreamed more of Agamemnon than of Moses, her black pony." At the same small age she began to try her childish powers. When she was about eleven or twelve, her great epic of the battle of Marathon was written in four books, and her proud father had it printed. "Papa was bent upon spoiling me," she writes. Her cousin remembers a certain ode the little girl recited to her father on his birthday; as he listened, shading his eyes, the young cousin was wondering why the tears came falling along his cheek. It seems right to add, on this same authority, that their common grandmother, who used to stay at the house, did not approve of these readings and writings, and said she had

far rather see Elizabeth's hemming more carefully finished off than hear of all this Greek.

Elizabeth was growing up meanwhile under happy influences; she had brothers and sisters in her home; her life was not all study, she had the best of company, that of happy children as well as of all natural things; she loved her hills, her gardens, her woodland play-ground. As she grew older she used to drive a pony and go farther afield. There is a story still told of a little girl, flying in terror along one of the steep Herefordshire lanes, perhaps frightened by a cow's horn beyond the hedge, who was overtaken by a young girl, with a pale spiritual face and a profusion of dark curls, driving a pony-carriage, and suddenly caught up into safety and driven rapidly away. These scenes are turned to account in "Aurora Leigh." Very early in life the happy drives and rides were discontinued, and the sad apprenticeship to suffering began. It probably was Moses, the black pony, who was so nearly the cause of her death. One day, when she was about fifteen, the young girl, impatient, tried to saddle her pony in a field alone, and fell, with the saddle upon her, in some way injuring her spine so seriously that she lay for years upon her back.

She was about twenty when her mother's last illness began, and at the same time some money catastrophe, the result of other people's misdeeds, overtook Mr. Barrett. He would not allow his wife to be troubled or to be told of this crisis in his affairs, and he compounded with his creditors at an enormous cost, materially diminishing his income for life, so as to put off any change in the ways at Hope End until change could trouble the sick lady no more. After her death, when Elizabeth was a little over twenty, they came away, leaving Hope End among the hills forever. "Beautiful, beautiful hills," Miss Barrett wrote long after from her closed sick-room in London, "and yet not for the whole world's beauty would I stand among the sunshine and shadow of them any more; it would be a mockery, like the taking back a broken flower to its stalk."

The family spent two years at Sidmouth, and then came to London, where Mr. Barrett first bought a house in Gloucester Place, and then removed to Wimpole Street. His daughter's contin-



ROBERT BROWNING.

From a copyrighted photograph by W. H. Grove, 174 Brompton Road, London.

ued delicacy and failure of health kept her for months at a time a prisoner to her room, but did not prevent her from living her own life of eager and beautiful aspiration. She was becoming known to the world. Her "Prometheus," which was published when she was twenty-six years old, was reviewed in the *Quarterly Review* for 1840, and there Miss Barrett's name comes second among a list of the

most accomplished women of those days, whose little tinkling guitars are scarcely audible now, while this one voice vibrates only more clearly as the echoes of her time die away.

Her noble poem on "Cowper's Grave" was republished with the "Seraphim," by which (whatever her later opinion may have been) she seems to have set small count at the time, "all the remain-

ing copies of the book being locked away in the wardrobe in her father's bedroom," "entombed as safely as *Œdipus* among the olives."

From Wimpole Street Miss Barrett went, an unwilling exile for her health's sake, to Torquay, where the tragedy occurred which, as she writes to Mr. Horne, "gave a nightmare to her life forever." Her companion-brother had come to see her and to be with her and to be comforted by her for some trouble of his own, when he was accidentally drowned, under circumstances of suspense which added to the shock. All that year the sea beating upon the shore sounded to her as a dirge, she says in a letter to Miss Mitford. It was long before Miss Barrett's health was sufficiently restored to allow of her being brought home to Wimpole Street, where many years passed away in confinement to a sick-room, to which few besides members of her own family were admitted. Among these exceptions was her devoted Miss Mitford, who would "travel forty miles to see her for an hour." Besides Miss Mitford, Mrs. Jameson also came, and, above all, Mr. Kenyon, the friend and dearest cousin, to whom Mrs. Browning afterwards dedicated "*Aurora Leigh*." Mr. Kenyon had an almost fatherly affection for her, and from the first recognized his young relative's genius. He was a constant visitor and her link with the outside world, and he never failed to urge her to write, and to live out and beyond the walls of her chamber.

As Miss Barrett lay on her couch with her dog Flush at her feet, Miss Mitford describes her as reading every book, in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to poetry. She also occupied herself with prose, writing literary articles for the *Athenæum*, and contributing to a modern rendering of Chaucer which was then being edited by her unknown friend Mr. R. H. Horne, from whose correspondence with her I have already quoted, and whose interest in literature and occupation with literary things must have brought wholesome distractions to the monotonies of her life.

But such a woman, though living so quietly and thus secluded from the world, could not have been altogether out of touch with its changing impressions. The early letters of Mrs. Browning's to Mr. Horne, written before her marriage,

and published with her husband's sanction after her death, are full of the suggestions of her delightful fancy. Take, for instance, "Sappho, who broke off a fragment of her soul for us to guess at." Of herself, she says (apparently in answer to some questions), "my story amounts to the knife-grinder's, with nothing at all for a catastrophe! *A bird in a cage would have as good a story; most of my events and nearly all my intense pleasures have passed in my thoughts.*" Here is another instance of her unconscious presence in the minds of others. "I remember all those sad circumstances connected with the last doings of poor Haydon." Mr. Browning writes to Professor Knight, in 1882: "He never saw my wife, but interchanged letters with her occasionally. On visiting her, the day before the painter's death, I found her room occupied by a quantity of studies—sketches and portraits—which, together with paints, palettes, and brushes, he had chosen to send in apprehension of an arrest or, at all events, an 'execution' in his own house. The letter which apprised her of this step said, in excuse of it, 'they may have a right to my goods; they can have none to my mere work tools and necessities of existence,' or words to that effect. The next morning I read the account in the *Times*, and myself hastened to break the news at Wimpole Street, but had been anticipated. Every article was at once sent back, no doubt. I do not remember noticing Wordsworth's portrait—it never belonged to my wife, certainly, at any time. She possessed an engraving of the head; I suppose a gift from poor Haydon...."

III.

My friend Professor Knight has kindly given me leave to quote from some more of his letters from Robert Browning. One most interesting record describes the poet's own first acquaintance with Mr. Kenyon. The letter is dated January the 10th, 1884; but the events related, of course, to some forty years before.

"With respect to the information you desire about Mr. Kenyon, all that I do 'know of him—better than anybody,' perhaps—is his great goodness to myself. Singularly, little respecting his early life came to my knowledge. He was the cousin of Mr. Barrett; second cousin, therefore, of my wife, to whom

he was ever deeply attached. I first met him at a dinner of Sergeant Talfourd's, after which he drew his chair by mine and inquired whether my father had been his old school-fellow and friend at Cheshunt, adding that, in a poem just printed, he had been commemorating their play-ground fights, armed with sword and shield, as Achilles and Hector, some half-century before. On telling this to my father at breakfast next morning, he at once, with a pencil, sketched me the boy's handsome face, still distinguishable in the elderly gentleman's I had made acquaintance with. Mr. Kenyon at once renewed his own acquaintance with my father, and became my fast friend; hence my introduction to Miss Barrett.

"He was one of the best of human beings, with a general sympathy for excellence of every kind. He enjoyed the friendship of Wordsworth, of Southey, of Landor; and, in later days, was intimate with most of my own contemporaries of eminence. I believe that he was born in the West Indies, whence his property was derived, as was that of Mr. Barrett, persistently styled a 'merchant' by biographers who will not take the pains to do more than copy the blunders of their forerunners in the business of article-mongery. He was twice married, but left no family. I should suggest Mr. Scharf (of the National Portrait Gallery) as a far more qualified informant on all such matters, my own concern having mainly been with his exceeding goodness to me and mine."

IV.

When Mrs. Orr's admirable history of Robert Browning appeared, the writer felt that it was but waste of time to attempt anything like a biographical record. Others, with more knowledge of his early days, have described Robert Browning as a child, as a boy, and a very young man. How touching, among other things, is the account of the little child among his animals and pets; and of the tender mother taking so much pains to find the original editions of Shelley and of Keats, and giving them to her boy at a time when their works were scarcely to be bought! This much I will just note, that Browning was a year younger than my own father, and was born at Camberwell in May, 1812. He went to Italy when he was twenty years of age, and there he studied hard, laying in a noble treasury of facts and fancies to be dealt out in after-life, when the time comes to draw upon the past, upon that youth which age spends liberally, and which is "the background of pale gold" upon which all our lives are painted.

Browning's first published poem was "Pauline," coming out in the same year as the "Miller's Daughter" and the "Dream of Fair Women." And we are also told that Dante Rossetti, then a very young man, admired "Pauline" so much that he copied* the whole poem out from the book in the British Museum.

In 1834 Robert Browning went to Russia, and there wrote "Porphyria's Lover," published by Mr. Jonathan Fox in a Unitarian magazine, where the poem must have looked somewhat out of place. It was at Mr. Fox's house that Browning first met Macready.

Notwithstanding many differences and consequent estrangements, I have often heard Mr. Browning speak of the great actor with interest and sympathy, the last time being when *Recollections of Macready*, a book of Lady Pollock's, had just come out. She had sent Mr. Browning a copy, with which he was delighted, and he quoted page after page from memory. His memory was to the last most remarkable.

There is a touching passage in Mrs. Orr's book describing the meeting of Browning and Macready after their long years of estrangement. Both had seen their homes wrecked and desolate; both had passed through deep waters. They met unexpectedly and held each other's hands again. "Oh! Macready," said Browning. And neither of them could speak another word.

As we all know, it was Mr. Kenyon who first introduced Robert Browning to his future wife; and the story, as told by Mrs. Orr, is most romantic. The poet was about thirty-two years of age at this time, in the fulness of his powers. She was supposed to be a confirmed invalid, confined to her own room and to her couch, seeing no one, living her own spiritual life, indeed, but looking for none other, when Mr. Kenyon first brought Mr. Browning to her father's house. Miss Barrett's reputation was well established by this time. "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was already published, in which the author had written of Browning among other poets as of "some pomegranate, which, if cut deep down the middle, shows a heart within blood-tinct-

* The writer has in her possession a book in which her own father, somewhere about that same year, copied out Tennyson's "Day Dream" verse by verse.

ured, of a veined humanity"; and one can well believe that this present meeting must have been but a phase in an old and long-existing sympathy between kindred spirits. Very soon afterwards the poets became engaged, and they were married in the autumn of the year 1846.

Who does not know the story of this marriage of true souls? Has not Mrs. Browning herself spoken of it in words indelible and never to be quoted without sympathy by all women? while *he* from his own fireside has struck chord after chord of manly feeling than which this life contains nothing deeper or more true.

The sonnets from the Portuguese were written by Elizabeth Barrett to Mr. Browning before her marriage, although she never even showed them to him till some years after they were man and wife. They were sonnets such as no Portuguese ever wrote before, or ever will write again. There is a quality in them which is beyond words, that echo which belongs to the highest human expression of feeling. But such a love to such a woman comes with its own testament.

Some years before her marriage the doctors had positively declared that Miss Barrett's life depended upon her leaving England for the winter, and immediately after their marriage Mr. Browning took his wife abroad.

Mrs. Jameson was at Paris when Mr. and Mrs. Browning arrived there. There is an interesting account* of the meeting, and of their all journeying together southwards by Avignon and Vaucluse. Can this be the life-long invalid of whom we read, perching out-of-doors upon a rock, among the shallow curling waters of a stream? They come to a rest at Pisa, whence Mrs. Browning writes to her old friend Mr. Horne, to tell him of her marriage, adding that Mrs. Jameson calls her, notwithstanding all the emotion and fatigue of the last six weeks, rather "*transformed*" than improved. From Pisa the new married pair went to Florence, where they finally settled, and where their boy was born in 1849.

Poets are painters in words, and the color and the atmosphere of the country to which they belong seem to be repeated almost unconsciously in their work and its setting. Mrs. Browning was an English woman; though she lived in Italy,

though she died in Florence, though she loved the land of her adoption, yet she never, for all that, ceased to breathe her native air as she sat by the Casa Guidi windows; and though Italian sunshine dazzled her dark eyes, and Italian voices echoed in the street, though her very ink was mixed with the waters of the Arno, she still wrote of Herefordshire lakes and hills, of the green land where "jocund childhood" played, "dimpled close with hill and valley, dappled very close with shade." . . . Now that the writer has seen the first home and the last home of that kind friend of her girlhood, it seems to her as if she could better listen to that poet's song, growing sweeter, as all true music does, with years.

We had been spending an autumn month in Mrs. Browning's country when we drove to visit the scene of her early youth, and it seemed to me as if an echo of her melody was still vibrating from hedge-row to hedge-row, even though the birds were silent, and though summer and singing-time was over. We drove along, my little son and I, towards Hope End, by a road descending gradually from the range of the Malvern Hills into the valley; it ran across commons sprinkled with geese and with lively donkeys, and skirted by the cottages still alight with sunflowers and nasturtium beds, for they were sheltered from the cold wind by the range of purple hills "looming arow"; then we dipped into lanes between high banks heaped with ferns and leaves of every shade of burnished gold and brown, fenced up by the twisting roots of the chestnuts and oak-trees; and all along the way, as our old white horse jogged steadily on, we could see the briers and the blackberry sprays travelling too, advancing from tree to tree and from hedge to hedge, flashing their long flaming brands and warning tokens of winter's approaching armies. The wind was cold and in the north; the sky overhead was broken and stormy. Sometimes we dived into sudden glooms among rocks overhung with ivy and thick brushwood, then we came out into an open space again, and caught sight of vast skies dashed with strange lights, of a wonderful cloud-capped country up above that seemed to reach from ocean to ocean, while the storm-clouds reared their vast piles out of these sapphire

* *Life of Mrs. Jameson*, by Mrs. Macpherson.

depths. Our adventures were not along the road, but chiefly overhead. My boy amused himself by counting the broken rainbows and the hail-storms falling in the distance; and then at last, just as we were getting cold and tired, we turned into the lodge gates of Hope End.

I don't know how the park strikes other people; to me, who paid this one short visit, it seemed a sort of enchanted garden revealed for an hour, and I almost expected that it would then vanish away.* The green sides of the hills sloped down

herds, wild creatures, sympathetic, not yet afraid! Finally came a sight of the river, where a couple of water-fowl were flying into the sedges. But where was the wild swan's nest? and why was not the great god Pan there to welcome us? It all seemed so natural and so vivid that I should not have been startled to see him sitting there by the side of the river.

IV.

The only memorandum I ever made of Mrs. Browning's talk was when I was



MRS. BROWNING'S TOMB AT FLORENCE.

into the garden, and rose again crowned with pine-trees; everything was wild, abrupt, and yet suddenly harmonious. We passed an unsuspected lake covered with water-lilies. A flock of sheep at full gallop plunged across the road, then came ponies with long manes and round wondering eyes trotting after us. Sometimes in the Alps one has met such

* "Here's the garden she walked across....

Down this side of the gravel-walk

She went, while her robe's edge brushed the box:

And here she paused in her gracious talk

To point me a moth on the milk-white flox.

Roses ranged in valiant row,

I will never think she passed you by!"....

—"GARDEN FANCIES," R. B.

about sixteen years old, and I heard her saying of some one else, "That without illness, she saw no reason why the mind should ever fail." The visitor to whom she was talking seems to have come away complaining that the conversation had been too matter-of-fact, too much to the point; nothing romantic, nothing poetic, such as one might expect from a poet! Another person also present had answered that was just the reason of Mrs. Browning's power—she kept her poetry for her poetry, and didn't scatter it about where it was not wanted; and then comes a girlish note: "I think Mrs. Browning is the greatest woman I ever saw in all

my life. She is very small; she is brown, with dark eyes and dead brown hair; she has white teeth and a low, curious voice; she has a manner full of charm and kindness; she rarely laughs, but is always cheerful and smiling; her eyes are very bright. Her husband is not unlike her. He is short; he is dark, with a frank open countenance, long hair streaked with gray; he opens his mouth wide when he speaks; he has white teeth."

When I first remember Mr. Browning he was a comparatively young man—though, for the matter of that, he was always young, as his father had been before him—and he was also happy in this, that the length of his life can best be measured by his work. In those days I had not read one single word of his poetry, but somehow one realized that it was there.* Almost the first time I ever really recall Mr. Browning, he and my father and Mrs. Browning were discussing spiritualism in a very human and material fashion, each holding to their own point of view, and my sister and I sat by listening and silent. My father was always immensely interested by the stories thus told, though he certainly did not believe in them. Mrs. Browning believed, and Mr. Browning was always irritated beyond patience by the subject. I can remember her voice, a sort of faint minor chord, as she, lisping the "r" a little, uttered her remonstrating "Robert!" and his loud dominant barytone sweeping away every possible plea she and my father could make; and then came my father's deliberate notes, which seemed to fall a little sadly—his voice always sounded a little sad—upon the rising waves of the discussion. I think this must have been just before we all went to Rome: it was in the morning, in some foreign city. I can see Mr. and Mrs. Browning, with their faces turned towards the window, and my father with his back to it, and all of us assembled in a little high-up room. Mr. Browning was dressed in a brown rough suit, and his hair was black hair then; and she, as far as I can remember, was, as usual, in soft-falling flounces of black silk, and with her heavy curls drooping, and a thin gold chain hanging round her neck.

* An incidental allusion in Mrs. Orr's life of Browning has only recalled my own vivid impression of the happy relations between my father and Mrs. Browning.

In the winter of 1853-4 we lived in Rome, in the Via della Croce, and the Brownings lived in the Bocca di Leone hard by. The evenings our father dined away from home our old donna (so I think cooks used to be called) would conduct us to our tranquil dissipations, through the dark streets, past the swinging lamps, up and down the black stone staircases; and very frequently we spent an evening with Mrs. Browning in her quiet room, while Mr. Browning was out visiting some of the many friends who were assembled in Rome that year. At ten o'clock came our father's servant to fetch us back, with the huge key of our own somewhat imposing palazzo. It was a happy and an eventful time, all the more eventful and happy to us for the presence of the two kind ladies, Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Sartoris, who befriended us.

I can also remember one special evening at Mrs. Sartoris's, when a certain number of people were sitting just before dinner-time in one of those lofty Roman drawing-rooms, which become so delightful when they are inhabited by English people, which look so chill and formal in their natural condition. This saloon was on the first floor, with great windows at the farther end. It was all full of a certain mingled atmosphere of flowers and light, and comfort and color. It was in contrast but not out of harmony with Mrs. Browning's quiet room—in both places existed the individuality which real home-makers know how to give to their homes. Here swinging lamps were lighted up, beautiful things hung on the walls, the music came and went as it listed, a great piano was drawn out and open, the tables were piled with books and flowers. Mrs. Sartoris, the lady of the shrine, dressed in some flowing, pearly satin tea gown, was sitting by a round table reading to some other women who had come to see her. She was reading from a book of poems which had lately appeared; and as she read in her wonderful Muse-like way she paused, she re-read the words, and she emphasized the lines, then stopped short, the others exclaiming, half laughing, half protesting.... It was a lively, excitable party, outstaying the usual hour of a visit; questioning, puzzling, and discursive—a Browning society of the past—into the midst of which a door opens (and it is this fact which recalls it to my

mind), and Mr. Browning himself walks in, and the burst of voices is suddenly reduced to one single voice, that of the hostess, calling him to her side, and asking him to define his meaning. But he evaded the question, began to talk of something else—he never much cared to talk of his own poetry—and the Browning society dispersed.

Mrs. Sartoris used to describe many pleasant meetings between the Brownings and themselves, and there is one particular festival she used to like to speak of—a certain luncheon at their house, which she always said was one of the most delightful entertainments she could remember in all her life. One wonders whether the guests or the hosts contributed most. Each one had been happy and talked his or her best, and when the Sartorises got up reluctantly to go, saying "How delightful it had been," Mr. Browning cried, "Come back to sup with us, do"; and Mrs. Browning exclaimed, "Oh, Robert, how can you ask them! There is no supper, nothing but the remains of the pie." And then, cries Robert Browning, "Well, come back and finish the pie."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 9, 1891, contains an amusing account of a journey from London to Paris taken forty years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Browning. The companion they carried with them writes of the expedition, dating from Chelsea, September 4, 1851:

"The day before yesterday, near midnight, I returned from a very short and very insignificant excursion to Paris, which, after a month at Malvern water-cure and then a ten days at Scotsbrig, concludes my travels for this year. Miserable puddle and tumult all my travels are; of no use to me except to bring agitation, sleeplessness, sorrow, and distress. Better not to travel at all unless when I am bound to do it. But this tour to Paris was a promised one. I had engaged to meet the Ashburtons (Lord and Lady) there, on their return from Switzerland and Hamburg, before either party left London. The time at last suited; all was ready except will on my part; so, after hesitation and painful indecision enough, I did resolve, packed my baggage again, and did the little tour I stood engaged for."

The chronicle begins on Monday, September 21st, when "Brother John" and Carlyle go to Chorley to consult about passports, routes, and conditions. . . .

"At Chapman's shop I learned that Robert Browning (poet) and his wife were just about

setting out for Paris. I walked to their place; had, during that day and the following, consultations with these fellow-pilgrims, and decided to go with them *à la* Dieppe on Thursday. . . .

"Up, according, on Thursday morning, in unutterable flurry and tumult—phenomena on the Thames all dreamlike, one spectralism chasing another—to the station in good time; found the Brownings just arriving, which seemed a good omen. Browning with wife and child and maid, then an empty seat for cloaks and baskets; lastly, at the opposite end from me, a hard-faced, honest Englishman or Scotchman all in gray with a gray cap, who looked rather ostrich-like, but proved very harmless and quiet—this was the loading of our carriage; and so away we went, Browning talking very loud and with vivacity, I silent rather, tending towards many thoughts. . . .

"Our friends, especially our French friends, were full of bustle, full of noise, at starting; but so soon as we had cleared the little channel of Newhaven and got into the sea or British Channel all this abated, sank into the general sordid torpor of seasickness, with its miserable noises—'houhah, hoh!'—and hardly any other, amid the rattling of the wind and sea. A sorry phasis of humanity! Browning was sick—lay in one of the bench-tents horizontal, his wife below. I was not absolutely sick, but had to be quite quiet and without comfort, save in one cigar, for seven or eight hours of blustering, spraying, and occasional rain."

And so with mention of the prostration into doleful silence, of evanition into utter darkness, of the poor Frenchman who was so lively at starting.

"At Dieppe, while the others were in the hotel having some very bad cold tea and colder coffee, Browning was passing our luggage, brought it all in safe about half past ten o'clock, and we could address ourselves to repose. So to bed in my upper room, bemoaned by the sea and small incidental noises of the harbor. Next morning Browning, as before, did everything. I sat out-of-doors on some logs at my ease and smoked, looking at the population and their ways. Browning fought for us, and we—that is, the woman, the child, and I—had only to wait and be silent. At Paris the travellers came into a crowding, jingling, vociferous tumult, in which the brave Browning fought for us, leaving me to sit beside the woman."

Mr. Browning once told us a little anecdote of the Carlyles at tea in Cheyne Row, and of Mrs. Carlyle pouring out the tea, with a brass kettle boiling on the hob, and Mr. Browning presently seeing that the kettle was needed, and that Carlyle was not disposed to move, rose from his own chair, and filled the teapot for his hostess, and then stood by her tea.

table still talking and absently holding the smoking kettle in his hand.

"Can't you put it down?" said Mrs. Carlyle, suddenly; and Mr. Browning, confused and somewhat absent, immediately popped the kettle down upon the carpet, which was a new one.

Mrs. Carlyle exclaimed in horror—I have no doubt she was half laughing—"See how fine he has grown! He does not any longer know what to do with the kettle!"

And, sure enough, when Mr. Browning penitently took it up again, a brown oval mark was to be seen clearly stamped and burned upon the new carpet. "You can imagine what I felt," said Mr. Browning. "Carlyle came to my rescue. 'Ye should have been more explicit,' said he to his wife."

V.

When my father went for the second time to America, in 1856, my sister and I remained behind, and for a couple of days we staid on in our home before going to Paris. Those days of parting are always sad ones, and we were dismally moping about the house and preparing for our own journey when we were immensely cheered by a visitor. It was Mr. Browning, who came in to see us, and who brought us an affectionate little note from his wife. We were to go and spend the evening with them, the kind people said. They had Mr. Kenyon's brougham at their disposal, and it would come and fetch us and take us back at night, and so that first sad evening passed far more happily than we could ever have imagined possible. I remember feeling, as young people do, utterly, hopelessly miserable, and then suddenly very cheerful every now and then. I believe my father had planned it all with them before he went away.

This was in the autumn of 1856, and "Aurora Leigh" was published in 1857. It must have been on the occasion of their journey home to England that "Aurora Leigh" was lost in its box at Marseilles.

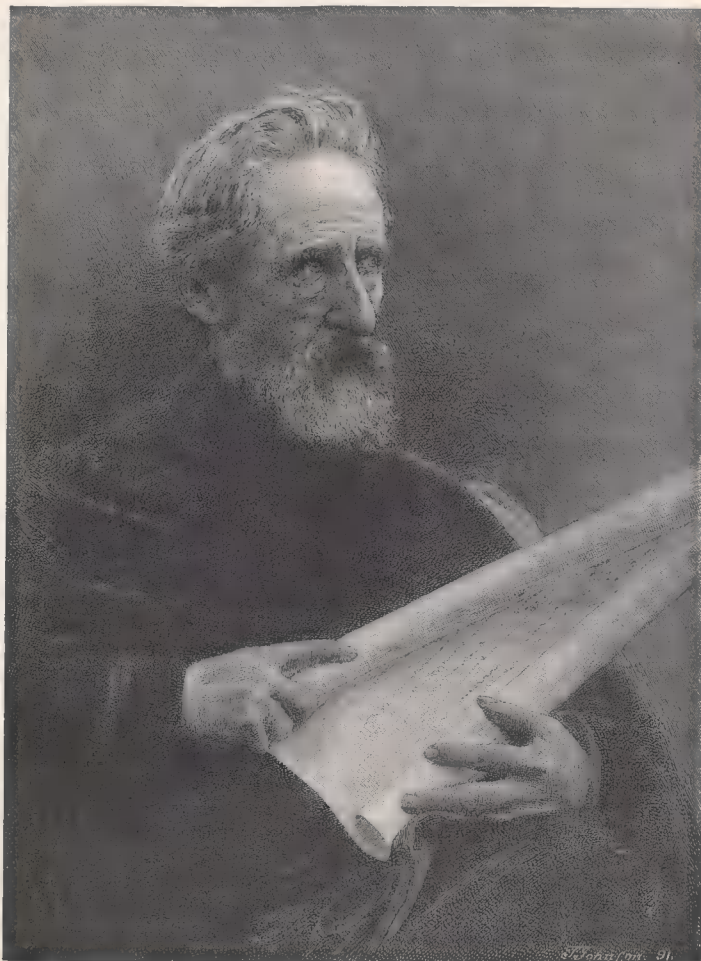
The box was at Marseilles, where it had been left by some oversight, and all the MSS. had been packed in it. In this same box were also carefully put away certain velvet suits and lace collars, in which the little son was to make his appearance among his English relatives. Mrs. Browning's chief concern was not for her

MSS., but for the loss of her little boy's wardrobe, which had been devised with so much motherly pride. Who shall blame her if her taste in boys' costume was somewhat too fanciful and poetic for the days in which she lived?

Happily for the world at large, one of Mrs. Browning's brothers chanced to pass through the place, and the box was discovered by him stowed away in a cellar at the customs.

We must have met again in Paris later in this same year. The Brownings had an apartment near the Rond Point, where we used to go and see them, only to find the same warm and tranquil atmosphere that we used to breathe at Rome—the sofa drawn out, the tiny lady in the corner, the afternoon sun dazzling in at the window. On one occasion Mr. Hamilton Aidé was paying a visit. He had been talking about books, and, half laughing, he turned to a young woman who had just come in and asked her when *her* forthcoming work would be ready. Young persons are ashamed, and very properly so, of their early failures, of their *pattes de mouches* and wild attempts at authorship, and this one was no exception to the common law, and answered "Never," somewhat too emphatically. And then it was that Mr. Browning spoke one of those chance sayings which make headings to the chapters of one's life. "All in good time," he said, and he went on to ask us all if we remembered the epitaph on the Roman lady who sat at home and span wool. "You must spin your wool some day," he said, kindly, to the would-be authoress; "every woman has wool to spin of some sort or another; isn't it so?" he said, and he turned to his wife.

I went home feeling quite impressed by the little speech, it had been so gravely and kindly made. My blurred pages looked altogether different, somehow. It was spinning wool—it was not wasting one's time, one's temper—it was something more than spoiling paper and pens. And this much I may perhaps add for the comfort of the future race of authoresses who are now spinning the cocoons from which the fluttering butterflies and Psyches yet to be will emerge upon their wings: never has anything given more trouble or seemed more painfully hopeless than those early incoherent pages, so full of meaning to one's self, so absolutely idiotic in expression. In later life the words come easily,



MR. MILSAND.

From a copyrighted photograph by Julia Margaret Cameron.

only too readily; but then it is the meaning which lags behind.

It was in that same apartment that I remember hearing Mr. Browning say (across all these long years): "It may seem to you strange that such a thing as poetry should be written with regularity at the same hour in every day. But nevertheless I do assure you it is a fact that my wife and I sit down every morning after breakfast to our separate work; she writes in the drawing-room and I write in here," he said, opening a door into a little back empty room with a window over a court. And then he added, "I never read a word she writes until I see it all finished and ready for publication."

Among the people I remember in the old Paris days there is one friend of very early date, whom we used to see from time to time with Mr. and Miss Browning at the house of Mrs. Corkran and elsewhere, this was Mr. Milsand, a man to whom every one turned with instinctive trust and sympathy, a slight body, a great and generous nature. Mr. Browning has described him in "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," and has dedicated several of his poems to him. By the kindness of Madame Milsand, who, from her house at Dijon, has sent me the following letters, I am able to give some passages of his correspondence with Mr. Browning. Here is a delightful opening

glimpse "by the fireside" of the poet's home:

"FLORENCE, Feb. 24, '58.

"It is far too many weeks now, my dear Milsand, since we got your letter—and certainly it has never once been out of sight any more than out of mind, for I put it over the fireplace where we both sit these long winter evenings, and often, indeed, a glance at it has brought you beside us again, as on those pleasant Paris evenings. We English have a superstition that when people talk of us our *ears* burn—have yours caused you any serious inconvenience that way? You know we three have long since passed the stage in friendship when assurances are necessary to any one of us. For us two here, we gained nothing by our sojourn in Paris like the knowledge and love of you, and yet Paris gave us many valuable things. One day, in all probability, we shall come together again, and meantime the news of you, though never so slight, will be a delight to us; yet your letter has been all this time unanswered; but one reason was that only in the last day or two have I been able to get the review with your article in; it is here on the table at last. In what is it obscure? Strong, condensed, and direct it is, and no doubt the common readers of easy writing feel oppressed by twenty pages of such masculine stuff. My wife will write a few lines about ourselves; she is suffering a little from the cold which has come late, nor very severely either, but enough to influence her more than I could wish. We live wholly alone here; I have not left the house one evening since our return. I am writing, a first step towards popularity for me, lyrics with more music and painting than before, so as to get people to hear and see*.....something to follow, if I can compass it.....

"I have a new acquaintance here, much to my taste, Tennyson's eldest brother, who has long been settled here, with many of his brother's qualities, a very earnest, simple, and truthful man, with many admirable talents and acquirements, the whole sicklied o'er by an inordinate dose of our English disease, shyness; he sees next to no company, but comes here, and we walk together.....I knew too little of Mr. Darley;† will he keep the slender memory of me he may have? and do you, dear Milsand, ever know me for yours affectionately,

R. B."

In this same letter there is an interesting paragraph which runs as follows:

* "How a sound shall quicken content to bliss."

—DRAMATIC LYRICS.

† The writer has left the little message to Mr. Darley, which commemorates another very early recollection, that of a gentle, handsome painter whom she as a child remembers. His paintings made no particular impression upon us all, but his kind tranquillity of manner and courteous ways are not to be forgotten.

"Helen Faucit is going to produce an old play of mine never acted, at the Haymarket, *Colombe's Birthday*; look out for it in April, keeping in mind the proverbial uncertainty of things theatrical. My main hope of its success lies in its being wholly an actor's and manager's speculation, not the writer's."

I have been fortunate for years past in being able to count upon the help of a recording friend and neighbor, to whom I sometimes go for the magic of a suggestive touch, when together we conjure up things out of the past.

I wrote to ask her about the production of Mr. Browning's plays upon the stage, and she sent me the following account of her recollections of *Strafford*; nor can I do better now than insert her answer here at length, for to cut out any word is to destroy the impression which it gives:

"April 30, 1891, BRIGHTON.

"The production of Browning's *Strafford* which you ask me about, occurred so early in my career that anything I could say about it would be, I fear, of little use to you. I was so young then, and just a mere novice in my art, so that my first feeling, when I heard the play read, was one of wonder that such a weighty character as Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, should be intrusted to my hands. I was told that Mr. Browning had particularly wished me to undertake it. I naturally felt the compliment implied in the wish, but this only increased my surprise, which did not diminish as I advanced in the study of the character.

"Lady Carlisle, as drawn by Mr. Browning, a woman versed in all the political struggles and intrigues of the times, did not move me. The only interest she awoke in me was due to her silent love for *Strafford* and devotion to his cause; and I wondered why, depending so absolutely as he did upon her sympathy, her intelligence, her complete self-abnegation, he should only have, in the early part, a common expression of gratitude to give her in return.

"This made the treatment of Lucy's character, as you will readily see, all the more difficult in the necessity it imposed upon me of letting her feeling be seen by the audience, without its being perceptible to *Strafford*.

"Of course I did my best to carry out what I conceived was Mr. Browning's view; and he, at all events, I had reason to know, was well satisfied with my efforts. I had met him at Mr. and Mrs. Macready's house previously, so that at the rehearsals we renewed our acquaintance.

"I suppose he was nervous, for I remember Mr. Macready read the play to us in the green-room. And how finely he read! He made the smallest part distinct and prominent. He was accused of under-reading his own part. But I do not think this was so.

"At the rehearsals, when Mr. Browning was introduced to those ladies and gentlemen whom he did not know, his demeanor was so kind, considerate, and courteous, so grateful for the attention shown to his wishes, that he won directly the warm interest of all engaged in the play. So it was that although many doubtful forecasts were made in the greenroom as to the ultimate attraction of a play so entirely turning on politics, yet all were determined to do their very best to insure its success.

"In the play Lucy has only to meet Strafford, King Charles, and Henrietta. It seemed to me that Mr. Macready's Strafford was a fine performance. The character fitted in with his restless, nervous, changeable, impetuous, and emphatic style. He looked the very man as we knew him in Vandyck's famous picture. The royal personages were very feebly represented. I could not help feeling in the scenes with them that my earnestness was overdone, and that I had no business to appear to dominate and sway and direct opinions while they stood nerveless by.

"There were some fine moments in the play. The last scene must have been very exciting and touching. Lucy believes that by her means Strafford's escape is certain; but when the water-gates open, with the boat ready to receive him, *Pym steps out of it!*.....This effect was most powerful.

"It was a dreadful moment. My heart seemed to cease to beat. I sank on my knees, burying my head in my bosom, and stopping my ears with my hands while the death-bell tolled for Strafford.

"I can remember nothing more than that I went home very sad; for although the play was considered a success, yet, somehow, even my small experience seemed to tell me it would not have a very long life, and that perhaps kind Mr. Browning would think we had not done our best for him.

"The play was mounted in all matters with great care. Modern critics seem to have little knowledge of the infinite pains bestowed in all respects before their day upon the representation of historical and Shakespearian *plays* and noteworthy *people* in romance or history.

"I can see my gown now in Lucy Percy, made from a Vandyck picture, and remember the thought bestowed even upon the *kind* of fur with which the gown was trimmed. The same minute attention to accuracy of costume prevailed in all the characters produced. The scenery was alike accurate, if not so full of small details as at present. The *human beings* dominated all."

I need scarcely add that the writer of this letter is Helena Faucit, Lady Martin, and that I have heard from others of her perfect rendering of the part of Lucy Carlisle. Browning himself spoke of

Miss Faucit's "playing as an actress, and her perfect behavior as a woman."

VI.

It was in Florence Mrs. Browning wrote "Casa Guidi Windows," containing the wonderful description of the procession passing by, and that noble apostrophe to freedom beginning, "O magi from the East and from the West." "Aurora Leigh" was also written here, which the author herself calls "the most mature of her works," the one into which her highest convictions have entered. The poem is full of beauty from the first page to the last, and beats time to a noble human heart. The opening scenes in Italy; the impression of light, of silence; the beautiful Italian mother; the austere father with his open books; the death of the mother, who lies laid out for burial in her red silk dress; the epitaph, "Weep for an infant too young to weep much when Death removed this mother." Aurora's journey to her father's old home; her lonely terror of England; her slow yielding to its silent beauty; her friendship with her cousin, Romney Leigh; their saddening, widening knowledge of the burthen and sorrow of life, and the way this knowledge influences both their fates—all is described with that irresistible fervor which is the translation of the essence of things into words.

Mrs. Browning was a great writer, but I think she was even more a wife and a mother than a writer, and any account of her would be incomplete which did not put these facts first and foremost in her history.

The author of "Aurora Leigh" once added a characteristic page to one of her husband's letters to Leigh Hunt. She has been telling him of her little boy's illness. "You are aware that that child I am more proud of than of twenty 'Auroras,' even after Leigh Hunt has praised them. When he was ill he said to me, 'You pet, don't be unhappy about *me*, think it's only a boy in the street, and be a little sorry, but not unhappy.' Who could not be unhappy, I wonder!...I never saw your book called *The Religion of the Heart*. I receive more dogmas, perhaps (my 'perhaps' being in the dark rather), than you do."

She says in conclusion, "Churches do all of them, as at present constituted, seem too narrow and low to hold true

Christianity in its proximate development—I at least cannot help believing them so.”

She seemed, even in her life, something of a spirit, as her friend has said, and her view of life's sorrow and shame, of its beauty and eternal hope, is not unlike that which one might imagine a spirit's to be. She died at Florence in 1861. It is impossible to read without emotion the account of her last hours as it is given in Robert Browning's life.

A tablet has been placed on Casa Guidi, voted by the municipality of Florence, and written by Tommaseo:

“Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose woman's heart combined the wisdom of a wise man with the genius of a poet, and whose poems form a golden ring which joins Italy to England. The town of Florence, ever grateful to her, has placed this epitaph to her memory.”

There was a woman living in Florence, an old friend, clever, warm-hearted, Miss Isa Blagden, herself a writer, who went to Mr. Browning and his little boy in their terrible desolation, and who did what little a friend could do to help them. Day after day, and for two or three nights, she watched by the stricken pair until she was relieved, then the father and the little son came back to England. They settled near Miss Barrett, Mrs. Browning's sister, who was living in Delamere Terrace, and upon her own father's death Miss Browning came to be friend, comforter, home-maker, for her brother.

I can remember walking with my father under the trees of Kensington Gardens when we met Mr. Browning just after his return to England. He was coming towards us along the broad walk in his blackness through the sunshine. We were then living in Palace Green, close by, and he came to see us very soon after. But he was in a jarred and troubled state, and not himself as yet, although I remember his speaking of the house he had just taken for himself and his boy. This was only a short time before my father's death. In 1864 my sister and I left our home and went abroad, nor did we all meet again for a very long time.

It was a mere chance, so Mr. Browning once said, whether he should live in this London house that he had taken, and join in social life, or go away to some quiet retreat and be seen no more; but

for great poets, as for small ones, events shape themselves by degrees, and after the first hard years of his return a new and gentler day began to dawn for him. Miss Browning came to them; new interests arose; acquaintances ripened to friends (this blessed human fruit takes time to mature); his work and his influence spread.

He published some of his finest work about this time. “*Dramatis Personæ*,” a great part of which had been written before, came out in 1864; then followed the “*Ring and the Book*,” published by his good friend, and ours, Mr. George Murray Smith, and “*Balaustion*” in 1871. Recognition, popularity, honorary degrees, all the tokens of appreciation, which should have come sooner, now began to crowd in upon him, lord rectorships, and fellowships, and dignities of every sort. He went his own way through it all, cordially accepted the recognition, but chiefly avoided the dignities, and kept his two lives distinct. He had his public life and his own private life, with its natural interests and outcoming friendships and constant alternate pulse of work and play.

VII.

Browning has been described as looking something like a hale naval officer; but in later life, when his hair turned snowy white, he seemed to me more like some sage of by-gone ages. There was a statue in the Capitol of Rome to which Mrs. Sartoris always likened him. I cannot imagine that any draped and filleted sage could ever have been so delightful a companion, so racy, so unselfishly interested in the events of the hour as he. “He was not only ready for talk, but fond of it,” said a writer in the *Standard*. “He was absolutely unaffected in his choice of topics; anything but the cant of literary circles pleased him. If only we knew a title of what he knew, and of what, unluckily, he gives us credit for knowing, many a hint that serves only to obscure the sense would be clear enough,” says the same writer, with no little truth.

Among Browning's many gifts that of delightful story-telling is certainly one which should not be passed over. His memory was very remarkable for certain things; general facts, odds and ends of rhyme and doggerel, bits of recondite knowledge, came back to him spontane-

ously and with vivacity. This is all to be noticed in his books, which treat of so many quaint facts and theories. His stories were specially delightful, because they were told so appositely, and were so simple and complete in themselves. A doggerel always had a curious fascination for him, and he preferred to quote the very worst poetry in his talks. On one occasion we were dining at Mr. and Mrs. Lehmann's house in Half-Moon Street; it was a cottage of delight rather than a palace, and Millais, turning round, happened to brush off the head of a flower that Browning wore in his button-hole. Concerning the said flower, the poet immediately remembered a story of a city clerk who had considered himself inspired, and had some of his verses printed. One poem began something like this:

"I love the gentle primrose
That grows beside the rill;
I love the water-lily,
Narcissus, and jonquil."

This last word was by mistake printed "John Quill," which seemed so appropriate a name, and the clerk got so much chaffed about it, that his poetical inspirations were nipped in the bud, and he printed no more poems.

Another reminiscence which my friend Mrs. C— recalls is in a sadder strain. It was a description of something Mr. Browning once saw in Italy. It happened at Arezzo, where he had turned by chance into an old church among the many old churches there, that he saw a crowd of people at the end of an aisle, and found they were looking at the skeleton of a man just discovered by some workmen who were breaking away a portion of the wall opposite the high altar. The skin was like brown leather, but the features were distinguishable. Mr. Browning made inquiries as to who it was. He could hear of no tradition even of a man being walled up. The priests thought it must have been done three or four hundred years ago. A hole had been left above his head to enable him to breathe. Mr. Browning said the dead man was standing with his hands crossed upon his breast, on the face was a look of expectation, an expression of hoping against hope. The man looked up, knowing help could only come from above, and must have died still hoping. Mrs. C— said to Mr. Browning she wondered he had not writ-

ten a poem about it. He replied he *had* done so, and had given it away.

I often find myself going back to Darwin's saying about the duration of a man's friendships being one of the best measures of his worth, and Browning's friendships are very characteristic and convincing. He specially loved Landor. For the Tennysons his was also a real and deep affection. Was there ever a happier, truer dedication than that of his collected selections?—

"TO ALFRED TENNYSON:—

"In poetry illustrious and consummate. In friendship noble and sincere?"

How enduring was his friendship for Mr. Procter, and how often has his faithful coming cheered the dear and kind old man! Of his feeling for Mr. Milsand I have already spoken. Among the women who were Mr. Browning's real friends there is the same feeling of trust and dependence.

VIII.

Besides the actual personal feelings, there are the affinities of a life to be taken into account. The following passages, which I owe to Professor Knight's kindness, are very remarkable, for they show what Browning's estimation was of Wordsworth, and although they were not written till much later, I give them here. Indeed the point of meeting of these two beneficent poet streams is one full of interest to those upon the shore. The first paragraph of the first letter relates to some new honors and dignities gratefully but firmly declined.

"*March 21st, '83.*—I *do* feel increasingly (cowardly as seems the avowal) the need of keeping the quiet corner in the world's van which I have got used to for so many years....

"I will, as you desire, attempt to pick out the twenty poems which strike me (and so as to take away my breath) as those worthiest of the master Wordsworth.

"Speaking of a classification of Wordsworth's poems, in my heart I fear I should do it almost chronologically, so immeasurably superior seem to me the first sprightly runnings. Your selection would appear to be excellent, and the partial admittance of the later work prevents one from observing the too definitely distinguishing black line between supremely good and—well, what is fairly tolerable from Wordsworth, always understand."

To one of the letters addressed to Pro-

fessor Knight there is this touching post-script:

"I open the envelope to say—what I had nearly omitted—that Ld. Coleridge proposed, and my humble self—at his desire—seconded you, last evening, for admission to the Athenæum. I had the less scruple in offering my services that you will most likely never see in the offer anything but a record of my respect and regard, since your election will come on when I shall be—dare I hope?—'elect' in even a higher society?"

Here is another letter also relating to Wordsworth:

"19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W.,
Feb. 24, '86.

"MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I have kept you waiting this long while—and for how shabby a result! You must listen indulgently while I attempt to explain why I am forced to disappoint you. One remembers few more commonplace admonitions to a poet than that 'he would wiselier have written but a quarter of the works which he has labored at for a lifetime,' unless it be this other, often coupled with it, 'that such works ought to be addressed to the general apprehension, not exclusively suited to the requirements of a (probably quite imaginary) few.' Each precept contradicts the other. Write, on set purpose, for the many, and you will soon enough be reminded of the old 'Tot homines'; and write as conscientiously for the few—your idealized 'Double' (it comes to that)—and you may soon suit him with the extremely little that suits yourself. Now in view of which of these objects should the maker of a selection of the works of any poet worth the pains begin his employment?"

"I have myself attempted the business, and know something of the achievements in this kind of my betters. They furnish a list of the pieces which the selector has found most delight in. And I have found also that others, playing the selector with apparently as good a right and reason, were dissatisfied with this unaccountable addition, and that as inexplicable omission; in short, that the sole selector was not himself; the only case in which no such stumbling-block occurs being that obvious one—if it has ever occurred—when a public wholly unacquainted with an author is presumed to be accessible to a specimen of his altogether untried productions—for, by chance, the sample of the poetry of Brown and Jones may pierce the ignorance of somebody—say of Robinson. It is quite another matter of interest to know what Matthew Arnold thinks most worthy in Wordsworth. But should anybody have curiosity to inquire which 'fifteen or twenty' of his poems have most thoroughly impressed such a one as myself, all I can affirm is that I treasure as precious every poem written during about the

first twenty years of the poet's life; after these, the solution grows weaker, the crystals gleam more rarely, and the assiduous stirring up of the mixture is too apparent and obtrusive. To the end crystals are to be come at; but my own experience resembles that of the old man in the admirable 'Resolution and Independence':

"Once I could meet with them on every side,
But they have dwindled long by slow decay,
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may"

—that is, in the poet's whole work, which I should leave to operate in the world as it may, each recipient his own selector.

"I only find room to say that I was delighted to make acquaintance with your daughter, and that should she feel any desire to make that of my sister, we shall welcome her gladly.

Believe me ever, my dear Professor,

Yours most truly,

ROBERT BROWNING."

IX.

We were all living in "sea-coast-nook-full" Normandy one year, scattered into various châteaux and shops and tenements. Some of our party were installed in a clematis-wreathed mansion near the church tower; others were at the milk-woman's on the road to the sea. Most of the lively population of the little watering-place was stowed away in chalets, of which the little fronts seemed wide open to the road from morning to night; many people contentedly spent whole days in tents on the sea-shore. It was a fine hot summer, with sweetness and completeness everywhere; the corn-fields gilt and far-stretching, the waters blue, the skies arching high and clear, and the sunsets succeeding each other in most glorious light and beauty. Our old friend Mr. Milsand had a little country lodge at St. Aubin, near Luc-sur-Mer, and I wrote to him from the shady court-yard of our château, and begged him to come over and see us; and when he came he told us Mr. and Miss Browning were also living close by. We were walking along the dusty road and passing the old square tower when he suddenly stood still, and fixing his earnest look upon me, said:

"Tell me why is there some reserve; is anything wrong between you and Robert Browning? I see you are reserved; I see he is also constrained; what is it?"

To which I replied honestly enough that I did not know what it was; there *was* some constraint between me and my old friend. I imagined that some one had

made mischief; I could see plainly enough when we met that he was vexed and hurt, but I could not tell why, and it certainly made me very unhappy. "But this must not be," said Milsand; "this must be cleared." I said it was hopeless; it had lasted for months, and in those days I was still young enough to imagine that a mood was eternal; that coldness could never change. Now I find it almost impossible to give that consideration to a quarrel which is invariably claimed under such circumstances.

I happened to be alone next day; the cousins and the children who were with me had gone down to the sea. I was keeping house in the blazing heat with F—— (the family despot, the late nurse and present housekeeper of the party). The shutters were closed against the blinding light; I was writing in my bedroom, with a pleasant sense of temporary solitude and silence, when I chanced to go to the window, and looked into the old walled court. I saw the great gates open a little way, and a man's broad-shouldered figure coming through them, and then advance, striding across the stones, towards the house. It was Mr. Browning, dressed all in white, with a big white umbrella under his arm. It was the poet himself, and over and beyond this, it was my kind, welcome *old* friend returned, all reserve and coldness gone, never to trouble or perplex again. We had no explanations.

"Don't ask," he said; "the facts are not worth remembering or inquiring into; people make mischief without even meaning it. It is all over now. I have come to ask when you will come to St. Aubin; my sister is away for a few days, but the Milsands are counting on you."

We started almost the next day in a rattle-trap chaise, with an escort of donkeys ridden by nephews and nieces, along the glaring sandy road to Luc. The plains were burning hot and the sea seemed on fire, but the children and donkeys kept up valiantly. At last we reached a little village on the outer edges of Luc-sur-Mer, and in the street stood Monsieur Milsand, in front of a tiny house. How kind was his greeting! How cordial was that of his wife and daughter, coming to the door to make us welcome! Mr. Browning was also waiting in the diminutive sitting-room, where I remember a glimpse of big books and comfortable seats and tables. The feast itself was

spread out-of-doors on the terrace at the back, with a shady view of the sea between lilac-bushes; the low table was laid with dainties, glasses, and quaint decanters. Mr. Milsand was the owner of vineyards in the south, and abstemious though he was, he gave his friends the best of good wine, as well as of words and welcome. From this by-gone and happy feast, two dishes are still present to my mind: a certain capon, and a huge fish lying in a country platter, curled on a bed of fennel, surrounded by a wreath of marigolds, and in its mouth a bunch of flowers. The host helped us each in turn; the Normandy maid appeared and disappeared with her gleaming gold earrings; then came a pause, during which Madame Milsand rose quietly and went into the house. The gentlemen were talking pleasantly, and the ladies listening agreeably (there are many local politics to be discussed on the Normandy coast). But somehow, after a time, the voices ceased, and in the silence we heard the strains of distant martial music. Mr. Milsand looked inquiringly at his daughter.

"It is the regiment marching by," said Mlle. Milsand.

"But where is my wife?" said Monsieur Milsand. "*She* cannot have gone to the review."

Still the music sounded; still we waited. Then to us returned our handsome, dignified hostess. "She had not been to the review," she said, laughing and apologizing; "but, ladies and gentlemen," she added, "you must please content yourselves with your fricandeau, for, alas! there is no news of my larded capon. It went to the pastry-cook's to be roasted; I have just sent the maid to inquire; it was despatched to us, ready for the table, half an hour ago, on a tray carried by the pastry-cook's boy. It is feared that he is running after the soldiers! I am in despair at your meagre luncheon."

But I need not say we were not to be pitied. As we feasted on, as the last biscuit was crumbled, the last fragrant cup of coffee handed round, once more came the Normandy ear-rings.

"Shall I serve the capon, madame? Pierre has just returned from the review."

But we all cried out that we must come back another day to eat the capon. The sun was getting low. If we carried out our intention of walking to St. Aubin and

seeing Mr. Browning's cottage, we must start forthwith. The path ran along the high cliff. Mr. Browning went before us, leading the way to "mine own hired house."

Once more the whole scene comes before me: the sea-coast far below our feet, the arid vegetation of the sandy way, the rank yellow snapdragons lining the paths. There was not much other color; the tones were delicate, half airy, half solid; the sea was in a vast circle around us; the waves were flowing into the scooped sandy bay of Luc-sur-Mer; the rocks of the Calvados were hidden behind the jutting promontories; here and there a rare poppy, like a godsend, shone up by chance. It took us half an hour's quick walk to reach the two little straight sentry-boxes standing on the cliffs against the sky, to which Mr. Browning pointed. He himself has described this habitation in "Red Cotton Nightcap Country":

"That just behind you is mine own hired house,
With right of pathway through the field in front.
No prejudice to all its growth unsheath'd
Of emerald Luzern bursting into blue. . . .
Be sure I keep the path that hugs the wall
Of mornings, as I pad from door to gate!
You yellow—what if not wild-mustard flower?
Of that my naked sole makes lawful prize,
Bruising the acrid aromatics out. . . .
And lo, the wave protrudes a lip at last,
And flecks my foot with froth, nor tempts in vain."

We entered the Brownings' house. The sitting-room door opened to the garden and the sea beyond—a fresh-swept bare floor, a table, three straw chairs, one book upon the table. Mr. Browning told us it was the only book he had with him. The bedrooms were as bare as the sitting-room, but I remember a little dumb piano standing in a corner, on which he used to practise in the early morning. I heard Mr. Browning declaring they were perfectly satisfied with their little house. That his brains, squeezed as dry as a sponge, were only ready for fresh air.

But has not Browning himself best summed up the contrast between the meek, hitherto un-Murrayed, bathing-place and London, where

"My toe trespassed upon your founce,
Small blame unto you, seeing the staircase party in the square
Was small and early, and you broke no rib."

X.

This visit to St. Aubin was followed by "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," and on this occasion I must break my rule, and trench upon the ground traversed by Mrs. Orr. I cannot give myself greater pleasure than by quoting the following passage from the *Life*:

"The August of 1872 and of 1873 again found him and his sister at St. Aubin, and the earlier visit was an important one, since it supplied him with the materials of his next work, of which Miss Annie Thackeray, there also for a few days, suggested the title. The tragic drama which forms the subject of Mr. Browning's poem had been in great part enacted in the vicinity of St. Aubin, and the case of disputed inheritance to which it had given rise was pending at that moment in the tribunals of Caen. The prevailing impression left on Miss Thackeray's mind by this primitive district was, she declared, that of white cotton nightcaps (the habitual head-gear of the Normandy peasants). She engaged to write a story called 'White Cotton Nightcap Country,' and Mr. Browning's quick sense of both contrast and analogy inspired the introduction of this element of repose into his own picture of that peaceful prosaic existence, and of the ghostly, spiritual conflict to which it had served as background. He employed a good deal of perhaps strained ingenuity in the opening pages of the work in making the white nightcap foreshadow the red, itself the symbol of liberty, and only indirectly connected with tragic events; and he would, I think, have emphasized the irony of circumstance in a manner more characteristic of himself if he had laid his stress on the remoteness from 'the madding crowd,' and repeated Miss Thackeray's title. There can, however, be no doubt that his poetic imagination, no less than his human insight, was amply vindicated by his treatment of the story."

And perhaps the writer may be excused for inserting here a letter which concerns the dedication of "Red Cotton Nightcap Country"—a very unexpected and delightful consequence of our friendly meeting:

"May 9, 1873.

"DEAR MISS THACKERAY,—Indeed the only sort of pain that any sort of criticism could give me would be by the reflection of any particle of pain it managed to give you. I dare say that by long use I don't feel or attempt to feel criticisms of this kind, as most people might. Remember that everybody this thirty years has given me his kick and gone his way, just as I am told the understood duty of all highway travellers in Spain is to bestow at least one friendly thump for the mayoral's sake on his horses as they toil along up hill,

'so utterly a puzzle,' 'organ-grinding,' and so forth, come and go again without much notice; but any poke at me which would touch *you*, would vex me indeed; therefore pray don't let my critics into *that* secret! Indeed *I* thought the article highly complimentary, which comes of being in the category celebrated by Butler:

'Some have been kicked till they know [not]
whether
The shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.'

You see, the little patch of velvet in the toe-piece of this slipper seemed to tickle by comparison! Ever yours affectionately,

ROBERT BROWNING."

But, in spite of the past, Mr. Browning had little to complain of in his future critics. This is not an unappreciative age, the only fault to be found with it is that there are too many mouths using the same words over and over again, until the expressions seem to lose their senses and fly about quite giddily and at haphazard. The extraordinary publicity in which our bodies live seems to frighten away our souls at times; we are apt to stick to generalities, or to well-hackneyed adjectives which have ceased to have much meaning or responsibility; or if we try to describe our own feelings, it is in terms which sometimes grow more and

more emphatic as they are less and less to the point. When we come to say what is our simple and genuine conviction, the effort is almost beyond us. The truth is too like Cordelia's. To say that you have loved a man or a woman, that you admire them and delight in their work, does not any longer mean to you or to others what it means in fact. It seems almost a test of Mr. Browning's true greatness that the love and the trust in his genius have survived the things which have been said about it.

XI.

Not the least interesting part of the Milsand correspondence relates to the MSS. which the cultivated Frenchman now regularly revised for his English friend before they were sent to the printer. Here is a letter to Mr. Milsand, dated May, 1872: "Whenever you get the whole series," Browning says, "you will see what I fail to make you understand, how *inestimable* your assistance has been; there is not one point to which you called attention which I was not thereby enabled to improve, in some cases essentially benefit; the punctuation was nearly as useful as the other apparently more important assistance. The

FAC-SIMILE OF BROWNING'S HANDWRITING.

"Some have been kicked till they know whether
The shoe be Spanish or neat's leather" -

- You see, the little patch of velvet in
the toe-piece of this slipper seemed to
tickle by comparison!

Ever yours affectionately
Robert Browning.

words; in the slower process of writing, the thought is compelled to wait and get itself suited in a phrase." "Now for yourself," he concludes, "I enjoy altogether your enjoyment of Bébé, and wish that grand'mère may be tyrannized over more and more Turkishly. It is the good time. Give my true love to whoever will take it of your joyous party. Sarianna writes often, I know. We hail the announcement of your speedy arrival as ever."

The house by the water-side in Warwick Crescent, which Browning hastily took, and in which he lived for so many years after his return to England, was a very charming corner, I used to think.

It was London, but London touched by some indefinite romance; the canal used to look cool and deep, the green trees used to shade the crescent; it seemed a peaceful oasis after crossing that dreary Æolia of Paddington, with its many despairing shrieks and whirling eddies. The house was an ordinary London house, but the carved oak furniture and tapestries gave dignity to the long drawing-rooms, and pictures and books lined the stairs. In the garden at the back dwelt, at the time of which I am writing, two weird gray geese, with quivering silver wings and long throats, who used to come to meet their master hissing and fluttering. When I said I liked the place, he told us of some visitor from abroad,

Love to dear Annie Minnie..
whom I never forget -
Yes - and don't I remember
Mr. Hackesag's kindness to
little Penoni - who grows
big, & is learning Latin, &
riding a pony, & is not much
changed otherwise -
With my husband's regards,
I remain
most sincerely yours
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

28. Via del Tritone -

Rome - April 13 -

Where we shall be till the
end of May - then we return
to Florence -

who had lately come to see him, who also liked Warwick Crescent, and who, looking up and down the long row of houses and porticos in front of the canal, said, "Why, this is a mansion, sir; do you inhabit the whole of this great building; and do you allow the public to sail upon the water?"

As we sat at luncheon I looked up and down the room, with its comfortable lining of books, and also I could not help noticing the chimney-board heaped with invitations. I never saw so many cards in my life before. Lothair himself might have wondered at them.

Mr. Browning talked on, not of the present London, but of Italy and *villeggiatura* with his friends the Storys; of Siena days and of Walter Savage Landor. He told us the piteous story of the old man wandering forlorn down the street in the sunshine without a home to hide his head. He kindled at the remembrance of the old poet, of whom he said his was the most remarkable personality he had ever known; and then, getting up abruptly from the table, he reached down some of Landor's many books from the shelves near the fireplace, and said he knew no finer reading.

He read us some extracts from the "Conversations with the Dead," quickly turning over the leaves, seeking for his favorite passages.

There is a little anecdote which I think he also told us on this occasion. It concerned a ring which he used to wear, and which had belonged to his wife. One day in the Strand he discovered that the intaglio from the setting was missing. People were crowding in and out, there seemed no chance of recovering; but all the same he retraced his steps, and lo! in the centre of the crossing lay the jewel on a stone, shining in the sun. He had lost the ring on a previous occasion in Florence, and found it there by a happy chance.

XII.

It was not until 1887 that Mr. Browning moved to De Vere Gardens, where I saw him almost for the last time. Once I remember calling there at an early hour with my children. The servant hesitated about letting us in. Kind Miss Browning came out to speak to us, and would not hear of us going away.

"Wait a few minutes. I know he will see you," she said. "Come in. Not into

the dining-room; there are some ladies waiting there; and there are some members of the Browning Society in the drawing-room. Robert is in the study, with some Americans who have come by appointment. Here is my sitting-room," she said; "he will come to you directly."

We had not waited five minutes when the door opened wide and Mr. Browning came in. Alas! it was no longer the stalwart visitor from St. Aubin. He seemed tired, hurried, though not less outgoing and cordial, in his silver age.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he said, dropping into a chair and holding out both his hands.

I told him it was a family festival, and that I had "brought the children to ask for his blessing."

"Is that all?" he said, laughing, with a kind look, not without some relief. He also hospitably detained us, and when his American visitors were gone, took us in turn up into his study, where the carved writing-tables were covered with letters—a milky-way of letters, it seemed to me, flowing in from every direction.

"What! all this to answer?" I exclaimed.

"You can have no conception what it is," he replied. "I am quite tired out with writing letters by the time I begin my day's work."

But his day's work was ending here. Soon afterward he went to Italy, and never returned in life. He closed his eyes in his son's beautiful home at Venice among those he loved best. His son, his sister, his daughter-in-law, were about his bed tending and watching to the last.

When Spenser died in the street in Westminster in which he dwelt after his home in Ireland was burnt and his child was killed by the rebels, it is said that after lingering in this world in poverty and neglect, he was carried to the grave in state, and that his sorrowing brother poets came and stood round about his grave, and each in turn flung in an ode to his memory, together with the pen with which it had been written. The present Dean of Westminster, quoting this story, added that probably Shakespeare had stood by the grave with the rest of them, and that Shakespeare's own pen might still be lying in dust in the vaults of the old abbey. There is something in the story very striking to the imagination.

One pictures to one's self the gathering of those noble, dignified men of the Elizabethan age, whose thoughts were at once so strong and so gentle, so fierce and so tender, whose dress was so elaborate and stately. Perhaps in years to come people may imagine to themselves the men who stood only the other day round Robert Browning's grave, the friends who loved him, the writers who have written their last tribute to this great and generous poet. There are still some eagles' quills among us; there are others of us who have not eagles' quills to dedicate to his memory, only nibs with which to pen a feeling, happily stronger and more various than the words and scratches which try to speak of it: a feeling common to all who knew him, and who loved the man of rock and sunshine, and who were proud of his great gift of spirit and of his noble human nature.

It often happens when a man dies in the fulness of years that, as you look across his grave, you can almost see his

lifetime written in the faces gathered around it. There stands his history. There are his companions, and his early associates, and those who loved him, and those with whom his later life was passed. You may hear the voices that have greeted him, see the faces he last looked upon; you may even go back and find some impression of early youth in the young folks who recall a past generation to those who remember the past. And how many phases of a long and varied life must have been represented in the great procession which followed Robert Browning to his honored grave!—passing along the London streets and moving on through the gloomy fog; assembling from many a distant place to show respect to one

"Who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;

Never doubted clouds would break;

Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted,

Wrong would triumph;

Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

WHEN COMES THE NIGHT.

BY W. P. PREBLE, JUN.

WHEN comes the night,
Shall we accuse the sun,
Because the gloom oppresses most
The soul that glows with lustre lost?
And shall we shun
The memory of light?

When comes the ice,
Shall we condemn the rose,
That filled the field with royal bloom,*
And scented hall and church and tomb,
When winter throws
His ermine round us thrice?

When sorrows come
Upon us unaware,
Shall we reproach the joy that shed
A glory where the feast was spread,
And in despair
Sit silent, sad, and dumb?

When comes the grave,
Shall we the cradle curse,
The fatal day when daylight came,
Because the night of dreaded name,
A second nurse,
Comes stealing down the nave?

When comes the word
 That blasts in pain or wrath
 Our early love or virgin hope,
 Our hearts may listen, though we grope
 In unlit path,
 To songs our ears have heard!

Then brave the night,
 Which cannot kill the sun,
 And with undaunted courage greet
 The angel's cup, though life be sweet.
 'Tis quickly done;
 Come, drain the goblet quite!

And if a breath
 Shall cut your love in twain,
 With robe of tears enshroud the past,
 And hurl defiance to the blast;
 Beat down the pain,
 Till beaten, thou, by Death!

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XIII.

IN the morning Ray woke to the conviction that he had been several kinds of a fool; and he resolved to brace up against the nerveless suspense he had been in ever since he had left his manuscript with Mr. Brandreth, and go and present the letters that some people in Midland had given him to their friends in New York. At least he need not suffer from solitude unless he chose; he wondered if it would do to present his letters on Sunday.

He breakfasted in this question. Shortly after he went back to his room, there was a knock at his door, and when he shouted "Come in!" it was set softly ajar, and Mr. Kane showed his face at the edge of it.

"I suppose you know," he said, ignoring Ray's welcome, "or if you haven't been out, you don't know, that this is one of those Sunday mornings which make you feel that it has been blessed and halloved above all the other days of the week. But I dare say," he added, coming inside, "that the Mohammedans feel exactly so about a particularly fine Friday."

He glanced round the little room with an air of delicate impartiality, and asked leave to look from Ray's window. As he put his head out, he said to the birds in the eaves, "Ah, sparrows!" as if he knew them personally, before he began to make compliments to the picturesque facts of the prospect. Then he stood with his back to Ray, looking down into the street, and praising the fashion of the shadow and sunshine in meeting so solidly there, at all sorts of irregular points and angles. Once he looked round and asked, with the sun making his hair all a shining silver:

"Has any one else been shown this view? No? Then let me be the first to utter the stock imbecility that it ought to inspire you, if anything could." He put out his head again, and gave a glance upward at the speckless heaven, and then drew it in. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "a partially clouded sky is better for us, no doubt. Why didn't you sit down with us last night? I saw that you wished to do so." He faced Ray benignly, with a remote glimmer of mocking in his eye.

Ray felt it safest to answer frankly.

* Begun in March number, 1892.

"Yes, I did want to join you, awfully. I overheard a good deal you were saying where I was sitting, but I couldn't accept your invitation. I knew it was a great chance, but I couldn't."

"Don't you know," Mr. Kane asked, "that the chances have a polite horror of iteration? Those men and those moods may never be got together again. You oughtn't to have thrown such a chance away!"

"I know," said Ray. "But I had to."

Mr. Kane leaned back in the chair he had taken, and murmured as if to himself: "Ah, youth, youth! Yes, it has to throw chances away. Waste is a condition of survival. Otherwise we should perish of mere fruition. But could you," he asked, addressing Ray more directly, "without too much loss to the intimacies that every man ought to keep sacred, could you tell me just *why* you had to refuse us your company?"

"Oh yes," said Ray, with the self-scorn which Mr. Kane's attitude enabled him to show. "I was so low-spirited that I couldn't rise to the hands that offered to pull me out of my Slough of Despond. I felt that the slightest exertion would sink me over head and ears. I had better stay as I was."

"I understand," said Mr. Kane. "But why should a man of your age be in low spirits?"

"Why? Nobody can tell why he's in low spirits exactly. I suppose I got to thinking the prospect for my book wasn't very gay. It's hard to wait."

"Was that all?"

"I was a little homesick, too. But wasn't the other enough?"

"I can't say. It's a long time since I was your age. But shall I tell you what I first thought your unhappiness was, when you confessed it just now?"

"Yes, by all means."

"I wonder if I'd better! I supposed it was not such as any *man* could inflict. Excuse me!" He kept his eyes smilingly on the young fellow's face, as if to prevent his taking the audacity in bad part. "I don't know why I should say this to you, except that it really went through my mind, and I did you the wrong to wonder why you should mention it."

"I can forgive the wrong; it's so very far from the fact—" Ray began.

"Ah, you've already noticed *that*!" Mr. Kane interrupted.

"Noticed what?"

"That we can forgive people their injurious conjectures when they're wrong rather than when they're right?"

"No, I hadn't noticed," Ray confessed; and he added, "I was only thinking how impossible that was for me in a place where I haven't spoken to a woman yet."

If Mr. Kane tasted the bitterness in a speech which Ray tried to carry off with a laugh, his words did not confess it. "It wasn't a reasoned conjecture—though such a blow might come by letter—and I don't defend it; I'm only too glad to escape from it without offence. When I was of your age, a slight from a woman was the only thing that could have kept me from any pleasure that offered itself. But I understand that now youth is made differently."

"I don't see why," said Ray, and he quelled a desire he had to boast of his wounds; he permitted himself merely to put on an air of gloom.

"Why, I've been taught that modern society and civilization generally has so many consolations for unrequited affection that young men don't suffer from that sort of trouble any more, or not deeply. I am told that nowadays clubs are trumps, not hearts."

Ray was sensible that Mr. Kane's intrusiveness was justifiable upon the ground of friendly interest; and he was not able to repel what seemed like friendly interest. "It may be as you say, in New York; I've not been here long enough to judge."

"But in Midland things go on in the old way? Tell me something about Midland, and why any one should ever leave Midland for New York!"

"I can't say, generally speaking," answered Ray, with pleasure in Kane's pursuit, "but I think that in my case Midland began it."

"Yes?"

Ray was willing enough to impart as much of his autobiography as related to the business change that had thrown him out of his place on the *Echo*. Then he sketched with objective airiness and impersonality the sort of life one led in Midland, if one was a young man in society; and he found it no more than fair to himself to give some notion of his own local value in a graphic little account of the farewell supper.

"Yes," said Mr. Kane, "I can imagine

how you should miss all that, and I don't know that New York has anything so pleasant to offer. I fancy the conditions of society are incomparably different in Midland and in New York. You seem to me a race of shepherds and shepherdesses out there; your pretty world is like a dream of my own youth, when Boston was still only a large town, and was not so distinctly an aoristic Athens as it is now."

"I had half a mind to go to Boston with my book first," said Ray. "But somehow I thought there were more chances in New York."

"There are certainly more publishers," Kane admitted. "Whether there are more chances depends upon how much independent judgment there is among the publishers. Have you found them very judicial?"

"I don't quite understand what you mean."

"Did any one of them seem to be a man who would give your novel an unprejudiced reading if you took it to him and told him honestly that it had been rejected by all the others?"

"No, I can't say any of them did. But I don't know that I could give my manuscript an unprejudiced reading myself under the same circumstances. I certainly shouldn't blame any publisher who couldn't. Should you?"

"I? I blame nobody, my dear friend," said Kane. "That is the way I keep my temper. I should not blame you if Chapley & Co. declined your book, and you went to the rest of the trade carefully concealing from each publisher the fact that he was not the first you had approached with it."

Ray laughed, but he winced too. "I suppose that's what I should have to do. But Chapley & Co. haven't declined it yet."

"Ah, I'm glad of that. Not that you could really impose upon any one. There would be certain infallible signs in your manuscript that would betray you: an air of use; little private marks and memoranda of earlier readers; the smell of their different brands of tobacco and sachet powder."

"I shouldn't try to impose upon any one," Ray began with a flush of indignation, which ended in shame. "What would *you* do under the same circumstances?" he demanded with desperation.

"My dear friend! My dear boy!" Mr. Kane protested. "I am not censuring you. It's said that Bismarck found it an advantage to introduce truth even into diplomacy. He discovered there was nothing deceived *like* it; *nobody* believed him. Some successful advertisers have made it work in commercial affairs. You mustn't expect me to say what I should do under the same circumstances; the circumstances couldn't be the same. I am not the author of a manuscript novel with a potential public of tens of thousands. But you can imagine that as the proprietor of a volume of essays which has a certain sale— Mr. Brandreth used that fatal term in speaking of my book, I suppose?"

"No, I don't remember that he did," said Ray.

"He was kinder than I could have expected. It is the death-knell of hope to the devoted author when his publisher tells him that his book will always have a certain sale; he is expressing in a pitying euphemism of the trade that there is no longer any chance for it, no happy accident in the future, no fortuity; it is dead. As the author of a book with a certain sale, I feel myself exempt from saying what I should do in your place. But I'm very glad it hasn't come to the ordeal with you. Let us hope you won't be tempted. Let us hope that Messrs. Chapley & Co. will be equal to the golden opportunity offered them, and—gradually—snatch it."

Kane smiled, and Ray laughed out. He knew that he was being played upon, but he believed the touch was kindly, and even what he felt an occasional cold cynicism in it had the fascination that cynicism always has for the young when it does not pass from theory to conduct; when it does that, it shocks. He thought that Mr. Kane was something like Warrington in *Pendennis*, and again something like Coverdale in *Blithedale Romance*. He valued him for that; he was sure he had a history; and when he now suddenly rose, Ray said, "Oh, must you go?" with eager regret.

"Why, I had thought of asking you to come with me. I'm going for a walk in the Park, and I want to stop on the way for a moment to see an old friend of mine"—he hesitated, and then added—"a man whom I was once intimately associated with in some joint hopes we had for reconstructing the world. I think

you will be interested in him, as a type, even if you don't like him."

Ray professed that he should be very much interested, and they went out together.

XIV.

The streets had that Sunday air which is as unmistakable as their week-day effect, and which is like a human consciousness imparted to their insensate material. Their noises were subdued almost to a country quiet; as he crossed with his friend to the elevated station, Ray noted with a lifting heart the sparrows that chirped from the knots and streamers of red Virginia-creeper hanging here and there from a porch roof or over a bit of garden wall; overhead the blue air was full of the jargoning of the blended church bells.

He tried to fit these facts with phrases in the intervals of his desultory talk with Kane, and he had got two or three very good epithets by the time they found seats together in an up-town train. It was not easy to find them, for the cars were thronged with work-people going to the Park for one of the last Sundays that could be fine there.

Kane said: "The man we are going to see belongs to an order of thinking and feeling that one would have said a few years ago had passed away forever, but of late its turn seems to be coming again; it's curious how those things recur. Do you happen to hate altruism in any of its protean forms?"

Ray smiled with the relish for the question which Kane probably meant him to feel. "I can't say that I have any violent feeling against it."

"It is usually repulsive to young people," Kane went on, "and I could very well conceive your loathing it. My friend has been an altruist of one kind or another all his life. He's a man whom it would be perfectly useless to tell that the world is quite good enough for the sort of people there are in it; he would want to set about making the people worthy of a better world, and he would probably begin on *you*. You have heard of Brook Farm, I suppose?"

"Of course," Ray answered, with a show of resentment for such a question. "*Blithedale Romance*—I think it's the best of Hawthorne's books."

"Blithedale," said Mr. Kane, ignoring the literary interest, "is no more Brook

Farm than— But we needn't enter upon that! My friend's career as an altruist began there; and since then there's hardly been a communistic experiment in behalf of Man with a capital and without capital that he hasn't been into and out of."

"I should like immensely to see him," said Ray. "Any man who was at Brook Farm— Did he know Hollingsworth and Zenobia, and Priscilla and Coverdale? Was it at Brook Farm that you met?"

Kane shook his head. "I think no one knew them but Hawthorne. I don't speak positively; Brook Farm was a little before my day, or else I should have been there too, I dare say. But I've been told those characters never were."

Then it was doubly impossible that Hawthorne should have studied Miles Coverdale from Kane; Ray had to relinquish a theory he had instantly formed upon no ground except Kane's sort of authority in speaking of Brook Farm; what was worse, he had to abandon an instant purpose of carrying forward the romance, and doing *The Last Days of Miles Coverdale*; it would have been an attractive title.

"I met David Hughes," Kane continued, "after the final break-up of the community, when I was beginning to transcendentalize around Boston, and he wanted me to go into another with him, out West. He's been into I don't know how many since, and he's come out of the last within the year: he founded it himself, upon a perfectly infallible principle. It was so impregnable to the logic either of metaphysics or events that Hughes had to break it up himself, I understand. At sixty-nine he has discovered that his efforts to oblige his fellow-beings ever since he was twenty have been misdirected. It isn't long for an error of that kind in the life of the race, but it hasn't exactly left my old friend in the vigor of youth. However, his hope and good-will are as athletic as ever."

"It's rather pathetic," Ray suggested.

"Why, I don't know—I don't know! Is it so? He hasn't found out the wrong way without finding the right way at the same time, and he's buoyantly hopeful in it, though he's not only an old man; he's a sick man too. Of course he's poor. He never was a fellow to do things by halves, and when he dispersed his little following he divided nearly all his substance among his disciples. He sees now

that the right way to universal prosperity and peace is the political way; and if he could live long enough, we should see him in Congress—if *we* lived long enough. Naturally, he is paving the way with a book he's writing." Kane went on to speak of his friend at length; he suddenly glanced out of the car window, and said, "Ah, we're just there. This is our station."

The avenue had been changing its character as they rushed along. It had ceased to be a street of three or four story houses, where for the most part the people lived over their shops, and where there was an effect of excessive use on everything, a worn-out and shabby look, rather than a squalid look. The cross-streets of towering tenement-houses where a false air of gayety was imparted by the fire-escapes that looked like balconies on the façades for gala-day use, and the lofty clothes-lines crossing the yards in the rear fluttered with garments of all textures and color and filled the eye with an effect of festive decoration, had come and gone, and now the buildings were low again, with greater or less gaps between them, while the railroad had climbed higher, and was like a line drawn through the air without reference to the localities which the train left swiftly behind. The houses had begun to be of wood here and there, and it was at a frame of two stories that Mr. Kane stopped with Ray, when they clambered down the long iron staircase of the station to the footway below. They pulled a bell that sounded faintly somewhere within, and the catch of the lock clicked as if it were trying to release itself; but when they tried the door it was still fast, and Mr. Kane rang again. Then a clatter of quick, impatient feet sounded on the stairs; the door was pulled sharply open, and they confronted a tall young man, with a handsome pale face, who bent on them a look of impartial gloom from clouded blue eyes under frowning brows. A heavy fringe of dull yellow hair almost touched their level with its straight line, which the lower lip of the impassioned mouth repeated.

"Ah, Denton!" said Mr. Kane. "Good-morning, good-morning! This is my friend Mr. Ray." The young men shook hands with a provisional civility, and Mr. Kane asked, "Are you all at home?"

"We are, at the moment," said the

other. "I'm just going out with the babies; but father will be glad to see you. Come in."

He had a thick voice that came from his throat by nervous impulses; he set the door open and twisted his head in the direction of the stairs, as if to invite them to go up. They found he had a perambulator in the narrow hall behind the door, and two children facing each other in it. He got it out on the sidewalk without further attention to them, and shut the door after him. But in the light which his struggles to get out had let into the entry they made their way up the stairs, where a woman's figure stood silhouetted against an open doorway behind her.

"Ah, Mrs. Denton, how do you do?" said Kane, gayly.

The figure answered gayly back, "Oh, Mr. Kane!" and after Kane's presentation of Ray, set ajar a door that opened from the landing into the apartment. "Father will be so glad to see you. Please walk in."

Ray found himself in what must be the principal room of the apartment; its two windows commanded an immediate prospect of the elevated road, with an effect of having their sills against its trestle-work. Between them stood a tall, gaunt old man, whose blue eyes flamed under the heavy brows of age, from a face set in a wilding growth of iron-gray hair and beard. He was talking down upon a gentleman whom Ray had black against the light, and he was saying: "No, Henry, no! Tolstoi is mistaken. I don't object to his theories of non-resistance; the Quakers have found them perfectly practicable for more than two centuries; but I say that in quitting the scene of the moral struggle, and in simplifying himself into a mere peasant, he begs the question as completely as if he had gone into a monastery. He has struck out some tremendous truths, I don't deny that, and his examination of the conditions of civilization is one of the most terrifically searching studies of the facts that have ever been contributed to the science of sociology; but his conclusions are as wrong as his premises are right. If I had back the years that I have wasted in a perfectly futile effort to deal with the problem of the race at a distance where I couldn't touch it, I would have nothing to do with eremitism in any of its forms, either col-

lectively as we have had it in our various communistic experiments, or individually on the terms which Tolstoi apparently advises."

"But I don't understand him to advise eremitism," the gentleman began.

"It amounts to the same thing," said the other, cutting himself short in hollow cough, so as not to give up the word. "He would have us withdraw from the world, as if, where any man was, the world was not there in the midst of him!"

"Poor Tolstoi," said Mr. Kane, going up and shaking hands with the others, "is suffering, as I understand it, from a case of wicked partner. He is at present able only to rehearse his rôle, because his family won't consent to anything else. He's sold all he has in order to give to the poor, but his wife manages the proceeds."

"It's easy enough to throw ridicule on him," said the gentleman against the window, who now stood up.

"I throw no ridicule upon him," said the tall gaunt man. "He has taught me at least this, that contempt is of the devil—I beg your pardon, Kane—and I appreciate to the utmost the spiritual grandeur of the man's nature. But practically, I don't follow him. We shall never redeem the world by eschewing it. Society is not to be saved by self-outlawry. The body politic is to be healed politically. The way to have the golden age is to elect it by the Australian ballot. The people must vote themselves into possession of their own business, and intrust their economic affairs to the same faculty that makes war and peace, that frames laws, and that does justice. What I object to in Tolstoi is his utter impracticality. I cannot forgive any man, however good and great, who does not measure the means to the end. If there is anything in my own life that I can regard with entire satisfaction it is that at every step of my career I have invoked the light of common-sense. Whatever my enemies may say against me, they cannot say that I have not instantly abandoned any project when I found it impractical. I abhor dreamers; they have no place in a world of thinking and doing." Ray saw Kane arching his eyebrows while the other began again: "I tell you—"

"I want to introduce my young friend Mr. Ray," Mr. Kane broke in.

The old man took Ray's hand between two hot palms, and said, "Ah!" with a look at him that was benign, if somewhat bewildered.

"You know Mr. Ray, Chapley," Kane pursued, transferring him to the other, who took his hand in turn.

"Mr. Ray?" he queried, with the distress of the elderly man who tries to remember.

"If you forget your authors in the green wood so easily, how shall it be with them in the dry?" Kane sighed; and now the publisher woke up to Ray's identity.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! Of course! Mr. Ray, of—of—Mr. Ray of—"

"Midland," Ray suggested, perspiring.

"Why, certainly!" Mr. Chapley pressed his hand with as much apologetic entreaty as he could intimate in that way, and assured him that he was glad to see him; and then he said to the old man, whose name Kane had not mentioned to Ray in presenting him, but whom Ray knew to be Hughes, "Well, I must be going now. I'm glad to find you looking so much better this morning."

"Oh; I'm quite a new man—quite a new man!"

"You were always that!" said Mr. Chapley, with a certain fondness. He sighed, "I wish I knew your secret."

"Stay, and let him expound it to us all!" Kane suggested. "I've no doubt he would."

"No; I must be going," said Mr. Chapley. "Good-by." He shook hands with the old man. "Good-by, Kane. Er—good-morning, Mr.—er—Ray. You must drop in and see us, when you can find time."

Ray bubbled after him some incoherencies about being afraid he could find only too much time. Apparently, Mr. Chapley did not hear. He potted out on the landing, and Ray heard him feeling his way carefully down stairs. It was an immense relief for him to have met Mr. Chapley there. It stamped his own presence in the place with propriety; he was fond of adventure and hungry for experience, but he wished all his adventures and experiences to be respectable. He had a young dread of queerness and irregularity; and he could not conceal from himself that but for Mr. Chapley his present environment was not in keeping with his smooth Philistine traditions. He had never been in an apartment before, much less a mere tenement; at Midland

every one he knew lived in his own house; most of the people he knew lived in handsome houses of their own, with large grass-plots and shade trees about them. But if Mr. Chapley were here, with this old man who called him by his first name, and with whom he and Mr. Kane seemed to have the past if not the present in common, it must be all right.

XV.

Ray woke from his rapid mental formulation of this comforting reassurance to find the old man saying to him, "What is the nature of the work that Chapley has published for you? I hope, something by which you intend to advance others, as well as yourself: something that is to be not merely the means of your personal aggrandizement in fame and fortune. Nothing, in my getting back to the world, strikes me as more shamelessly selfish than the ordinary literary career. I don't wonder the art has sunk so low; its aims are on the business level."

Mr. Kane listened with an air of being greatly amused, and even gratified, and Ray thought he had purposely let the old man go on as if he were an author who had already broken the shell. Before he could think of some answer that should at once explain and justify him, Kane interposed:

"I hope Mr. Ray is no better than the rest of us; but he may be; you must make your arraignment and condemnation conditional, at any rate. He's an author *in petto*, as yet; Chapley may never publish him."

"Then why," said the old man, irascibly, "did you speak of him as you did to Chapley? It was misleading."

"In the world you've come back to, my dear friend," said Kane, "you'll find that we have no time to refine upon the facts. We can only sketch the situation in large, bold outlines. Perhaps I wished to give Mr. Ray a hold upon Chapley by my premature recognition of him as an author, and make the wicked publisher feel that there was already a wide general impatience to see Mr. Ray's book."

"That would have been very corrupt, Kane," said the other. "But I owe Mr. Ray an apology."

Ray found his tongue. "Perhaps you won't think so when you see my novel."

"A novel! Oh, I have no time to read

novels!" the old man burst out. "A practical man—"

"Nor volumes of essays," said Kane, picking up a book from the table at his elbow. "Really, as a measure of self-defence, I must have the leaves of my presentation copies cut, at any rate. I must sacrifice my taste to my vanity. Then I sha'n't know when the grateful recipients haven't opened them."

"I've no time to read books of any kind—" the old man began again.

"You ought to set-up reviewer," Kane interposed again.

"Oh, I've looked into your essays, Kane, here and there. The literature is of a piece with the affectation of the uncut edges: something utterly outdated and superseded. It's all as impertinent as the demand you make that the reader should do the work of a bookbinder, and cut your leaves."

"Do you know that I'm really hurt—not for myself, but for you!—by what you say of my uncut edges? You descend to the level of a Brandreth," said Kane.

"A Brandreth? What is a Brandreth?"

"It is a publisher: Chapley's son-in-law and partner."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Hughes.

"I spent many hours," said Kane, plaintively, "pleading with him for an edition with uncut edges. He contended that the public would not buy it if the edges were not cut; and I told him that I wished to have that fact to fall back upon, in case they didn't buy it for some other reason. And I was right. The edition hasn't sold, and the uncut edges have saved me great suffering until now. Why not have confined your own remarks, my dear friend, to the uncut edges? I might have agreed with you."

"Because," said the old man, "I cannot have patience with a man at your age who takes the mere dilettante view of life—who regards the world as something to be curiously inspected and neatly commented, instead of toiled for, sweated for, suffered for!"

"It appears to me that there is toiling and sweating and suffering enough for the world already," said Kane, with a perverse levity. "Look at the poor millionaires, struggling to keep their employes in work! If you've come back to the world for no better purpose than to add to its perseverance and perspiration, I could wish for your own sake that you

had remained in some of your communities—or all of them, for that matter.”

The other turned half round in his chair, and looked hard into Kane's smiling face. “You are a most unserious spirit, Kane, and you always were! When will you begin to be different? Do you expect to continue a mere frivolous maker of phrases to the last? Your whole book there is just a bundle of phrases—labels for things. Do you never intend to *be* anything?”

“I intend to be an angel, some time—or some eternity,” said Kane. “But, in the mean while, have you ever considered that perhaps you are demanding, in your hopes of what you call the redemption of the race from selfishness, as sheer and mere an impossibility as a change of the physical basis of the soul?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean—or, I won't put it affirmatively; I will put it interrogatively.”

“Yes, that was always your way!”

“I will merely ask you,” Kane went on without heeding the interruption, “what reason you have to suppose the altruistic is not eternally conditioned in the egoistic, just as the spiritual is conditioned in the animal?”

“What jargon is that?” demanded the old man, throwing one leg over the other, and smoothing the upper one down with his hand, as he bent forward to glower at Kane.

“It is the harmony of the spheres, my dear David; it is a metaphysical variation of the pensive yet pleasing air that the morning stars sang together; it is the very truth. The altruistic can no more shake off the egoistic in this world than the spiritual can shake off the animal. As soon as man ceases to get hungry three times a day, just so soon will he cease to eat his fellow-man.”

“There is the usual trivial truth in what you say,” Hughes replied, “and the usual serious impiety. You probably are not aware that your miserable paradox accuses the Creative Intelligence.”

“Ah, but use another word! Say Nature, and then where is the impiety?”

“But I decline to use the other word,” Hughes retorted.

“And I insist upon it; I must. It is Nature that I accuse; not the divine nature, or even human nature, but brute nature, that commits a million blunders, and destroys myriads of types, in order to

arrive at such an imperfect creature as man still physically is, after untold ages of her blind empiricism. If the human intelligence could be put in possession of the human body, we should have altruism at once. We should not get hungry three times a day; instead of the crude digestive apparatus which we have inherited with apparently no change whatever from the cave-dweller, we should have an organ delicately adjusted to the exigencies of modern life, and responsive to all the emotions of philanthropy. But no! The stomach of the nineteenth century remains helplessly in the keeping of primeval Nature, who is a mere Bourbon; who learns nothing and forgets nothing. She obliges us to struggle on with a rude arrangement developed from the mollusk, and adapted at best to the conditions of the savage; imperative and imperfect; liable to get out of order with the carefulest management, and to give way altogether with the use of half a lifetime. No, David! You will have to wait until man has come into control of his stomach, and is able to bring his ingenuity to bear upon its deficiencies. Then, and not till then, you will have the Altruistic Man. Until then the egoistic man will continue to eat his brother, and more or less indigest him—if there is such a verb.”

Ray listened with one ear to them. The other was filled with the soft murmur of women's voices from the further end of the little apartment; they broke now and then from a steady flow of talk, and rippled into laughter, and then smoothed themselves to talk again. He longed to know what they were talking about, laughing about.

“No, David,” Kane went on, “when you take man out of the clutches of Nature, and put Nature in the keeping of man, we shall have the millennium. I have nothing to say against the millennium, *per se*, except that it never seems to have been on time. I am willing to excuse its want of punctuality; there may have always been unavoidable delays; but you can't expect me to have as much faith in it as if it had never disappointed people. Now with you I admit it's different. You've seen it come a great many times, and go even oftener.”

“Young man!” the other called so abruptly to Ray that it made him start in his chair, “I wish you would step out into the room yonder, and ask one of my

daughters to bring me my whiskey and milk. It's time for it," and he put down a watch which he had taken from the table beside him.

He nodded toward a sort of curtained corridor at one side of the room, and after a glance of question at Kane, who answered with a reassuring smile, Ray went out through this passage. The voices had suddenly fallen silent, but he found their owners in the little room beyond; they were standing before their chairs as if they had jumped to their feet in a feminine dismay which they had quelled. In one he made out the young Mrs. Denton, whose silhouette had received him and Kane; the other looked like her but younger, and in the two Ray recognized the heroines of the pocket-book affair on the train.

He trembled a little inwardly, but he said, with a bow for both: "I beg your pardon. Your father wished me to ask you for his—"

He faltered at the queerness of it all, but the younger sister said, simply and gravely: "Oh, yes, I'll take it in. I've got it ready here," and she took up a tumbler from the hearth of the cooking-stove keeping itself comfortable at one side of a little kitchen beyond the room where they were, and went out with it.

Ray did not know exactly what to do, or rather how he should do what he wished. He hesitated, and looked at Mrs. Denton, who said, "Won't you sit down—if it isn't too hot here?"

XVI.

"Oh, it isn't at all hot," said Ray, and in fact the air was blowing freely in through the plants at the open window. Then he sat down, as if to prove that it was not too hot; there was no other reason that he could have given for staying, instead of going back to Kane and her father.

"We can keep the windows open on this side," said Mrs. Denton, "but the elevated makes too much noise in front. When we came here first, it was warm weather; it was stifling when we shut the windows, and when we opened them, it seemed as if the trains would drive us wild. It was like having them in the same room with us. But now it's a little cooler, and we don't need the front windows open; so it's very pleasant."

Ray said it was delightful, and he ask-

ed, "Then you haven't been in New York long?"

"No; only since the beginning of September. We thought we would settle in New Jersey first, and we did take a house there, in the country; but it was too far from my husband's work, and so we moved in. Father wants to meet people; he's more in the current here."

As she talked, Mrs. Denton had a way of looking down at her apron, and smoothing it across her knees with one hand, and now and then glancing at Ray out of the corner of her eye, as if she were smiling on the further side of her face.

"We went out there a little while ago to sell off the things we didn't want to keep. The neighbors took them of us." She began to laugh, and Ray laughed too when she said, "We found they had taken *some* of them before we got there. They might as well have taken all, they paid us so little for the rest. I didn't suppose there would be such a difference between first-hand and second-hand things. But it was the first time we had ever set up housekeeping for ourselves, and we had to make mistakes. We had always lived in a community."

She looked at him for the impression of this fact, and Ray merely said, "Yes; Mr. Kane told me something of the kind."

"It's all very different in the world. I don't know whether you've ever been in a community?"

"No," said Ray.

"Well," she went on, "we've had to get used to all sorts of things since we came out into the world. The very day we left the community, I heard some people in the seat just in front of me, in the car, planning how they should do something to get a living: it seemed ridiculous and dreadful. It fairly frightened me."

Ray was struck with the literary value of the fact. He said: "I suppose it would be startling if we could any of us realize it for the first time. But for most of us there never is any first time."

Mrs. Denton said: "No. But in the community we never had to think how we should get things to eat and wear, any more than how we should get air to breathe. You know father believes that the world can be made like the Family, in that, and everybody be sure of a living, if he is willing to work."

She glanced at Ray with another of

her demure looks, which seemed inquiries both as to his knowledge of the facts and his opinion of them.

"I didn't know just what your father's ideas were," he said; and she went on:

"Yes; he thinks all you've got to do is have patience. But it seems to me you've got to have money too, or you'll starve to death before your patience gives out."

Mrs. Denton laughed, and Ray sat looking at her with a curious mixture of liking and misgiving: he would have liked to laugh with her from the poet in him, but his civic man could not approve of her irresponsibility. In her quality of married woman, she was more reprehensible than she would have been as a girl; as a girl, she might well have been merely funny. Still, she was a woman, and her voice, if it expressed an irresponsible nature, was sweet to hear. She seemed not to dislike hearing it herself, and she let it run lightly on. "The hardest thing for us, though, has been getting used to money, and the care of it. It seems to be just as bad with a little as a great deal—the care does; and you have to be thinking about it all the time; we never had to think of it at all, in the Family. Most of us never saw it, or touched it; only the few that went out and sold and bought things."

"That's very odd," said Ray, trying the notion if it would not work somewhere into literature; at the same time he felt the charm of this pretty young woman, and wondered why her sister did not come back. He heard her talking with Kane in the other room; now and then her voice, gentle and clear and somewhat high, was lost in Kane's laugh, or the hoarse plunge of her father's bass.

"Yes," Mrs. Denton went on, "I think I feel it more than my husband or my sister does; they just have to earn the money, but I have to take care of it, and see how far I can make it go. It's perfectly distracting; and sometimes when I forget, and do something careless!" She let an impressive silence follow, and Ray laughed.

"Yes, that's an anxious time for us, even if we're brought up with all the advantages of worldly experience."

"Anxious!" Mrs. Denton repeated, and her tongue ran on. "Why, the day I went out to New Jersey with my sister, to settle up our 'estate' out there, we each

of us had a baby to carry—my children are twins, and we couldn't leave them here with father; it was bad enough to leave him! and my husband was at work; and on the train coming home, I forgot, and gave the twins my pocket-book to play with, and just then a kind old gentleman put up the car window for me, and the first thing I knew they threw it out into the water; we were crossing that piece of water before you get to Jersey City. It had every cent of my money in it; and I was so scared when they threw my pocket-book away—we always say *they*, because they're so much alike we never can remember which did a thing—I was so scared that I didn't know what I was doing, and I just screamed out all about it." Ray listened restively; he felt as if he were eavesdropping; but he did not know quite how, or when, or whether, after all, to tell her that he had witnessed the whole affair; he decided that he had better not; and she went on. "My sister said it was just as if I had begged of the whole carful; and I suppose it was. I don't suppose that a person who was more used to money would have given it to a baby to play with."

She stopped, and Ray suddenly changed his mind; he thought he ought not to let her go on as if he knew nothing about it; that was hardly fair.

"The conductor," he said, "appeared to think *any* woman would have done it."

Mrs. Denton laughed out her delight. "It *was* you, then. My sister was sure it was, as soon as she saw you at Mr. Chapley's."

"At Mr. Chapley's?"

"Yes; his store. That is where she works. You didn't see her, but she saw you," said Mrs. Denton; and then Ray recalled that Mr. Brandreth had sent to a Miss Hughes for the list of announcements she had given him.

"We saw you noticing us in the car, and we saw you talking with the conductor. Did he say anything else about us?" she asked, significantly.

"I don't know exactly what you mean," Ray answered, a little consciously, and coloring slightly.

"Why," Mrs. Denton began, but she stopped at sight of her sister, who came in with the empty tumbler in her hand, and set it down in the room beyond. "Peace!" she called to her, and the girl came back reluctantly, Ray fancied.

He had remained standing since her reappearance, and Mrs. Denton said, introducing them, "This is my sister, Mr. Ray," and then she cried out joyfully, "It *was* Mr. Ray!" while he bowed ceremoniously to the girl, who showed an embarrassment that Mrs. Denton did not share. "The conductor told him that any woman would have given her baby her pocket-book to play with, and so you see I wasn't so very bad, after all. But when one of these things happens to me, it seems as if the world had come to an end; I can't get over it. Then we had another experience! One of the passengers that heard me say all our money was in that pocket-book, gave the conductor a dollar for us, to pay our car fares home. We had to take it; we *couldn't* have carried the children from the ferry all the way up here; but I never knew before that charity hurt so. It was dreadful!"

A certain note made itself evident in her voice which Ray felt as an appeal. "Why, I don't think you need have considered it as charity. It was what might have happened to any lady who had lost her purse."

"It wasn't like that," Miss Hughes broke in. "It would have been offered then so that it could be returned. We were to blame for not making the conductor say who gave it. But we were so confused."

"I think the giver was to blame for not sending his address with it. But perhaps he was confused too," said Ray.

"The conductor told us it was a lady," said Mrs. Denton, with a subtle glance upward at Ray.

They all broke into a laugh together, and the girl sprang up, and went into another room. She came back with a bank-note in her hand, which she held out toward Ray.

He did not offer to take it. "I haven't pleaded guilty yet."

"No," said Mrs. Denton; "but we know you did it. Peace always thought you did, and now we've got you in our power, and you *must* take it back."

"But you didn't use it all. You gave a quarter to the old darky who whistled. You're as bad as I am. You do charity too."

"No; he earned his quarter. You paid him something yourself," said the girl.

"He did whistle divinely," Ray ad-

mitted. "How came you to think of asking him to change your bill? I should have thought you'd have given it all to him."

They had a childlike joy in his raillery, which they laughed simply out. "We did want to," Mrs. Denton said; "but we didn't know how we could get home."

"I don't see but that convicts me." Ray put out his hand as if to take the note, and then withdrew it. "I suppose I ought to take it," he began. "But if I did, I should just spend it on myself. And the fact is, I had saved it on myself, or else, perhaps, I shouldn't have given it to the conductor for you." He told them how he had economized on his journey, and they laughed together at the picture he gave of his satisfaction in his self-denial.

"Oh, I know that *good* feeling!" said Mrs. Denton.

"Yes, but you can't imagine how *superior* I felt when I handed my dollar over to the conductor. *Good* is no name for it; and I've simply gloated over my own merit ever since. Miss Hughes, you must keep that dollar, and give it to somebody who needs it!"

This was not so novel as it seemed to Ray; but the sisters glanced at each other as if struck with its originality.

Then the girl looked at him steadily out of her serene eyes a moment, as if thinking what she had better do, while Mrs. Denton cooed her pleasure in the situation.

"I knew just as *well*, when the conductor said it was a lady passenger sent it! He said it like a sort of after-thought, you know; he turned back to say it just after he left us."

"Well, I will do that," said the girl to Ray, and she carried the money back to her room.

"Do sit down!" said Mrs. Denton to Ray when she came back. The community of experience, and the wonder of the whole adventure, launched them indefinitely forward towards intimacy in their acquaintance. "We were awfully excited when my sister came home and said she had seen you at Mr. Chapley's." Her sister did not deny it, but when Mrs. Denton added the question, "Are you an author?" she protested, "Jenny!"

"I wish I were," said Ray; "but I can't say I am, yet. That depends upon whether Mr. Chapley takes my book."

He ventured to be so frank because he thought Miss Hughes probably knew already that he had offered a manuscript; but if she knew, she made no sign of knowing; and Mrs. Denton said:

"Mr. Chapley gives my sister all the books he publishes. Isn't it splendid? And he lets her bring home any of the books she wants to, out of the store. Are you acquainted in his family?"

"No; I only know Mr. Brandreth, his son-in-law."

"My sister says he's very nice. Everybody likes Mr. Brandreth. Mr. Chapley is an old friend of father's. I should think his family would come to see us, some of them. But they haven't. Mr. Chapley comes ever so much."

Ray did not know what to say of a fact which Mrs. Denton did not suffer to remain last in his mind. She went on, as if it immediately followed.

"We are reading Browning now. But my husband likes Shelley the best of all. Which is your favorite poet?"

Ray smiled. "I suppose Shelley ought to be. I was named after him." When he had said this he thought it rather silly, and certainly superfluous. So he added, "My father was a great reader of him when he was a young man, and I got the benefit of his taste, if it's a benefit."

"Why, do you hate to be named Shelley?" Mrs. Denton asked.

"Oh no; except as I should hate to be named Shakespeare; it suggests comparisons."

"Yes; but it's a very pretty name." As if it recalled him, she said, "My husband was just going out with the twins when you came in with Mr. Kane. He was taking them over to the Park. Do you like cats?" She leaned over and lugged up into her lap a huge Maltese from the further side of her. "My sister doesn't, because they eat sparrows." She passed her hand slowly down the cat's smooth flank, which snapped electrically, while the cat shut its eyes to a line of gray light. "One of the sisters out at the Family had a natural antipathy to cats; she could tell if there was one in the house anywhere, even if she couldn't see it."

"If your cat's fond of sparrows, he ought to come and live with me," said Ray. "I've got a whole colony of them outside of my dormer-window."

Mrs. Denton lifted the cat's head and

rubbed her cheek on it. "Oh, we've got plenty of sparrows here, too. Where do you live? Down town? Mr. Kane does."

Ray gave a picturesque account of his foreign hotel; but he had an impression that its strangeness was thrown away upon his hearers, who seemed like children in their contact with the world: it was all so strange that nothing was stranger than another to them. They thought what he told them of life in Midland as queer as life in New York.

The talk went on without sequence or direction, broken with abrupt questions and droll comments; and they laughed a good deal. They spoke of poems and of dreams. Ray told of a fragment of a poem he had made in a dream, and repeated it; they thought it was fine, or at least Mrs. Denton said she did. Her sister did not talk much, but she listened, and now and then she threw in a word. She sat against the light, and her face was in shadow to Ray, and this deepened his sense of mystery in her; her little head, so distinctly outlined, was beautiful. Her voice, which was so delicate and thin, had a note of childish innocence in it. Mrs. Denton cooed deep and low. She tried to make her sister talk more, and tell this and that. The girl did not seem afraid or shy, but only serious. Several times they got back to books, and at one of these times it appeared that she knew of Ray's manuscript, and that it was going through the hands of the readers.

"And what is the name of your story?" Mrs. Denton asked, and before he could tell her she said, "Oh, yes; I forgot," and he knew that they must have talked of it together. He wondered if Miss Hughes had read it. "Talking of names," Mrs. Denton went on, "I think my sister's got the queerest one: Peace. Isn't it a curious name?"

"It's a beautiful name," said Ray. "The Spanish give it a great deal, I believe."

"Do they? It was a name that mother liked; but she had never heard of it, although there were so many Faiths, Hopes, and Charities. She died just a little while after Peace was born, and father gave her the name."

Ray was too young to feel the latent pathos of the lightly treated fact. "It's a beautiful name," he said again.

"Yes," said Mrs. Denton; "and it's so

short you can't *nick* it. There can't be anything shorter than Peace, can there?"

"Truce," Ray suggested, and this made them laugh.

The young girl rose and went to the window, and began looking over the plants in the pots there. Ray made bold to go and join her.

"Are you fond of flowers?" she asked gently, and with a seriousness as if she really expected him to say truly.

"I don't know. I've never thought," he answered, thinking how pretty she was, now he had her face where he could see it fully. Her hair was of the indefinite blond tending to brown which most people's hair is of; her sensitive face was cast in the American mould that gives us such a high average of good looks in our women; her eyes were angelically innocent. When she laughed, her lip caught on her upper teeth, and clung there; one of the teeth was slightly broken; and both these little facts fascinated Ray. She did not laugh so much as Mrs. Denton, whose talk she let run on with a sufferance like that of an older person, though she was the younger. She and Ray stood awhile there playing the game of words in which youth hides itself from its kind, and which bears no relation to what it is feeling. The charm of being in the presence of a lovely and intelligent girl enfolded Ray like a caressing atmosphere, and healed him of all the hurts of homesickness, of solitude. Their talk was intensely personal, because youth is personal, and they were young; they thought that it dealt with the different matters of taste they touched on, but it really dealt with themselves, and not their preferences in literature, in flowers, in cats, in dress, in country and city. Ray was aware that they were discussing these things in a place very different from the parlors where he used to enjoy young ladies' society in Midland; it was all far from the Midland expectation of his career in New York society. He recalled how before the days of his social splendor in Midland he had often sat and watched his own mother and sisters about their household work, which they did for themselves, while they debated the hopes and projects of his future, or let their hearts out in jest and laughter. Afterwards, he would not have liked to have this known among the fashionable people in Midland with whom he wished to be so perfectly *comme il faut*.

From time to time Mrs. Denton dropped the cat out of her lap, and ran out to pull the wire which operated the latch of the street door; and then Ray heard her greeting some comer and showing him into the front room, where presently he heard him greeting her father. At last there was a sound below as of some one letting himself in with a latch-key, and then came the noises of the perambulator wheels bumping from step to step as it was pulled up. Mrs. Denton sat still, and kept on talking to Ray, but her sister went out to help her husband; and reappeared with a sleeping twin in her arms, and carried it into the room adjoining. The husband, with his pale face flushed from his struggle with the perambulator, came in with the other, and when he emerged from the next room again, Mrs. Denton introduced him to Ray.

"Oh yes," he said; "I saw you with Mr. Kane." He sat down a moment at the other window, and put his bare head out for the air. "It has grown warm," he said.

"Was the Park very full?" his wife asked.

"Crowded. It's one of their last chances for the year."

"I suppose it made you homesick."

"Horribly," said the husband, with his head still half out of the window. He took it in, and listened with the tolerance of a husband while she explained him to Ray.

"My husband's so homesick for the old Family place—it *was* a pretty place!—that he almost dies when he goes into the Park; it brings it all back so. Are you homesick too, Mr. Ray?"

"Well, not exactly for the country," said Ray. "I've been homesick for the place I came from—for Midland, that is."

"Midland?" Denton repeated. "I've been there. I think those small cities are more deadly than New York. They're still trying to get rid of the country, and New York is trying to get some of it back. If I had my way, there wouldn't be a city, big or little, on the whole continent." He did not wait for any reply from Ray, but he asked his wife, "Who's come?"

She mentioned a number of names, ten or twelve, and he said, "We'd better go in," and without further parley he turned toward the curtained avenue to the front room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE THREE INFINITIES.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

THE vast remote blank darkness of the skies,
Where Silence foldeth the immortal chime
Of wheeling stars in awful companies,
White whispers on the lips of ancient Time:

The hollow waste of the unfathom'd deep
Where no sound is, and light is but a gleam
Lost in dim twilight shades, where never creep
The dying rays from daytide's golden dream:

The dark, obscure, mysterious human heart,
Where fierce tides ebb and flow for evermore,
Where thoughts and dreams and hopes forever part
For ruin or haven on some unknown shore—

O vast abysm, more deep than starry night,
More awful than the mid-sea's soundless might!

THE GERMAN ARMY OF TO-DAY.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EXNER.

I.—MILITARY CONSTITUTION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

AFTER the close of the war of 1870-1, from which Germany came forth as a national unity, it was desired that visible expression should be given to the latter by a uniform organization of the German military forces. The necessary provisions have been embodied in the Imperial Constitution of April 16, 1871.

Its first article provides that all German states shall constitute a federal territory under the name of the "German Empire," over which the King of Prussia presides as "German Emperor." The Emperor has the power, in the name of the empire, to declare war and to conclude peace, a declaration of war, however, being subject to the consent of the Federal Council, composed of representatives of the members of the federation, except in case of an invasion of the territory of the federation or its coasts.

The entire land forces of the empire form a union army under the command, in war and in peace, of the Emperor, who has the power and whose duty it is to see to it that every part of the army is complete in numbers and in fighting trim, and that uniformity is established and preserved as to organization and formation, armament and equipment. The Emperor also regulates, by way of impe-

rial legislation, the active strength, formation, and distribution of the several contingents composing the imperial army.

In conformity with the treaty of federation of November 23, 1870, the above-cited provisions do not apply to Bavaria, the Bavarian troops, however, being pledged to render in war-time unconditional obedience to the orders of the commander-in-chief of the federation. The Bavarian army, therefore, forms a distinctive contingent of the imperial army, with an entirely independent administration. While her army budget is not submitted to the consideration of the Reichstag, Bavaria has pledged herself to expend for her army the same amount proportionally as is *per capita* appropriated by federal legislation for the remainder of the federal army. Regarding formation, strength, armament, and equipment, the Bavarian army corps are perfectly assimilated to the other army corps.

Unless otherwise provided by distinctive conventions, the reigning princes of the federation appoint the officers, and are themselves the chiefs of the military contingents belonging to their own territories.

The military relations of the several states are regulated by distinctive conventions. While Saxony and Würtemberg put up an army corps each for her-

self, the other contingents are amalgamated with the Prussian army.

All expenses for army purposes are included in the budget for the maintenance of the empire, and any savings made on army appropriations do not revert to the different states, but invariably to the imperial treasury.

While the most important provisions of the military constitution are thus contained in the constitution of the empire, additional provisions, such as to the strength in peace-time—that is, the number of men actually kept under arms and forming the peace army, their organization and completion, discharge from service, and service relations of those absent on furlough—are contained in the military law of the empire of May 2, 1874, which has been repeatedly amended in the course of time. By its original provisions the peace strength was placed, up to December 31, 1881, at 401,659 non-commissioned officers and men (not including officers and one-year volunteers); this number was increased, after April 1, 1881, to 427,274; after April 1, 1887, to 468,409; and after October 1, 1891, to 486,983 men. Adding to these 22,000 officers, surgeons, and bureau officials, and also 7000 one-year volunteers, we have a total strength of 516,000, which is still 30,000 less than the force which the French Republic deems absolutely necessary to keep constantly under arms.

In reference to distribution and organization of the imperial army, the amendment to the military law of the empire passed January 27, 1890, provides that an army corps shall be formed of two or three divisions, with the corresponding artillery, pioneer, and train formations, and that the entire land forces of the German Empire shall consist of twenty army corps, of which Bavaria furnishes two, Würtemberg and Saxony one each, while Prussia, together with the remaining states, puts up sixteen army corps. For military purposes the territory of the empire is divided into nineteen corps districts (*Bezirke*), the Prussian guard corps recruiting throughout the whole Kingdom of Prussia.

A comparison of the peace strengths of the armies of the Continental powers of Europe shows that Germany stands but third on the list, and keeps a smaller number of men under arms than either Russia or France, while it has a strong-

er peace army than Austro-Hungary or Italy. The number of troops kept in active service by the above-named powers in time of peace is shown by the following exhibit, giving the different figures for October 1, 1890:

	Battalions Infantry.	Squadrons Cavalry.	Field Batteries.
Russia	1029	687	405
France.....	561	420	480
Germany.....	538	465	434
Austro-Hungary.	458	252	241
Italy	346	144	207

II.—LIABILITY TO SERVICE.

Every German is liable to service, and in the performance of this duty no substitute is allowed. By adhering to this principle, which has sprung up in Prussia under the necessities of a grave time, but was accompanied by brilliant success, a people's army has been created in the truest acceptance of the term. Exempt from compulsory service are only the members of the reigning or formerly sovereign houses, to whom this exemption has been secured by distinctive treaties, who, however, without exception, deem it proper to enter the army.

The liability to service commences with the completion of the 17th year, and ends with the 45th year of a man's life. The time is divided between service in the ranks and in the defence of the country (*Landsturm*). During his liability to service every German has to serve in the ranks, generally from the 20th year of his life up to the 31st of March of that calendar year in which he attains the age of 39. This period is subdivided into active service in the ranks, the *Landwehr*, and the *Ersatz* reserve. All liable to service, but not enrolled for active duty in the ranks, are subject to *Landsturm* duty. Unqualified for duty are those not capable of bearing arms or undergoing the hardships connected with the military profession; all criminals are excluded from the honor of belonging to the army.

During the time a man belongs to the army he serves 3 years in the ranks, 4 in the reserve, then he belongs for 5 years to the first levy of the *Landwehr*, up to his 39th year to the second levy of the *Landwehr*, and finally up to his 45th year to the *Landsturm*. The time of active service in the ranks is reduced to one year in the case of young men of education and means, who bear all expenses of



GENERAL AND STAFF-OFFICER.

clothing, equipment, and support, and pass a certain examination; also in the case of graduates from teachers' seminaries, who in the interest of public education may be allowed to pass into the reserve after a short instruction in the usage of arms, generally confined to a period of only six weeks.

Not all the men, however, enrolled for three years' active army service are kept continually under arms for this whole period. As the strength of any troop must under no circumstance be exceeded, and the number of recruits is generally larger than the number of men whose regular term expires, a select number of such men as excel in conduct and training receive their discharge in the second year at the close of the fall manœuvres, and are placed at the disposal of their troop.

The Ersatz reserve is made up of such as have not been enlisted, either because of being above the required number of men, or of having been found only conditionally fit, owing to some physical infirmity. The term of service in the Ersatz reserve is 12 years, after which these men are subject to Landsturm duty up to their 45th year. They may be called out in case of mobilization, or in order to fill up the army, and for the formation of depot troops (Ersatz Truppen). The duty of the Landsturm, finally, is to take part in the defence of the country. The Landsturm is called out by imperial order.

Voluntary entry into the army is permitted at the age of 17 years; these young men have the privilege of choosing their own garrison and troop. Some regiments recruit chiefly from such vol-



JÄGER.

ject to the control of their respective district commanders, so that the abode, occupation, and number of men on leave residing in any one district can be ascertained at any time. The reservists have to take part in two field exercises of 8 weeks' duration each, the Landwehrmen of the first levy in two of 2 weeks' duration each. Neither the Landwehr of the second levy nor the Landsturm is called out in times of peace. Those assigned to the Ersatz reserve have to participate in three exercises covering together a period of 20 weeks.

The institution of the one-year volunteers, originally introduced in Prussia, and afterwards adopted by all large armies of the Continent, requires some remarks explanatory of its importance and peculiarity. The reduction in the active army service from three years to one implies unquestionably a privilege for certain classes of the popula-

unteers, as, for instance, the Ziethen Hussars.

The number of recruits to be raised every year is determined by the Emperor according to the demands made by the different parts of the army, and this number is apportioned among the several states of the federation in proportion to their population. Recruits are generally enrolled in the same army corps district in which they are raised. An exception from this rule is made in the case of the Prussian guard corps, which is recruited throughout all Prussian provinces and Alsace-Lorraine, and to which are assigned recruits of superior personal appearance and behavior. The recruits raised in Alsace-Lorraine are at present assigned to Prussian regiments.

The entire forces of the reserve, Ersatz reserve and Landwehr, continue beyond the term of their active service to be sub-

jection which is not otherwise recognized in the organization of the German army; yet it is just as unquestionably in the interest of the people that the studies of those striving for a higher standard of learning in the professional branches should not be interrupted by a full term of three years.

A young man may be enlisted as one-year volunteer either upon passing a scientific examination, or by producing a certificate of maturity issued by one of the specially authorized educational institutions attesting his qualification for one of the upper classes of a high school or college. The one-year service may be rendered in the ranks of any troop of the choice of the volunteer, or among the pharmacists of the sanitary corps. Medical students desiring to enter the sanitary corps have to serve six months under arms, and after their graduation six



INFANTRY IN MARCHING ORDER.

months more in the capacity as non-commissioned or under surgeon. Having afterwards been elected military surgeons, they may be passed into the reserve. All other one-year volunteers, so far as they are qualified by general education, military ability, and zeal, are trained for the rank of officers of the reserve or Landwehr. They receive accordingly particularly careful instruction, both theoretical and practical, and at the close of their term of service, and upon passing the officers' examination, they are assigned to the reserve as reserve officer *aspirants*. As such they have to render active service in two exercises of 8 weeks' duration each, for the purpose of further training for the rank of officer. The appointment to this rank depends, firstly, upon the civic occupation of the applicant, which must command a respect corresponding to that due the rank of an officer; secondly, upon an election by his comrades.

The expenses connected with the service of one-year volunteers are by no means inconsiderable, and may be estimated at 1500 marks in the infantry, and from 1600 to 2000 marks in the cavalry and field artillery, as service in the latter arms requires extra contributions for the use and maintenance of the troop horses. In exceptional cases, and on proof of indigency, a few one-year volunteers may be supported at public expense, and allowed to lodge in the barracks.

III.—COMPOSITION OF THE ARMY.

A.—THE WAR MINISTRY.

The executive organs of the administration of the army are the War Ministries at Berlin, Munich, Dresden, and Stuttgart, for the Prussian, Bavarian, Saxon, and Würtemberg contingents, headed each by a general officer of superior rank as War Minister. The War Ministries regulate and conduct all affairs regarding the completion, maintenance, armament, and administration of the military forces and war materials. There is no War Ministry of the empire, all orders of the Emperor, as well as newly prepared or altered regulations, being conveyed through the Prussian War Ministry to the War Ministries of the other states, by which they have to be put in force in their armies. The Prussian War Ministry at Berlin, having a

personnel of 390 officers and officials of every rank (in the French War Ministry more than 800 officers and officials are employed), is, therefore, the centre from which issue all measures of organization and administration. Its work is divided among the Central Department; the General War Department, comprising the army, fortification, and foot and horse divisions; the departments for financial management, invalids, and armament, and the supply and medical divisions.

Besides, there are a number of other boards and institutions under immediate orders of the War Minister, who has also to represent the army in the Reichstag.

B.—THE MILITARY CABINET.

In Prussia all affairs relating to the *personnel* of officers and military officials are attended to by the Military Cabinet, which is placed directly under the Emperor, and forms a distinctive division of the War Department. Its chief is the Adjutant-General of the Emperor and King; he has to submit to the decision of the supreme commander all matters relating to appointments, promotion, and discharge of officers, also applications for pardon made by military persons.

C.—THE COMMISSION FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

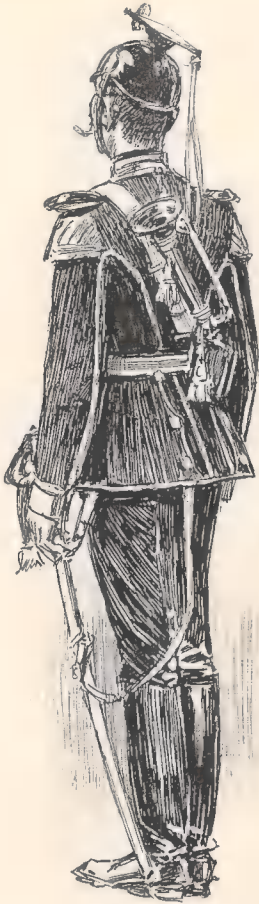
This commission has to examine into and consider all questions touching the erection, completion, or abandonment of forts, as also all more important questions of organization and training. It receives its orders from and reports to the Emperor directly. After his retirement from the position of Chief of the General Staff, General-Fieldmarshal Count von Moltke was placed at the head of this commission. His successor is General-Fieldmarshal Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick.

D.—THE GENERAL STAFF.

The Chief of the General Staff of the Prussian army occupies an independent position, co-ordinate to the War Minister, and responsible for the conduct of his office to the Emperor directly. He is assisted by three Quartermasters-General, who, in case of war, are appointed chiefs of the general staffs of the chief commanders of armies. There is no exclusive corps of general staff officers, these



UHLANS.



UHLÁN TRUMPETER.

being selected from the standing army, into which they return after a number of years' service on the general staff.

In the field the general staff has to attend to all matters touching the movement, quartering, and engagement of troops, and to the drawing up of orders. The officers of the general staff are the assistants of the generals commanding to whom they are assigned. They must be possessed, besides clearness of thought and perspicuity of expression, of the gift of quick conception, of indefatigable working faculties, and of a high degree of military training. Their duties are

extensive and arduous, but of a thankful character.

In peace the majority of general staff officers are engaged at work at the Great General Staff of the army at Berlin, which is divided into a department of military history, four departments for the study of foreign armies and seats of war, and the railway division. On the last devolves the disposition of all matters relating to the use of railways by military forces. The remainder of the general staff officers are detailed to the army corps and divisions. A special branch of the Great General Staff is serving purely scientific purposes. Under the immediate supervision of the Chief of the Great General Staff are placed the Railway Brigade, the survey of the empire—comprising the trigonometrical, topographical, and cartographical divisions—and the War Academy at Berlin. Into the last, officers especially recommended for ability and zeal are admitted after passing an appropriate examination. During a course lasting three years they receive a careful training in the military and auxiliary sciences, which qualifies them afterwards for appointment on the general staff as aides-de-camp or teachers. The attendance at this academy is, however, not an indispensable condition for admission to the general staff. The number of officers detailed to the latter is about 300.

Bavaria has her own military academy at Munich; Saxon and Würtemberg officers participate in the course of the Prussian academy.

The Chief of the Great General Staff of the army is General Count von Schlieffen, who in February, 1891, succeeded Count von Waldersee, who had, in 1888, been promoted to this eminent position as successor of General-Fieldmarshal Count von Moltke, to whose genius the army owes the splendid organization of this training-school for superior army officers.

E.—THE MILITARY INTENDANCIES.

Upon the military intendancies devolves the duty of regulating all matters relating to the maintenance, payment, and quartering of the troops. In war they have also to provide for food, either through organized conveyance from home, or by off-hand purchases, or, in case of necessity, by requisition.

F.—DISTRIBUTION OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY.

The army of the German Empire consists, as mentioned before, since April 1, 1890, of 20 army corps. With a few exceptions, the troops of an army corps are garrisoned within the army corps district, and complete themselves from the latter. The Prussian guard corps has no corps district of its own, and is recruited generally throughout the monarchy. The

army corps in Alsace-Lorraine receive their complement chiefly from other sections of the empire, while the recruits raised there are distributed among regiments of other corps districts. With the exception of the guard and the two Bavarian army corps, all other army corps are known by continuous numbers from 1 to 17. Their principal forces are stationed and headquarters located as follows:



DRAGOON.



HUSSARS.

GUARD CORPS (BERLIN) AT BERLIN AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Army Corps (Königsberg) East Prussia. | 8. Army Corps (Coblentz) Rhine Province. |
| 2. " " (Stettin) Pomerania. | 9. " " (Altona) Schleswig-Holstein, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, free cities of Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen. |
| 3. " " (Berlin) Brandenburg. | 10. " " (Hanover) Province Hanover, Oldenburg, Brunswick. |
| 4. " " (Magdeburg) Prussian Province, Saxony. | 11. " " (Cassel) Province Hesse-Nassau, and the Grand Duchy of Hesse. |
| 5. " " (Posen) Province Posen. | |
| 6. " " (Breslau) Silesia. | |
| 7. " " (Münster) Westphalia. | |

12. Royal Saxon Army Corps (Dresden), Kingdom of Saxony.
13. Royal Württemberg Army Corps (Stuttgart), Kingdom of Württemberg.
14. Army Corps (Karlsruhe) Grand Duchy of Baden.
15. " " (Strassburg) Alsace.
16. " " (Metz) Lorraine.
17. " " (Danzig) West Prussia.
1. Bavarian Army Corps (Munich) Bavaria.
2. " " (Würzburg) Bavaria.

In peace the army inspections are formed by the different corps, as follows:

The 1st, 2d, 9th, 10th, and 17th army corps form the 1st Army Inspection, at Hanover.

The 5th, 6th, and 12th army corps form the 2d Army Inspection, at Dresden.

The 7th, 8th, and 11th army corps form the 3d Army Inspection, at Darmstadt.

The 3d, 4th, 13th, and the two Bavarian army corps form the 4th Army Inspection, at Berlin.

The 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th army corps form the 5th Army Inspection, at Karlsruhe.

The army inspectors are:

For the 1st Army Inspection, General-Field-marshal Prince Albrecht of Prussia.

For the 2d Army Inspection, General-Field-marshal Prince George of Saxony.

For the 3d Army Inspection, Grand Duke Ludwig of Hesse.

For the 4th Army Inspection, General-Fieldmarshal Count von Blumenthal.

For the 5th Army Inspection, Grand Duke Friedrich of Baden.

An army corps is headed by the general commanding, who has charge of all the troops and of the forts within his corps district, and is responsible to the commander-in-chief for the condition and training of his forces. He has also to see to the maintenance of peace and order in his district. The power exercising the highest authority in an army corps is called the General Command, the

business of which is conducted, under the supervision of the general commanding, by the chief of the general staff of the army corps. The latter is assisted by two or three officers of the general staff, two or three aides-de-camp of the rank of field officers or captains, the judge-advocate of the corps for conducting the courts-martial business, the surgeon-general of the corps, the veterinary surgeon of the corps, and the corps chaplain for attending to



CUIRASSIERS.

military-clerical affairs. The intendantcies have charge of all administration business.

Not all army corps have the same composition. Each of the army corps, from the 1st to the 10th, and from the 13th to the 17th, consists of two divisions, besides the artillery, pioneer, and train formations, while the 11th and 12th army corps have each a third division, which bear the numbers 25 and 32. The latter forms part of the Saxon army corps, while the former represents the contingent of the Grand Duchy of Hesse. Likewise the 2d Bavarian corps has a

strength of three divisions. Each division, except those of the guard corps, consists of two infantry brigades and one cavalry brigade (the first division having two of the latter). An army corps, furthermore, comprises a field artillery brigade, a battalion of train, and a battalion of pioneers, the last, as also the garrison artillery located within a corps district, being subject merely in a territorial meaning to the corps command.

The Prussian regiments and independent battalions are known—besides their regular number, and, in case of the cavalry, by the description of arms, whether cuirassiers, hussars, or uhlans—by the name of the province from which they are recruited.

By order of the commander-in-chief a number of Prussian regiments and independent battalions bear the names of princes and prominent generals, for the purpose, as it is expressed in the order, "of honoring and keeping alive for all time the memory of his [the King's] ancestors resting in God, and of such highly merited men as stood by their side in peace and in war, and by their distinguished services acquired just claims to a grateful remembrance by King and fatherland." A few regiments were also given names of families who have excelled by furnishing for long years an unusually large number of their members to the army and to prominent positions in the same.

G.—INFANTRY.

The infantry is the principal arm of the army, not only in regard to numbers, but for its capacity of being employed at any time and in any country. It forms, consequently, the principal part of the army, and is organized, since October 1, 1890, in 538 battalions, of which 519 are comprised in 173 regiments, while 19 are forming independent Jäger battalions. The number of infantry regiments contributed by Prussia is 133; Bavaria, 20; Saxony, 12; Würtemberg, 8; and of Jäger battalions by Prussia, 14 (including the guard Schützen battalion); Bavaria, 2; Saxony, 3.

The regiments are differently described as infantry, fusileer, grenadier regiments, also a Schützen regiment in the 12th army corps, but they do not differ in armament, training, and employment. The names of fusileers, grenadiers, and Schützen have merely a historical mean-

ing. In point of fact the infantry in the German army is a unity, which extends also to the rifles, although they have preserved some peculiarities. The Prussian rifle battalions are mainly recruited from professional rangers and foresters, who, as a rule, engage for eight years' active service, whereby they establish a claim for employment in subordinate positions in the government's forestry service.

A regiment has three battalions, each battalion four companies. The regiment is headed by a colonel, each battalion by a staff-officer as battalion commander, each company by a captain as chief of company. For internal service the company is divided into inspections under the supervision of lieutenants, and in corporals' guards under the guidance of non-commissioned officers.

To the infantry belongs also the training battalion at Potsdam, which is attached to the guard corps, and to which officers, non-commissioned officers, and men from all infantry troops except the guard and Bavarian corps are detailed, generally for a period of six months. During winter the training battalion is reduced to the size of a company.

Among the men levied for the army, only such are mustered into the infantry as are able to bear arms and the fatigues of marching. They must have a height of at least 1.57 metres (61.8 inches). The most alert men are assigned to the rifles. For active service under arms each battalion draws annually 230 recruits if it is kept on the higher, 200 if on the lower standard.

H.—CAVALRY.

The cavalry is the only branch of the German army which has not been increased since the Franco-German war ended. The authorities consider the present strength of 93 regiments, or 465 squadrons, sufficient for all the duties devolving upon this arm in times of war, which are principally reconnoitring, watching the movements of the enemy, and pursuit, leaving a sufficient force available when the use of large bodies of cavalry appears necessary during a battle. Germany has more cavalry than any other European power, Russia alone excepted; the latter, counting in the Cossack formations kept under arms in peace-time, has 116 squadrons more, while France has 45 squadrons less than Germany.

Of the 93 regiments, 73 are formed by



FIELD ARTILLERY.

Prussia, 10 by Bavaria, 6 by Saxony, and 4 by Württemberg. According to the lighter or heavier material—horses as well as men—entering into the composition of the regiments, they are distinguished as light, medium, and heavy cavalry. The hussars, dragoons, and the *chevau-légers* of Bavaria belong to the light, the cuirassiers to the heavy cavalry, while the uhlans are an intermediate arm. While the existence of these different kinds of cavalry cannot be called an absolute necessity, especially as drill, tactics, and employment have become uniform, historical tradition favors and to some extent justifies their retention.

According to the above distinction, 12 regiments are cuirassiers, or heavy horse, 27 regiments are uhlans, 34 are dragoons and *chevau-légers*, and 20 hussars. The regiment of the Garde du Corps is included in the cuirassiers.

The eight regiments of the Prussian guards form the cavalry division of the guards, which is divided into four brigades. Of the line regiments, two or three form a brigade, which is designated by the number of the division to which it belongs.

To consider, experiment, and consult upon all questions of interest to the arm, a cavalry commission was formed in 1890. Members of this board are, among others, the two cavalry inspectors, whose duty it is to superintend the annual cavalry manoeuvres and the journeys of the general and staff-officers for the study of tactics. They perform these functions under the direct personal supervision of the Emperor, while under that of the Minister of War they inspect the training-schools and the depots for remounts.

Each regiment is composed of five squadrons; of which, however, four only take the field, the fifth remaining at home to form the depot. Every year another squadron is designated for this service. The total strength of a regiment is 25 officers, 667 men, and 792 horses; 62 of the last are officers' horses.

As forming part of the cavalry, must be further mentioned the military riding-academy at Hanover, consisting of a school for officers, and one for non-commissioned officers of the cavalry and field artillery, who, in a two-years' course, receive a thorough training as riding-teachers. Similar objects are pursued by the military riding-academy at Dresden and

the Equitation Institute at Munich, both of the latter selling also trained horses to mounted officers of the infantry at fixed prices. Veterinary surgeons are educated at the Royal Veterinary School at Berlin; farriers, in several training-schools formed for this purpose.

The horses for the cavalry are in times of peace entirely obtained by off-hand purchasing from dealers. In Prussia the horses are bought at three years old by commissions composed of officers, and under orders of the remounting department of the War Ministry; for the purpose of further development, they are turned over to remounting depots. After remaining there for a year, they are sent to the regiments, where they are carefully trained, and, as a rule, are not put into active service until they are six years old. A similar system prevails in Bavaria, while in Saxony the horses are turned over to the regiments as soon as purchased. Germany is fortunate in possessing an abundance of excellent horses, which, after careful training, answer every requirement of the service.

For the cavalry, men of good muscular development are selected who are accustomed to horses, and physically particularly adapted for the exigencies of the service. For this reason they should not be too heavy, and the limit of weight is about 65 kilograms (or 146 pounds) for the light, and 70 kilograms (or 157 pounds) for the heavy cavalry.

I.—ARTILLERY.

The consideration of all questions relating to the organization, employment, and armament of the artillery is in charge of the General Committee for Artillery Affairs. Tests of new material are carried on by the trial battalion under the direction of a permanent commission formed for this purpose. In order to reach the greatest possible efficiency in target practice and the handling of the guns, officers and non-commissioned officers receive instruction in two schools of gunnery, which are maintained for the field and garrison artillery. In the technical institutions—artillery workshops, pyrotechnical laboratory, gun foundry, ammunition factory, and powder-mills—the whole equipment of the artillery as well as the train material for the other branches of the service is manufactured.



HORSE ARTILLERY.

The artillery consists of field and garrison artillery—the former attending the operations in the field, the latter being employed at the attack and defence of fortified places. Since the war of 1870–1 the artillery has considerably grown in importance, and in consequence its strength has been materially increased. Nevertheless it has not reached that of the French army, which has, even in peace, 46 field batteries more than Germany.

Recruiting and training are entirely different in the two branches of the arm; and while the field artillery forms part of the army corps organization, and is placed under the general commands, the garrison artillery, which as foot artillery is often called the infant arm of the army, forms a distinctive branch under the command of an inspector-general.

The German field artillery consists of 43 regiments, formed in 20 brigades. Prussia has 30 regiments, Bavaria 5, Saxony 3, and Würtemberg 2. One brigade, consisting as a rule of 2, but in the case of the 11th, the 12th, and the 2d Bavarian corps of 3 regiments, is attached to each army corps. The total number of batteries since April 1, 1890, is 434, of which 46 are horse batteries, the men following the guns on horseback, while in the remaining 338 field batteries the men ride upon the caissons. The horse batteries are naturally able to cover much more ground at a quicker pace, and are therefore especially adapted for use in connection with cavalry.

The number of batteries varies in the

different regiments, some having 12, others 6, 7, 9, and 11 batteries. As a rule, 3 field and 2 horse batteries form a division (*Abtheilung*), and 3 or 4 divisions a regiment. A regiment is commanded by a colonel, a division by a staff-officer, and a battery by a captain as chief of battery. On war footing a battery consists of 6 guns, 8 ammunition caissons, 2 magazine wagons, and a forge. In peace only 4—sometimes 6—guns are kept in service. For this reason the number of horses required on mobilization is increased almost twofold.

Since the field artillery has been attached to the different army corps as to tactical training, organization, mobilization, and personal matters, the position of Inspector-General of the Field Artillery has been created, who has the supervision of technical matters and of the target practice.

The composition of the garrison or foot artillery is of a different nature. Under an inspector-general as commander-in-chief, there are 4 inspections, each composed of 2 or 3 regiments. In addition, Bavaria maintains a separate inspection. The total strength of the foot artillery consists of 31 battalions, of which Prussia furnishes 24, Bavaria 4, Saxony 2, and Würtemberg 1. In all questions relating to territorial matters only the foot artillery is subject to the jurisdiction of the army corps within whose territory the different regiments are stationed. The majority of the regiments are, for speedy readiness in war, garrisoned at

the large forts near the borders of the empire.

The large quantities of material—cannons, wagons, harness, etc.—not used by the troops in times of peace are stored in artillery depots, under the charge of staff-officers or captains, who are responsible for the preservation of the goods, which must always be kept ready for immediate use. For purposes of additional supervision, four inspections of artillery depots are formed, each under command of an inspector with the rank of a staff-officer or major-general.

K.—ENGINEERS, PIONEERS, AND RAILWAY TROOPS.

The engineers and pioneers of Prussia are under the command of an inspector-general as highest in authority; they are divided into four engineer and two pioneer inspections. The former comprise all fortifications; the latter, the pioneer battalions. Bavaria has one inspection of engineers and fortifications, the pioneer battalion of Saxony is attached to the artillery, and that of Würtemberg stands directly under the general commanding the army corps.

The officers of the engineer corps are either employed in the construction and maintenance of fortifications, or they do service with the pioneer battalions. One of the latter is attached to each army corps, bearing the number or designation of the latter. But the jurisdiction of the commander of the army corps extends only to territorial matters, and he is in virtual command only during the large manoeuvres of field exercises; the supervision and regulation of the drill and the technical training are exclusively in charge of the inspectors. Of the 20 pioneer battalions, Prussia has 16, Bavaria 2, Saxony and Würtemberg 1 each. As parts of the Prussian engineer corps, are to be mentioned the committee on engineering affairs, a board composed of general and staff officers, which has to consider all questions arising in connection with this branch of the service; a school of fortifications, where non-commissioned officers and privates are trained for service as subalterns in the construction of fortifications; and the telegraph inspection, with a school of telegraphy.

A battalion of pioneers is composed of four companies, whose drill differs, inasmuch as one company is trained principally in bridge-building and another in

mining. All pioneers must also pass through the regular infantry drill, for, in case of need, they are used as infantry, and must know how to fight as such.

The railway troops consist of the Prussian railway brigade, in technical and scientific matters under the command of the Chief of the General Staff of the army, and of the Bavarian railway battalion. The former is composed of two regiments of two battalions each, a battalion being subdivided into four companies. The Bavarian battalion has only two companies; Saxony and Würtemberg furnish each one company of the second Prussian regiment. During a war the railway troops are charged with the construction of new railroads, the repairing of lines destroyed by the enemy, and the demolition of others, when this becomes a necessity. In times of peace these troops receive a thorough technical training, for which purpose the entire management of a military railroad running from Berlin to the rifle range at Kummersdorf—a distance of about 33 English miles—is under their charge. This line is also open for the use of the public. To the railway brigade is attached an aeronautic detachment, which pursues experiments with balloons, with special regard for their use in war for military purposes. As soon as the problem of aerial navigation has been satisfactorily solved, this detachment will, of course, greatly gain in importance, and will be correspondingly increased in strength.

For the technical organizations men are selected who are fit to work in the open air and under unfavorable conditions without showing fatigue when special exertion is required, and who in their private life have had some experience in kindred occupations.

L.—MILITARY TRAIN AND TRANSPORTATION.

The German army has 21 train battalions, of which 17 are formed by Prussia, 2 by Bavaria, and 1 each by Saxony and Würtemberg. With the exception of the 16th and 25th, which consist of two companies, and the 12th battalion, which has four, each battalion is composed of three companies. To each of the Bavarian battalions a sanitary detachment is attached. In addition each battalion includes a company composed entirely of men who are bakers by profession. They are in peace-time employed in the military bakeries established in

all larger garrisons, where the bread for non-commissioned officers and privates is made. At mobilization they furnish the material for the field bakeries.

The train battalions form part of the artillery brigades, except in Bavaria, where they are subject to a distinctive inspection.

These train organizations, which have to furnish the men and horses for the transportation system of the entire army, require naturally a large number of men as soon as the army is put upon a war footing. For this reason their method of recruiting and drilling is entirely different from that of the other branches of the service. They draw fresh recruits twice a year, who, after being drilled for six months only, are placed in the reserve, only a limited number serving three years for the purpose of being trained as non-commissioned officers. In addition, a number of non-commissioned officers and privates of the cavalry are every year instructed in the service and placed in the train reserve.

The whole system is divided into three parts, viz., for the transportation of the baggage of officers and administrative officials, together with the latter's bureau materials, as also of a supply of clothing to replace that worn out by the troops; for transportation of a supply of provisions; and finally for transporting a supply of ammunition to replenish the stock of the troops. Sanitary detachments and field hospitals are also formed by the train battalions.

At mobilization the wagons are divided into two columns or echelons. One, called the small baggage, carries everything necessary for the troops during or immediately after a battle, while the heavy baggage follows at a greater distance, and carries all supplies required for the sustenance of the army during its operations in the field.

Every army corps has its own train, divided into wagon columns as above. They comprise ammunition trains, provision trains, the pontoon train, the field bakery, a depot of remounts, and the field hospitals.

While it has been the constant aim of the authorities to reduce the number of wagons to what absolute necessity requires, the train of an army corps at present comprises at least 1700 wagons and 6000 horses.

M.—THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

In accordance with the principle that the maintenance of the efficiency of the army is the prime condition of final success, and that the care for the troops is one of the most important duties of the commander and the administration, the greatest attention has been paid in the German army to sanitary matters. The system is divided into the medical *personnel* and the sanitary institutions. The former comprises all sanitary officers, including the apothecaries, who rank with administrative officials, the non-commissioned surgeons and apothecaries, the hospital stewards, the nurses, and, in war, the men carrying away the wounded. The sanitary institutions comprise, in peace, the garrison hospitals and regimental wards for sick soldiers; in war, the sanitary detachments, the field hospitals, the war *etappen* and reserve hospitals, and the sanitary trains upon the railroads.

The highest authority in peace is the Medical Department of the Prussian War Ministry; in war, the chief of the sanitary service, who is attached to the headquarters of the army. Under the direction of the Surgeon-General of the army, a surgeon-general supervises the sanitary service of each army corps. In Bavaria and Saxony a sanitary department or a sanitary director takes the place of the Surgeon-General. In each division the surgeon oldest in rank has general charge of the sanitary affairs, while the practical work devolves upon the staff and assistant surgeons attached to every body of troops, who are in turn assisted by non-commissioned surgeons. All surgeons have the rank of officers, and occupy positions of absolute equality with the latter.

It may be mentioned here as a matter of interest that the death rate of the German army in peace is smaller than that of any other standing army. The same applies to the number of sick and disabled persons.

In war every sick or wounded soldier, as well as any person charged with the care for the same, is protected by the stipulations of the Geneva Convention. All those connected with the sanitary service carry, therefore, the well-known badge, the red cross on white ground, which is also painted on every wagon belonging to the service, while a flag showing the same emblem floats over every hospital. Red flags, or red lanterns

during the night, make known at large distances the places where the wounded are collected and where the field hospitals are established.

Every soldier carries a small package of bandages, and around his neck a badge with his name, for purposes of identification. Every hospital steward carries a satchel with bandages and a bottle with restoratives, every surgeon a case of instruments. Every battalion of infantry or regiment of cavalry is followed by a medicine-wagon, filled with medicines and bandages, stretchers, and everything else necessary for the care of wounded or sick soldiers during march or battle.

The voluntary medical service has become a valuable adjunct to the regular military sanitary service since it has been regulated by proper rules. It is under the direction of a commissioner appointed by the Emperor, and many excellent young men entered its ranks during the last war who were incapacitated from some cause for other service. Many eminent physicians devoted themselves likewise to the care for the sufferers by accepting positions as consulting surgeons-general.

N.—MILITARY ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

Military justice is administered under the direction of the Judge-Advocate-General in Prussia, the Judge-Advocate in Bavaria, and the Supreme Court Martial in Saxony, by corps, division, brigade, regimental, and garrison courts. Subject to military justice are all persons in active service, all officers retired with half-pay on waiting orders, and the administrative officials of the higher grades. There are higher and lower courts. The former adjudge all cases where officers are concerned, or where the accused is a non-commissioned officer or private and the punishment in case of conviction would be harder than simple confinement, reduction in rank, or transfer into the second class. All other cases belong before the lower courts. Every one of the courts named above is composed of the commander of the respective troop as president, and a judge-advocate. In the regimental courts the place of the latter is taken by an investigating officer. After an investigation conducted by the judge-advocate or the investigating officer, with one or more officers as assessors, the case is submitted to a court martial of

the higher or lower order, as the case may be. A court martial is always composed of a judge-advocate or investigating officer and five classes of judges, whose rank depends upon that of the defendant. If the latter is a private, for instance, three judges are officers, one a non-commissioned officer, and one a private. The court martial is presided over by a staff-officer or captain. The judgment must be confirmed by the president of the judicial district.

In Bavaria, military district courts take the place of the higher courts martial, and the proceedings are public.

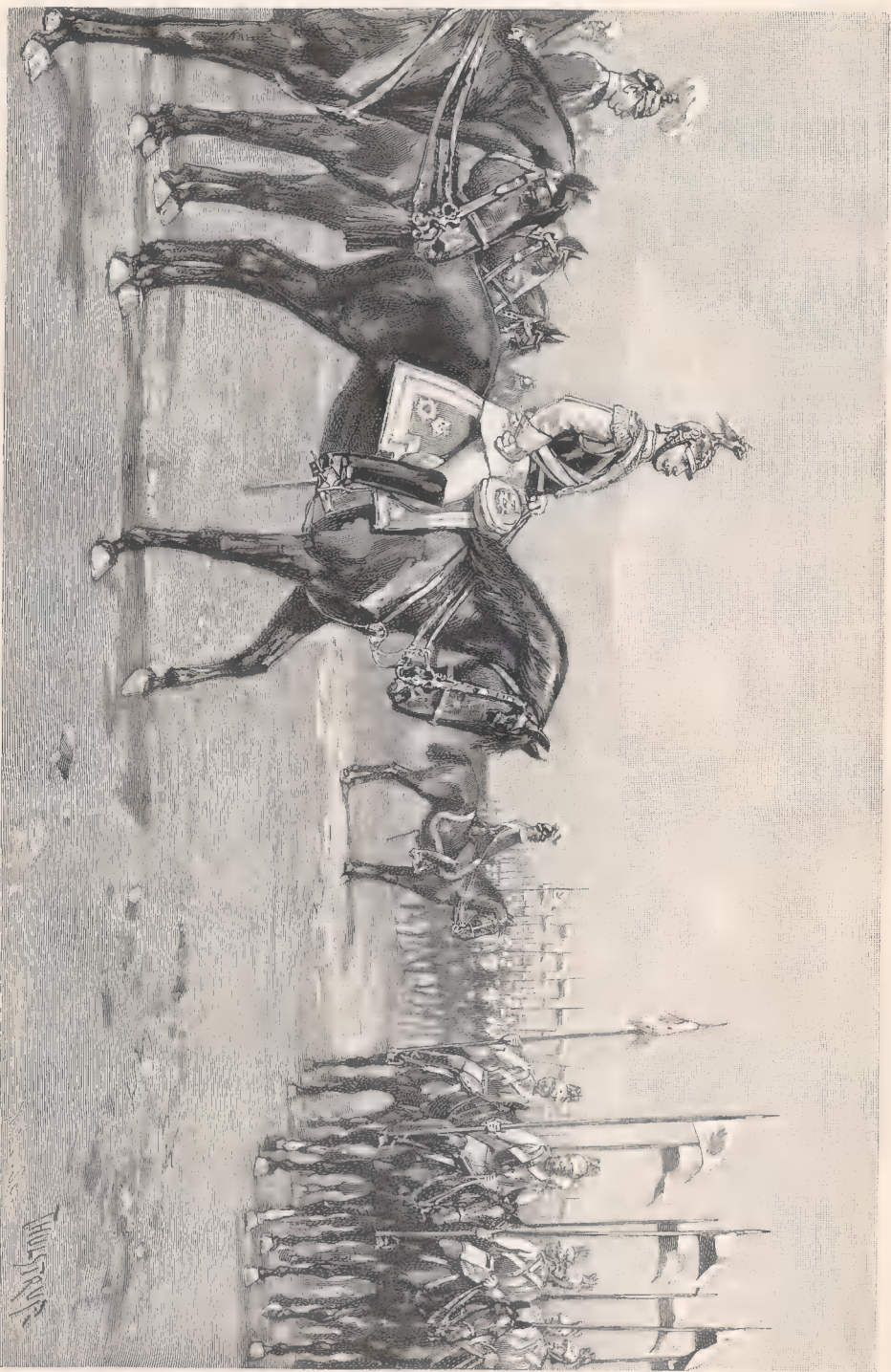
Offences against military order and discipline for which no punishment is mentioned in the code, transgressions of regulations, and such infractions of the rules as render the defendant liable to slight penalties only, are subject to so-called disciplinary punishment. This applies in times of war also to all civilians connected with the army in any capacity whatsoever, and to prisoners of war. Power to execute disciplinary justice is granted only to officers in command of troops from the rank of captain upward, and the extent of their power is regulated by the position they occupy. On the effective use of this power the discipline of the troop depends to a very large degree.

O.—SEPARATE ORGANIZATIONS.

To the army belong several separate organizations. One of them is a corps of mounted rifles employed as couriers in peace as well as in war, and in the diplomatic service. Another one is composed of non-commissioned officers of the guards who have passed a long term of service, and whose duty it is to watch the royal palaces and gardens, and to mount guard at special occasions and celebrations; this organization is called the Company of Palace Guards. The corps of body gendarmes furnishes the orderlies in personal attendance on the Emperor. The territorial or field gendarmery, under command of a general, is composed of non-commissioned officers. Its discipline and subsistence are regulated by army officers; its functions and duties, by officials of the Ministry of the Interior.

P.—CHAPLAIN DEPARTMENT.

At the head of the military clergy of Prussia are placed the Protestant and the Catholic *Feldpräpste* (chaplains-general),



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directly under the War Ministry. To each army corps a chaplain is attached, while two or four division chaplains, some of them Protestants and some Catholics, are subject to the chaplain's orders. These clergymen have charge of the spiritual affairs of the congregations into which the troops are united. All soldiers must attend church on regularly designated Sundays and holidays, and take communion at least once a year. In the field the duties of the chaplains are especially beneficial and gratifying. By holding religious services and dispensing consolation and encouragement among the sick and wounded, they are most efficient instruments for preserving and animating religious sentiment in the army.

The army chaplains are officials of superior rank, and wear a distinctive official dress when officiating and in the field. In Saxony the system is practically the same as in Prussia, while Bavaria and Württemberg have no army chaplains in peace, their duties being performed by ministers connected with the churches at the different garrisons.

It must be added that all denominations have equal rights in the army.

IV.—TRAINING.

The final object of all training in peace is to secure success in war, therefore all efforts must be directed to a martial training of individuals as well as of tactical bodies. This duty devolves upon commanding officers of every rank, from the captain upward, who shall in their work be allowed as much latitude as possible, superiors only to interfere in cases of mistakes or failure of progress. The system of advancing from less to more difficult training has to be strictly observed; individuals and smaller squads must be thoroughly drilled before they are made part of larger formations. The thorough and skilful schooling of the individual soldier and of the single horse is rightly considered of the utmost importance.

The drilling of the recruits takes generally from two to three months, whereupon they are mustered into the companies, squadrons, or batteries, where they are instructed in regular evolutions and movements, in common with the older men. Then follow the exercises in battalions and regiments and in mixed divisions; and finally the fall manœuvres, which are held in the open field, and

made to approach as near as possible the realities of war. Some army corps have Emperor's Manœuvres, so called from the attendance of the Supreme Commander and officers of foreign armies. The remaining army corps exercise in division formations, with their allotments of artillery and pioneers. There are also arranged every fall fortification exercises on a large scale, and manœuvres of cavalry divisions formed by the concentration of a number of cavalry regiments.

General officers commanding troops have to inspect the troops under their care in order to satisfy themselves of the degree attained in training. Time and duration of such inspections are regulated by general rules. At the conclusion of every inspection the inspector-general shall give, in the form of an instructive criticism, his opinion of the bearing and performances of the troops.

V.—ARMAMENT.

The rifle model of 1888 in use in the German infantry answers all requirements of a hand fire-arm. A breech-loader by construction, allowing the simultaneous loading of five cartridges united in one frame, it covers a maximum range of 3800 metres, although sure effects can be guaranteed only at distances up to 1500 metres. The rifle is of 8 millimetres calibre, and the bullet, made of hard lead with a nickel covering, weighs 14.5 grams; the composition of the powder and the size of the powder measure are secrets of the government. Besides the rifle, the infantry carries side-arms, which can be attached to the rifle as a bayonet, rendering the former also useful for close fighting. Officers and sergeants-major wear swords and revolvers.

A uniform armament of the entire cavalry has been established by the equipment of cuirassier, hussar, and dragoon regiments with steel tube lances. Disputes about the value of the lance are probably as old as the cavalry itself, says a prominent military author, but its superiority over other weapons when used in pursuit or single combat is generally admitted. The cavalry soldier is armed also with carbine and sword, the former enabling him to take part in fights at short distances.

The entire field artillery has guns of 8.8 centimetre calibre, as yet of two slightly differing kinds of construction, known

as the heavy field-gun and the field-gun proper. The former is used by the field artillery, the latter by mounted or horse batteries. As the construction of heavy field-guns has been abandoned, it is but a question of time when the entire field artillery shall use uniform material, an advantage not gained yet by the field artillery of any other country.

Fortress and siege guns differ in construction and calibre, according to the different objects of their use in fortress wars.

VI.—EQUIPMENT AND CLOTHING.

The uniform of the German army is handsome and practical; a few changes, however, are just now being contemplated. Officers and military officials have to provide their own clothing and equipment, while non-commissioned officers and men receive the same from their respective troops, special funds being allowed the latter for that purpose.

The regulation or field-service head-dress of the infantry, artillery, dragoons, and pioneers is the helmet; of the rifles (*Jäger* and *Schützen*), the "*käppi*"; of the uhlans, the "*czapka*"; of the hussars, the fur cap; and of the cuirassiers, the steel helmet. The uniform coat of the infantry and pioneers is dark blue; of the rifles, dark green, collar and cuffs being red and black respectively; the shoulder-straps bear the number of the regiment or the monogram of the princely chief. Cuirassiers wear white coats, the several regiments differing by the color of the sleeve revers and braiding; the dragoons have light blue coats; the uhlans, dark blue "*ulankas*." The hussar regiments are distinguished by the different colors of their "*attila*" (red, green, light and dark blue, and black, with white or yellow braiding). The difference in color and equipment of the several branches of the cavalry is founded on historical traditions which the army likes to preserve. The cuirass is only worn at parades, but no longer in the field, as it oppresses and hinders the horseman.

The trousers are almost without exception made of black cloth, riding-boots being worn by all mounted troops, as also by the general and staff-officers, and by mounted officers of the infantry.

All troops of the guard corps and the body-guard regiments are distinguished by white or yellow stripes upon the col-

lar. As to color, style, and equipment, the uniforms of the non-Prussian army corps differ in several regards from the above description. In Saxony, for instance, the artillery has kept the dark green, the cavalry the light blue coat; in Bavaria the predominant color of the infantry is a light blue; of the cavalry, a steel green.

Complete uniformity, however, has been established throughout the German army as to the rank distinction, those of the non-commissioned officers being marked on collars and cuffs, of the officers on the differently shaped shoulder-straps. By the number of stars attached to the latter the rank of an officer is recognizable. Epaulets are only worn at grand parades, court festivals, and for full toilet.

VII.—OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND PRIVATES.

A.—THE CORPS OF OFFICERS.

"The spirit of the Prussian army is moulded by its officers," said one of the heroes of the wars against Napoleon I. This utterance is as true now as it was eighty years ago, for the spirit governing the corps of officers, its condition, and efficiency have a decisive influence upon the whole army. The corps of officers is entitled to a privileged position in the community, which is shared by its individual members in private life.

The corps of officers completes itself from graduates of cadet schools and from young men called "*avantageurs*," who enter the army with the expectation of being promoted. In cadet schools, principally sons of officers of the army and navy and government officials are educated; in limited numbers also sons of civilians. They enter the schools at the age of ten in Prussia, at the age of twelve years in Bavaria and Saxony. The plan of instruction is substantially the same as that of an industrial high-school, the tuition fee is moderate, and the principal part of the cost of maintenance is borne by the state.

The officers are divided into four classes or grades: subaltern officers, or second and first lieutenants; captains, called "*Rittmeister*" in the cavalry; staff-officers, comprising majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels; and finally generals, subdivided into major-generals, lieutenant-generals, generals of the infantry,

cavalry, or artillery, colonel-generals, and general-fieldmarshals.

The pecuniary compensation granted to officers is, generally speaking, sufficient, though in the lower grades exceedingly moderate. It is hardly possible for a second lieutenant, whose monthly income, inclusive of the allowance for providing quarters, averages about 120 marks (about \$30), to make both ends meet without the aid of a private income, even if he exercises the strictest economy and avoids all expenditures not absolutely necessary. Officers who have no private means whatever, or whose relatives are not in a position to assist them, receive a small extra allowance out of special funds or from the Emperor.

Officers of the rank of captain of the first class (captains and Rittmeisters are divided into two classes, according to the salary they receive) and officers of the higher grades receive a compensation which may be called sufficient for providing the necessities of life and meeting the expenditures connected with the position. Still, the purchase and maintenance of the horses require monetary sacrifices of considerable magnitude, as the government grants only an allowance for the daily rations and the stabling of horses where they are not provided for in barracks. It is intended to extend this allowance to the purchasing and replacing of horses. The total annual income of a captain of the first class is about 5000 marks (\$1250); that of a major or lieutenant-colonel, 6600 marks (\$1650); of the commander of a regiment, 9000 marks (\$2250). In addition to the actual salary, every officer not stationed in barracks receives an allowance for providing lodgings, which is measured by the prices ruling in the garrison in which he is stationed and by the rank of the recipient.

It is impossible for a young officer to maintain by his salary a family in the style made necessary by his social position. If he wants to marry, he must receive permission from the Emperor, and is required to furnish satisfactory proof of a reliable private income amounting (in Prussia) to at least 1800 marks per annum; in some of the other states it is even higher. Captains of the first class and officers of the higher grades are not required to possess private means. The future wife of an officer must enjoy an

unblemished reputation, belong to a family of unquestioned respectability, and possess all the qualities which tend to make a worthy member of the society she enters.

Officers who on account of old age or physical infirmities are incapacitated for service in the field are discharged with pensions or placed on waiting orders. An age limitation, as in France and in the United States, does not exist. The amount of the pension is regulated by the grade of the retiring officer, the salary he receives, and the length of service; it is never higher, however, than three-quarters of the amount drawn at the time of retirement. Widows of officers, and orphans until they are seventeen years old, receive pensions and allowances for purposes of education out of the Imperial Fund for Officers' Widows.

As a rule, every regiment maintains a *mess*, or officers' club, which forms the centre of social intercourse among the officers, and affords an agreeable meeting-place after duties have been attended to.

B.—NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Non-commissioned or under officers are taken from among such privates as have distinguished themselves by close attention to duty, manly and honorable bearing when off duty, and who exhibit military qualities. Their promotion to the rank of officer is not possible in times of peace, but may take place in war as a reward for exceptional bravery.

Only after a term of service as high-privates (*Gefreiten*) are men promoted to the rank of non-commissioned officers. They become then superiors of the privates, and must be saluted by them. Non-commissioned officers are divided into two classes, those with and those without the *portepee* (silver sword-knot). The former class comprises the *Feldwebel*, called *Wachmeister* in the mounted troops, and several classes of officers designated by various names, but of the same rank and with the same functions. The last-named class is subdivided into sergeants, under-wachmeisters, and under-officers proper. The position of the *Feldwebel* (sergeant-major) is a highly important one. He is the captain's first assistant in all matters relating to the internal management of the company, and is therefore appropriately called the "mother of the company."

It is the good fortune of the German army to possess in its non-commissioned officers an abundance of material fully competent for the arduous duties assigned them. Prince Bismarck gave expression to this fact in his memorable speech of February 6, 1888, when, during the debate on the bill providing for an increase of the army, he said, "We have sufficient material for officers and under-officers to lead the army, and no other people on the face of the earth can compare with us in this respect." This utterance is entirely correct, for in no other country has education so thoroughly permeated such large masses of the people, enabling them to furnish capable commanders and leaders of others, either as officers or non-commissioned officers.

In a financial respect it may be said that the non-commissioned officers are adequately provided for, although they are not as favorably situated as the same class in the French army. In addition to the regular pay, which is regulated by the rank and the length of service, and which in the case of the *Feldwebel* amounts to two marks per day, an allowance is granted for board. All non-commissioned officers are clothed and provided with quarters by the government.

C.—PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

The complement of the army is kept up by the enlistment of recruits drawn every year, and of young men entering the service voluntarily. The drill begins immediately after the recruits have arrived at the regiment—as a rule, in the



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first days of November. After a few weeks the articles of war, a codification of the most important duties of the soldier and of the penalties for derelictions and transgressions, are read and explained to the men, whereupon they take the oath. This act is made as solemn as possible; the sacredness and importance of the oath are dwelt upon at length, and the recruits swear that they will faithfully serve their supreme commander and obey the articles of war, and behave like honorable and faithful soldiers.

All soldiers are, as a rule, quartered in barracks; rarely, and only in very small garrisons, in rooms rented from private citizens. An exception is made during the time of the large autumn manœuvres, or field exercises, when the troops are practically in the field. Everything that can be thought of is done to provide healthy and comfortable quarters and good, substantial food. The food is prepared in the barrack kitchens, or *ménage*, under the supervision of an officer, and consists of coffee for breakfast, meat and vegetables for dinner, coffee in the afternoon, and frequently a warm supper. To cover the expense, the government allows a certain amount, varying according to the price of provisions ruling in the different garrisons, between 12 and 18 pfennings per day for each soldier, and 12½ pfennings are deducted from the pay of the men. Their pay amounts to 30 pfennings daily, and is handed to them three times a month. In addition, the soldier is entitled to about 1½ pounds of bread per day.

In order to preserve the mental and physical vigor of the men, the duties are regulated in a way to afford constant variety and change of occupation. The training is not confined to the mere drill, and purely military proficiency is not the only object aimed at. On the contrary, the principal duty of the officer is to transform the raw and ignorant recruit into a perfect man; while the soldier must learn to see in his superior a man whom he can follow unhesitatingly and with unlimited confidence, who will not ask more of him than is absolutely necessary, and who will care for his welfare to the fullest extent of his ability in every respect. It is strictly forbidden to submit soldiers to a treatment tending to degrade them or to hurt their feelings, and violations of this rule are punished

severely, without the slightest regard for the person of the offender.

Ambitious soldiers are given an opportunity to perfect their education in many ways. In evening schools instruction is given in the elementary sciences; in other schools, "capitulants," that is, men who have signified their intention to reenlist, are instructed in a more advanced course, as well as in the theoretical and practical use and the construction of fire and small arms.

A great many of the men honorably discharged join veteran associations, or "Kriegervereine," whose aim is to preserve among their members military sentiments and good-fellowship, and to assist comrades in distress caused by sickness or misfortune. These associations are now existing in every part of Germany, and are united to district associations, as "protectors" of which, princes or other persons of exalted position officiate. The membership is growing constantly, and may at present be estimated at not less than 500,000 men.

In conclusion it may be mentioned that all persons in active service are prohibited from voting and participating in political agitation; the same rule applies to all reservists for the time during which they are attached to troops for the purpose of finishing their practice drills.

VIII.—THE ARMY ON A WAR FOOTING.

The work of placing the army from the peace organization on a war footing is called mobilization. It must be performed and finished within a given number of days. The order to mobilize issues from the Emperor, and is made known forthwith to all military and civil authorities, as well as to the people, the former being notified by telegraph. A mobilization affects not only public life, but the business and professional relations of every individual. From the moment the order is given, a spirited and well-directed activity is displayed by every troop to get ready in time, everybody knowing beforehand what is required of him in this emergency. The first step to be taken is to call in the reserves, in order to fill up the ranks of the standing army and to form new troops. This is done by written summonses issued from headquarters of the district commanders. These summonses are kept always ready, and every man liable to service in the army

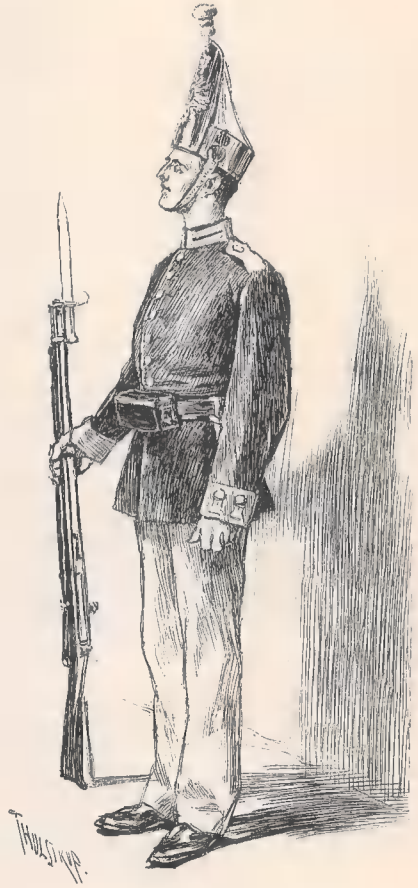
or navy is pledged to heed them without delay. At the same time the levy of horses is begun, of which there is a very considerable number required for the train, for mounting officers and military officials, and for the formation of new troops. All measures connected with a mobilization are mapped out in every detail during peace-time, the army being practically prepared for this change at any time.

The organization of a mobilized army corps is similar to that in peace. The additional formations are independent cavalry divisions, composed of a number of cavalry regiments withdrawn from the regular divisions; also reserve divisions and depot and Landwehr formations of every kind. The duty of the latter is to maintain the active army at full strength, and to garrison places at home as well as on or near the seat of war. The army corps is further replenished by its allotment of train columns and sanitary detachments. The artillery of the army corps is partly distributed among the divisions, partly used in the formation of a corps artillery, which is placed under the independent command of a general. The pioneer battalion is broken up, and the several companies are detached to the divisions. Additional formations are finally required for the mail, telegraph, balloon, and railway service.

At the head of the entire German army is the Emperor. From army corps and cavalry divisions armies are formed and placed under special command and administration. As soon as the army moves, the *etappen* are organized for the purpose of keeping up connection with the rear, if possible by railways.

IX.—THE ARMY EXPENSES.

Since the close of the war of 1870-1 there have been several causes for increasing the army expenses, among them the increase of the peace strength of the army, the armament of the infantry with new rifles, the supply of ammunition and the new artillery material, erection of fortifications and army buildings, so that the army appropriation in the imperial budget of 1890-1 (the fiscal year begins on the 1st of April and ends on the 31st of March) amounts to 387 millions of marks for regular or continuous, and 296½ millions for contingent expenses. For the fiscal year of 1891-2



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the Reichstag has been asked to increase the former item 25½ millions, while a reduction in the latter to the amount of 225½ millions is proposed.

Although these figures seem high, they are lower than the expense of the standing armies of France and Russia. The following table shows the sums appropriated by different countries for army purposes, not taking into account any extraordinary and annually varying contingent expenses, for the year 1890, resp. 1890-1:

	Marks.
Germany.....	387,000,000
Austro-Hungary.....	238,000,000
France	445,000,000
Russia.....	533,000,000
Italy	206,500,000
Great Britain.....	347,200,000
United States of North America....	190,000,000

The expenses for the army have often been characterized as of the unproductive kind, but this can hardly be applied to a state which by its geographical position may be entangled into war almost at any

The army represents not only the people in arms, but it is also an educational institution, in which, in addition to mental and physical development, the male youth are taught the virtues of patriotism,



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time. Past history has proved that an unlucky war has caused far greater sacrifices than the maintenance of an army which is ready to contend with any opponent.

obedience, and a sense of duty very beneficial to them in after-life. The army, therefore, possesses also from an ethic point of view an importance which cannot be overrated.

THE WHITE JESSAMINE.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

I KNEW she lay above me,
Where the casement all the night
Shone, softened with a phosphor glow
Of sympathetic light,
And that her fledgling spirit pure
Was pluming fast for flight.

Each tendril throbbed and quickened
As I nightly climbed apace,
And could scarce restrain the blossoms
When, anear the destined place,
Her gentle whisper thrilled me
Ere I gazed upon her face.

I waited, darkling, till the dawn
Should touch me into bloom,
While all my being panted
To outpour its first perfume,
When, lo! a paler flower than mine
Had blossomed in the gloom!

THE DAKOTAS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

ENTERING upon a study of the newly admitted States, and beginning with those of the Northwest, we are confronted by new scenes, new peoples, and new conditions, in which we shall find far fewer reminders of our Eastern life than greet us in some regions which we regard as quite foreign, as in old Canada, for instance. We are putting a new slide into the American magic-lantern. We are opening a new volume added to our own history, and we are to read of new characters moving amid surroundings quite as new; to them almost as new as to us.

Beginning with the Dakotas, we enter the vast plains country—monotonous, all but treeless, a blanket of brown grass almost as level as the mats of grass that the Pacific coast Indians plait. It is only a little wrinkled in the finishing—at the top edge and down in the southwest corner. On its surface the houses and the villages stand out in silhouette against a sky that bends down to touch the level sward. Here we find the western edge of the lands which the Scandinavians who have come among us prefer to their own countries. Here we come upon the yellow

wheat-fields that turned their kernels into millions of golden dollars last year. Here, also, we see the more than half savage cattle whose every part and possession, except their breath, is converted into merchandise in Chicago. The hard-riding cowboys are here “turned loose,” and the not less domesticated Indians in their blankets are cribbed in the national corrals. A great thirst would seem to overspread the Dakotas, for the lands are arid, while the people possess prohibitory liquor laws, and water that is poisoned with alkali.

In the Black Hills we prepare ourselves for Montana by a first glimpse of mining. In Montana, where the very first merchant's sign-board announced “pies, coffee, and pistols for sale,” we now see the legend “licensed gambling saloon” staring at the tourists, who may walk into the hells more easily than they can into the stock exchanges of the East. In Montana we feel an atmosphere of speculation. Every store clerk hoards some shares in undeveloped mines for his nest-egg. It is natural that this should be. The stories of quick and great fortunes that daze the mind are supported

by the presence of the millionaire heroes of each tale. Moreover, the very air of Montana is a stimulant, like champagne. Perhaps it gathers its magic from the earth, where the precious metals are strewn over the mountains, where sapphires, rubies, and garnets are spaded out of the earth like goober nuts in the South, and where men hunt for the diamonds which scientists say must be there.

Montana is a land of ready cash and high wages. Lumbermen and miners get as high as seven dollars a day, and the very street-sweepers get twice as much as politicians pay to broom-handlers in New York to keep in favor with the poor. Here we find wealth, polish, and refinement, noble dwellings, palatial hotels, and numerous circles of charming, cultivated folk. Their mistake has been to despise agriculture. They know this, and with them, to see an error is to repair it.

The mining camps and California-colored characteristics of the mountainous half of Montana spread over into Idaho, a baby giant born with a golden spoon. The cattle ranges and cowboy capitals of Montana's grass-clad hills are repeated upon the gigantic but virgin savannas of Wyoming. In Washington all is different again. The forests of Maine and of the region of the Great Lakes are here exaggerated, the verdure of the East reappears, and passes into semi-tropic and incessant freshness and abundance. Here flowers bloom in the gardens at Christmas, small fruits threaten California's prestige, and the aborigines are bow-legged, boating Indians who work like longshoremen. Cities with dozen-storied buildings start up like sudden thoughts, and everywhere is note of promise to make us belittle our Eastern growths that startled the older world.

With surprise we find the New England leadership missing. Here is a great corner of America where the list of the *Mayflower's* passengers is not folded into the family Bibles! The capitals of the older Northwest are dominated by the offspring of Puritans, but we must journey all across the Dakotas and Montana, among a new race of pioneers, to have New England recalled to us again only in Spokane and Tacoma—and but faintly there. The new Northwest is peopled by men who followed the Missouri and

its tributaries from Kentucky, Indiana, Iowa, Arkansas, and Missouri. Others who are among them speak of themselves as from California and Utah, but they are of the same stock. Broadly speaking, they founded these new countries between the outbreak of the rebellion and the end of the reconstruction period in the Southern States. They are not like the thrifty, argumentative, and earnest New-Englander, or the phlegmatic Dutch and hard-headed English of the Middle States. These new Americans are tall, big-boned, stalwart folks, very self-assertive, very nervous, very quick in action, and quicker still in forming resolutions. If it would be fair to treat of them in a sentence, it could be said that they act before they think, and when they think, it is mainly of themselves. Their European origin is so far behind them that they know nothing of it. Their grandfathers had forgotten it. They talk of Uter, Coloraydo, Illinoise, Missourer, Nevadder, Ioway, Arkansasaw, and Wyóming. The last two names are by them pronounced more correctly than by us. In a word, they are distinctly, decidedly, pugnaciously, and absolutely American.

Because it is impossible to picture the novelty—to an Eastern reader—of life in the Northwest, and because it nevertheless must be suggested, let me tell only of four peculiar visitations that the new States experience—of four invasions which take place there every year. In May there come into the stock ranges of Montana shearers by the hundreds, in bands of ten or twenty, each led by a captain, who finds employment and makes contracts for the rest. These sheep-barbers are mainly Californians and New-Yorkers, and the California men are said to be the more skilful workers. To a layman, all seem marvellously dexterous, and at ten cents a head, many are able to earn \$6 to \$8 a day. They lose many days in travel, however, and may not average more than \$5 on that account. Their season begins in California in February, and they work through Oregon, Washington, and Montana, to return to a second shearing on the Pacific coast in August. Some come mounted and some afoot, and some are shiftless and dissipated, but many are saving, and ambitious to earn herds of their own.

They come upon the Montanan hills ahead of another and far stranger proces-

sion—that of the cattle that are being driven across the country from Texas. This is a string of herds of Texas two-year-olds coming north at middle age to spend the remaining half of their lives fattening on the Montana bunch-grass, and then to end their careers in Chicago. The bands are called "trails," and follow one another about a day apart. With each trail ride the hardy and devil-may-care cowboys, led by a foreman, and followed by a horse-wrangler in charge of the relays of broncos. A cook, with a four-horse wagon-load of provisions, brings up each rear. Only a few miles are covered in a day, and the journey consumes many weeks. These are enlivened by storms, by panics among the cattle, by quarrels with settlers on guard at the streams and on their lands, by meals missed and nights spent amid mud and rain. That is as queer and picturesque a procession as one can easily imagine.

Then there is the early autumn hop-picking in the luxuriant fields of the Pacific coast in Washington. Down Puget Sound and along the rivers come the industrious canoe Indians of that region in their motley garb, and bent on making enough money in the hop-fields to see them through the rainy and idle winter. They are not like the Indians of story and of song, but are a squat-figured people, whose chests and arms are over-developed by exercise in the canoes, which take the place of the Indian ponies of the plains, as their rivers are substituted for the blazed or foot-worn trails of the East. To the hop-fields they come in their dug-outs from as far north as British Columbia and Alaska. When all have made the journey, their canoes fret the strand, and the smoke of their camp fires touches the air with blue. Women and children accompany the men, all alike illuminating the green background of the hop-fields with their gay blankets and calicoes, themselves lending still other touches of color by means of their leather skins and jet hair. They leave a trail of silver behind them when they depart, but the hops they have picked represent still more of gold—a million last year; two millions the year before.

Again, a fourth set of invaders appears; this time in Dakota. These are not picturesque. They come not in boats or astride horses, but straggling or skulk-

ing along the highways, as the demoralized peasantry made their way to Paris during the French Revolution. These are the wheat-harvesters, who follow the golden grain all the way up from Texas, finding themselves in time for each more and more belated ripening in each more and more northerly State, until, in late autumn, they reach the Red River Valley, and at last end their strange pilgrimage in Manitoba. The hands and skill they bring to the dense wheat-fields of eastern North Dakota are most welcome there, and these harvest folk might easily occupy a high niche in sentimental and poetic literature, yet they don't. As a rule, they are not at all the sort of folk that the ladies of the wheat lands invite to their tea parties and sewing bees. On the contrary, far too many of them are vagabonds and fond of drink. In the Red River country the harvesters from the South are joined by lumbermen from Wisconsin and Minnesota, who find that great natural granary a fine field for turning honest pennies at lighter work than felling forests.

In area, the half-dozen new States in the Northwest are about the size of Alaska, and they are larger than France, Germany, Italy, and Holland combined. One of the States is greater than Great Britain and Ireland, and one county in that State is larger than New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. The population of those six States is about like that of little New Jersey, yet it is thought that at least half as many persons as are now in the entire country could maintain life in that corner of the nation. Three of the names the new States took are criticised. There are many persons in the Dakotas who now realize that a foolish mistake was made in the choice of the names North Dakota and South Dakota. Both fancied there was magic in the word Dakota, and wanted to possess it. By succeeding in that purpose they ridiculed the noble word, which means leagued or united.

To the traveller who crosses North Dakota in the thoroughly modern and luxurious easy-rolling trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the region east of the Missouri seems one dead-level reach of grass. It appears to be so level that one fancies if his eyesight were better he might stand anywhere in that greater part of the State and see Mexico in one di-

rection and the north pole in the other. Everywhere the horizon and the grass meet in a monotonous repetition of unbroken circles. As a matter of fact, there is a slight slope upward from the Red River of the North at the eastern edge of the State, there is a decided valley south of Jamestown, and for fifty miles before the Missouri River is reached the land begins to slope slightly towards that stream. There are hills, too, called by the French the "Coteau du Missouri," and never yet rechristened, to mark the approach to the river. The country west of the Missouri is more attractive to the sight-seer, though far less so to the farmer. It looks like a sea arrested in a storm, with all its billows fixed immutably. It is partly a mass of softly rounded, grassy breasts; and beyond them, in the Bad Lands, the hills change to the form of waves that are ready to break upon a strand. Farther on, the change is into buttes, into peaked, columnar, detached hills. On the light snow that merely frosted this broken country last winter, when I crossed it twice, there seemed not a yard of the earth's surface that was not tracked with the foot-writing of wild animals and birds—that kitchen literature which the red men knew by heart—the signs of coyotes, jack-rabbits, prairie-chickens, deer, and I know not what else besides. It is a 350-mile journey to cross the State from east to west, a 210-mile trip to cross it from the north to the south.

It has been a one-crop State, and the figures that are given of its yield of that crop are not what they pretend to be, for four-fifths of the wheat is usually grown on the eastern edge, in the Red River Valley. In the rest of the State the crops have failed year after year, and even the grazing of stock, for which alone the critics of the State say it is fit, has been attended with some serious reverses. The most extravagant lying indulged in to boom the State has failed to alter nature—just as it failed in Canada, where it was followed by even greater hardship and disappointment. The lying on behalf of North Dakota took the form of applying the phenomenal figures of the rich Red River Valley to the whole State, quoting the earnings of Red River farms and the experiences of Red River settlers as applicable to all Dakota.

Having gone to Dakota because of the marvellous yield of wheat in the Red

River Valley, the unfortunate settlers put all their holdings in wheat. It is customary in Dakota for people to say that these poor fellows bought their experience dearly, but they did not pay as much for it as the two Dakotas have paid for the carnival of lying that began the business. A succession of extraordinarily bad seasons followed, owing to lack of sufficient moisture to grow the grain. In one year there was not enough to sprout it. There were five years of dire misfortune, and they brought absolute ruin to all who had no means laid by. Many were ruined who had money, and thousands left the Territory, for it was a Territory when the wholesale lying was at its height.

The soil in the Red River Valley is a thick vegetable deposit, while that of the remaining nine-tenths of the State is of a mineral character, lime being a notable factor in the composition. It is very productive if water can be got to it. In that case the Red River country would be no better than all the rest. And there is the rub. With irrigation, North Dakota will become a rich farming State. Without it, the State has enjoyed one rich harvest in six years. The irrigation cannot be accomplished by means of any waters that are now on the surface of the State; it must be by means of wells, or by "bombs bursting in air," or by Australian alchemy. And yet it is not fair to the State to say that it can do nothing without irrigation. We shall see that the belief is that its worst misfortunes have come from its dependence upon a single crop, and that by diversified farming the wolves can be kept from the doors when the wheat crop fails.

Last year came a change of luck and a year such as North Dakota has not enjoyed in a long while. Between 50,000,000 and 55,000,000 bushels of wheat were harvested; and if the Red River Valley's yield was 35,000,000, it is apparent that the rest of the State must be credited with from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 of bushels. Of corn, 300,000 bushels were raised; of oats, 10,000,000 bushels; of cattle, a million dollars' worth; and of hay and potatoes, a very great deal. This was good work for a population of 200,000 souls. It is estimated that the money product of the entire harvest was sufficient to pay off the indebtedness of the farmers, and leave an average of \$250 to each farming family. At the beginning

of 1892 it was prophesied that the farmers would free themselves of only those debts upon which they had been paying a high rate of interest, so as to be in a position to borrow at lower rates and to improve their farm buildings. They have been paying all the way from 12 to 24 per cent. a year for loans. They have also been obliged to give bonuses to the loaning agents at renewal times, getting \$180, say, when they were charged with \$200. These agents are terrible sharks, and there are crowds of them in the State, calling themselves real-estate and loan agents, getting money from the East, paying the capitalists 6 and 8 per cent. for it, and then exacting as high as 24 per cent., and these stiff bonuses besides. They have made a fine living upon the misery and distress and upon the bare necessities of those around them. An organization of capitalists to loan money at reasonable rates would be a godsend there, and full security for their money could be obtained by them.

How the poor victims lived through these exactions is a mystery. Many did not. They abandoned their farms and the State. A great many came back last year on hearing of the likelihood of a good season. But the best news is that last year nearly all the farmers began to turn their attention to diversified farming and to stock-raising in conjunction with agriculture. North Dakota was always a good cattle State at least three years in five, and the manner in which the farmers are going into the business ought to make the industry successful every year. Those who can afford it are acquiring herds of from 50 to 300 head. In the winter, when the beeves need attention, the farmers will have nothing else to attend to. They calculate that they can raise a three-year-old beef at an expense of from \$12 to \$15, and market it at from \$30 to \$40. At the least, they figure on a profit of \$5 a head each year. It would appear that cattle thus looked after, with hay in corrals for the winter, may some day be rated between stall-fed and range cattle. In the summer these farmers are advised to put into wheat only that acreage which they can handle without hired help, for help is hard to get in the western part of the State. The mysterious nomads of the wheat belt do not go there.

On the Missouri slope, where most of the corn was raised last year, that crop never was a failure. It has been culti-

vated there for twenty years. In fact in some Indian mounds above Bismarck corn-cobs are found along with the pottery and trinkets for which the mounds are constantly ravaged. Potatoes also grow well on the Missouri slope. Starch is being made from them at a factory started by a New England man at Hankinson, in Richland County. From eight to ten tons of starch is being made daily at that place.

The range land for cattle is in that district which may be roughly described as the last three rows of counties in the western end of the State. Dickinson, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, is the shipping-point for the stock. In order to exact a revenue from the cow-men, the people have agreed to reconstruct into five organized counties the whole country west of the Missouri and the extreme northwestern counties. By the time this is published, the change will, in all probability, have been accomplished. There are thirteen counties west of the Missouri on the present maps, and only four of these have county governments. The new arrangement will complete the political machinery for assessment and taxation in the grazing lands. The cattle-men are supposed to be taxed for their cattle as upon personal property, but they have heretofore evaded the impost. The cattle business in these counties is rapidly being revolutionized. All the stockmen agree that the most return is gotten from small holdings with winter corrals. There are five horse ranches west of the Missouri. At one point Boston capitalists are raising thoroughbreds from imported stallions. The rest of the stock is of the common order, herded loose on the ranges.

But there is some farming even west of the Missouri. Corn, wheat, and oats are successfully raised in Morton County. Mercer County produced a splendid quality of wheat at 25 bushels to the acre, and across the river, in McLean County, a farmer succeeded in getting 31 bushels to the acre. In these two counties we come upon that vast bed of coal which underlies parts of eleven counties in North Dakota. In Mercer County this coal crops out on the river-bank, and a company backed by Chicago capital has been organized to build barges and ship the coal to points down the river. It can be sold at wholesale in Bis-

marck at \$2 40 a ton, and in Pierre, South Dakota, for \$3 50 a ton. In Bismarck soft coal now sells for \$8 and \$8 50, and anthracite for \$11 a ton. The Dakota coal is a lignite—an immature coal—but it serves well for ordinary uses, making a hot fire, a white ash, and no soot. Its worst fault is that it crumbles when it is exposed to the air. Dakota coal from Morton County is already marketed. There seems to be an inexhaustible supply of it in that county. The veins that are now being worked are between eight feet and fourteen feet in thickness, and they crop up near the surface. It is in use in the public buildings of the State, in the flouring-mills, and in many hotels and residences. It sells in Mandan for \$2 50 a ton. It is said that there are 150,000 acres of these coal beds east of the Missouri, and the coal area west of the river is almost as great. The veins vary in thickness from half a dozen to thirty feet. Farmers find it on their lands close under the surface, and with a pick and shovel dig in one day sufficient to last them all winter. It is a most extraordinary "find"—a bountiful provision of nature. It greatly alters the former view of the future of North Dakota—and of South Dakota also, since there is enough for both States. It adds to the comfort of life there, it provides a coal at least half as good as anthracite at one-quarter the cost, and it would seem that it must become the basis of manufacturing industries in the near future. A good terracotta clay in great quantities is found near the coal in many localities.

In showing that the future of the State depends upon diversified industries, and in calling attention to the newly exerted efforts of the people to meet this condition, I have omitted to mention the fact that many capitalists who had loaned money to farmers west of the Red River country are now supplying sheep to their debtors. Between 75,000 and 100,000 sheep were put upon farms in the State in that way last summer in herds of from 50 to 100 head. The plan generally adopted is for the farmer to take care of the sheep for five years, taking the wool for his pains, and at the end of that term for the farmer and the capitalist to divide the herd between them, increase and all. I do not find it to be the general opinion that this will turn out well in most cases. Sheep require constant at-

tention, and the raising of them is a business by itself, not to be taken up at haphazard by men who are not experienced. Moreover, the land east of the Missouri is said not to be the best sort for that use.

The proportion of unoccupied land in the whole State is one-third. The western grazing counties form a third of the State, but much of their land is taken up by farmers—along the streams and the railroads. In all probability one-quarter of it that is not taken up is arable land, but until railroads reach it there will be no profit in tilling it. The land yet obtainable is part railroad and part government land. It fetches from \$1 25 to \$4 an acre. Two railroads cross the State from east to west, and two new ones are in process of construction across the State from the southern border over to Canada.

North Dakota is a prohibition State; that is to say, the making and selling of alcoholic stimulants are forbidden there. One effect of the operation of this law was the driving of thirty-six saloons out of Fargo across the Red River into Morehead, Minnesota. Another effect was the transformation of a brewery in the Red River Valley into a flouring-mill. Yet another effect was the semi-prostration of business in Bismarck, the capital of the State, where the electric-light plant was shut down, for one thing, because of the loss of the saloon custom. The prohibitory clause was put into the new State Constitution and the whole measure was carried with a rush. The clause was asked for more earnestly by the Scandinavian element than by any others, and their votes, especially in the Red River Valley, greatly assisted in making it the law; but intelligent men, who are in a position to know whereof they speak, assert that hundreds of votes were cast for the clause by men who had no idea that it would become a law—men who promised to vote for it, or who voted for it because they thought nothing would come of their action. The Scandinavians are alcohol-drinkers, and many who serve as spokesmen for them frankly declare that their countrymen need prohibitory laws because they are not mild and phlegmatic beer-drinkers like the Teutonic people, but are fond of high-wines, and are terribly affected by the use of them. If an attempt be made to alter the law or repeal it, the process will consume five years.

It is impossible to say what the temper of the majority of persons in the State now is, but the exodus that has taken place from the Dakotas, as it is recorded in the archives of Western general passenger agents, tells of one damaging effect of such a law; the disinclination of Europeans to take up land in prohibition States tells of another; and the failure of mankind to enforce the law in any State in which it has been included in the statutes would seem to make a mockery of the principle that underlies it.

The local geologists say that the Red River Valley is the bed of a former sea. Enormous rivers poured into it, and washed a great depth of alluvial deposit there, to make the extraordinarily rich soil that now supports the most prosperous farming population of the West. The valley forms the eastern face of North Dakota, half of its width being in that State and half in Minnesota. The outlines of the valley are traced over a region nearly 300 miles long, and between 50 and 100 miles wide. It extends from a point 100 miles above the Canadian border down to the southern edge of North Dakota. The western or Dakota half of it takes in the six easterly counties of the new State; but it is not all typical Red River soil, for the western edge is inclined to be sandy.

The soil is a rich black loam. In the old days the hieroglyphs of the buffalo, written in their trails, seemed to be lines of black ink upon the brown grass. This

black soil is 15 to 25 inches thick, and under that is a thick clay, which, when turned up by the spade or plough, is as productive as the soil itself. To the eye the valley appears to be level as a billiard table, but in reality it dips a little toward the unpretentious river that cleaves it in twain. It is not beautiful. No one-crop country can be either beautiful or



MAP OF NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA.

continuously active in life and trade, no matter how rich and productive it is. In summer this is a wilderness of grain; in winter, a waste of stubble. But we shall see further on that this cannot long be the case.

The certainty of the wheat crop is the best gift the good fairies gave it at its christening. Any farmer who attends to

his business can make \$6 to \$8 an acre on wheat at its present price, and, considering that he buys his land at about \$25 an acre, that is an uncommonly good business proposition, in view of the intellectual ability that is invested in it. I use these figures because the average crop of the valley is 19 or 20 bushels to the acre. That they told me on the ground, where they said, "There's no use lying when the truth is so good." There are higher yields. One large farm near Fargo returned above 30 bushels, and others have done better in the past year, but the average is as I have stated. And this brought a profit of \$9 to the acre last year. One man with 6000 acres cleared \$40,000; one with 3500 acres made a profit of \$25,000. Many paid for their farms; scores could have done so, but wisely preferred to put some of their money in farm betterments.

There has never been a failure of crops in the valley. It sometimes happens that men put in their wheat too late, and it gets nipped by frost, but there is no excuse for that. Barley is what the prudent men put in when they are belated. They raise good barley, and a great deal of it, in the valley, the main products being wheat, oats, barley, some flax, and some corn, the latter being the New England flint corn. Such corn has been raised near Fargo seven years in succession without a failure. Irrigation is not needed or employed in the valley, but artesian wells are very numerous there, as well they may be, since the water is reached at a depth of 20 feet and a cost of \$100.

To go to the valley is not to visit the border. It is a well-settled, well-ordered, tidy farming region, of a piece with our Eastern farm districts, with good roads, neat houses, schools, churches, bridges, and well-appearing wooden villages. The upper or northern end of the valley is the finer part, because there the land was taken up in small plots—quarter sections of 160 acres each, or at the most whole sections. Therefore that end is the most populous and prosperous, for it is the small farms that pay best. The southern end of the valley was railroad land, and as much of it was sold when the railroad needed money, an opportunity for big holdings was created and embraced. These so-called bonanza properties do not pay proportionately, and are being diminished by frequent sales. In one year

(1888) no less than twenty-four thousand acres on one of these farms were sown in wheat.

The present population of the Red River Valley is of Norwegians, Swedes, Irish, English, and Canadians, all being now Americanized by law. It is strange—to them it must be bewildering—to think that in that valley are women who were once harnessed with dogs to swill-wagons in Scandinavian cities, and yet are now the partners of very comfortable, prosperous farmers. The Scandinavians are spoken of in the valley as being good, steady, reliable, industrious folk, but eminently selfish and lacking in public spirit, and yet they and all the other residents of the valley have been in one respect both prodigal and profligate, for it has been a rule there never to cultivate or make anything that can be bought. In this respect the people are mending their ways. They are learning the lesson taught in the Southern States, where, to put the case in a sentence, the people were never prosperous until they raised their own bacon. So, latterly, these Red River people have been venturing upon the cultivation of mutton, pork, wool, horses, vegetables, and small fruits. But the first efforts at saving are as hard as learning to swim, and so as soon as these farmers learned that Europe was clamoring for wheat, they lost their heads. It is said that they abandoned fifty per cent. of the dairy farming that had grown to be a great source of income there, and in all the towns where the farmers' daughters were at work as domestic servants, the kitchen industries were crippled by a general homeward flight of the girls. "Our fathers are rich now, and we won't have to work any more," they said.

A leading railroad man in the Northwest, who is noted for his luminous and picturesque way of talking, is fond of calling the Red River farmers "the leisure class of the West." He says: "They only attend to their business for a few weeks in the spring and fall, and that they do sitting down, with splendid horses to drag the farming implements on which they ride around. When their grain is ripe, they hire laborers to cut and harvest it, and then they cash it in for money, fill the banks of the valley with money to the bursting-point, and settle down for a long loaf, or go to Europe or New York." Yet they must find a continuance of

their strength and prosperity in diversified farming and in hard work, and this is being taught to the rest by the shrewder ones among them. Such men are making the breeding of fine draught-horses a side reliance, and very many farms now maintain from 1500 to 2000 Percheron, Norman, and Clydesdale horses, as well as pigs, sheep, and poultry. The country is too level for the profitable raising of sheep, however. They need uneven land and a variety of picking; moreover, the soil clogs in their hoofs, and subjects them to hoof rot, and other diseases prey upon them there.

There are nearly 9,000,000 acres in the valley, and one-sixth of it is under the plough. One hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat could be raised there if every acre was sown with seed, but there is no such demand for wheat as that would require to be profitable. As it is, less than a quarter of the valley is cultivated, and only three-quarters of that fraction are given up to wheat, so that last year's yield was about 30 to 37 millions of bushels. That would have brought \$27,000,000 had it been sold, but while this is being written (in the holidays of '91-2), a great many farmers are holding their grain in the firm belief that Russia's needs will determine a rise of 20 cents in the price. Those who sold got 80 cents; those who are holding back want a dollar a bushel.

The climate is, of course, perfect for farming. Some very lively tornadoes go with it, and in the winter it is sufficiently cold to freeze the fingers off a bronze statue. But these are trifles. The wind-storms do their worst damage in the newspapers and the public imagination, and the cold of the winter is not as intense or disagreeable as the cold of more southerly States. It is a dry cold, and plenty of glorious sunshine goes with it. There are plentiful rains in the spring and the autumn, with intensely hot weather at midsummer. The moisture is held in the soil by the clay underneath, and in hot summer weather the surface cakes into a crust, still leaving the moisture in the earth.

I am so explicit about this great "bread-basket of America," as it is called, because it is by far the best part of North Dakota—so very much the best that in the valley the people are heard to say that they wish they were not tied to the rest of the

State. "What a marvellous State it would have made to have taken the eastern half of the valley from Minnesota, and put it all under one government!" they cry. And others say that the whole valley should have been given to Minnesota, and North Dakota should have forever remained a Territory. But even in view of the excellence of this Red River region there would be little use in exploiting it were it all farmed and populated. On the contrary, there is room for thousands there—for many thousands. The land now obtainable cannot be purchased for less than \$25 an acre, but not more than \$30 need be paid. Money down is not needed. The system called "paying with half crops" obtains there. The farmer pays half of what the land produces each year until the sum of the purchase price is met, with interest, of course. Under this system the land cannot be taken away from him unless he fails to farm it. He will need to house himself and buy horses and tools. However, one owner of 910 acres came to the valley with nothing but an Indian pony and a jack-knife. A great many others brought only their debts.

All that I have said about the productiveness of the valley applies particularly to the six valley counties of North Dakota. The Minnesota land is not so good.

Here, then, is a region that must feel the greatest increase in population that will come to any part of North Dakota. The river that curves and twists its way between the farms has been rightly nicknamed the Nile of America. In the twelve counties that border upon it in Minnesota and Dakota are 61 banks, with deposits amounting, in last December, to \$6,428,000, or \$65 for every man, woman, and child in the region. The farmers are the principal depositors, and they had this amount to their credit when a very large fraction of their grain crop had not been sold. The valley has two thrifty towns—Fargo, with 7000 population, and Grand Forks, with 6000.

I have spoken of the custom in the valley of relying upon a swarm of nomad harvesters to fall upon the wheat and garner it in the autumn. They make a picturesque army of invaders, led by the men from the Minnesota forests and Wisconsin pineries, in their peculiar coats of checked blanket stuff, but far too many

of them form a hardened lot of vagabonds—"a tough outfit," in the language of the country. They have been in the habit of dictating how much help a farmer shall employ when they are in the fields, their idea being that the fewer the laborers the more work for those who are employed. They will abandon a farm on half a day's notice, and between the laziness and drunkenness of numbers of them there is little chance for either good or hard work. Prohibition gets more praise here than in other parts of the State, because, even with bottles hid in the fields, the harvesters only get a thimbleful where they once got a quart of rum. Another thing that eases the strain of prohibition is the plenteousness of rum just across the river in Minnesota. The system which relies on these harvesters is a bad one, and in time, with smaller holdings, the farmers will mainly harvest their crops with their own hands and neighborhood help.

North Dakota has many attractive towns, those that I have mentioned in the Red River country being the largest. Bismarck, the capital, on the Missouri River, has 2500 population. It has more than its share of brick buildings, and in its numerous pretty villas are families of a number and character to form an attractive social circle. By great enterprise it secured the position of capital of the Territory in '83, raising \$100,000 for a capitol building, and adding a gift of 160 acres for a park around the edifice, as well as 160 acres elsewhere "wholly for good measure." Mandan is a flourishing railroad town across the river, with about 2000 population; Jamestown, near the eastern end of the State, is as big as Bismarck; and Devil's Lake, in the northern part of the State, is the same size. North Dakota has 1500 free schools, supported by a gift of 3,000,000 acres of public lands, set apart for the purpose when the State was admitted. As these lands cannot be sold for less than \$10 an acre, the schools would appear to be certain eventually to have the support of a fund of \$30,000,000.

South Dakota is 360 miles long and 225 miles wide. It contains 76,620 square miles, and is therefore larger than North Dakota by 2308 square miles. The population is estimated at 325,000, or more than half as much again as the other half of the old Territory. It is another blanket of grass like North Dakota, a little tattered and rocky in the northeast, and slight-

ly wooded there and in the southeasterly corner. Just as North Dakota has a vastly wealthy strip called the Red River Valley, and triumphing over all the rest of the State in its wealth, so South Dakota has its treasure land, the Black Hills mineral region, a mountainous tract in the southwestern corner of the State, 120 miles long and 35 or 40 miles wide. But North Dakota's bread-basket netted \$27,000,000 last year, whereas South Dakota's precious metals are worth but \$3,000,000 or \$3,500,000 a year. Right through the middle of the State runs the Missouri River, with its attendant hills of gumbo clay and its slender groves of cottonwood to relieve the dreadful monotony of the plains, and to give a beauty that no other settlements in the State possess to such towns as lie along it.

Both States have the same story to tell. The people of South Dakota rushed into exclusive wheat-growing, leaving themselves nothing to carry them along if the crops failed; and fail they did in 1887, '88, '89, and '90. Then came a prohibitory liquor law, which is already set at naught in the cities, and settlers left the State by the thousands. But last year brought great crops, and good fortune was never, perhaps, better deserved. Estimates made before the threshing showed a wheat yield of 31,178,327 bushels, but the editor of the *Dakota Farmer* at Huron, a first-rate authority, told me he believed time would prove that 40,000,000 bushels had been reaped. The other yields were as follows: oats, 33,000,000 bushels; corn, 30,000,000 bushels; barley, 6,000,000 bushels; potatoes, nearly 5,000,000 bushels; flax, nearly 4,000,000 bushels; and rye, 750,000 bushels. This astonishing agricultural success in an arid State was achieved in 50 counties, nearly all east of the Missouri River. Some farming in the western or cattle-grazing half of the State was done in what may be loosely called the Black Hills region in the southwest, where there are railroads and local government and numerous settlements.

But little new sod had been broken to produce these crops. The wheat acreage had decreased by 70,000 acres. The acreage in flax also decreased, but in all the other cereals the acreage was more than in 1890. Notwithstanding the flight of so many farmers, there were only 400 acres less under the plough than during the preceding years. In the middle of the agri-

cultural or eastern half of the State is a fertile, great, and well-watered valley. It is the valley of the James, but is seldom spoken of otherwise than as "the Jim River Valley." It passes through both Dakotas from Devil's Lake in northern North Dakota to the Nebraska border of southern South Dakota. It is watered by artesian wells, of which there is much to be said later on. There are many little streams in the rocky northeastern corner of the State, and here is the best sheep-raising district in South Dakota. Around Sioux Falls, in the southeastern corner, the farmers who had grown flax to rot the sod and to harvest the seed are now growing it for its fibre, and a company proposes to put up a linen-mill in that little metropolis. There is a notable industry in granite there, the stone being pink, red, and flesh-colored, and susceptible of as high a polish as Scotch granite. Hogs, too, are being raised down in that part of the State, and a packing concern is under way. Pierre also has a packing establishment.

Hundreds of thousands of sheep are being taken into central South Dakota. It is called a common thing to keep 95 per cent. of the lambs, because there are no cold rains there to kill them. There are few diseases, and foot rot is unknown. The farmers hope to be able to make from \$2 to \$3 50 a head in the sheep business. I have their figures, but I will spare those readers who know what a complex, delicate, and precarious business sheep-raising is, except where the conditions are exactly right as to climate, ground, and skilled ability on the part of the herders.

I have a friend, a lawyer, who, whenever he visits the farm on which he was born, vexes his father by asserting that there is a higher percentage of profit in farming than in mining or banking. He cites the enormous profit that attends the birth of a colt or a calf, or the sale of a bushel of corn gained from planting a few kernels. It is far easier to figure big profits in the sheep business. A lamb costs \$2 50, yields wool worth 12 shillings a year, sells for \$5, and creates several other sheep of equal value. Unfortunately there is another side to the story—but this is not the place for telling it. It is devoutly to be hoped, however, that sheep-raising may be a success in the Dakotas, as, indeed, it has already proved

with some extra intelligent and careful men there.

The Black Hills are cut off from the rest of the State. I could not find any one to tell me anything about them until I went to them. The Black Hills business is mining, while that of the rest of the State is all transacted on the surface. Between the Missouri and the Black Hills was, until lately, the great Sioux reservation of twenty-three millions of acres, or practically one-third of the State. That was cut in two a little more than a year ago, and eleven millions of acres were thrown open for settlement. But no railroad yet bisects the tract; no governments administer the affairs of the counties; there are no schools or post-offices there.

The newly opened land lies between the White and Big Cheyenne rivers. The land had offered such rich pasturage that the Interior Department found it next to impossible to keep the cattle-men out. Some white men actually were making use of it; but the greater number of men who had cows in there were squaw men, remnants of a band of French Canadians who came thither in the fur-trading era, married squaws, and grew to be more Indian than the Indians. One rich old squaw man in that region, who caches his wealth rather than risk it in a bank, lives close to Pierre, the capital, but has only once visited the town. To-day white men have 50,000 cattle there.

It is a superb range cattle country where it is watered, and the stock keeps seal fat all the time. Shipments from there have gone straight to Liverpool on the hoof. But, on the other hand, other parts are too dry for use; the springs that are there dry up in early summer. The bother of it is, so far as the cattle-men are concerned, that settlers are taking up the land by the streams, and eventually wells must be sunk in the arid country or the stock-men must retire from it. The farms there are fenced, as the law requires, while east of the Missouri there are no fences, and what cattle or sheep are there must be herded and guarded by day and corralled at night.

The government is selling this reclaimed reservation land at \$1 25 an acre for first choice during the first three years, for 75 cents during the next two years, and for 50 cents for all lands not taken after five years. After that the government

will pay the Indians for what remains. The money obtained by the sales goes to the Indian fund, and the plan is designed to help to make the Indians self-supporting. What it means to the white men is that the people who have been the most distressed and unfortunate class in the Northwest are practically subjected to an especial and additional tax for the support of Indians who are not their wards, but the wards of the nation. One small and poor county has already paid the red men \$570,000.

What the Indians think of it and of the entire behavior of the white men is illustrated by the best Indian story I have heard in a long while. An old grizzled Sioux dropped into a bank in Pierre, and upon being asked what he thought of the government purchase of half his reservation, made an attempt to reply in broken English as follows:

"All same old story," said he. "White men come, build chu-chu [railroad] through reservation. White men yawpy-yawpy [talk]. Say: 'Good Indian, good Indian; we want land. We give muz-es-kow [money]; liliota muz-es-kow [plenty money].' Indian say, 'Yes.' What Indian get? Wah-nee-che [nothing]. Some day white man want move Indian. White men yawpy-yawpy: 'Good Indian, good Indian; give good Indian liliota muz-es-kow.' What Indian get? Wah-nee-che. Some day white man want half big reservation. He come Indian. Yawpy-yawpy: 'Good Indian; we give Indian liliota muz-es-kow.' Indian heap fool. He say, 'Yes.' What Indian get? Wah-nee-che. All same old story. 'Good Indian, good Indian.' Get nothing."

What the white men of South Dakota want now is to have the government of the United States spend a little of the muz-es-kow it is getting from the sale of these lands in driving wells in the newly opened lands for irrigation and the support of stock. It is not positively known that there is an artesian basin under the land in question, but wells have been successful at both sides of it, in the east and the west, and many students and experts have declared that water will be found there. As the wells will cost \$5000 each, no one is going to risk the experiment of driving them, unless it be the government. The only arguments that reconcile those who dislike all approaches to Federal paternalism are that the govern-

ment is charging for what should be public land, and that since it seeks to sell the land, it will be a good business proposition to improve those parts of it which cannot otherwise be sold. It is believed that wells will work there, and it is certain that once the fact is proved, the whole great tract will be settled and made to blossom like a garden.

The story of the artesian basin under part of South Dakota seems fabulous. It is even more astonishing than the wealth of coal that underlies the farms of North Dakota. God does, indeed, move in mysterious ways His wonders to perform when to the poor farmer, amid the cold blasts of the Northern winters, He distributes coal that is to be had for the taking of it, and when under the South Dakotan soil, that would be as rich as any in the world were it but moistened, He seems to have placed a great lake or, as some would have us believe, a vast sea.

On a foregoing page I have given the location and dimensions of that basin which the Dakotans affectionately speak of as the Jim River Valley. Under it all, in both States, there is said to lie a vast lake of crystal water. The fact is amply proven in South Dakota, where, between the northern and southern boundaries, there are already more than fifty high-pressure wells, or "gushers," as they call them there. A hundred, or perhaps more, low-pressure wells, reaching a flow closer to the surface, are at the foot of the same basin. In Sanborn, Miner, and McCook counties almost every farmer has his own low-pressure well. But the wonderful wells are the high-pressure, deep ones, wherein water is struck at from 600 to 1200 feet. The pressure in some of these wells is 200 pounds to the square inch. One at Woonsocket supplies 5000 gallons a minute. One at Huron serves for the town's water system and fire protection. One at Springfield has force enough for more than the power used in a sixty-barrel flour-mill. One at Tyndall is expected to irrigate 800 acres. It is calculated that a two-inch well will water 160 acres; a three-inch well, 640 acres; and a four-inch well, 1280 acres or more. Eight miles above Huron a well is used on a farm that produced 53 bushels and 20 pounds in wheat to the acre, as against 15 bushels in the unirrigated land of the neighborhood. Some who profess to know say that the great basin is inexhaustible,

and that the opening of one well near another does not affect the first one. Then, again, I read that this is not wholly true. But, at all events, no one doubts the presence of a vast body of water, and no well, even among those that are five years old, shows any sign of giving out. A law called the Melville Township Irrigation Law, approved on March 9, 1891, authorizes townships to sink wells for public use, and to issue bonds to defray the cost. This aims to make the mysterious basin the property of the people. For farming, the flow of water is not needed during half of each year. It is said that if the subsoil is wet, the crops will need no more water. The water should be turned on to the land after the harvest, and kept soaking into it for four or five months. The drilling of wells goes on apace. In one county where there were eight wells a year ago, there will be one hundred this summer.

The James River Basin is 400 miles long and 40 to 50 miles wide. Well-boring has been a failure to the eastward of it, but to the westward there are several splendid wells, some even as far away as Hughes County, near the Missouri. The boring is very costly, some wells having cost \$5000, and even more. At first a soft shale rock of white sand is pierced, and then there is reached a sticky clay like gumbo. Minnows of brilliant colors and with bright and perfect eyes have been thrown out of these wells, as if to prove that the water comes from surface streams somewhere. The theory is that its course is from the west, and an official of the Department of Agriculture holds that several rivers to the westward lose all or part of their volumes of water at certain places where they meet the outcropping of this same sandstone which is found by boring. The Missouri, for instance, is said to lose two-thirds of its bulk after its flight over the cascades at Great Falls. The Yellowstone diminishes mysteriously in bulk. Three or four streams in the Black Hills run their courses and then disappear in the neighborhood of this outcropping of sandstone. When I was at Great Falls in Montana, I was not able to prove that the Missouri loses the greater part of its bulk below there, but it was said that engineers have investigated the subject, and are to report upon it to the government. I was told, however, that several streams which seem to be heading toward

the Missouri in that neighborhood suddenly disappear in the earth without effecting the junction.

With water thus apparently plenteous; with cattle-raising, flouring-mills, linen manufacture, wool, and diversified farming, all newly started; with the coal of North Dakota brought cheaply down the Missouri, and with better coal in the Black Hills, to be brought eastward when railroads are built across the State—the prospect is that South Dakota will stride onward to a degree of prosperity that her people cannot have expected, and yet richly deserve.

It is said that there is more mineral wealth in the Black Hills than in any other territory of the same scope in the world. Gold is the principal product, but silver, nickel, lead, tin, copper, mica, coal, and many other valuable sorts of deposits are there. The output of gold has been about \$3,300,000 a year, and of silver from \$100,000 to \$500,000. The Black Hills are so called because the pine-trees which cover them look black from the plains. The numerous villages of the region are agricultural settlements or mining towns, and are connected by two trunk lines among the foot-hills and by three narrow-gauge roads in the hills. These smaller railways turn and curve through the valleys amid very beautiful and often grand scenery. It is wonderful to see the enormous machines at the greater mines, and to know that they, and nearly all the principal appointments of the buildings of every sort, were packed across the plains in ox carts; for the first railroad—the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley Railroad, of the Chicago and Northwestern system—reached the hills less than two years ago. It was in February of last year that the Burlington road came there.

The great gold-mining company, the Homestake, is said to have taken fifty millions of dollars' worth of gold out of the hills. The Homestake Company is the name of a group of five or six corporations, all under the same ownership. Messrs. J. B. Haggin, Lloyd Tevis, and the Hearst estate, all of California, are the principal owners. They have the largest gold-reduction works in the world. For labor alone they pay out \$125,000 a month. Their mills contain 700 stamps. The last year was the first one of notable activity outside the Homestake plants,

and one or two very much smaller ones, because the railroads have only just made it possible to get the ore to the smelter, or to effect the construction of such works. The ores are all low grade, and will not pay the heavy tolls for wagon transportation. The profits in the free milling Homestake ores have been found in their quantity and the cheapness with which they have been reduced. Five smelteries have been put in within a year, others are projected, and others are being enlarged. It is said that within two or three years no ore will be sent out of the hills, but it will all be reduced there by fifteen or twenty smelteries that will then be operated. It is further predicted that when both reduction works and means of transportation encourage activity in all the districts, the yield of the hills will amount to twenty or twenty-five millions of dollars a year.

The tin in the Black Hills is almost as much a bone of contention there as it is in the columns of the political organs throughout the country. But in the hills all question of the existence of the metal is lifted from out of the controversy, and the only subjects of discussion are the quantity of tin and the reasons why the marketing of it has so long been delayed. There is no doubt that there are surface indications, to say the least, to mark a tin deposit along two great belts. More than 7000 locations have been made, and "development work" (required by law from those who would hold their claims) has been done to the extent of nine miles of drifts, shafts, cuts, and tunnels. The famous Harney Peak Company works as if it had great faith in its future, its work being in the construction of an extensive plant in readiness for the prospective mining. The railroads also, by a rivalry in building spurs to the mines, give signs of perfect faith in the new industry. The local criticism on the situation is best expressed in the pamphlet issued by the merchants of Rapid City: "The reason why tin has not been produced for market is that those who can produce it do not seem disposed to do anything except development work. The men who own ninety per cent. of the valuable claims are poor prospectors, who are unable to erect mills and reduction works. So far, it has been almost impossible to enlist capital in the purchase or development

of Black Hills tin mines. With the exception of the Harney Peak and Glendale companies, no money has been invested in the mines of the Black Hills. Why it is that American capitalists refuse to invest in or to investigate the tin mines is a question that yet remains unanswered."

The Black Hills smelteries are closely connected with the coal of the hills, one mine at Newcastle (in Wyoming) being worked to the extent of 1500 tons a day. It is a soft coal, and makes a high-grade coke. It is coked at the mines. A great field of coal, estimated at 4000 acres in extent has been opened at Hay Creek, in the north. It is said to burn with only seven per cent. of ash. It awaits the railroads, whose lines are already surveyed to the fields. The financial and mining capital of the hills is Deadwood, a very picturesque, active, orderly, and modern city of 3500 souls, caught in a gulch, and obliged to climb steep mountain walls for elbow-room. It has a lively rival in Rapid City, in the foot-hills. Lead City is another place of importance, and Hot Springs is a resort of the character implied by its name. Pierre, the capital, on the Missouri River, is very enterprising and modern, and has a fine district of stores, and a still finer one of residences. Huron is a lesser place, and Sioux Falls is the industrial capital, a lively and promising town of more than 12,000 persons.

South Dakota is diversifying her farm industries, and insuring them by utilizing nature's great gift, artesian water. It is said that central South Dakota has the climatic conditions for the successful cultivation of the sugar-beet, for ripening it while it contains the greatest proportion of sugar. One sample grown in this region last year showed nineteen and a half per cent. of sugar. In 100 samples the sugar averaged above fifteen per cent.; in Germany the average is less.

But the best news about both the Dakotas is that the moisture in the soil last New-Year's day was said to be such as to warrant firm faith in another splendid year like the last. With that to put the people and their industries upon their feet, and with all the new lines of development and maintenance that are being tried or established, the outlook for both States is very encouraging.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WHILE yet a young man, Amerigo Vespucci, learned, ambitious, poor, yet the friend of nobles and princes, awoke to his true destiny at the summons of Columbus. His literary talent and his readiness with his pen gave him a renown above all his contemporaries. As the author of the first extended account of the new world he has been allowed to name it. Except for his scholastic training he does not seem to have possessed any unusual mental power. His narrative is obscure, untrustworthy, and gained its wide contemporary interest chiefly from its wonderful theme. But its author owed evidently all his fame, all his projects of discovery, to the superior genius of Columbus. Vespucci was born at Florence 1451, and died 1512. A Florentine of the age of the Medici, he studied under his uncle Antonio, canon of the cathedral, whose other scholars were nobles and princes. It is quite probable that René II. of Anjou was among them. Vespucci became a merchant, saw Columbus at Seville in 1493, and sailed as pilot and trader with Ojeda in 1499. He printed a narrative of his four voyages in 1507, the year of the death of Columbus, and in 1509 was hailed at Strasburg, in the dominions of his friend the Duke René, as the discoverer of the new world. A Strasburg geographer gave the name of America to the continent. "Why," he said, "should it not be called from its discoverer?" In his cosmography he named it "America." And thus the ready pen of the Florentine has won for him the renown for which he sighed.*

A bitter contest has arisen over the character and exploits of Vespucci. His high destiny of giving his name to half the globe has aroused the keen scrutiny of a long line of critics. To some he seems only a pretender and an impostor. He never saw America, they assert; he wrote a narrative full of improbable lies; or at least he was only an obscure pilot or trader in the service of Ojeda, who strove to carry off the fame that properly

* The first mention of the name *Americus* is in the cosmography of Glaconius. Et quarta orbis pars, quam quia Americus invenit, Amerigem quasi Americi terram sive Americam nuncupare licet, Navarrete, iii., p. 184; and in several other places the cosmographer asserts the prior discovery by Vespucci, and gives his name to the West.

belonged to another. Santarem, Charlevoix, and Navarrete unite in doubting or depreciating his discoveries. His vanity and his want of good faith, his apparent neglect to mention his benefactor Columbus in his narrative, his extravagance and fables, have all tended to proclaim him to many as unworthy of his wide renown. They declare that America has been named from an impostor.*

But to the Florentine Bandini, to Goodrich, and several other writers of good repute, we owe the opposite extreme of the picture. They would have Vespucci one of the wisest and most learned of his contemporaries. He was educated with nobles and princes under his illustrious uncle at Florence. He was the favorite of Fonseca and Ferdinand II. He was the first European who really found the new world. Columbus was only the discoverer of a few islands. His narrative of his first voyage was accurate; his own toils and perils unsurpassed. He might worthily claim to give his name to the land of the unknown West. It is indeed impossible to reconcile the two opposing theories. But we may conclude that Vespucci was at least a more cultivated man than any of the explorers that visited Brazil, and wrote the first account of it, and that the happy accident of his friendship with René II. gave his book a high reputation in Lorraine. In this way we have received our name. From a Florentine we are Americans; and Florence, if she did not discover the new world, has at least become linked with it forever. It is a pleasant circumstance to remember that just before he died Columbus wrote a kind letter for Vespucci, recommending him to his son because he was "unfortunate," and he was made "Royal Pilot" by the king.†

* Santarem's bitter attack upon Vespucci is well known. Navarrete, iii., 333, says of Vespucci: El trastano de las fechas y de los nombres propios—his ignorance of history and absurd errors—las cosas maravillosas—his fables, his contradictions, and all tend to discredit much of his narrative.

† Bandini, *Vita*, Amerigo Vespucci, and Goodrich, *Columbus*, give all that can be said for Vespucci. Bandini's work is a perpetual *éloge*. But it is plain that Vespucci loaded his ships with slaves, and was as cruel and unscrupulous as any of his contemporary explorers. The title of the book in which the name is given to America is *Cosmographiæ Introductio*, etc.

THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

DID Winter, letting fall in vain regret
A tear among the tender leaves of May,
Embalm the tribute, lest she might forget
This perfumed and imperishable way?

Or did the virgin Spring sweet vigil keep
In the white radiance of the midnight hour,
And whisper to the unwondering ear of sleep
Some shy desire that turned into a flower?

MALOUIN.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

OH yes, dat's h'all change' now; but I'll not be sure 'e was any better nor de h'ol' days. Dey got de *scrutin secret*, of course. But w'at's de good? Ef de man not be h'ones', 'e jus' sell 'es vote, an' den 'e vote de h'odder way, an' nobody know.

I'll be h'always vote *bleue*, me, 'cep' h'only once, an' dat arrive like dis:

Dat was de year w'en de young Bigras, de *avocat*, run 'gainst de h'ol' Malouin, an' we 'ave de 'ole country h'out dat time, for sure.

De h'ol' Malouin 'e was de riches' man on Ste. Philomène; 'e 'ave de big store, an' de bes' 'ouse on de village—de big stone 'ouse w'at 'e buy w'en de h'ol' Mackenzie die—an' 'e 'ave plenty farm, an' 'e len' de money wid h'everybody; an' nearly h'always w'en 'e len' 'e get de lan' some'ow. An' wid h'all 'es money 'e was de mean, mis'rable h'ol' feller, wid 'es 'eart like de 'ardes' stone on de *Gran' Côte*.

'E was de same w'at get my fadder on h'all de trouble on de "*trente-sept*"; an' w'en my fadder was kill', 'e sell de poor littl' modder h'out like she was de common beggar-woman.

An' de young Bigras, 'e was de son to de h'ol', h'ol' Bigras, de notary, w'at live so long dey say 'e's forget 'ow for die. Any'ow, dat young feller 'e was ver' smart, an' dey say 'e was do well on Mon'réal, an' 'e was come down h'all t'rough de country on de las' 'lection, an' dey speak of 'eem good deal sence dat; but we was h'all 'fraid 'e not 'ave much chance wid de h'ol' Malouin.

De firs' *assemblée* w'at dey 'ave for name deir man was on St. Isidore on de

Sunday h'after *la gran' messe*, an' nearly de 'ole of de crowd was Malouin.

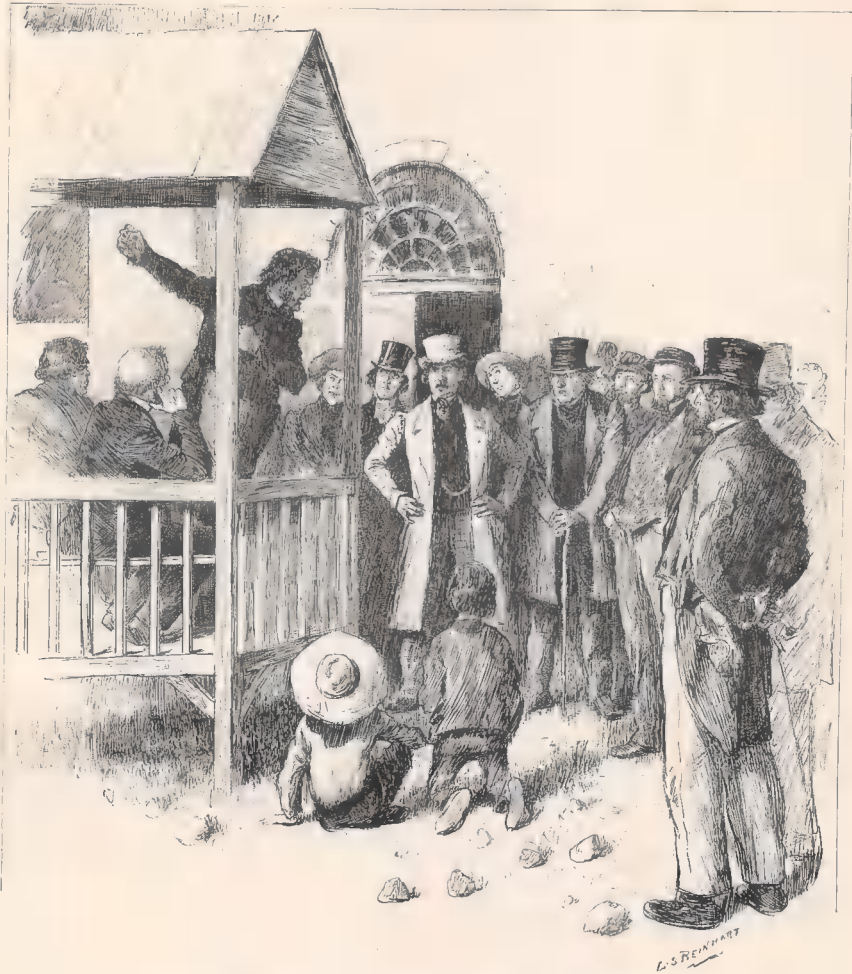
De young Bigras was dere too, an' wid 'eem was 'es frien's from Mon'réal, French an' h'Anglish too; an' dey h'all come late on de church, an' h'all take deir place near de door, an' h'everybody turn 'roun' for see dem; an' dey h'all look ver' fine wid deir black coat, an' we was proud for de young Bigras 'ave de frien's like dat.

Of course dey was h'out de firs', an' w'en de h'odders come, dey fin' de 'ole platform w'at was fix h'up on de square was h'all fill' h'up wid de black coat an' de new 'at from Mon'réal; but Malouin 'e don't say noddin', an' I'll see h'all 'es gang was look like dey was wait for sometin'.

Bymby we see M. Alec Watson come on de front de platform, an' 'e 'ol' h'out 'es 'an', an' 'e begin for say, "*Messieurs les—*" w'en somebody yell h'out, "*Ourra pour Malouin!*" an' de minute de gang 'ear dat, de place was t'ick wid stones, an' 'e wasn't two minute before de platform was h'empty, an' h'all de fine 'at an' de black coat was run so 'ard dey can for deir wagon w'at you not be h'able for see dem wid de dus'!

Well, bagosh! I'll be sorry for de young Bigras, but I'll fin' dat so fonny, I'll jus' laugh wid h'all de res'; an' w'en we laugh de h'ol' Malouin wid h'all 'es frien's, h'all dress' wid *étouffe du pays*, was h'up, an' de speech begin.

Dey was jus' like h'all de speech w'at dey make h'every time; h'all lies w'at dey say, an' h'all mud w'at dey t'row. But Mailhot, de notary, 'e say one t'ing w'at I'll not forgot. 'E say, "Bymby dose



"DEY WAS JUS' LIKE H'ALL DE SPEECH W'AT DEY MAKE H'EVERY TIME."

gennelmen dey come back, an' dey 'ave de same chance w'en dey come for speak like we 'ave. Nobody won' say '*Ourra*' for scare dem some more, an' ef 'e rain, 'e jus' rain sof' an' no more stone. An' w'en dey come, dey talk like dey h'always do, but dis year h'all deir talk is de *déficit*. Dat's w'at dey try an' scare you wid; an' dat's somet'ing w'at dey know h'all 'bout, for dat was de bigges' t'ing w'at dey lef' be'in' dem.

"Now I'll tol' you w'at dat was. W'en we go down on Québec two year pas' for save de country, de firs' t'ing w'at we look for, for see ef 'e's not be gone wid de gennelmen w'at we put h'out, was de Treasurie—de money.

"Well, we look h'all t'rough de 'ole *boutique* from de bottom to de top, an' we was jus' give h'up, w'en somebody say dere was de littl' *armoire* onder de stair; but we h'all say dere was no good for look dere. But de littl' Amyot from St. Barthelmi 'e say 'e don' know. 'e was look any'ow. An' 'e h'open de door, an' 'e pull h'out de littl' ches', un *p'ti coffre*; an' 'e was h'all paint' blue, an' 'e 'ave de big h'iron 'inges an' de big h'iron padlock tie h'up wid littl' piece of string; an' de minute we see dat, we h'all say, 'Dat's 'eem!'

"But de little Amyot 'e sit down on de top, an' 'e say, 'An's h'off. I'll fin' dis, an' nobody can grab firs'.' An' den 'e

h'ax us for h'all stan' wid our 'an's be'in' our back, an' w'en 'e h'open de ches', w'at you t'ink 'e fin'? 'E fin' de *déficit*! *Oui, messieurs, le déficit!* An' dere was nodding h'else on de ches' but de *déficit*.

"But no; I'll be mistake. Dere was somet'ing h'else.

"On de one corner, stick down 'ard on de crack, was one big two *sous* piece, and de wood was h'all scratch wid de finger of de gennelman w'at try for not leave 'eem be'in' wid de res'.

"So, *messieurs*, w'en dey talk on de *déficit*, you h'all know w'at dey mean."

Well, bymby de h'odders come back, and de *assemblée* was go h'on, an' after w'ile 'e was t'rough, an' we h'all go 'ome.

An' den de work begin, an' nobody was do nodding, nobody was talk nodding, 'cep' de 'lections. We 'ave de *assemblée* all h'over de country. We go h'up, an' we go down. Sometime we 'ave de fight, but h'everybody was 'appy, an' h'everybody talk so big's 'e can for 'es man.

Well, bymby de day come, an' we was h'up 'mos' de 'ole night before, an' de chance look pretty good for Bigras; but we know ef dere's not good man for watch de poll for 'eem on Ste. Philomène, dere's no chance. So we h'ax Johnnie Shepper' for come down, an' w'en 'e say 'e was come, we know dat's h'all correc', for 'e's pretty big man w'at scare Johnnie.

But we was pretty sick dat morning w'en we come h'out an' fin' dè h'ol' Malouin 'ave bring down h'all dose h'Irish fellers h'all de way from de Gore on de night. An' dere dey was w'ere dey 'ad no biznet for be, 'mos' a 'und're of dem, an' h'every one 'ave de new h'axe-'andle on 'es 'an', an' I'll know dose 'andles come h'out de store of de h'ol' Malouin.

An' dat was not de wors'. Seven a-clock come, an' no Johnnie Shepper'; h'eight a-clock, an' no Johnnie; an' den 'alf pas' h'eight, an' de poll was h'open at nine, an' dere's no Johnnie come.

An' den me an' Xiste Brouillette take Rosalie, an' start h'off down de road for see w'at arrive. An' w'en we come near to de big turn on de swamp, we 'ear somebody yell; an' w'en we get more near, we 'ear 'eem some more, an' Xiste 'e say, "Dat soun' like Johnnie!"

You know de road make de long *détour* for go roun' de h'end of de swamp, an' w'en 'e cross de bad place w'ere dere's water de 'ole year long, dere is two littl'

bridge, one on h'each side, wid de good lan' on de middl'.

Well, w'en we get on de turn for cross, sure 'nough, dere was Johnnie, wid de bridge h'all gone between w'ere we was an' 'eem. An' 'e was walk h'up an' down on de front of 'es 'orse, an' de way 'e was curse an' swear was h'awful.

'E say dat was de h'ol' Malouin w'at fix 'eem dat way. An' w'en we say w'y don' 'e go back an' come roun' by de h'odder road, 'e swear worse nor before, an' 'e say 'e can' get h'off de swamp, dat de h'odder bridge was gone too.

Well, bagosh! dat was ver' smart trick, h'even ef 'e was play' by de h'ol' Malouin. Dey mus' 'ave pull down de h'odder bridge jus' h'after Johnnie was pass', an' w'en 'e was 'oller for somebody for 'elp 'eem on dis bridge w'at 'e t'ink was break by 'eemself.

Well, dere 'e was; an' bymby, after w'ile, 'e begin for laugh, an' 'e say, "Well, boys, I'll be fix' 'ere! You go back an' vote straight; dough dat poll's gone, for sure." An' den we tell 'eem 'bout de h'Irish from de Gore, an' 'e say dat don' make nodding any'ow; ef dey don' 'ave no man for watch de poll 'e's gone, h'Irish or no h'Irish. Den 'e say, "Sen' me somet'ing for drink any'ow, an' tell de h'ol' Malouin w'en 'e's finish' for vote h'all de chil'n an' h'all de people w'at was dead, for come an' fix de bridge an' let me h'off, an' I'll not lick 'eem till de day 'e lef' for Québec."

So we go back. An' Xiste 'e say dere's no good for vote, an' 'e won' get 'es 'ead smash for no h'Irish picnic; but I'll say I'll don' care I'll 'ave my vote down 'gainst dat h'ol' devil Malouin ef 'e's de last h'act.

So Xiste 'e go on de fadder's wid Rosalie, an' I'll go on de poll, an' I'll meet Maillhot, an' 'e say, "Don' Johnnie Shepper' come for see de fair play?" An' I'll not say nodding; I'll jus' go h'on.

An' dere on de front of de poll, w'at was on de school-'ouse, was h'all de h'Irish gang, an' I'll 'ear dem yell an' shout; an' den I'll see Tom Culbert was stan' dere wid 'es 'orse, an' I'll 'ear de h'ol' Pelland, w'at keep de poll, say, "W'at's 'es name?" An' 'e make like 'e was look h'over 'es book ver' 'ard, an' 'e won' look h'up. An' Culbert 'e say, "Jack, John Culbert." de name of 'es brodder w'at was on Californie. An' de h'ol' Pelland say, "Correc'; h'ax 'eem for w'o 'e vote." An' Tom 'e say, "You vote for Malouin?" an' 'e pull

de rein an' de 'orse put 'es 'ead down. An' Tom say, "'E can' speak, 'e jus' make de bow w'en I'll say Malouin." An' den dey h'all yell, an' de h'ol' Pelland put de 'orse down.

Den dey see me, an' Tom Culbert yell h'out, "Line h'up dere! Don' you see de gennelman 'e's wait for vote? An' den dey was h'all stan' h'up on two line, an' dey h'all 'ave deir h'axe-'andle. An' den Tom 'e yell, "'Tension!" like dey was soldier, an' h'up go h'all de stick, an' I'll see I'll 'ave to go onder dem for pass on de poll.

Bagosh, I'll be scare', but w'en I'll t'ink on dat h'ol' Malouin, I'll jus' make myself 'ard, an' I'll keep my h'eye fix on de poll, an' I'll go h'on.

An' dose fellers say, "W'ere's Johnnie Shepper?" An' de one feller say on de h'odder feller, "You not see Johnnie Shepper', Mike?" An' de h'odder feller say, "No, Tim. H'ax dis gennelman; p'raps 'e meet wid 'eem." An' nodder say, "'Ol' h'up your stick dere. Don' you see de man 'ave de sore 'ead?" An' h'all dat make me h'all de more wan' for get one hones' vote 'gainst dat h'ol' devil.

An' de h'ol' Pelland sit dere wid 'es book, an' 'e look on me, an' 'e laugh on my face, an' 'e say, "*Bon jour, Melchior*. 'E was make 'igh water on de swamp to-day. But dat's not de biznet. Now for w'o you vote? For François Xavier Malouin, *marchand*, or—"

An' I'll be so mad, I'll say, 'W'at, me? Malouin?"

An' dat littl' cross-h'eye' *goglu* 'e say, "Dat's h'all right; 'e say, Malouin!"

An' my name go down for dat h'ol' *v'limeux*. An' Pelland 'e yell h'out, "Nodder for Malouin! *Ourra!*"

An' I'll try for grab de book, but dey h'all begin wid deir, "*Ourra! ourra*



"'E SAY DAT WAS DE H'OL' MALOUIN W'AT FIX 'EEM DAT WAY."

pour Malouin!" An' dey pull me de one way, an' dey pull me de h'odder, an' de one feller t'row de flour all h'over my 'ead, an' de h'odder tear my coat, an' no matter 'ow I'll try, I'll not get de chance for fight.

Well, after w'ile dey was tire' h'out, an' I'll get down on de h'ol' Brouillette, an' de girls fix me h'up so well's I'll be h'able; but w'en I'll start for 'ome, I'll fin' some feller 'ave paint h'all de spots on Rosalie wid de red paint, an' I'll not be h'able for come on de village for more nor t'ree week.

An' dat's de h'only time w'at I'll not vote de straight ticket, me!



CURRENT MILLS.

FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY F. D. MILLET.

IV.

THE sun was well down behind the hills before we launched the canoes on the day we left Buda-Pesth. The strains of the *csárdás* still echoed in our ears; our minds were confused by the succession of novel experiences we had enjoyed during the past four days; the river seemed to rush on with a giddier swirl than ever before, and a strong head-wind did its best to discourage our progress. It was not until we had lost sight of the hills near the city, late on the following day, that we realized we were now at length fairly afloat in the heart of the vast open plain which extends to the Carpathians. The corner of this plain which we had crossed below Pressburg had given us a hint of what we might expect in the way of monotonous scenery, but it had disclosed to us little of the charm of the great river which now enchanted us. High bluffs of firm hard earth alternated with stretches of densely wooded low banks and tree-embowered villages, nestled long distances apart, under vineyard-clad slopes, or among fields rich with maize and ripening wheat. The river

began to be the focus of rural activity. Wherever mills were anchored in the strongest currents, the peasants camped on the adjoining banks, with ox-carts full of freshly winnowed corn, awaiting their turn for the grinding. Women vigorously beating clothes with wooden mallets enlivened the scene with their laughter and gossip, and formed fascinating groups, with every combination of rich color. Everywhere were sunshine and laughter and song. Cries of "Eljen!" (hurrah!) and "Hova megy?" (where are you going?) greeted us constantly as we passed, shouting in reply, "Fekéte Dengerig" (to the Black Sea). The cheery vivacity of the people, their unfailing courtesy and agreeable manners, had won our affectionate admiration from the first, and the more we came to know them, the more we found reason to honor our earliest impressions of them.

The tyranny of limited space forbids lengthy description of more than one of the many interesting villages we explored in the first day or two below Buda-Pesth, and Duna Földvár of cheerful memory

may be taken as a type of all. The village itself is, like most Hungarian places, a collection of low houses along broad streets, laid out in rectangular plan, gullied and dusty, and shaded by rows of small acacia-trees. A great barren market square forms the usual prominent feature of the village, and from this arid waste straight wide thoroughfares lead out into the open country behind, and casually end there, like the streets of the great shanty cities in the far West. The architectural examples found in Duna Földvár are not notable; indeed, the inscription over the church door, "Istengondviselésnyujtottdiszújalakotrám," was the only detail in relation to architecture that fixed our attention. A few sleepy market-women sat in the broad shadow of the ugly town-hall, and, except for the constant coming and going of many graceful maidens bearing tubs of Danube water on their heads, there was little or no movement on the streets. All the life of the village concentrated itself under the sandy bluff by the river-side. A procession of barefooted girls continually passed along the shore. Peasants stripped to the waist, with their divided-skirt-like trousers rolled up into the narrowest compass, washed their cattle and wagons in the shallow water, while a busy army of men and women unloaded the barges and carried the heavy freight to the warehouses. At every available point of the crowded river-front washer-women, with their petticoats wet to the waist, stood knee-deep in the stream, and accompanied their lively chatter with the vigorous tattoo of their active mallets. In the shadow of the houses near the landing great piles of watermelons were the centres of groups of all ages, every individual busy with the luscious, juicy fruit. On all sides we saw flashing rich color, beautiful types, picturesque costumes, graceful action, and the bustle of ceaseless activity. The sparkling river, the brilliant colors glowing in the bright August sun,

and the multitude of figures tempting the pencil fairly dazed us at first, and we could only rush enthusiastically from point to point, finding each new group and each new incident more fascinating than the other.

Hours passed like magic, and the fast-waning afternoon light warned us to be off. We had scarcely shouted the last "good-by" across the shining water when a violent wind arose, drawing with its rushing sound the tinkle of the music in the grove, and changing the placid stream into a turbulent sea of dashing waves. Night settled down with unusual haste, and in the increasing darkness we were tossed and buffeted along, sometimes half swamped, unable to find a landing on the steep high banks, not daring to venture out into the



DUNA FÖLDVÁR WASHER-WOMEN.

raging stream, nor yet to approach too near the shore. The distorting gloom so changed the usual landmarks that we could not distinguish trees from bushes, and could only judge of our distance from the shore by the sound of the angry water beating against the bank. On we went, driven by the wind, which seemed to increase with every fresh gust. Wherever we tried to land, the breaking waves warned us that unless we found a sheltered spot we should pound our ca-

noes to pieces before we got them ashore. The noise of the storm made it difficult for us to hear each other shout, and it was only by constant piping on our shrill whistles that we kept our little fleet together. The situation at last became so serious that we were about to give up all attempt to land, and were on the point of scudding down in mid-stream until the storm should abate, preferring to risk

camp fire from the blast, rigged our tents, and then cooked our supper in comfort. The storm continued the greater part of the night, and we slept to the howling of the wind in the trees and to the dull roar of the Danube billows.

Now, as we advanced, the river rose higher and higher, flooding all the swamps and low-lying woodlands, and spreading out into broad lakes over the meadows.

Once only, in a whole day's paddle, did we find a fishing-station, and this was kept by men from a village fifteen miles inland, who take regular turns in visiting their homes during the long months when fishing is profitable. Their great wigwam had bunks for a dozen men, and miles of nets were drying in the sun. As we had been accustomed to land at a village at least once a day to replenish our larder with fresh meat, vegetables, fruit, and wine, we found our cupboards rather empty after a day or two in the wilderness, and we welcomed the sight of the fishing-camp, for we knew we could procure there an abundance of sterlet, the best fish found in the Danube. Our arrival was a great event in the camp, and, mutually interested in each other's boats and mode of life, we spent

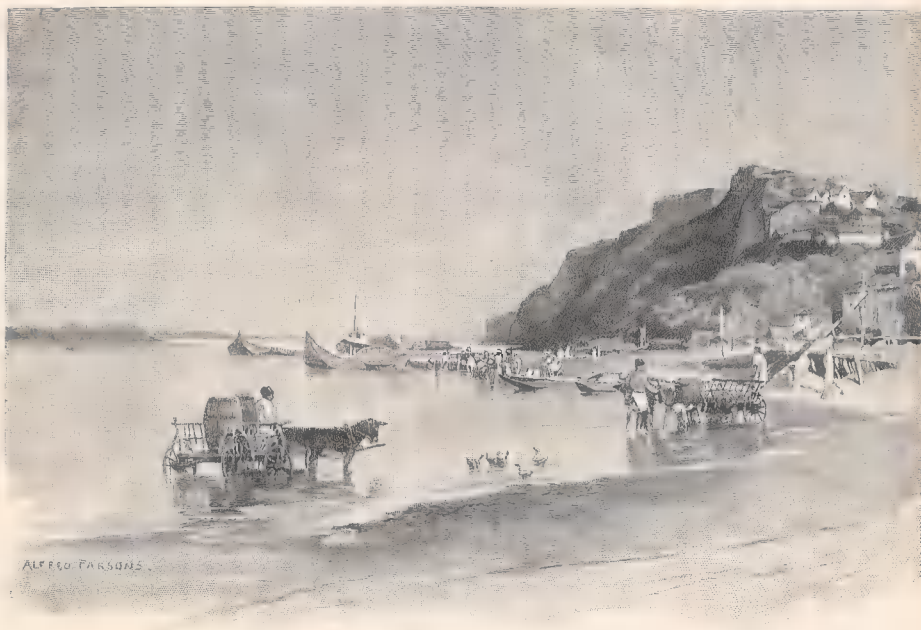
an hour there, and then departed, with a generous supply of sterlet taken from the fish-car which was anchored in the stream, and covered with the stings of mosquitoes, which hovered in a cloud over the whole point.

The steady current and favorable winds did not long permit us to fancy ourselves explorers in an undiscovered country, but carried us easily on, at the rate of thirty or forty miles a day, out of the swamps and forests to the region of vineyards and dry hills and villages. In a measure, as we went along and the landscape varied, so did the costumes change in character, the types differ, and new peoples hail our fleet with cries in strange languages. Drifting along within a yard or two of the shore, we entered into temporarily intimate relations with the villagers at their customary occupations, and were always welcomed by them with



WATER-CARRIERS, DUNA FÖLDVÁR.

capsize there rather than to endanger the canoes by further trials at landing on a lee shore. Just as we came to this decision, however, an unusually heavy squall struck us, and at the same moment we heard the unmistakable swash of the water among willow bushes close at hand. We knew then that we should find temporary shelter and shallow water among the willows, for the unusual height of the river had flooded all low places. From the shallow water on a flooded meadow we could manage to land and make our camp; so we pushed boldly on, and passing the yielding barrier, which fortunately was but a rod or two wide, found ourselves in a quiet shelter behind the screen of slender bushes, and at the edge of a grove of large trees with solid turf underneath. By the light of our lanterns we hauled up the canoes, arranged them so as to best shelter our



DUNA FÖLDVÁR.

unobtrusive but hearty familiarity, which filled our days with pleasant little episodes and delightful experiences. The long-populous town of Mohács, with extensive and ugly coal-yards, did not at first tempt us to land, but groups of beautiful children and young girls, who assembled to watch us as we stayed our all too rapid course along the shore at the very doorsteps of the houses, suggested such possibilities there that we had perforce to go ashore and see what the place was like. At our accustomed refuge in all these villages—the public bath-house—we found among the crowd of people gathered at the landing a boy of about a dozen years of age, who, to our great astonishment, addressed us in English, with an unmistakable American accent, and said that his grandfather hoped we would call on him before we went further. A few moments later we were toasting America, England, and Hungary in the purest of Tokay from the original bottles, sealed in the memorable year of '48. Our host, Colonel Fornét, was a fine type of the Hungarian patriot, who, like so many others, had returned to his native country, after years of exile, to end his life among his kin. After the heroic strug-

gle for independence in '48 he fled to the United States, became a naturalized citizen, and, after a year or so, went back to Paris to meet and marry the lady who had been betrothed to him before the revolution broke out. On his return to America he was unable to resist long the fascinations of the adventurous life in the great West, and for a time he followed the fortunes of General Fremont and other explorers of the wild regions. When the rebellion offered a still more tempting field for his restless ambition, he joined a New Jersey regiment, and served with distinction as its colonel until he was disabled in the field and incapacitated for active life in the future. Shortly after the close of the war he returned to Hungary with his family, and for a quarter of a century has kept his memory bright, his gratitude warm, and his loyalty to his adopted country still as pure as when he won the silver eagle on his shoulders in the trying days of '61. His children and grandchildren regard America with such reverence, and speak of it with such genuine affection, that our poor patriotism was put quite to the blush. With tears in his eyes, the noble old soldier modestly gave us a short his-

tory of his life there, and lived over again for a brief moment the scenes of his younger days, his blood still boiling at the memory of the martyrs of Arad, his voice still keeping its martial ring as he spoke of his comrades in the great rebellion in his adopted land. There are few countries where the utterance of such intense sentiments would not sound strained and dramatic, and the expression of such feeling appear a little out of tune. But in Hungary patriotism is not considered old-fashioned, nor do the dictates of society demand that studied indifference and coolness which is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon. Our visit to the grand old patriot left an impression on us which neither time nor distance can efface.

A few miles below Mohács is the upper mouth of the canal which joins the Danube with the Theiss, giving an easy outlet for the produce of the great fertile plain, facilitating the transportation of grain and lumber from the interior to the chief water highway. The construction of the canal dates from the last century, and, in all probability, it was projected even as early as the Roman occupation. It is only within a few years, however, that, by the aid of English capital, it has been finished and put in active operation. The wonderfully rich farming country through which it passes has attracted from earliest times settlers from all surrounding regions, and of all the Hungarian kingdom it has the most varied and heterogeneous population. Almost anywhere within the narrow limits of the low horizon may be counted between the Danube and the Theiss a dozen villages, sheltering representatives of as many different races, and a more attractive field for the philologist or for the artist cannot be found between the Black Sea and the Baltic. The traveller who rushes down the Danube in a steamer, or yawns at the monotonous plain from the window of a Pullman car on the Orient Express, gets no more idea of the people than if he saw them from a balloon. Even studied intimately and at leisure, this unique mixture of races is confusing and perplexing, and only those who have long been familiar with them can thoroughly understand the conditions of their existence. In all Hungary the Magyar, or pure Hungarian, does not number over four out of the fifteen millions of inhabitants. They are the dominant race in-

tellectually and physically, and, of course, the governing race. But the frugal, industrious immigrants have on all sides taken possession of the land, have established manufactories and built up trade, and have often left to the Magyar little beside that pride of race to which even the lowest among them cling as their most precious birthright. It is this pride which has bound the nation together all through the dark centuries of constant warfare with an implacable enemy, and it is this pride which is the Magyar's best support in his present struggle for a place in the foremost rank of civilized nations. There can be no question of his intellectual superiority over the races who crowd him on the east, the south, and the west. That he is not yet in the same plane of civilization as the nations in the west of Europe is due to the fact that while the west was civilizing, the Magyar was keeping the frontier against advancing Mohammedanism; and it is only now, after many centuries of discouragement and oppression, that he is in a position to advance along the road of peaceful development and culture. To such a nature as his all is possible, and his marvellous progress during the past twenty years is gratifying proof that he is making the best of his present possibilities.

We had the great good fortune to be personally conducted through this interesting region by Mr. Louis Gerster, the vice-consul of the United States at Budapesth, a gentleman who, from long acquaintance with the population, was able to steer our course successfully through the manifold ethnological and philological shoals on which we should certainly have been wrecked had we been travelling alone. The few days we spent in his company along the Franzens Canal would make a volume in itself, and it is only because we must not pause in our tale of our Danube voyage that we are obliged to keep the log-book of this side trip closed. Russians, Bulgarians, Saxons, Servians, Jews, gypsies, Schokatzs, Bunyvatzs, and other known and unknown races and tribes, each with distinctly different dress, language, and customs practically unchanged by transplantation into Hungarian soil, so bewitched us with the charms of constant variety and novelty that our trip was one round of exhilarating and delightful impressions. Thanks to the excellent man-



PEASANT GIRLS AT MOHÁCS.

agement of our friend, we were able to spend a Saturday afternoon and part of Sunday in the Schokatz village of Monostorszég, situated on the banks of the Danube, but so hidden away behind islands that it would not have attracted our attention from the canoes, and even if

we had seen it, we would not have suspected the existence of the treasures it held for us. The village itself is not unlike many others we visited, with broad streets shaded by acacias and mulberries, low whitewashed houses, a large barren church edifice, and a few unobtrusive

shops. In the daytime, particularly in the harvest season, the whole place is deserted except by a few old people and children. With the peep of day the entire adult population rattles away over the plain in springless wicker wagons to the corn-fields, often miles distant. As the sun gets low in the afternoon the dusty streets are again lively with laden carts and wagons full of chattering, singing girls as brown as Indians. The vil-

lage swineherd, who has watched his unsavory flock on the muddy shores of the Danube through the heat of the day, now drives them to the village again, and as they approach their homes they scamper away, each to his own sty, adding the harsh notes of shrill squeals and grunts to the chorus of general congratulation that the hot day is past and the coolness of the night is at hand.



FISHING-STATION, GEMENZ.

Like three Tartarins of Tarascon, we found everything at Monostorszég arranged for our amusement and entertainment as if by a stock company. In the court-yard of one of the well-to-do farmers' houses, where we stopped to examine the stock of home-made embroideries and fabrics for which the housewife was justly renowned in the neighborhood, we soon saw assemble quite a large party of youths and maidens, many of them in holiday dress, and all ready for

of bone or horn. On the last-named instrument, which had a neck out of all reasonable proportion in length, a tall brawny native picked the most intricate and encouraging melodies, and the feet must indeed have been heavy which did not rise to the rhythm of this music. Out of deference to the visitors the *csárdás* was for some time the only dance, but as the excitement increased, and the presence of strangers was forgotten, their own dance, the *kollo*, took its place, and we all participated in this, with more zeal than skill. The *kollo*, which is the common dance all through Croatia, Slavonia, and Servia, is more solemn and stately than either the Hungarian *csárdás* or the Roumanian *kora*, but, like these, finishes only with the strength and endurance of the participants. A ring is formed, usually of an equal number of dancers of both sexes. Each maiden

places her hands on the shoulder of a youth on either side of her, giving both the strings of her girdle or the ends of a kerchief, passed behind her back, to twist around their forefingers, thus binding the circle firmly together. The dance consists in stepping one measure by a rhythmic patter with the feet, and then the next measure by a movement to the left, with now and then a few steps backward and forward, as the caprice of any part of the circle may decide. In this dance, as in the *csárdás*, the performers are swayed and directed by the leader of the orchestra, who alternates a slow, almost mournful strain with wild and passionate bursts of music, which, like shocks of electricity, set every figure in spirited action.

The ordinary costume of both sexes at Monostorszég is simplicity itself. The women wear a high-necked, ankle-long chemise of white homespun linen, with full sleeves gathered at the elbow and richly embroidered, usually with blue. Bands of narrow embroidery decorate the waist and the skirt also. This chemise is girded to the body by a thick woollen belt, binding tightly to the figure the upper edge of a narrow apron of striped woollen homespun, very brilliant in color. A kerchief is usually worn on the head, and the feet are habitually bare. On Sundays and fête-days the girls exchange the coarse garments for others of choicer texture, the chemise being fine and carefully pleated, and the apron of mull or muslin delicately embroidered with white. Tall red morocco boots, with yellow heels and soles and curious pointed toes, adorn, or rather disfigure, the feet, and around the neck are hung many rows of gaudy glass beads. The hair is elaborately plaited in a broad band, which is brought over to the forehead and then turned back again. This is held in place by dozens of pins with ornamental heads; and all along the edges of the braid behind is a thick row of bits of a fine green aromatic herb, while in the hair itself at the back, as



SCHOKATZ TYPES.

well as around the face, bright-colored geraniums, marigolds, and other flowers are skilfully arranged. On their wedding day they cover their heads with a wonderful square structure, more like a pastry-cook's *pièce montée* than a bonnet, wear an ample white lace shoulder cape, a brilliant scarlet petticoat, with white lace apron and tall red boots. This dress is preserved with jealous care, and is never produced except on Sundays and holidays. The men's costume consists of loose linen trousers, like a divided skirt, a full tunic, a waistcoat with silver buttons, hussar boots, and a small round hat. Both sexes have for an outer garment either a sheepskin cloak or a greatcoat of very thick feltlike white woollen with broad square collar, and sleeves either sewed up at the bottom, or else in short, rudimentary form. These coats, and also the sheepskin cloaks, are often richly and gaudily embroidered.

When we came into the village bright and early Sunday morning everybody was in holiday dress. The red petticoats of the matrons flashed along the sidewalks, but half shaded by the small trees; groups of gay maidens, each with wild flowers in hand, hurried along to church, where companies of men in immaculate linen and stiff embroidered coats stood in solemn rows like supernumeraries on a



IN SUNDAY DRESS, MONOSTORSZÉG.

stage. The church was already partly full when we entered, and there was a bustle of many people settling themselves in their places, and a constant stream of worshippers coming in at different doors. We sat there marvelling at the strange dresses, enchanted by the brilliant colors, all the while unable to realize that this was the customary weekly ceremony, not a dramatic pageant arranged for our benefit. The sexes sat apart, and the married and the single each had a portion of the pews reserved for them, and each entered the church by a different door. Near the altar the marriageable maidens came clumping in with their red boots, always in parties of three or more, each with a little bright-colored rug, a prayer-book, and a bunch of flowers. Spreading out their rugs on the stone floor, they knelt down in rows facing the altar, and, after carefully arranging their pleated Sunday chemises so as to cover their feet, remained a few moments in the attitude of prayer, and then rose and took their seats. Of all that great congregation there was not one who did not wear the costume, and, with the exception of some of the ornaments and finer textiles, all the articles of dress were

of home production. Every thread of the linen and wool had been spun on the busy distaff as the women went to and from the fields to their work, and woven in the winter-time, when the clatter of the loom is heard in every house.

During the sermon we hurried away to be present at the close of the church service in the neighboring village of Bezdán, inhabited by Magyars. It was a few miles away, and we arrived only in time to see the quiet streets enlivened with people totally different in type and dress from those we had just left. In the flickering shadow of the trees, under the noonday sun, the women strode off homeward with an energy of action that made their stiff petticoats balloon out still more. Near the church the men gathered in silence to listen to the crier who was announcing various articles for sale. The unmarried girls of the village wear white linen dresses with short sleeves and embroidered waists, wreaths of flowers in their hair, bright red ribbons down their backs, black stockings, and dainty red and yellow slippers. The matrons wear colors, sometimes green or black, but usually red, and the men are chiefly noticeable for their loose linen garments and elaborate boots, often with a survival of the spur in the shape of a brass ornament on the side of the heel. Even as we stood watching the people the streets became quite deserted again, and so we hastened on to another village, where, in the populous Servian quarter, we caught our first glimpses of Oriental life in the groups of women sitting flat in the road in the shadow of the houses, disdaining, like true Orientals, all such luxuries as chairs and tables, and disturbed by no horror of dirt. Our Sunday's excursion also included a gypsy settlement—not a common sight, for these people are seldom permitted to occupy houses. It disagreeably contrasted in its squalor and filth with the perfection of neatness and tidiness among the Schokatzs and Magyars, but gave us a notion of the range of types easily studied in this one neighborhood.

When we left the mouth of the canal, one breezy morning after our excursion, and shot down the turbid stream with all

sail set, the soothing regularity of the tree-covered banks, and the utter absence of anything to study or to sketch, was not without a calming influence on us, and but for this little respite we probably should not have had the heart to land at the long straggling village of Apatin,

again the familiar language of the upper river. At the nearest corner was a brewery, with tables under the trees, and guzzling sluggards devouring strong sausage and stronger cheese. Everything was of the most commonplace German order, from the architecture of the houses to the



A PIG-WALLOW.

which promised new beauties and fresh interests. Almost the first person we saw was a little old German woman spinning flax on a tiny wheel, looking exactly as if she had been transported bodily from the Black Forest. Further along the street we met unmistakable Germans, and heard

beer mugs. Our parachute had burst, and we came to earth with a heavy thump.

A few miles below Apatin, with course as straight as a canal, the river Drave pours in a muddy flood, and far up the shining stream the foot-hills of the Tyrolean Alps lie all faint in the distance.

Fertile hills now skirt the west bank, and their sunny yellow slopes looked agreeably bright and warm after the heavy greens of the forest and swamp. The river has washed away the hills into perpendicular bluffs, which are of earth almost as hard as sandstone. Rude steps cut along a cleft were lively with girls carrying jars of Danube water to the village above; and once, under a vineyard, where the vines trail over the very edge of the bank, we saw a rude cave dug in the earth, where a long pole with a dangling bush projecting far beyond the rough bough shelter at the door of the cellar announced to the river men that wine was for sale. Our old friends the current mills still clustered at frequent intervals, where the stream ran the swiftest. Since the first time we saw them—far up the river, above Vienna—they had not changed their general shape or construction; but the owners' names, painted in large white letters on the sides, had marked with accuracy the limits of the

different nationalities we had passed in our journey. Now, before the curious combinations of letters on the mills near the Hungarian shore had ceased to puzzle us, Croatian and Slavonian names in a new and unfamiliar alphabet stared at us from the weather-stained sides of the mills along the opposite bank, and something of the crudity of Oriental taste was seen in the unskilful attempts to decorate the wood-work near the door and window. From the right bank we heard hails in an unknown language, and by the water's edge saw peasants with fiercer mustaches than even the Magyar boasts, and women of a heavy, unsympathetic type. The costume, too, had undergone a decided change. Both men and women wore clumsy wrappings around the ankles, and uncouth sandals and shoes. The loose trousers of the men were strapped to the calf by the thongs which bound the thick woollen cloths or coarse socks to the ankles, and red sashes took the place of belts. Serbia was beginning to show



HUNGARIAN GIRLS AT BEZDÁN.

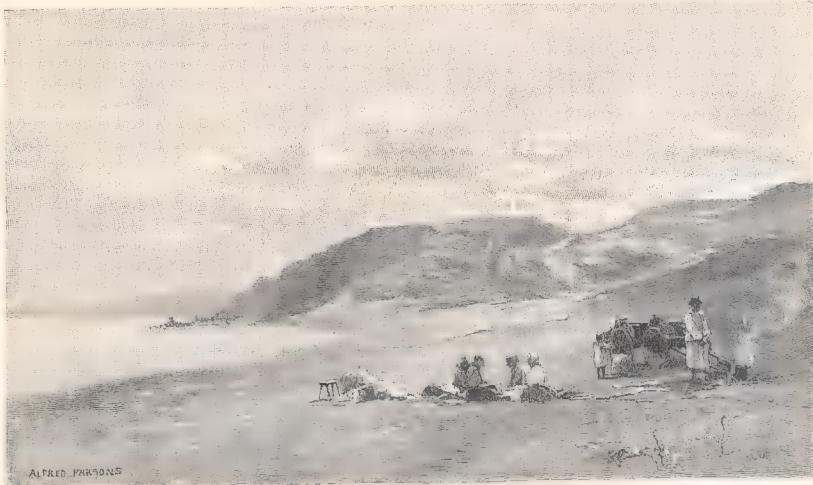
herself to us long before we reached the political frontier.

We had crossed the line of active melon consumption soon after leaving Buda-Pesth; we had for days revelled in a superabundance of them, and, indeed, had quite become accustomed to the sight of every human being, old and young, either carrying a melon or preoccupied with eating it. We had contributed our generous share to the flotsam of melon rinds which bobbed down the current, and had sampled every unfamiliar variety of the delicious fruit which had met our notice. It was chiefly, then, from the unæsthetic motives of appetite that we proposed to land at Vukovár, the capital of Croatia, which had long been held up to us by melon-eaters as the one place on the Danube where the fruit was found in perfection. As we came near the town, remarkable mainly for a new synagogue of doubtful taste, we saw piles of huge round objects ranged along in the shade of small trees on the bank, like cannon balls in an arsenal, and we needed no further identification of this metropolis of the melon trade. Our approach seemed to cause an unusual commotion at the landing, and we naturally attributed this to the activity among the merchants, induced by the arrival of possible purchasers of the abundant stock in hand. But we learned from a German-speaking policeman who met us as we went ashore that the market-women had taken our fleet for the torpedo-boats of which they had heard, and were in a great fright, believing we were about to attack the place. We begged him to assure them that we had no use for the town, but only for some of the projectiles



VUKOVÁR WATERMELONS.

we saw piled up there under the trees, and feminine terrors were slowly forgotten in the excitement of trade. Whoever has seen the Southern negro busy with a watermelon may be able to imagine our satisfaction at the quality of the fruit we found, and any one familiar with the capacity of a canoe may appreciate the size of the melons from the fact that we were unable to take in the monsters. But Vukovár is not all watermelons and timid market-women, as we found when we strolled up into the town, puzzled over the signs in the Cyrillic alphabet, and marvelled at the embroidered garments festooned at the shop doors, at the pretentious cafés, and the Franco-Italian architecture—the most imposing we had seen since leaving Buda-Pesth.



A CROATIAN BIVOUAC.

The heat was intense and the streets almost deserted as we paddled away directly after mid-day, and floated down past great bluffs, with hot gullies filled with herds of swine seeking to avoid the heat by frequent baths, and scarcely distinguishable in color from the baked mud on which they slept. Late in the day, having joined company with some lumber rafts we had been passing and re-passing for the last day or two, we drew up the canoes on a pleasant parklike meadow, but a foot or so above the water, with great trees and firmer turf than we had seen for a long time. The rafts tied up to the shore just above us, and the smoke of our several camp fires soon curled up among the trees, and floated away in the clear air of the perfect summer evening. Our first visitor was a Croatian, who, having served in the Austrian army, had learned a little German, and was only too anxious to air his knowledge. He prepared us for the visit of a band of gypsies who were camping in the vicinity, cautioned us to watch all our loose articles, and loudly sang the praises of one of the gypsy women but lately married, who, he declared, was as beautiful as a queen—probably meaning the Queen of Servia. To be sure, the next morning, shortly after dawn, a motley crowd straggled up to our encampment, among them the gypsy belle, with the bearing and gait of a duchess. Tobacco stood in the place of a formal introduction, and

even the conscious beauty asked for a cigarette, and puffed away like a veteran smoker. The keen-eyed old rascal who, by virtue of advanced age or superior cunning, was recognized as the chief of the party took the liveliest interest in our attempts to sketch the beauty, and when the sketch was done, calmly proposed to give us the model to carry away with us. As the offer was made in Roumanian, a language not then familiar to our ears, we did not at first comprehend the generous nature of the gift.

"Take her with you," he said. "You'll go, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," replied the dusky beauty, "if they'll take me to Bucharest."

"But if she goes away with us it will make a scandal, and the husband will have something to say about it," we timidly suggested.

"Not at all," insisted the old heathen; "he's away now, and if he finds her gone when he comes back, he'll easily get another wife."

This morality of the red-Indian order so astonished us that we did not readily offer the excuse that our boats could carry but one person apiece, but we sweetened our refusal of the gift by an abundance of tobacco and a few old clothes, hastily launched our canoes, and retreated down the river.

The railway from Buda-Pesth to Belgrade crosses the Danube at Peterwardein, little less than a day's paddle from Vuko-

vár, and the iron bridge is the last one of the ugly series that disfigures the river at intervals from its source. Peterwardein, the Gibraltar of the Danube, is a great fortress, elaborately intricate in construction, towering high above the stream, and overlooking the modern town of Neusatz opposite, at the mouth of a branch of the

Carlowitz and the town of that name, our old enemies the freight steamers puffed up stream, leaving a dangerous wake, and fouling the sweet air with noisome smoke.

On the perfect summer morning when we left our lovely camping-ground on a meadow below Carlowitz, and drifted



A GYPSY GIRL.

Franzens Canal. A bridge of boats connects the fortress with the town a short distance below the railway, and is actually the last bridge over the Danube. The commercial life of the river seemed to revive again at the mouth of the canal, and as we sailed past the vine-covered hills of

down into the silvery light of morning which glorified the river, the hills, and the distant landscape, we were in the mood to enjoy exactly what the Danube offered for our entertainment. On one bank peasants gathered in large parties at every convenient spot, and were en-



THRESHING WHEAT.

gaged in various domestic operations, quite as frank and unconscious in their actions as if they were in the shelter of their own homes. From the villages at some distance back from the river whole families migrate at frequent intervals to temporary camps by the water's edge, bringing with them their live-stock, cart-loads of corn, and their accumulated washing. While the women are busy with soap and mallet, the men winnow grain, and carry it to the current mills to be ground, and the children watch the pigs and fowls, who are enjoying in their way this brief outing. On the opposite shore may sometimes be seen, on a level piece of public land, great collections of ricks of all sizes and shapes, when the neighboring farmers assemble to thresh their harvest in common, each according to his own means and methods. Some beat it out with flails and pitchforks, others drive horses around on it, and a few make use of the improved machinery of English manufacture. Here it is readily loaded on lighters, to be towed up to Buda-Pesth or Vienna, or perhaps to be floated down stream to the English steamers on the Black Sea. From one group to another, from one shore to the other, we went as slowly as the resistless current would let us, fascinated by the cheerful busy life, and always finding each new scene more attractive than the last. Here the Servian women were beating their coarse

garments, and hanging them untidily to dry on the frame-work of the carts. A few rods lower down, at a bivouac of Saxons, piles of beautiful white linen and the freshest of blue garments contrasted agreeably with the squalor of the neighboring camp. These peasants we found polite but reserved; the Servians were usually noisy and talkative, and the Magyars cheery, sympathetic, and communicative.

Far down the glassy reach to the east a long range of flat hills now appeared, marking the course of the sluggish Theiss, and on the opposite bank we saw great rocks, scarcely distinguishable from the hard mud bluffs, but marking a distinct geological change in the landscape. Here on the scorched hill-sides frequent villages bake in the sun, and copper-covered monstrosities of church spires flash and glisten in the brilliant light. A ruined castle towers high above the river where the hills crowd the stream out of its course, and then the river broadens into a lake-like expanse, and stretches away until the left bank, always flat and without a break, loses itself entirely in the distance, and sky and water seem to meet as at the sea horizon. Far away to the south bold blue peaks, the sentinels of the northern range of mountainous Servia, show where Belgrade stands; and, in pleasant perspective, high bluffs on the right bank, with here and there a church spire, are reflect-

ed with all the glories of the midsummer sky in the perfect mirror of the majestic stream. A wonderful sunset glow colored all the landscape as we encamped under a high bluff, in full sight of Semlin and the Servian capital beyond. We fancied we could see in the glowing distance slender minarets behind the great fortress which guards the frontier, and in the perfect quiet of the lingering twilight

cooking, and from the frontier downwards we always had the proper and agreeable accompaniment of every comfortable bivouac, a cheerful fire. But it also happened that all through Hungary we found so much to interest us we could never manage to stop for the night before dark; and since it always took us two hours or more to make camp, cook and eat our dinner, and tidy up afterwards,



FORTRESS AT THE JUNCTION OF THE DANUBE AND THE SAVE—BELGRADE.

imagined we could hear the hum of the busy towns. The song of a shepherd on the opposite meadows echoed sweetly as we lay by the camp fire that beautiful evening, and enjoyed for the first time in our wanderings an hour or two of delightful leisure in the open air. It was now nearly eight weeks since we launched our fleet in the head-waters of the Danube, and, with the exception of a few days spent at Vienna, Hainburg, Buda-Pesth, and on the Franzens Canal, we had passed the greater part of our time, day and night, in the canoes. On the upper river, where we cooked over spirit-lamps because we were never able to have a fire, we had no great inducement to sit up after dark, and consequently sought our snug beds in the canoes very soon after dinner. After we reached Hungary, however, we found it not only practicable but more convenient to use wood for

we were obliged to continue our custom of turning in (literally) as soon as possible, in order to be able to rise at daybreak. The evening we camped in sight of Belgrade, the dewless, balmy air of the river so soothed our nerves, and the glowing landscape was such a pleasure to our eyes, that we lay in the fire-light and, regardless of the morrow, watched for a long time the glittering constellations as they slowly came in sight; and when at last we slept, we dreamed of Turks and sieges and the turmoil of belligerent races, whose territory now lay within reach of a few paddle strokes.

The happy chant of Servian girls marching down the steep paths in the bluffs, laden with jugs for Danube water, was our accompaniment as we paddled along in the early morning toward the steamer-landing at Semlin, the last Hungarian town on the right bank of the Danube, a



SERVIAN WOMEN, BELGRADE.

busy little commercial place with all the disagreeable characteristics of a frontier town. A populous market-place, numerous cafés of the Turkish order—the first we had seen—and a population largely Servian, with more barbaric types, and wearing costumes plainly transitional between the Hungarian and the Turkish, kept us interested longer than we anticipated, and well repaid the delay.

From Semlin to Belgrade is but a half-hour's paddle down a bend behind the Krieg's Insel and across the clear green stream of the Save. Above the great fortress which occupies the whole area of a high promontory at the junction of the rivers, where a church and other edifices are half hidden among bastions and parapets, an immense cream-colored government building extends an imposing mass, and, as seen from the river, divides the town into two parts. To the left is the old Turkish quarter on the Danube, in recent years almost depopulated of

Mohammedans, and with only one insignificant mosque still preserved; and to the right, Belgrade proper, along the Save and the heights which extend back into the country. Lumber-yards and the usual motley collection of buildings hid the town from us as we slowly paddled up the sluggish current of the Save to a great bathing establishment, all gay with flowers, where a large contingent of the youthful population of the city were sporting themselves, naked, in canoes of simple construction and gaudy color. Our arrival caused very little flutter on the shore. We saw one fez on a small boy, and fancied that on landing we should find everything suggesting the East, and fierce officials haughtily demanding our passports. But we moored our canoes alongside the bath-house and went ashore without a question, found everybody in European dress, and met a polite soldier-policeman who volunteered to look out for our craft, and immediately busied himself with boxing the ears of the inquisitive youngsters who ventured too near the dainty vessels. We were not long, however, in finding novelties of dress and architecture, for at a short distance from our landing-place we entered the outskirts of the city, and passed through a street quite as Eastern in aspect as any in the heart of Stamboul. Wretched wooden hovels with shattered tiles and crumbling plaster; dingy low cafés with pallid Turks inhaling with indolent sighs the stupefying smoke of nargiles; open air cooking-places where unsavory messes sizzled on gridirons; and general squalor, mustiness, and filth everywhere. From this quarter steep, ill-



Ó SLAMANKEN.

paved streets mount to the higher part of the town, where the hotels, theatres, and palaces are, and pleasant avenues lead out to the luxurious residential suburb on the heights beyond. But all Belgrade, at the date of our visit, was much like the normal condition of Broadway, and New York in general. The streets were everywhere torn up for water-pipes and sewers, sidewalks were being widened and levelled, and there was every indication of a serious attempt to improve the city. The heat was intense and almost unbearable as we explored the streets and park and wandered through the fortress. When the sun reached the zenith, all Belgrade was as quiet as Pompeii, for the inhabitants withdrew in-doors, and left the streets void of life and movement. Even the hissing of frying fat in the

numerous cook-shops seemed hushed for the time; the vender of kukurutz (green corn on the ear) slept in a shadow; and the Bulgarian bozaji, selling slightly fermented maize beer, alone broke the drowsy silence with his mournful cries. There was absolutely nothing to see, and therefore we also sought shelter, and sleepily waited for the town to come to life again. In the middle of the afternoon a few hurrying peasant women, their brilliant dresses quite out of harmony with the commonplace aspect of the streets, flashed along in the sunshine; one or two men with effeminate lace-trimmed tunics, pleated like imitations of the Albanian fustinella, strode proudly past, unconscious that hats of London make and elastic-sided boots made them look extremely ridiculous; and so the streets gradually resumed their normal activity as the afternoon coolness came on. We soon yielded to the tempting invitation of a fresh breeze and sailed away into the Danube again, escorted by a fleet of Servian canoes with naked crews.

We began to think that in crossing the frontier we had passed the limit beyond which the modern invention of modesty has not yet been universally accepted. It certainly seemed so, for the bronzed figures of the naked youths excited no comment on the shore as we passed. Rounding the water battery and drifting along the old Turkish quarter, we came to a large pleasant meadow, glowing in the rich light of the afternoon sun. Here scores of men, as unclothed as the horses they bestrode, were riding their animals out into the shallows, bathing with them in



F. D. M.

BULGARIAN BOZAJI, BELGRADE.



FOUNTAIN IN THE SQUARE, BELGRADE.

the yellow stream. Like so many figures from the frieze of the Parthenon, they sat their horses with perfect grace, saddleless and bridleless, and now dashed along, throwing up clouds of spray, and again disappeared in a golden cloud of dust on the meadow. A party of young men and boys, equally in Spartan attire, were having an exciting foot-race along the level turf, and this little spot was for the time a sculptors' paradise. We drifted slowly along, watching the athletic figures in the wonderful light, all unconscious in our preoccupation that the current was carrying us into a scene of still more surprising simplicity and innocence. Our canoes, if left to themselves,

would always turn round and float down stream stern foremost; and that afternoon, as on many other occasions, we found the trick to be of advantage, for we could longer watch the unusual spectacle on the meadow. When we could see no more in the direction of the dazzling sun, we paddled the canoes around, and found ourselves, to our surprise, quite near a number of Servian families, who were taking a refreshing bath—old and young, men, women, and children—in the sandy shallows. No bath-house had given them refuge on the bank, nor had they considered it necessary to disfigure themselves with drapery, except a few of the women, who wore an apology for an apron tied around the waist.

It was a sudden change from the contemplation of figures of classical grace to the unwitting interruption of the bath of a dozen unlovely families, and a parallel to the plunge from the accustomed luxuries of pleasant camp-grounds above Belgrade to the mud flats on the river-side below. We had drifted along the meadow so slowly that we found the daylight already waning and a threatening storm close at hand before we thought of camping. Then we hastened to the first spot where there was a possible landing. Here we slept until the ring of scythes at our very bows brought us to consciousness again, and we opened the tents to see a sunny meadow among the trees, all dotted over with the white figures of peasants slashing at the ranks of coarse grass that fringed the sun-baked shore.



ERDÖD.

JESSEKIAH BROWN'S COURTSHIP.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

JESSEKIAH BROWN, a fat, bow-legged fellow of forty years or thereabouts, enjoyed the double distinction of being the fattest man as well as the oldest bachelor of his color on the plantation.

He had been a general beau in colored circles ever since he had begun to wear shoes to church, about twenty-five years ago. The "young ladies" he had "gone with" and "had feelin's about" were now staid matrons, mothers of grown sons and daughters, and yet Jessekiah had never been known to speak a serious word of love to any woman.

It was a common thing for the old wives on the place to say, as they sat together on the levee and laughed to see him still playing the beau, "Po' Ki! I don't b'lieve pos'tive he know how ter out an' out cote a gal!"

And this was true, or at least it was half the truth. The other half was that Jessekiah had never been able to make up his mind decidedly as to the identical woman he wished to marry.

His was a case of ultra all-round susceptibility resulting in an embarrassment of emotions. It is probable that a certain indecision amounting to a psychological idiosyncrasy had descended to Ki by direct maternal inheritance, as it is related on reliable authority that his good mother had been utterly unable, even while she stood at the baptismal font with her babe, to decide whether his name should be Jesse or Hezekiah, and an embarrassed effort to change it at the last moment resulted in the unique cognomen which distinguished him through life.

There had been times in Jessekiah's life when he had *almost decided* that some special woman was the undisputed possessor of his affections, but they were fleeting moments.

On the old levee just opposite his present cabin he had once been sitting with Diana Forbes, a copper-skinned lass of seventeen years, for whom he had long confessed a soft spot in his soft heart, and the moonlight and a white gown she wore on that occasion had settled the question—for the moment.

He had even gotten as far as "Roses" in his avowal of love, when a silvery laugh, descending all the way from high

C to inaudibility, had floated to him from the quarters.

Jessekiah could never propose to another girl while he heard Silv'y Simms laugh, and so, instead of saying "Roses is red an' v'ilets blue," and becoming hopelessly involved on the second line, he had coughed and remarked:

"Roses smells a heap mo' sweeter, ter my min', 'n honeysuckles does. Which you lak de moes', Miss Diana?"

And so the crisis had passed.

The only distinction Ki had attained as a person of superior years among the youth of the plantation was the title of brother.

"Brer Brown" had long ago "professed," and while never attaining any celebrity either as a speaker or worker in the fold, neither had he introduced shame in any shape, which was saying a good deal.

Ki's life, as care-free as that of the humming-bird that flits at will from flower to flower, and apparently as sunny and bright, was yet not without its trials. For years a certain single woman on the place, as huge as himself, hence familiarly known as "Fat Ann," had been his *bête noire*.

It was not enough that every one took special delight in teasing him about her, but the woman herself, in spite of years of avoidance on his part, seemed to have a fancy for him.

The bitterest hours of Ki's life had been on account of Fat Ann.

Any joke that threw their names together, any premeditated pairing off of couples that left him as her escort, was regarded as great fun. And it was one of those jokes that never wear out.

So it happened that on a certain memorable occasion Ki, suddenly finding himself allotted to walk with her at a cake walk, actually disgraced his manhood by genuine tears.

Happily, however, they were not shed in Ann's presence, and when she met him with a smiling salutation, and took his arm with her best effort at a flourish, there was something within him that felt challenged to a best effort—for in his heart poor Jessekiah was something of a gentleman—and the result was that,



THE CAKE WALK.

amidst uproarious cheering, Ki and Ann, fat, bow-legs, and all notwithstanding, took the cake.

This teased Ki even more than the walking had done. Nor was this all: it brought him suddenly up to the point of revolt.

When he went home that night his frame of mind was altogether unbecoming a Christian, not to say a Methodist.

Instead of going quietly to his cabin and to bed, as he should have done, he walked out upon the levee alone, and with head uncovered in the moonlight, while he mopped off his forehead, he swore that he wouldn't, so help him, "stan' one speck mo' o' dis cornfounded, doggorned, plague-taken nornsense!"

He had wept before he had stepped out into the arena with Ann to walk for the cake, and now, having done his duty fully, manfully, having amiably served as her "pardner" for the remainder of the evening, and courteously escorted her home, having deposited his own portion of the hated cake in the river, he wept again.

When Ki joined his companions in the field next day there was something in his face which forbade any allusion to the incident of the night before. It was a new dignity, the dignity of a fixed resolve.

As he had walked alone at midnight on the levee after spending his emotion in tears, he had reviewed the situation with a calm scrutiny, and he saw clearly that there were but two honorable ways out of his dilemma.

He could not run away. The world beyond the community of the coast meant little more to Ki than the planet Mars. An open revolt would be a personal insult to the lady in question. To be forever freed from all association with this hated, detested woman, he must either marry—or die.

Life was sweet to Ki. Death, even palliated with the consolations of religion, had never lost its terror to him. Marriage, on the other hand—Ki actually giggled foolishly to himself as he contemplated it as an actual probability—had always been an inviting prospect, and so tonight, sitting alone beneath the stars, he registered a vow—a sacred vow *to marry*.

The resolution had no sooner possessed him, however, than he began to question himself as to whom, of all the girls he knew, he should select.

For one thing, she must be slim. If there was one thing that in his present state of mind he hated more than anything else in creation, it was fat. He ran over in his mind the names of the several slender girls of his acquaintance, hesitating and chuckling afresh over each at the idea of her actually becoming Mrs. Brown.

The enumeration complete, he found himself sadly lapsing into his old state of indecision. He would to-night, at the toss of a penny—or perhaps it would be better to say at the toss of her head—have been happy to wed any one of seven sweet dusky maidens, varying as to complexion, temper, and general character, but all willowy and slender.

A realization of his irresolution even now, in the extremity of his woe, filled him with dismay, but his desperation had carried him for once safely beyond the possibility of retreat.

If he could not in a moment make up his mind whom he most desired, he could at least resolve that he would not put his foot out of his cabin, excepting to go to the field, until he should decide.

Calmed with this resolution, Ki finally repaired to his cabin, and found forgetfulness in sleep.

A week passed, and another. In the evenings, seated alone upon his door-step, or within the broad crotch of a log of drift-wood that lay embedded in the outer levee beyond his gate, Ki still agonized in indecision.

The threatened failure of the old embankment had last year sent a new levee into the heart of the plantation, and for a considerable distance here it ran close against a nest of negro quarters. Ki's cabin, sitting somewhat apart from the others, at the point of divergence of the two banks, commanded an easy approach to both. The low land between the two levees, a safe play-ground for the children when the river was low, was now covered with shallow water.

After a third week of painful indecision, Ki made a little progress. *He decided that he could never decide*—and of this decision was born a plan of relief.

"Look lak I mus' be one o' deze heah reg'lar Mormondizers, an' want 'em all," he had been moaning to himself, when suddenly his reverie began to take shape in this fashion: "Ef a man go a-huntin' all day, an' can't meck up 'is min' what

bird he want ter shoot, he gwine come home wid a empty game-bag ev'y time."

Then something within him had seemed to answer. "Yas, an' de bes' thing he k'n do is ter stay home an' set a trap, an' pray Gord ter sen' de right bird ter 'im."

It was an inspiration. Ki was so pleased with the idea that he answered it aloud: "Dat's hit! Dat's hit! Dat's des what I gwine do. I gwine buil' me a—gwine buil' me a—gwine buil'—" and he fell to meditating again. "Gwine buil' me a fine fancied seat, right out heah on dis ol' levee, side o' dis lorg, an'—an' de fus' gal dat sets in it— My Gord! why'n't I thunk about dis befo'? De fus' gal what set down in it gwine be Mrs. Jessekiah Brown—*ef she do lak I say!*"

He was happier than he had been since the cake walk. Throwing himself down upon the grass, he rolled over and over, chuckling aloud. The chair, a quaint affair made of pine saplings, and finished with arms of gnarled twigs, was the work of several mornings, and when at last it was finished, even to the not inartistic braiding of cross-twigs into an easy head-rest, Ki was as happy over it as a child with a new toy.

"Come 'long, Mis' Brown, honey. Teck yo' seat, my love, an' set down," he exclaimed, giggling foolishly as he moved back to his notch in the log, and glanced up at the imaginary occupant of the seat.

He felt almost as if his wedding invitations were already out; and yet no sooner did he picture any special one enthroned beside him than his mind reverted with a pang to half a dozen others. His only safety lay in the sacredness of his oath. He had sworn, and called on God to witness his pledge, that he would ask the first woman who sat here to marry him, and he would do it.

For the first week after its completion Ki watched the chair from his window with a timorous nervousness, expecting, hoping, and yet fearing at any time to look out upon the future Mrs. Brown.

But a month passed, and she did not come, and although Ki managed to preserve a calm exterior, and had replied to all inquiries as to his retirement that he "had done got tired out o' s'ciety an' had done settled down," he was growing desperately weary of it.

The "settling down" had, however, by slow degrees resulted in a decidedly improved state of affairs at Ki's cabin.

When the little one-roomed hut had been only a place to keep his garden tools, to hang up his saddle, and to "turn in" himself as a last resort to sleep at night, it had been a small matter that the front yard was overrun with cockle-burs and "jimsonweed"; that the rank, malodorous gourd-vine that straggled over the remains of last year's bean poles to embrace his mud chimney was a harbor for wasps, lizards, and the brilliant spiders that spun their filmy wheels in every available space. It hadn't mattered that the corners of his room and his mosquito-netting were decorated with this same delicate tracery, and that the high-water mark from the last crevasse had supplied the walls of his apartment with a unique dado of decay—a dado done in low brown tones, with strong stucco effects in green close-clinging mosses.

It is possibly not exceptional that a very startling apparent incongruity should sometimes exist between a bachelor's apartment and the gorgeously attired gentleman who goes forth from the same to enter the most exclusive inwardness of most exclusive society. A fluely feathered he bird has been known to take daily flight, joining a flock of very high fliers, from a roofless nest of mud and straw and unwashed rags.

It had been enough for Ki to know that the pine press in the corner of his hovel held in safe preservation his silk hat, dress suit, and the various delicate appointments of a gentleman's toilet; that a cake of very strongly scented sweet soap of a marbled reddish color lay wrapped in tin-foil beside a boot-shaped bottle of "hair-ile" that for potency of perfume put both gourd-vine and jimsonweed to shame; and that his varied assortment of scarfs, scarf-pins, handkerchiefs, and the like was safe from wind or weather in a shell-covered box made by one of his earliest sweethearts.

Here also were a little folding-comb with a mirror within its handle—a vest-pocket convenience for last toilet touches at church doors and front gates—a gorgeous walking-cane, and cotton umbrella. In fact, as to the matter of toilet furnishings, Ki was quite up to the requirements of a finished society man, and he had, besides, what he would probably have called an "innard" grace of manner. It would have come outward and manifested itself in *mannerisms* if there had

been any chance for it, but, as he himself lamented, "How kin a feather-bed teck orn manners?"

Ki was too hopelessly fat to cultivate anything more than the negations, so to speak, of manners polite. His strength lay rather in the avoidance of inelegancies than in the attempt to assume impossible graces.

A genial amiability is oftentimes a surer guarantee of social success than a figure of artistic proportions, and yet Ki would have given all he owned or hoped to possess of personal attractiveness for the power to bend at the waist when he lifted his stove-pipe hat.

We have said that during the period of his retreat he had improved the condition of his home. Indeed, when two months had passed, the freshly whitewashed little cabin that sat smiling through a cool green garment of butter-bean and morning-glory vines, in the midst of a riotous mass of sunflowers, hollyhocks, and zinnias, was in no way recognizable as the recent neglected hovel.

While the trap to catch his bird was out upon the levee, Ki, with loving care, was getting the nest in order, and although he was eager at times for his mate, there were moments when the tortures of indecision were distinctly sharpened with a dread that her coming would involve a life-long regret.

While he had chopped down the mud crawfish chimneys along his garden walk and strewed it with white shells, somehow he had been unable to think with any pleasure of any other girl than Hannah Frierson, a willowy yellow maid, tripping up and down the walk; and yet, within the cozy corner of his porch, where he had placed a bench just broad enough for two among the vines, the brown piquant face of another insistently and bewitchingly met his eye. She who seemed naturally to stand on the litt'le stepladder to gather butter-beans was a third. And yet another, by a strange persistency, struck his fancy as the dainty creature who should occupy the chair upon the levee. Her delicate, shapely wrist seemed in his imagination just fitted to lie over its rustic arm, and her slender foot would, he was sure, just about rest on the log where he sat.

He somehow had a feeling that maybe—he wasn't quite sure, but maybe—it would be pleasant to lay his hand upon

her foot and pat it. Would that be lover-like? He doubted that it was exactly the correct thing to do; and yet, while he sat and looked at the end of the log, the impulse to reach out and touch the imaginary foot resting upon it always came so irresistibly that he chuckled over the very thought.

Notwithstanding the fact that Ki was distinctly in a courting frame of mind, there were times when he would in desperation have retreated from his vow and started out again, hoping to make his choice, had it not been for his dread of meeting Fat Ann, and *that* he was resolved, with all the hitherto dormant decision of his tardy manhood, he would not do—*no, not if he died*. He hated, despised, abhorred the very thought of her with a morbid intensity heightened by solitude and long-suffering. Even yet, when he recalled the picture he and she must have made as they promenaded before the company arm in arm for the cake, cold chills ran down his back, and he talked bitterly to himself.

"De idee o' dat great big apple flitter, what 'ain't got no mo' shape 'n a spinnin'-turtle, a-waddlin' by my side—matchin' fatness wid fatness! My Lord! De mo' I ponders on it, de mo' madder an' pervokeder I gits! De idee! A gal what 'ain't got no mo' wais'-line 'n a—'n a—'n *I is!*"

The summer was waning. Ki was now an acknowledged recluse. And though his little home grew prettier and more attractive; though his wages, untaxed by the demands of society, lay for the first time in his life a growing account to his credit; though his chair sat, clover-scented and picturesque, on the brow of the levee at his door, waiting to hold in its open arms the future mistress of the manse; though the nest grew daily more attractive and the waiting mate within it more eligible, never a bird had perched upon the limb prepared to entrap it.

A few of the settled married folk and some of the boys had strolled out, partly from curiosity and a desire for a friendly chat, but as Ki was rather taciturn they had been satisfied to consider this a last idiosyncrasy confirming his bachelorhood, and had not returned.

The girls missed him in an impersonal sort of way; but beaux, real marrying fellows, full to overflowing of direct sentiment, were plentiful, and so were skiffs and fishing-lines and blackberry

patches. They hadn't time to think seriously of Ki.

At last it was an evening near the end of September. Ki, dispirited and sad, oppressed with that worst vacancy of the heart, a sense of having no one to care for him, had strolled out, following the old levee to the most distant point of its outward curve, and here he sat down.

He had seen several rowing parties start out in skiffs, and even now, though they were but floating black lines in the distance, he caught occasionally in a breath of wind the sound of laughter mingled with the witching notes of a harmonicon. He was desperately lonely and blue.

The sun was nearly down when at last he rose wearily to go in. He had proceeded some distance when the rustic chair came within range of his vision. The recent sunlight reflected from the river into his eyes embarrassed his sight somewhat, and bright spots were dancing before them, yet in a flash came the impression that there was something unusual in the appearance of the chair. The very idea startled him so that some moments passed before he dared confirm the suspicion by a second glance, and he was so maddened with a sort of stage-fright that he staggered a little when he did finally look again.

It was true. Some one was comfortably seated in the chair beside the log, taking the evening breeze. He could see the flutter of a flounce in the wind as he slowly and falteringly approached, his heart in his throat, breathing hard. Suddenly he stopped, leaned forward, ducked his head down, looked intently for a moment, and falling like a log, rolled down the inside of the levee.

It was Fat Ann. Let us hope that his recording angel took note of the poor fellow's anguish of soul as, when he reached the bottom, he ejaculated, with a groan, "Good Gord!" If he did, the exclamation was surely not registered as profanity, but was rather entered as a prayer on the credit side of his account.

Ann, conscious only of unsuspecting friendly feeling, seeing him fall, hurried to the spot.

"Fo' Gord sake, Brer Brown, huccome you twissen so sudd'nt orf de aidge o' de levee?" she exclaimed, breathlessly.

Ki lay still where he had fallen, at the water's edge.

"Po' Brer Brown done taken wid a fit! Wait tell I come an' he'p you up," she continued, measuring the difficult descent with her eye.

This was a stimulant. Ki groaned aloud to show that he still lived. If she should come to him, he felt that he would die outright.

The girl, misinterpreting the groan as an indication of serious disaster, hurried to his aid. Somehow, in attempting the steep declivity, her foot slipped.

Whether, sliding like an irresistible avalanche, she carried Ki into the water with her, or whether she rolled clear over him, and he afterward fell in in his effort to rescue her, it is hard to say. Certain it is, however, that when after some time they reappeared arm in arm over the brow of the levee, both bore marks of a recent baptism.

That Ki was passing through another baptism of fire was evinced by the expression of dull despair that had settled over his face, as well as by a suspicion of incoherency in his speech.

Through it all, however, he had never quite forgotten that he was a gentleman and that Ann was a lady. Neither had he forgotten his oath, nor that he was a Christian—and a Methodist.

Now that it was, so far as she knew, all over, Ann, overcome with a sense of the ludicrous, shook with suppressed laughter. Her own effort at control fortunately kept her from realizing that Ki had several times distinctly sobbed, even while he made such polite remarks as he could command to the lady upon his arm.

"I 'clare, Miss—ur—a—Miss Ann, seem lak I los' my ekalubium. Dishere levee ain't fitt'n' fur no plump lady—ur—a—I means hit ain't ter say fitt'n' fur nothin' but—but goats. I trus' you 'ain't fractioned none o' yo' dislocutions, Miss Ann."

Ann had not yet found her voice. Still trembling somewhat from the shock, chilled with her wet skirts, and a bit hysterical withal, she shook so that when they reached the chair Ki felt impelled, by sheer courtesy, to steady her by laying his hand upon her shoulder as he bade her be seated. Then, moving off, he took his seat, not within the notch at her side, but astride the most distant end of the log.

"I 'clare, Brer Brown," said his guest, finally, "I sholy is glad ter set down an' wring out my frock." And after a pause:

"Umh! Dishere cheer des fits me, lak you done had taken my measure fur it. Was you studyin' 'bout me, Brer Brown, when you made it?"

Ki, looking dazed, only blinked, and fortunately she did not wait for an answer. He sat wiping off his clothing with his handkerchief, while great drops of perspiration trickled down his face, and an occasional quiver like summer lightning played about the corners of his mouth.

Long after there was any need for it he continued to rub his trousers legs and the sleeve of the one arm that had been submerged. He was trying, with all the strength of a resolve grown strong by patient waiting, to bring himself to accept the conditions of his oath. He had prayed over this matter. He had trustingly begged the Lord in His infinite wisdom to send the right woman to him. And there sat Ann—the answer to his prayers—Ann, whom all his manoeuvre had been planned to avoid.

After he had wiped his coat and she had wrung her gown until both acts were growing palpably absurd, and the silence was becoming momentarily more painful, Ki ventured to look up at the woman whom he must ask to be his wife. For a moment he was tempted to throw himself backward and roll into the outer depths of the Mississippi. The chill of its waters was still upon him, however, and shivering at the thought, he turned from it to glance once more at his bride-elect. Of course she would accept him. Who ever doubts the descent of a dreaded and evidently impending evil?

Ki's proposal scene had been arranged for years, and he knew it all by heart from beginning to end; but that old formula beginning with "Roses red" would never do now. He had fancied that when he should come to the "Sugar is sweet, an' so is you," the dainty little miss might be a trifle coy, and he should have to insist upon it. She might even protest, "I ain't no sweeter'n you is." But if Ann should say so silly a thing to him, he would scream—he felt it.

The moments were passing. He had several times taken off his hat and wiped it, only to be reminded that it had never been wet, and now he did so again.

Finally Ann spoke. "Yo' cabin do look mighty sweet, Brer Brown," she said. "Settin' whar it do, hit mus' ketch

all de breezes an' be mighty cool. Ain't it?"

Ki breathed fiercely. "No, Miss—ur—a—Miss Ann," he replied, swallowing a lump in his throat. "Hit's pow'ful hot; an'—an' yit"—he could hardly control his agitation enough to speak—"an' yit I's afeerd ter leave de winders open of nights, 'caze de lizards an' scorpions an' snakes is awful bad roun' my cabin—an'—an' rats; deze heah grea' big fox-rats. Dey—dey des runs roun' my room at night lak squir'ls in de woods; an'—an' skunks, too. Dey comes roun' reg'lar, a whole passel ob 'em, an'—an'—ur—a—bats, an'—an'—ur—a—squinch-owls, an'—an'—"

"De laws-a-mussy, Brer Brown, you ain't sesso! An' does you sleep heavy wid all sech varmints a-swarmin' roun' of nights?"

"Sleep heavy? Who, me? I—ur—a—I—" He was gaining time. "I nuver sleeps heavy, Miss Ann. No, ma'am, I—I nuver sleeps heavy. Yer see, mos'ly ev'y night I has de nightmares, an'—an' sometimes I gits up in de middle o' de night, an' seem lak I 'magine I hears robbers, an' I des teck a stick an' whup ev'y-thing in de room. I taken my bolster one night, an'—an' I beat it all ter pieces 'gins' de side o' de bed in one o' deze heah nightmares. I tell yer, I's—I's a dange'ous sleeper, Miss Ann!"

"Umh! Look ter me lak you oughter have some light sleeper ter stay wid you, Brer Brown, an' teck cyar you."

Ki swallowed again. "B-b-but, yer see, Miss Ann, I's afeerd I mought kill 'em 'fo' dey'd weck up, don't yer see. Dat's de onies' trouble. I des tecks de load out'n my gun 'fo' I goes ter bed, an' hides all de knives an' forks—'caze, yer know, a pusson could job a pusson's eyes out wid a fork—an' den I des lays down an' goes ter sleep. Dey does say how sometime' a pusson do load a gun in his sleep."

"Whee! You all but scares me, Brer Brown. Don't you never git lonesome by yo' lone se'f, Brer Brown?"

Here was a real opening. His heart thumped so that he heard it. He could hardly speak.

"Y-y-yas, 'm. I—I gits—I gits lonesome some nights—some nights when—when de—de dorgs comes onder my cabin an' howl—an'—"

"Dat's a mighty bad sign, Brer Brown. Is dey cry two times an' stop?"

Ki coughed. "N-no, Miss Ann. Dat what meck me fin' it so strange. Dey say ef a dorg howl two times an' stop, hit's fur a man ter die; but—but deze heah dorgs dey keep a-cryin' three times an' stop—three times an' stop; dat's a sho call fur a ooman ter die. Ef—ef I had air mammy—ur—a—any ooman pusson stayin' wid me, I'd—I'd look fur ter lose 'er, sho."

"Umh! Dat's mighty strange. How long is dey been comin', Brer Brown?"

"Des—des deze las' few nights—an' I done tried ev'y way I kin ter get shet of 'em—but dey won't go."

"My Lord! You done got me 'mos' too skeer'd ter go home, Brer Brown. But I mus' travel; hit's gitt'n' late." She rose.

"D—don't—don't go yit, Miss Ann." He began to gasp again. "S—set down. I—I des berginnin' ter talk ter yer good. I—I was des a-sayin'—"

She sat down again. Ki mopped his forehead.

"What was you sayin', Brer Brown? I 'clare, seem lak I kin see dorgs' shadders runnin' 'long de levee. I mus' be gitt'n' home. You done got me rattled."

"I des say—I say, don't hurry yo'se'f—I des—I des a-sayin'—"

He mopped his forehead again, and his ears, and the back of his neck.

"I was des a-sayin', Miss Ann, it's—it's awful hot heah ter-night—des lis'n at me, 'awful hot!'—I 'ain't got no manners. Hit's pretty toler'ble warm heah, Miss Ann, ain't it? I—I des a-pusfirin' lak rain."

"Hit's cool an' winny ter me, Brer Brown. Look how de win' blowin' my hat strings. I 'clare I mus' go. Hit's gitt'n' plumb dark."

"B-b-but I gwine tell yer, Miss Ann, dat of co'se I—I does feel lonesome heah some nights—an' I—ur—a—I feels—"

If he could only bring in the "Roses red" and be done with it!

"An'—of co'se—sometimes I craves fur com—fur company."

"I knows how you feels, Brer Brown, dat I does! I done been lonesome myse'f, an' I knows de mizry! I often 'lowed I'd come over heah an' see yo' fancied cheer, what I done heerd de chillen all talkin' 'bout, an' talk wid you, but I 'ain't had de cour'ge ter do so, tell dis evenin' I was a-passin' by, an' I seen Betty Taylor a-settin' heah lak a queen, a-fannin' herse'f—"

"Wh-wh-wh-what—what you say, Miss Ann?"

"I say, of co'se, when I seen Betty Taylor a-settin' heah in yo' high-back cheer, big as life—howsomever she ain't no thicker'n a stick o' sugar-cane—I 'lowed I could come too."

Ki never knew how he kept from falling at this juncture.

"Wh-when—when is you see Miss—Miss Betty heah, Miss—ur—a—Miss Ann?"

"She was heah when I come—when you was settin' orn de aide o' de levee. When she got up, I set down, an' I had des sca'cely tooken my seat when you was tooken wid—wid a some'h'n' 'nother an' done so cuyus. What was you sayin', Brer Brown, 'bout bein' so lonesome?"

Ki was grinning so he could hardly speak. "Who, me? I was des a-sayin'—I 'clare, Miss Ann, what was I sayin'?"

"You sayin' some'h'n' 'bout lonesomeness—"

"Is I? I 'clare I forgits. Who—who who I say was lonesome?"

"You, yo'se'f. You say sometimes you feels lak— You ain't say what you feels lak."

"I—I 'clare, Miss Ann! Hit's so hot—ur—a—so col'—ur—a—I means ter say hit's so warm up heah ter-night— Look lak I done los' de thread o' my speech, Miss Ann—I—" And he actually giggled outright.

Ann was seized with a sudden panic. She felt sure that a spell of some dreadful kind was coming upon him.

She was afraid to stay, and yet she feared that if she started to go he might seize her, and beat her as he had beaten the things in the nightmare.

She was sure he would presently do something sudden. If he would only tumble down the levee again, she would be relieved, for then she could run and call for help.

It was quite dark now, and growing really chill.

Suddenly Ki sneezed. Starting as if she were shot, poor Ann sprang with surprising agility from her chair, and facing round, started in a steady trot toward the quarters.

It seems too much that she should have rolled off the edge of the levee a second time, and really it would not have happened but for the darkness and the fright, which blinded her utterly.

Even after she realized that Ki was not madly pursuing her, she had fled in unabated terror from an imaginary pack of howling dogs, rats, and reptiles, fearing at each step the flapping into her face of the wings of owl or bat.

Her second tumble was perhaps a happy accident, for while for a moment it was as if the end of all things had come, she soon rallied, unhurt, to find herself safely in the road leading to her own door.

When Ki realized that he was alone, he threw himself on the grass again, and laughed until he cried, verily.

It was perhaps two hours later, when, gorgeously attired in his dress suit, a zinnia and a sprig of mint in his button-hole, equally polished as to boots and beaver, and redolent of sundry perfumes of the toilet, he emerged from his embowered cottage, and started, clearing his throat and giggling ever and anon as he went, to the cabin where lived, with her mother, the umber lass Betty Taylor. Never once did his courage fail him, never did he falter, never look back. The string of Cupid's bow had been drawn nearly to the point of snapping, but now that it had sprung, the arrow sped without a waver straight to the mark. Looking neither to right nor left, nor behind him, nor yet within, fluttering and giggling only as the arrow whizzed from the very speed and directness of its flight, Ki proceeded to make his first unequivocal declaration of love.

There have been more graceful suitors perhaps than our poor hero. Others there have been more fluent of thought, more gifted in speech, but it is doubtful whether upon the ear of woman ever fell a more ardent avowal than that which greeted the surprised but not offended ear of the nut-brown mayde with the slender slender waist who was seen in the tender moonlight that night to walk arm in arm with Ki up the levee and take her seat by his side in the rustic chair. And Ki sat in the crotch of the log.

And when he saw that her slim foot rested just where he fancied it would on the end of the branch beside him, he clasped his hands tightly behind his head until he could steady himself.

The announcement of the engagement created a tremendous sensation on the plantation. The first one to whom Ki

personally confided it was Ann. Somehow since his happiness his heart had gone out to her to a degree that was distinctly brotherly.

"I wanted ter be de fus one ter tell yer, Miss Ann," he said, in a tone mellow with friendly feeling, as they returned from the field together, "'caze you an' me's been des, as yer mought say, lak brother an' sister together fur so long—"

Ann laughed. "Dat's des de way I felt, Brer Brown, an' dat's huccome I went up an' sot in yo' cheer las' week ter tell you 'bout I gwine marry, but look lak you sort o' sca'ed me orf."

"How you say dat, Miss Ann? You gwine marry! Who—who you 'low ter marry, Miss Ann?"

"Is you taken notice ter dat little slim yaller musicianer what play de bones at de cake walk? He come f'om de Teche. He an' me been keepin' comp'ny ever sence."

"What! Hursh! You don't say!"

"Yas, I does say. You been stayin' home so clost fixin' up fur Betty you 'ain't kep' up wid de news. But look heah, Brer Brown"—she lowered her voice—"co'se I knows you's a perfessin' man, an' you gwine do what's right, but—but is you tol' Betty 'bout—'bout dem nightmares?"

Ki hesitated, and there was a twinkle in his eye when he said: "I nuver has 'em on'y in de summer, Miss Ann, an' we don't 'low ter marry tell nex' month; but tell de trufe, I 'ain't kep' nothin' back f'om Miss Betty. But look heah! I's mo' taken up wid yo' marryin' 'n I is wid me an' Miss Betty's. An' you say ever sence de cake walk?"

"Yassir. He say when he seed me step out so mannerly an' taken yo' arm—But co'se he des run orn ter me dat way."

"Well done! An' Miss Betty say dat same word ter me."

Both laughed.

"Is she? But Betty allus is liked de fat style; but fur me, gi' me de slim style! Hones', Brer Brown, I'd o' give all I owned de night o' dat cake walk ef you er me, one, had o' been slim. I des dashed out reckless ter hide my feelin's. Ef air one of us had o' moped ur stepped heavy, dey'd o' had de laugh on us!"

"Dat's so; an' look lak de laugh on our side now. Well, Miss Ann, I wishes you joy, an' I shek yo' han'."

"An' I shek yo' han', Brer Brown."

MATERIALS OF A STORY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I MET a friend of mine the other day
Upon the platform of a West End car;
We shook hands, and my friend began to say
Quickly, as if he were not going far,
"Last summer something rather in your way
Came to my knowledge. I was asked to see
A young man who had come to talk with me
Because I was a clergyman; and he
Told me at once that he had served his time
In the State's prison for a heinous crime,
And was just out. He had no friends, or none
To speak of; and he seemed far gone
With a bad cough. He said he had not done
The thing. They all say that. You cannot tell.
He might not have been guilty of it. Well,
What he now wanted was some place to stay,
And work that he could do. I managed it
With no great trouble. And then, there began
The strangest thing I ever knew. The man,
Who showed no other signs of a weak wit,
Was hardly settled in his place a week
When he came round to see me, and to speak
About his lodging. What the matter was
He could not say, or would not tell the cause,
But he must leave that place; he could not bear
To stay. I found another room, but there
After another week he could not stay.
Again I placed him, and he came to say
At the week's end that he must go away.
So it went on, week after week, and then
At last I made him tell me. It appears
That his imprisonment of fifteen years
Had worn so deep into the wretch's brain
That any place he happened to remain
Longer than one day in began to seem
His prison and all over again to him,
And when the thing had got into this shape,
He was quite frantic till he could escape.
Curious, was not it? And tragical."
"Tragical? I believe you! Was that all?
What has become of him?" "Oh, he is dead.
I told some people of him, and we made
A decent funeral for him. At the end
It came out that his mother was alive—
An outcast—and she asked our leave to attend
The ceremony, and then asked us to give
The silver coffin plate, carved with his name,
And the flowers, to her." "That was touching. She
Had that much good left her in her infamy."
"Why, I don't know! I think she sold the things,
Together with a neck-pin and some rings
That he had left, and drank.... But as to blame....
Good-day to you!" My friend stepped down
At the street crossing. I went on up town.

THE PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

THERE is no science of education. There are many theories, and there is an art of education. Every true teacher is and must be an artist, working on the most plastic of materials, and changing her methods as the state of the material gives notice to her practised mental eye that change is needed. It is this fact which makes experience of so much value in the profession, and this which makes the problem of normal schools so difficult. It is only the quickened insight of a mind originally fit for the work which can determine the mental state to be dealt with at the moment, and can then select, out of all the means at command, the very question or the very explanation that will enable the child's mind to take hold of the truth to be conveyed. The maker of Damascus blades cannot tell you how he knows that the steel has had exactly the required amount of heat. He sees the color and he knows; that is all there is of it. If you do not see it, he cannot help you, any more than the laundress can tell you how hot the iron must be for the material she is going to put it on. She holds it to her face or touches it with wet finger and decides. The cook puts her hand into the oven and says that we must wait a little longer before setting the bread in, and she is right. The problem of real teaching is of this order, only more complicated because of the material; for steel and cloth and dough can be depended on to answer a certain quantity of heat with a certain reaction, while the human mind has left to it freedom in its way of working, and no two human minds are alike. There are no unfailing rules which can be given to the incipient teacher, and no patent methods will avail. All depends upon the circumstances at the very time when she has to act, and those her instructors cannot by any possibility know. The only rule without exception that occurs to me is that she should never punish when she is angry; but this would be a very slender stock to go into business with, and the imparting of it would hardly justify a legislature in building normal schools.

The truth is that education, having no principles of its own, must use those furnished by the sciences, especially by psy-

chology. But the conclusions and the generalizations of psychology, so far as it is an empirical science, are drawn from observations on the adult mind, and therefore are not always to be depended on in our dealings with the child mind, which is, as Professor Royce says, "possessed by an incapacity of a relatively diseased sort"; and he adds, "the wise teacher is a sort of physician who is to help the child toward getting that kind of health which we call maturity." He says wisely that the mind of the child is a "chaos of unreason." It is the part of the teacher to create from this chaos a world which shall no longer be without form and void, and to brood over the face of the deep. She is not without assistance from within, for the spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters and waits to answer to her call. But does she know how to call? That is the question, the answer to which determines whether she be a teacher or not. The problem in the education of every child's mind is like the problem with the deaf-mute Laura Bridgman, only that we have with common children more means of reaching it than Dr. Howe had of reaching hers, and so of putting it into communication with the rest of the race. He says that the first efforts at her instruction were like letting down lines one after another into the bottom of the deep sea in which her silent soul lay, and waiting the moment when she should seize hold of them and be drawn up into the light. In teaching we are continually doing this. We let down our lines and wait. We have more lines than Dr. Howe had with her; that is all the difference; and when we see the light flash along the face, we know, as he did, that we have reached the intelligence we were feeling for. Perhaps the best training any ambitious girl could have for teaching would be found, not in a normal school, but for one year in an asylum for idiots, one year at Hampton, and one in a school for the blind. She would learn in such work as this how to reach the intelligence which lies waiting. The greatest teachers, as a rule, have not been those who have had most special training for their profession. They have been the broadest men and women who have learned of the doctrine by

doing the work, and who have found their greatest pleasure and reward in the doing of it.

When it is distinctly seen that education is not a science, but an art, it is perceived why so many so-called normal schools fail of their purpose, and why the educational journals which appear from time to time, only to return to the silence from which they arose, are for the most part such very useless reading. Of course the education of the child is obtained only in a limited sense in school. She is educated in general by every circumstance of her life from the time when her eyes first open to the light. But in this article the word "education" will be understood as meaning only that portion of the "conscious direction by mature persons of the growth and development of the young" which takes place in school. The girl gains information at home or in travelling, very varied information, but all this comes to her not in definite order, not in definite relation, and with the important and the unimportant thrown together haphazard. She cannot be said to be educated unless her mind has been worked upon in a systematic way, the proper food for its natural growth given to it at the suitable time, its activity rendered orderly, and itself supplied with categories under which it can arrange any information afterwards acquired. As it is now, the so-called education of many American girls has produced a mere hodge-podge of bits of information, of no use to themselves, and, what is of more consequence, of no use to any one else. She would be thought a strange woman who should administer medicine to her children merely because it happened to turn up in some house where she was passing the summer, or because it had been left over in her own hands, the remnant of what had been years ago administered to herself. Yet this is exactly what the mother does who arranges lessons in German for her children only because a German lady happens to be spending her summer in the same hotel, or who insists upon a teacher's giving her child the same subjects, in the same way, as those used by her own teachers when she was a girl. The old medicine may have been good in the old time, and the old physician may have been quite right in prescribing it for a headache, but it does not follow therefore that

we are to keep the bottle on the table and give it whenever there is a headache in the family. It is only the skilled physician who can say whether it is the medicine proper at another time or for another patient. Many people seem to imagine that it is only the number of beats in a minute that the physician considers when he feels the pulse. If it were so, the science and art of medicine would be reduced to the level of a trade. What the physician learns from the pulse is the very thing which his experience has rendered him, and not you, capable of learning, and the thing which you can acquire only as he did. To him the pulse speaks, and he knows what its quality and its quantity mean. Then the temperature and the respiration also speak, and combining all the information that these and many other signs give him, he prescribes intelligently for the trouble which is the cause of all. This is medical insight, and, as Professor Royce says, "The teacher who can make out what the child's actual state of mind is, has developed the true sort of psychological insight."

To develop this is to grow into a teacher. "The habit of merely judging minds as good or evil, without observing what state it is, what mental coloring, what inner live process, that makes them good or evil," is the habit of the unprofessional mind; and, as Professor Royce goes on to say, "this habit is so ingrained in most of us that it is always hard to learn to substitute diagnosis for mere estimation, and a loving study of the process for mere external liking or disliking of the person." A teacher might be defined as one to whom everything that children do or say has become a sign. She thereby loses much careless amusement which other people find in their sayings and doings, and she shrinks, with a protest which she has often no right to express, from many an account of the subjects which are being taught to them, or the ways in which they have responded to some way of managing. She stands in the realm of realities, not in that of phenomena, and gains thereby much more pain than pleasure; for, like a surgeon continually surrounded by children with badly set or deformed limbs, she at present must live in the company of minds that have, as a rule, been under the treatment of ignorant and unthinking practitioners. Human vivisection is by no means rare in

many an American home, where most of the time is spent in exploiting growing children for the amusement or interest of the parents or visitors. The child is interesting to its parents, and many a question is asked of it "just to see what it will say." Thus many a subject is suggested before the mind is in the proper state for its reception, growth according to the divine plan is thwarted, reflection confused, and what should have been a pleasure to the child becomes a pain.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of harmony between the state of growth of the girl's mind and the nature of the study in which she is engaged. Professor James calls attention to the fact that every instinct has its own time of ripening. When the speech instinct has ripened, and not before, the child begins to talk. Earlier, when the walking instinct has come to maturity and needed expression, he begins to try to walk. When the flying instinct is ripe, the little birds quit the nest. It makes all the difference in the world whether the girl takes up a subject at the time when her mind is in the proper state for it, and those mothers who will not allow her to learn to read till she is seven years old are wrong. The mind has by that time passed the stage at which it can do without disgust the work necessary to learn the perfectly arbitrary signs that express language, and passively protests against the unsuitable labor. Equally wrong are those teachers who fancy that because two girls of widely different ages know about the same amount of French, they may be put into the same French class. The method of teaching must differ entirely with them, even though they should have the same lesson to learn from the same text-book. This fact is one reason why it is desirable to have the school so arranged that one teacher shall not be confined to one class, but shall have opportunity to act on minds of different ages. This tends to make better teachers through the varied interest which it promotes, and the wider outlook which it presents over the mind at different stages of growth, and we cannot have a good school without good teachers, no matter how many pupils we have. We must in some way keep our teachers fresh, or we lose the whole game. A London astronomer* remarks in the preface to his

recent book, "Virtually, the observer himself constitutes the most important part of the telescope; it is useless having a glass of great capacity at one end of a tube and a man of small capacity at the other." In teaching, the teacher is the observer; the school, if properly organized, is the tube; the subjects taught, the glass; and the girl, the heavenly body to be learned about. The analogy is as perfect as any analogy can be between matter and spirit.

The true teacher does not need to be told of the vivid pleasure which shows itself on the girl's face when a perception of relations between hitherto disconnected facts strikes across the mind, and when what has been so far troublesome and annoying chaos, at the right question suddenly slides into order and conformity to law. She does not need to be told, because that is the reward she is looking for, and if she have the power of the teacher, she can never fail of it. Professor James, in his *Psychology*, recognizes the great pleasure generated by a real conviction by characterizing conviction as a lofty emotion. To be able to create this lofty pleasure, and to repeat the process till the child herself seeks for it, is to be a teacher. But the teacher's function is a higher one than that of simply creating pleasure, however high and however vivid; for to accomplish anything she must hold the attention of the pupil, and teach her how to bring back wandering attention; and "the faculty of voluntarily bringing back a wandering attention over and over again is the very root of judgment, character, and will."

It is just here that the school, as a factor in the little girl's education, differentiates itself from the home, which should have prepared her for its training. Those schools which advertise themselves as like homes simply proclaim that they do not know what the function of either is. In the home the child is a part of a whole, held together by natural relation and affection; in the school the wholeness is constituted by human law acting on individuals who are in a great degree independent. In the home, tenderness and pity come in and often save the offender from the result of her action; in the school they can never do so. It is in the school first that she feels herself a responsible member of a community, where each one has the same rights as

* William F. Denning, F.R.A.S., in *Telescopic Work for Starlight Evenings*.

herself, and where the other members do not belong to her. She may defend the members of her own family, even though they do wrong, because they are hers, but in the school she first learns to judge action in and for itself as right or wrong, expedient or inexpedient, and this not alone for her, but for the community of which she finds herself a component part. Then, too, the affairs of the home cannot be carried on with that regard for absolute punctuality which marks the business of any well-conducted school; to try to do so would destroy the comfort of the home, for its members would feel all the time as if about to start on a railroad journey, and that would certainly not be feeling at home. The school is an institution, in its every minutest detail arranged for the conscious direction of children, while the home must largely include in its purposes the comfort and rest of the adult members. The true home brings up the child as a member of a family, a natural relation, instructing her in the ways of civilized society, teaching her obedience and respect for her elders, reverence for authority, human and divine; the school receives her after this has been done, corrects her opinion of herself and her own people by putting her into relation with the members of other families, makes of her a responsible member of a community, holds her strictly to regularity and punctuality, gradually leads her to the thought of real individual responsibility by making her bear with strict impartiality the legitimate results of all her actions, makes a steady demand upon her voluntary attention for periods of time suited to her age, gives her rest at proper times, but demands of her always that work shall be work, and play, play. Here she learns the difference between personal and impersonal authority, for the teacher during school hours, she cannot help dimly feeling, is not quite the same person that she is when she meets her elsewhere, while her mother is always her mother. Then, intellectually, she is stimulated by the company of others of her own age who are doing the same things that she is doing, and measuring herself by them, she gets her estimate of herself healthily corrected. Every day she comes into contact with older girls, the members of higher classes though under the same discipline, who seem to her very wise, and, if the school be a success-

ful one, very good. This opens to her glimpses of fields lying far beyond her own outlook, to the full sight of which she hopes by patient continuance in well-doing to attain. As she goes on, she finds other children in classes below her, who seem to her very small, and who are puzzling over difficulties which she has surmounted, and who, if, as I have said before, the school be a successful one, find more difficulty in self-control than she. Thus, in the daily and intertwined life of the whole school, she is living over again her past, and taking glimpses of the promised land of her own future, and all this, of incalculable value to her, could not be attained in her own home.

The managing a school so that it may be in this way a unit, an organic unit—the interweaving of all its parts by the teacher who holds it all in her consciousness—is one of the most important things which she has to do. In comparison with this, the selection of text-books is a very minor matter. One thing, however is essential, and that is, that in this her assistants shall work intelligently with her. They must be of original character and have their own ways, for otherwise they would not be teachers at all, but they must be plastic enough to be moulded into some degree of conformity with the thought of the head teacher, and they must have the capacity for growth which will bring them finally to seize the principles underlying the whole fabric, after which they may safely be left entirely to their own devices, for then they will work in harmony with the school. Nothing is sadder than a school where no two roads meet, where the girls go from one teacher with a certain set of requirements, to another who makes entirely different demands, till all rules take on the appearance of arbitrariness and caprice, and nothing has any fixed value. No lesson could be worse than this for a girl, who is by nature—or shall I say by all her education—inclined to look upon law without any comprehension of its tremendous significance, and to regard her own whims and fancies as of equal value with law, because she is accustomed to see them so often yielded to through the fondness of her own people. Especially therefore in girls' schools should this unity be insisted on, for girls stand in need of it much more than boys. The latter are sure to get levelling enough when

they come into contact with the outside world, but the girl remains a sort of queen in her father's house till she becomes queen in that of her husband, and she is, as a rule, sheltered from the rude contact with the demands of business and of civil law, which is the only thing to make any one realize their reality. We never can know that a thing is hard and pitiless in its unyielding till we strike against it. Almost as bad is the school that puts the little girl in a class-room and keeps her for a whole year under the exclusive influence of one teacher. The child needs to come under differing influences, the more the better, if the underlying controlling principle be the same. The school must be composed of classes in sufficient number to cover the whole school life of the girl, and none of these classes should be too small; for the class must be used as a means of influence on each individual in it, both intellectually and morally. The differences of opinion among its different members, the different experiences of the little girls, the various points of view assumed as a result of these latter, and, above all, the errors that are made, afford to the skilful teacher the very best material with which to influence the young mind. Then these add to the zest with which she carries on the work, and therefore to her power. To teach a class is as much more inspiring than to teach a single pupil as to play first violin in an orchestra is more inspiring than to perform on the jews-harp. To manage a great school of the kind that I have hinted at is to conduct the orchestra.

Herbart says, "Instruction must be carried out, first, with energy, in order that interest may be awakened; second, with breadth, in order that interest may be many-sided; and lastly, with unity of purpose, in order that intelligence may not be distracted." For all of these purposes the influence of the class on the individual mind may be said to be imperatively necessary. It is required of the teacher, and not unreasonably, since she must be an artist, that she shall continually do the impossible, that is, that while she gives her whole attention to the one child who is reciting, she shall at the same moment be fully conscious not only of the presence, but also of the state of mind, of every other child in the class. She must always work *on the class*, not

on the individual member, and must hold with a strong hand the whole of it, not only as to order, but also as to intellectual activity, under the power of her dominating authority. Authority is a stumbling-block to the American, and perhaps to all those who live in our time, but all the more is it needed. It is quite impossible to teach, in any sense of the term, a mind which refuses to be dominated to a certain degree by the teacher; and here comes again the impossible into the teacher's experience, for while she dominates, she must also leave free. That the impossible is done, however, can never be doubted by any one who has watched the work of a recitation in skilful hands, and has had enough insight to feel the delicate reciprocal play which goes on all through it between teacher and class. Indeed there must always be "a function of authority which exceeds any given stage of the disciple's experience." So the teacher must always be in two places at once—her own mental place and that of her little pupil; this demands the greatest sensitiveness of nature on her part, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that a woman, other things being equal—and often where they are not perfectly equal—may be a far better teacher than a man.

While emphasizing the absolute need of unity in the school, we must not forget the equal need of a great degree of fluidity or plasticity. For we are dealing with human minds, and not with material whose laws are definitely known, and, as has been said before, with material of which no two samples are alike, and all sorts of adjustments are continually to be made. Especially is this the case in a private school for girls, where the pupils come to us from all sorts of teaching and worse than no teaching, and do not all enter classes at the same time. Here again the impossible demands to be done, for neither unity nor plasticity must be sacrificed; the two must be harmonized; and as the conditions are continually changing, so a constant adjustment becomes necessary. All parts must continually work together for one common end. It is of no more significance to the teacher of a school like this that a thing is impossible than it was to Beethoven that the human voice was not capable of singing the chorus in his Ninth Symphony. He had nothing to do with the capacity

of the human voice; the music demanded that the chorus should be written so, and so accordingly he wrote it. A changeless school programme cannot be arranged for an entire year, nor indeed for any considerable part of a year. Continual changes become necessary, but these must be made with the least possible effect upon the pupils, and the least possible disturbance of the regular routine of the school. Such things can be done, and successfully done, but only when all the teachers in the school are always in touch, all working with a strong pull in the same line, and this because they are all under control of a competent head.

In a school thus managed, disorder becomes impossible, and the problem of government an insignificant factor. For, in the first place, there is no time for the wandering of attention which gives room for disorder; and, in the second place, the whole spirit of the united school is against it. Governing does not consist in allowing disorder to happen and then punishing it. It consists in seeing every smallest wandering of attention at its very beginning, and so preventing disorder. To do this, the teacher must be conscious of every pupil at every second. Nothing is easier than this when one can do it. The experienced teacher seems to have acquired a kind of sixth sense, by which she knows at once when she has lost the attention of any one of twenty pupils whose minds should be on the same subject. She feels that in that particular part of the room the electric current is not running; that is all there is of it. To a certain degree, every one who addresses an audience has this consciousness, feels the connection between himself and his hearers as a mass, and is inspired or deadened by its condition; but the teacher must feel it with every individual mind of the class, and there is no more vital contact than that of teacher and pupil. Especially is the matter of order and government important in girls' schools, where the popular mind thinks it to be of small consequence. But in this matter, as well as in that of learning, while the mind of the guide must retain continually a strong dominating influence, the governing force must come from the little girl herself, and hence to arouse and cultivate the power of self-control must be the first aim in every

regulation of the whole school. It is not so much knowledge as power that the growing girl and the mature woman need, and that is what the school must, above all, give her, or fail lamentably of its mission. There can be no greater reward for a teacher than to have one of her girls, grown to womanhood, come to her and say: "I have been through such or such a hard experience, and I know that if it had not been for the self-control which I learned in this school, I should have failed; but I thought of the school and of you, and I went through it. I had to come and tell you so." The school to which such testimony can be brought is a success, and has no need of long rows of percentages of ninety-nine against the names of its graduates in competitive examinations. But such testimony can be won only through the eternal vigilance of its principal in every smallest detail of its management. The unthinking will call her a martinet, and the mothers who are tender of their children will think her severe. But the tenderness which seeks to arm the woman for the battle of life, and to give her adequate views of her responsibility, is perhaps not unworthy of its name, and

"need not fear the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favor ask of friends,
But in the strength of its own constant might,
Neither to one itself nor other bends."

As to bad schools—schools that in stretching after the mint and anise and cumin lose all that might have given success—they are many. It seems sometimes that there is no profession in which there is so much humbug as in that of education; and the utter inability of the parent to determine what kind of a school it is into which he decides to put his little girl has, to those who stand behind the scenes, very much of the pitiful. When, however, we think of one or two other professions, we doubt, and are silent. One is reminded of the nurse-maid who never stood in need of a thermometer for the water for the baby's bath, because if the baby came out red, she knew it had been too hot, and if it came out blue, she knew it had been too cold. Too many a father finds, when it is too late, that he made a mistake in the school to which he trusted the training of his little girl. But how could he have known before? There was much shrewdness in the employer who, quite unmindful of the ap-

plicant's having afterwards been graduated from Yale, engaged him at once as soon as he knew that he had been expelled from a certain university. For a girl to have been at some schools for any length of time is a certificate of frivolity, lack of consistent purpose and thoroughness, and, what is of far more consequence, of any real reverence for truth or her own womanhood.

Dr. Fitch says, "Human beings, whether male or female, come into the world not only 'to get a living,' but to live; and the life they live depends largely on what they know and care about, upon the breadth of their intellectual sympathy, upon their love of truth, upon their power of influencing and inspiring other minds"; and "even if the knowledge or power may seem to have no bearing at all upon the special business or definite duties of a woman, yet if it be felt by its possessor to make life more full, more varied, and more interesting and better worth living, no other justification is needed for placing the largest opportunities within her reach." Two points in these words deserve special notice—the first, that it is the satisfaction of the woman herself in the knowledge acquired, and not the opinion of the outside world, which should decide what she should study; and the second, the stress which Dr. Fitch lays upon the desirability of rendering her life more varied than it has been in the past. For these have a bearing on the arrangement of the school studies for the little girl, though they are often entirely left out of account by those who are ready to tell the teacher what should be done in school. While it is true that knowledge should be varied—a little in many directions is far better, perhaps, than a great deal in only one—it still must be insisted on that the main object of the school is not to convey information, but, if the term may be used without offence, to make the girl "level-headed," so that she shall have possession of herself, and be able to meet any demands, no matter how unexpected, which may front her in the years to come. Professor James says, and truly, "To give power to suspend belief in presence of an emotionally exciting idea is the highest result of education." But Professor William G. Hale had said this before him, and not only theoretically, but practically, in every Freshman recitation in his

class-room at Cornell University, for the power to suspend belief is the very essence of all the teaching to translate. There could be no more apt illustration of the way in which character is affected for better or worse by intellectual teaching—which at first sight would seem to have no connection with morals—than the way in which those students are taught to suspend their judgment over an ablative or genitive till the rest of the sentence has shown which ablative or genitive it really is. No woman who has been taught after this model will be very likely in difficult circumstances to make up her mind as to a course of action till she has carefully taken note of all the elements which should go to form a decision. And if this were the characteristic of American women, how it would transform American homes!

The girls who go to private schools are, as a rule, from families of at least moderate wealth. But in our fluctuating country this is no proof that they will go through their lives without feeling the necessity of doing something at some time for their own support or the support of others. What that will be we cannot tell, for the march of invention is so swift that if we should prepare the girl for any one industry, she might find herself unable to make her living out of it when the need should come. She will probably be, we may say, a wife and a mother. But if we assume this, we still do not know how to fit her for the duties of those positions in a definite way. The best thing still is to make the most of a woman we can out of her, and then to trust the disciplined woman we have fashioned to answer for herself the demands to come to her in the misty future, which she will see, and which she can judge, but which we shall not see, and which no man can foretell. The province of education is to lift the individual out of her naturalness, and not to allow her to remain in it. All education is this. The child would prefer to take her food in her fingers, for it is natural to her to do so; but education takes her immediately in hand, and makes her eat in the way not of nature, but of civilization. There is no natural way of education; it is all completely unnatural, and must be so. The natural child protests against discipline of whatever kind, and seeks to follow her cravings; but

out of this fools' paradise—which would be no paradise at all, as her teacher knows—she must be driven, and out of it she must be kept, though it be with a flaming sword. It has been said that the natural man washes up on the shores of knowledge as the shipwrecked Irishman on the desert island, exclaiming: "Is any government established in this country? If so, I'm agin it!" This not too strongly illustrates the opposition made by the natural mind to the training necessary for its attainment of the stature which rightfully belongs to it as heir of all the ages. If the home do its work well, the task of the teacher and the school is comparatively easy; but there are too many American families, as every teacher knows, where this work has not been done, and where, consequently, much effort has to be spent in supplementing the lack of skill or the foolish indulgence of the mother. When a little six-year-old girl on her first day at school tries to strike her teacher over the head with her heavy slate because she is told to do some little thing, we may not unreasonably assume that that home has failed of its purpose, if indeed it ever had any.

The main object of the school may be said to be to create character, and for this end it should seize upon every opportunity of strengthening the will and of making it controlled and consecrated. There is no lesson and no regulation which may not be consciously used for this; and when everything is used for this purpose, everything will fall into its proper place, and the school will be what it should be. The soul, which is the person, is not divisible; we cannot work on the intellect without affecting the play of the feelings; nor can there be in the life of man or woman any great moral lapse without the intellect's suffering. Wherever God's distinctions are blurred in any one of the so-called faculties of the soul, the power of distinction is blurred in all. The soul is one, and any school will be a failure, no matter how much money it may make, where this truth does not stand at the foundation of every detail of its work. Two hundred years ago Mary Astell wrote, as she was pleading for a wider education for her countrywomen, "The great secret of education lies in affecting the soul with a lively sense of what is truly its perfection, and exerting the most ardent desires after it." We can find no wiser word in

all the pedagogical societies of to-day. I quote also, as bearing on the same point, from an article by the Rev. L. A. Griffin in the *Unitarian Review*: "The teacher reflects not 'What shall I have when I am forgotten?' but '*What shall I be when I forget?*' When all I know has vanished, leaving only its effect on character, *what shall I have?*' Shall the inner man recall his aliment any more than the outer? In both alike it passes away, for its function is fulfilled; it was not to be stored, but assimilated. Men will hereafter boast of what they knew no more than of what they ate. There is naught we know now that we may need to know hereafter, but what we *are* now, in every worthy quality of the spirit, that we must needs be, so long as it pleases God to continue us in life." It might be well for teachers to ponder these things in their hearts.

The teachers who attain to and hold this doctrine firmly, carrying it out in every smallest detail of their daily work, constitute the profession, and they need no diploma from any school of pedagogy. The rest belong more or less to a trade-union, which seasons its talk with the usual amount of cant. Next to religious cant there is nothing so disgusting as educational cant. The members of the profession are all artists, and they live in regions and partake of divine pleasures of which the world knows not. In the great future professional *Verein*, if this ever exist, they will associate with Theodore Thomas, whose whole career, as George William Curtis says, has been a campaign of education, "because of its dignity, its absolute fidelity to a high ideal, and its total freedom from charlatanry of every kind." But such company as this is to be won only by a very high quality of courage and persistence. Of the forces at work tending in the other direction, we may know more clearly when we come to consider some of the conditions under which the teacher of the private school for girls must work in any American city.

Professional teachers know that they cannot test the worth of their effect on their pupils by abstract arithmetical signs. They know that the girl is not an arithmetical problem, but a living soul, and they are ever aiming at moral and educational influences, to which marks and daily percentages are only impediments. Sometimes they labor for these ends un-

der fetters which make of their most worthy efforts only continual failures. I know of two strong women at this moment who are working under protest as heads of large schools, because they cannot get authority from the trustees of the schools to abolish the use of what one of them wittily calls "weak stimulants" to induce her girls to study. She sees the evil effect of the marks, prizes, and rewards which are daily and yearly given, and knows that she is gaining only a factitious success while she is using them. Again and again she has begged to be allowed to abolish the whole old system, and to show what she could do, both intellectually and morally, if she could bring to bear only the real stimulant of interest in work for the work's sake. She has represented the evil effects, which she cannot avoid seeing, on the characters of the girls; but her protest has been so far of no use, and she does the best she can, knowing that the whole tendency is in the wrong direction, but unable to straighten it. The other in the same situation came to me a few years ago with the question how, since she was not allowed to do the educationally right thing, she was to diminish as far as possible the evil effect of the wrong order. After a long conversation, in which she showed by her questions that she knew exactly what she wanted to get at, she said, with a deep sigh, "I see; it is of no use to try anything unless you can make the thing right from the bottom up." She had got a new insight into the way in which a school might be founded so on principle that "the stout-hearted trunk below and the firm-set roots" would take care of the branches and the twigs, out to the farthest little tips, but it grew for her in a land that was very far off.

I am sure that I utter the simple truth when I say that if the private schools for girls are failing to-day, they are failing not primarily because of the low aims or the lack of insight of the women who stand at their heads. I know, and pretty well, a great many principals of girls' schools, and I know that in a large majority of cases they want and try to do better things for their girls than the mothers will let them do. They deserve that some one who knows should make widely public this testimony to their character and their aspirations, as well as to the discouragement under which they are forced

to do their daily work. An English woman said lately, in the *London Journal of Education*, with a keenness of insight for which every teacher will respect her: "In England the choice of schools is almost entirely in the hands of the parents; but here [in America] it is very frequently entirely left to the children, and as at the end of every school year pupils are free to leave without notice, the principal is obliged to depend for her school connection on the whims and caprices of the girls. This necessitates a constant attention to their comfort and happiness, which, though beneficial in many respects, is apt to allow the consideration of temporary ease to overrule that of the girl's highest good." The truth is that there are to-day in every American city a large number of highly educated and cultivated women of the noblest character and aims who are too often literally at the mercy of the whims and caprices of a lot of ignorant, often under-bred, and petted little girls.

The conditions under which the girls' private school must exist remain to be more fully spoken of. The average mother is most especially anxious that her little girl shall not suffer from the home treatment which she feels was a mistake in her own case; but instead of considering from any philosophical point of view the treatment which is needed, taking into account the different nature of the child, the different circumstances, and the different influences which are around her, and then making and working upon a reasonable plan, she resolves to do only the diametrical opposite of that which was done with herself. As the little girl grows up, she does the same with her own children, and thus there results in one family a pulse of sternness and indulgence which bids fair to perpetuate itself, not in favor of advancement, unless there can be secured for the girls of this generation what I have already referred to as being the chief end of all education—an ability to poise the judgment in the presence of emotionally exciting causes. If we can secure this, we have secured potentially everything. It must be noticed, however, that this assumes the existence of the cultivation of something that can be called judgment—a thing hardly to be tested by the percentages which so many schools produce as evidence that they have done the work rightfully belonging to them.

Parents may be roughly divided into two classes—those, to use a proverbial expression, to whom all their own geese are swans; and those who are persuaded that their swans are geese; there is a middle class, but it is so very small that it may almost be disregarded in a description. Strange to say, the second class is quite as large as the first. Then, again, with regard to confidence in their own judgment, they may be divided also into two classes—those who desire no suggestions from the teacher, and become very angry if they are offered; and those who will not be satisfied till she tells them whether they shall put corned - beef, tongue, or ham into the sandwiches which the child is to bring for luncheon if they should decide to send her to that school. Between the danger of offending if we suggest anything, and that of offending if we do not at once answer categorically any question which may be sprung upon us, the problem of first conversations with parents presents considerable difficulty.

The teacher's position in the educational world is that of the physician, and not that of the trained nurse; this is a point which is not generally understood, and one that needs to be insisted on. It is as respectable to be a nurse as to be a doctor, but the fact remains that if you are competent to be the latter, you do not consent to be put by the relations of the patient into the place of the former. What physician would accept a case if the father and mother of the little patient, to say nothing of the aunts and uncles and grandmothers, were to prescribe the medicines, and he were expected only to give them? And yet this is exactly what parents too often propose to do in the case of the education of their girls. There is no fancy in this statement. I have known of a father who took five children at once out of a school, though he had engaged places for them months before, because the teacher arranged to change one study for one of the five; the girl was gaining nothing in the study which was to be dropped, and the one proposed was in the same line, and yet, by its difference and novelty, might be hoped to accomplish that which the other had failed to do. That was the judgment of the teacher, and she had known the girl for years and understood her character, as she did that of every other girl in her school. She de-

clined to be put in the position of a nurse, and to teach the child only what the parent prescribed. It was a question of principle, and of respect for the profession. The five sisters left the school. The father was a physician. This story could be paralleled over and over again from the remembrance of every professional teacher.

One often regrets that she cannot, at least for a time, live in a country where the question of precedence is fixed, and sometimes looks back longingly to the caste system of India. It is easy to remember the time when many a New England village, at least, had circles of what was really "the best society," into which no amount of wealth could give entrance. We all know that there was such a time even in New York, but that time is long gone by; it takes people of steady heads to live there now and not get drawn into the great currents of society which swirl around them, not to desire to make as much show as their neighbors, not to have all simple and sweet home life spoiled by the outside influences. It is doubly hard if one has lately come into possession of money, and sees the whole city filled with all sorts of indulgences and show which his money can purchase. So it often happens that a family which, if it had lived in some country place, would have been a delight to see, gets carried off its feet by the mad rush of the currents around it, fascinated by the glitter, and loses all its own character by becoming one more of the struggling drops which are trying to overtop each other in the social ocean. Now the private schools for girls, as has been said before, are composed almost entirely of daughters of wealthy families, and the parents are subject to all these influences.

It is a hard thing to utter, and yet it is the truth, that the mothers do not really mean what they say when they tell you that what they ardently desire is the best education possible for their girls. They may think so, but what they really want for the little girl is that she shall grow up into what an English woman says "we expect American girls to be—bright, witty, apparently intelligent, and possessed of sufficient knowledge to conceal an ignorance of which they may or may not be conscious." The President of Wellesley College once showed a foreign gentleman who was supposed to have a

great interest in education, over the buildings. He listened to the work of the eager students, saw all the beautiful things which had been provided, and as he said farewell at the door, remarked, with great interest, "This is all very fine, but may I venture to ask, how does it affect their chances?" The story carries its own suggestion. It is really true that what the mother is in many cases thinking of, when she selects a school for her little girl, is not whether the teaching is what it ought to be, but how association with the girls already members of the school in question will "affect her chances." To a real teacher the tardily acquired knowledge that the school to which she has given her life and all her power is regarded simply as a social "Exchange," only as a means by which some young woman may press her way into a certain "set," comes as an insult. If that is what the school is for, were it not better to do any other work than this? Pearls are very beautiful things, and it takes much deep-sea diving where the billows go over one's head to gain them. She may perhaps find some bitter consolation for her pain by recognizing the fact that people do not hesitate to use the churches of the city for the same purpose, but her work drags heavily after the discovery has been made.

The girls that attend private schools—mostly from the moneyed class—have scarcely any remembrance of nursery life, and of simple games and pleasures. From their earliest years they have been satiated with all sorts of ingenious toys, fit things for adults, but not for children. Many of them have spent every summer of their lives in large hotels, amusing the loungers on the piazzas with their speeches and their dresses; they have been carefully shielded from pain and trial of any kind. Effort has been a stranger to them. What wonder that it is difficult to lead them to make real and persistent effort on their school tasks! What wonder that they balk at any honest and unsparing work! Many of them are under the spell of hereditary tendencies handed down from ancestors of varied nationality, who earned their bread by the sweat of their brows and the skill of their hands, while their children and grandchildren have nothing to do. Among no children, perhaps, is the tendency to mental mechanism so strong as among the Americans.

It is not, perhaps, entirely the fault of the teachers that this tendency has had its course and been glorified in our schools. But it is the teacher's great duty to fight it, if she would produce in never so small a degree out of these languid, amusement-desiring minds anything which may be fit to stand the storm and strain of life—to

"keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance."

Few people realize in the least degree the change in the popular philosophy which, in this country especially, has transformed the whole aspect of teaching within forty years. Miss Beale, the well-known principal of the college for girls at Cheltenham, England, says: "The *tabula rasa* theory of Locke, the impressionist, has given way to the mixed idealism of Kant, who emphasizes the constructive power of the mind; and for passive creations we have substituted the theory of active development. Once we thought rather of the child as acted upon; now we think more of making *her* active, of invigorating, of showing her how to learn." It is probable that not many have realized how all-powerful has been this influence in every smallest school-room in the land. There could be no more beautiful and striking example of the secondary nature of the work of education, and none more wonderful in showing the fruitful power of really great thoughts—how they filter down and penetrate the strata of thought and life which would seem farthest removed from them. The teacher of children now does not keep in mind the subject she is teaching so much as the mind of the child; that it is which she is working on, and the studies are only the tools that are used; it is the live mind of the child that she is watching, and by its reactions she directs her labor. The parent should decide upon the school to which the little girl is to go by the best light he has, and when the decision is made he should leave the child to the teacher, in the same way as he would leave the arrangement of the pipes in his house to the best plumber he knows. If the teacher be not better fitted to direct the education of the child than is the parent, then she is not a fit person to be at the head of the school, or, indeed, to teach at all.

In addition to all these conditions un-

der which, at least in America, the school has to work, there must not be forgotten the present excited state of the public mind with regard to education. This produces, to supply a constantly increasing demand for better results, a vast number of new "systems" and "crazes," towards which the teacher is pushed if she have not strength enough to keep steady in her course. The schools do not depend so much as of old on the services of teachers or lecturers who come in only for special hours, and who therefore cannot work into the general effect of the whole school, and this is well. But, on the other hand, we have all sorts of so-called new ways presented. I think if Pestalozzi and Froebel were now living, they would ask for new names, so weary would they be of having all sorts of crude and absurd labor ascribed to them, though the spirit in which they worked is in the schools—especially the girls' schools—to-day everywhere. But to do just what they did in other countries, circumstances, and times is to destroy that spirit. Then we have those who claim a great discovery in the "natural method" of teaching, and who forget that the natural order of acquisition must always differ widely from the logical order of exposition. In the study of languages these people would have us throw away all that we have already gained of facility, and reduce ourselves to a state of primitive ignorance, assuming that because a child through his poverty is obliged to learn in such a way, we with our experience and stored minds must also do so. They would have the carpenter throw away his tools and build houses with his hands, or the implements which he should be able to fashion for himself, not those which the practice of all the ages has given him as his birthright. They forget that the child mind and that of the adult are so different as to be almost of different stuff, and insist upon teaching us as if we were children, in spite of our humble protest that we are no longer so. They remind us of the old people who used to insist upon it that we should go to bed when and because the chickens went to roost. Even in our childhood we dimly felt that the reasoning was faulty somewhere, long before we timidly ventured to suggest that we were not chickens, and also that we did not go to roost. Because a child who knew no-

thing had to learn English in the "natural way"—though even this assertion is not absolutely true as it stands—it does not follow that she must learn French in the same way after she has acquired some knowledge of English, and it by no means follows that any foreigner who may have immigrated is the best teacher for her. The manual-training craze is one of the latest. It is true that for a joint to fit or a seam to go into its place without a wrinkle, the maker must work with accuracy; but it is also true that she must be accurate with an example in arithmetic if she is to solve it, and there is no one of all the qualities claimed to be won for the mind by manual training which cannot also be secured without it, if the school be what it ought to be. The colleges for women were expected to raise the level of teaching in the girls' schools, and some principals have gone so far as to say that in future they will have none but college-trained women for teachers. But it is a great disadvantage to a teacher to have been for four years entirely out of touch with children and with the regulations which, not in place in a college, are yet imperatively necessary in a school for children. And, again, the new methods of teaching penetrate the colleges slowly. The larger part of the work in them is, as it should be with comparatively mature minds, in the form of lectures, not of recitations, and generally the college graduate is entirely ignorant of what a recitation is. It takes her a long time to get out of the ways to which she has been accustomed, and to grasp the conditions under which she must labor with the mind of the child, so poor in material, and generally so wanting in anything that can be called imagination. To know about a subject and to know about teaching it are two entirely different things. What we do need for those intending to teach is a normal school with a course of at least a year at the top of the college course. I can imagine no more delightful work, unless it be giving a child its first lessons in language, than to have the management of such a school; but such a school, with the competent teacher at its head, lies far in the future. Towards it, all the psychologists are working. In view of the great problems which teaching presents, and the great value of wide experience in it, it might be worth while for the

colleges to insert a course in Humility for the last part of the Senior year, especially for the benefit of those who are proposing to teach. The profession to which Dr. Arnold belonged is not to be stormed by girls simply because they have read Latin and Greek, and the questions which waylay its every step are not to be so lightly settled.

For the girls' school the question of health is a grave one. If the children in the average American home were properly fed, properly dressed, and properly exercised, if they had plenty of fresh air and plenty of sleep, if they were allowed to grow in quietness, with simple pleasures, and in an atmosphere undisturbed by the passions and ambitions of the grown-up world, our task would indeed be easy. If the mothers could understand that health and activity of the mind are an essential to health of the body, we should be in a sort of paradise. There is one phrase which I am sure no teacher of girls who may read these pages will be able to see without a smile. It is this: "Health is the first consideration." It generally comes from the lips of mothers of homes where little if any reasonable thought is given to the question of health till the doctor becomes a frequent visitor, and kindly provides this formula. The teacher can do nothing with a child if she be not healthy. To her, indeed, health is the first consideration, and all her efforts are towards its maintenance. But such as the mothers have made the children that they bring to us to teach, we have to work with them, and to do the best we can. This is little enough in many cases.

I have noted some few of the difficult conditions under which the teacher of a private school for girls has to live. If she have no one dependent upon her so as to make the money-success of her enterprise a matter of life or death, even in that case she will need all the persistence of Grant and all the dash and courage of Sherman to carry her for years along the paths which she is under bonds to her profession to follow, and to be true to herself and to justice. Personal influence must have no power to make her think of surrendering a principle; failure arising from causes entirely beyond her control to carry out her plans for the whole school or for individuals must not avail to weaken her courage; she

must learn to live above immediate results and in the region of purposes. If she be not too much hampered by pecuniary needs for herself or for those dearer, she may carry out her ideal, and do really good and lasting work to a limited extent. If, however, she be so hampered, we should blame not her so much as the unthinking demand of the public which has forced her to surrender, as she often does, though at the cost of some of her own self-respect. If the object of a school be simply to make money, then, of course, it falls under the head of business enterprises, and anything short of dishonesty is allowable. If the school is to be kept up, pupils must be found for it; and it is so easy to agree to do this or that thing to secure two or three pupils when the last year's accounts showed a deficit! It is only to throw a handful of incense into the flame perpetually burning on the altar of "society." And yet this cannot be done. To hold a school up to the highest standard of excellence, and this by unceasing vigilance, is one thing; to manage it so as to make the most money and to gain the most friends, is another. The teacher who tries to do both will probably not succeed in the first. The aim must be single, and the purpose unfaltering, the courage lofty, and there must be no looking for results; they are in safe hands, and do not belong to the worker.

As to the studies which should hold the foremost place in a school for girls, it may be said that they should not be mathematics, the training power of which lies along a very narrow track. It is hardly worth while to force very much work here if the girl be not inclined to it, this because it is wasted labor, not simply because she does not like the subject. I believe, although there are minds that seem to lack entirely the mathematical sense, that in most of the cases where there exists a thorough dislike of arithmetic, it is simply because of poor teaching at the beginning. In some of these cases, if the pupil be not too old, the evil may be remedied; but if she is, we may often flank the trouble by algebra under good teaching; and this is a far better way than keeping her on arithmetic when she is really too old to be studying it. In mathematics, perhaps, more than in any other branch, we too seldom have children intrusted to us till they have been already spoiled in the hands of anxious

parents who are not teachers, or of ignorant nursery governesses. In fact, in private schools in America too often we get no chance at the girl's mind till it is already half-spoiled; and then, after we have done all we can to remedy the trouble, and are just getting her where she can do something, she is taken away from us to go into society. Our work is thus cut at both ends, and it is not our fault, but our misfortune, that we do so little.

There exists of late years a widely spread impression that natural science should be the main object of study. It must not be forgotten, however, that science is not a mere collection of facts, but a system of laws deduced according to some principle of wise selection from them, and all facts are not of the same value. There would be no object, scientifically speaking, in measuring the length and width of rose petals and carefully noting the same in neat little books. The lessons given in many schools under the head of natural science are not lessons in science at all. The child's mind is not up to the level of scientific teaching, and all that it can do in the line of nature is to collect or to learn facts, which, because it has no means of classification, soon drop out of the memory. Fortunate is it that they do so; it is difficult to imagine where we should get sensible women enough to run the world for the next generation if God had not mercifully given to children the power of forgetting. The main thing to be gained by lessons in natural science is a feeling of reverent wonder for the Creator. The moral lessons which may be thrown in as one traces His ways of working in mineral, plant, and animal, such as economy, foresight, care, adaptation of means to ends, and order, are of great value; in fact, this is perhaps the best chance that we have for moral teaching. But the disciplinary value of these studies for young children is greatly exaggerated; and we must never forget that with children it is the disciplinary value of a study that we, as teachers, have first to consider. The main part of education comes after the school days are over. If the school succeed in putting the girl in possession of herself, so that she may be able to use her faculties intelligently for her future growth, and open to her paths of rest and refuge from the too pressing care, or perhaps the otherwise overpowering sorrow

which may come to her, it has done its work. As an English educational writer asks, is the value of natural science-teaching practical, cultural, or disciplinary? Questions such as this form a large and, I might almost say, the chief part of the teacher's work, though the parent who wants more time given to natural science has probably not been aware of their existence, and yet sets her opinion over against yours with an amusing assumption that it is of equal weight. I doubt whether in any other profession this is so much the case.

When we come to language in all its varied manifestations, we have reached a subject which affords unlimited scope for disciplinary work, while at the same time it opens fields of pleasure and profit that are practically infinite. It is often said with great unction that to study natural science is to become acquainted with the works of God, while to study language is to spend our time over the works of man. But it is hard to see why the nest of the bird and the cell of the bee are more divine, or can do more good to the mind, than the wonderful vessel of language which man has shaped and fashioned to save and bear down the stream of time for the advantage of those who are to come all that he has done and thought, "that nothing be lost." In language we have, as has been said, "a condensed generalization of human experience." What could be a more valuable tool for us? It is foolishness to compare words and things to the intended disadvantage of the former. Words *are* things, and of all the inventions which man has painfully thought out, they are the most important things. To language, then, we should assign the first and the largest part in the school course, not only because of its unequalled disciplinary power, but because of the fields of pleasure and of further discipline which it opens up. As to which language we should take first, after the vernacular has been in some measure acquired, for disciplinary purposes, "that would be most successful which is in its idiom most remote from the reader's own, and in its literature most rich and varied." This is, of course, the Latin,* which, in the hands of a skilful teacher, will do more

* "Both Latin and German are at a stage in which structure is more exposed to view than it is in the maturer languages of Greek and French."—*Earle's "English Prose,"* p. 508.

in the way of discipline and of development, even for little girls of nine or ten, than any other subject, while at the same time it affords so much solid enjoyment that under such circumstances the Latin lesson is the last one which they would miss, and that for which they will beg to be allowed to come to school, be the weather never so stormy. With a year's Latin taught in this way, all paths are open. French builds itself on it, and comparisons between the idioms of the three languages offer unlimited advantages for all sorts of perceptions, and for the training of the growing judgment. When by-and-by German is added, these opportunities are still more enlarged. But by that time the girl is reading with facility difficult French constructions, and her English is so well in hand that she may with advantage be allowed to drop her Latin (if, indeed, she do not beg to be allowed to continue it for her own pleasure). When such a result is reached, we may feel measurably satisfied. There is no more valuable training than translation, by which I do not mean substituting one word for another, but the "reducing of the actual to fluidity by breaking up its literal sequence," and then crystallizing it again in another idiom. There is no school task more valuable in inducing the state of mind which suspends the judgment, waiting till all the circumstances which can by any possibility bear upon its conclusion have been fairly recognized and weighed—a habit of mind which is one of the highest results of education. It is impossible here to do more than to hint at the possibilities of the different lines of study in aesthetics, history, and literature. But I should say all in one word in saying that the main object of all teaching in a private school for girls should be disciplinary, and that the proportion in which different studies are able to serve this end should decide the relative amount of time given to them. The order in which they should be taken up must be decided not only by their relative dependence, but by the mental readiness of the pupil. To decide this is the function of the teacher, and her diagnosis must shape the prescription. There is, however, one more consideration of prime importance—the mental advance should be always along the whole line at once. I mean by this that there should never be a time in the girl's whole school course

when she is not employed at the same time in all the different departments of human acquisition, if her culture is to be in any degree worthy of the name. She should not be allowed to spend much time on arithmetic and almost none on language; neither should she study even language to the exclusion of history or natural science. Every branch of human knowledge should supplement, confirm, and support the others. That is a poor school where the pupil does not find that nothing can exist apart from other things, and where, through the mutual understanding and constant harmony of the teachers, she does not find the same persistent thoughts coming up in all the lessons. In no other way can her work be rendered a whole to her, and if it be not so, it will be of little use, as it will certainly give her no pleasure. When we hear the girls in recess discussing some point in a lesson instead of dress and the theatre celebrities, we know that the first step has been gained—that of creating interest and of making knowledge for itself an object of desire. Till this has been done, nothing has been done.

The work of the school should be by recitations, and not by lectures; and a recitation does not consist in asking questions and receiving answers which have been learned beforehand, as many seem to think. In order to show what it really is in the mind and purpose of the modern teacher, I may quote from an article in a *Journal of Education*. It comes, as most of the new life in the profession does come, from the West—from S. S. Park, of St. Cloud, Minnesota. "We may roughly define the act of reciting as that mode of the pupil's thinking which is under the systematic and continuous direction of the teacher's superior insight and skill. The teacher carries on a train of thought by means of which she applies means to stimulate the pupil to act this way or that, as she may propose. The pupil exercises her power of thought under the guidance of the teacher. The function of the teacher is intellectual stimulation and direction; that of the pupil is free exercise of her powers, receiving aid only when she cannot go forward by herself. The subject is a series of symbols and ideas independent of teacher and pupil, which both translate into intelligent insight into some phase of life and its conditions and results.

The teacher rethinks her own thinking in the light of the expression her pupil gives to the idea she is seeking to master. Double consciousness furnishes the intelligent condition for action upon the pupil. Second, the teaching act consists in directing the pupil's attention so that she recombines ideas already in her thought, and thus suggests new conceptions." In other words, the object of a recitation is not so much to find out what the girl knows, as to make her think, and lead her into right ways of thinking, and in every recitation the teacher should always be clear in her own mind as to just what she wants to accomplish in that particular hour, and aim straight for it every minute—as Goethe says, "directly if in favorable circumstances, but if in unfavorable by circuitous paths, in which, however, we are always approaching the direct path." It will be noticed that, as I have said before, the teacher's mind must always dominate, and also that there can be no recitation, properly so called, which does not essentially consist in the play of thought continually going on between teacher and taught. It is this which gives charm to the work, and lends to it fascinating interest, no matter how often one may teach a subject; for though the subject may remain somewhat the same, no one of the other two factors can be the same at any two times. The combinations are infinite.

Much has been said lately of the necessity of thoroughness in girls' schools. In the abstract meaning of the word there can be no such thing as thoroughness with a child; her knowledge, from the very nature of the case, must be fragmentary, and therefore lacking in thoroughness. If her teaching is to consist, as in old-time schools, of pages of the dictionary learned by heart, or simply of arithmetical rules and algebraic formulæ, she might perhaps be thorough in those, but no knowledge can be considered "thorough" in the proper sense which is not a part of a whole. It is in the gradual approximation to some degree of wholeness that the interest of the school days—when they have any interest—must consist, and we shall wander widely from the path of any reasonable thoroughness by narrowing the number of studies to two or three, and holding the girl strictly to these for a year. It is more our duty to open various paths, the more the bet-

ter. The situation of a place can be determined only when we have its latitude as well as its longitude; to determine the location of so simple a thing as a point we must have at least two lines; and in the domain of live knowledge a fact is securely grasped by the mind only when it lies where many lines meet. The woman teacher never forgets the possible necessity for the future woman and the head of a family to have some place of refuge to which she can escape out of the wearying and pulverizing details scarcely to be avoided by her, if the home is to be comfortable for others, and she seeks to open all the paths of interest possible. She is more concerned to do this and to lay foundations for future work than to build very high for the present. Indeed it is not for the present that she works at all.

All teaching in the modern school-room must be comparative, and it cannot be so if we have nothing to compare. The unity of the school must never be destroyed by dividing it into departments, for in so doing we sacrifice the opportunity for comparison in a higher sense. And always it is the class that must be looked out for more than the individual, always the whole school more than the class. It is only in this way that the individual can be cared for. Human society must be content to work on the individual not immediately but mediately, and the teacher is not freed from this necessity in the small society to which she must be a minor providence.

I can do no more here than to point out some of the conditions of the girls' private school in our large cities, and briefly to hint at its possibilities. It must always hold fast to the principle that the development of moral character is its highest, and indeed we might say its only aim. But to secure this, it must always cultivate inner freedom—"the agreement of the will with its own law-giving judgment." The school which puts such a motived force into the characters of its girls that they cannot lose it in all their after lives—the school, the memory of which they can never escape, and whose stamp they can never efface, whose aid is sure to come up strongest whenever need is sorest—that school, the thought of which is always followed by "a great wave of gratitude and love," is the only one that has done its work.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE ominous street riots in Berlin in February of this year occurred almost upon the anniversary of the outbreak of the revolution of 1848 in Paris. The accounts of that event were read at the time with profound interest in Berlin. There was a sympathetic feeling "in the air" which was perceptible in Berlin, and which became almost anticipation under the rapid movement of events in France. Louis Philippe left the Tuileries, and escaped in disguise to England. The monarchy of July fell with him. The republic was proclaimed and a provisional government established. Lamartine was its head, and he became immediately the most conspicuous figure in Europe. Day after day deputations from all parts of France, from all interests and classes, waited upon him at the Hôtel de Ville with impassioned addresses, to which he responded in eloquent improvisations, announcing a millennial epoch of fraternity and good-will, the tricolor of peace and beneficent power floating over France, and a world republicanized by the glorious example of Frenchmen.

Carlyle watched the spectacle from Chelsea with sardonic amusement and dyspeptic incredulity. His comment was, "rose-water revolution." But the French movement received its wisest interpretation from John Stuart Mill, whose papers upon those extraordinary days are still their best history. The excitement was in the air. There was a half-terrified apprehension in Europe, as if the smooth phrases of Lamartine were as unreal as the liberty, equality, and fraternity of '93, and as if behind his picturesque and sentimental figure there might lurk a new Danton or Robespierre. The newspapers conducted the unconscious propaganda. Their daily accounts from Paris were showered over excited Europe like sparks upon tinder. Official Europe was on the alert. The military force was everywhere increased. Guards were redoubled. Chance crowds in the streets were dispersed. In Berlin mounted patrols watched the city by night with drawn sabres, riding down groups of peaceful citizens, one evening an American, a fellow-student of the Easy Chair, escaping

only after rough treatment. It was all the prelude of a storm.

One afternoon in March the Easy Chair, with some companions, came out of the Café Belvedere, on the street Unter den Linden, near the university, close by the palace of the Crown-Prince of Prussia, the brother of the King, and afterward the late Emperor William. It was not very far from the royal palace or castle. As the company of students emerged into the street, they were aware of a universal movement of panic. Mounted guards were galloping at full speed. Shopkeepers were hastily putting up their shutters. A crowd was pouring along the street toward the castle, evidently forerunners of an advancing multitude, and suddenly two or three carriages dashed up to the entrance of the Prince of Prussia's palace, and instantly a lady and children, with a few attendants, hurried out, stepped into the carriages, which immediately, at top speed, drove toward the castle. The lady was the Princess of Prussia, afterward the Dowager Empress Augusta, and one of the children was the good Frederick, father of the present Emperor.

The revolution had reached Berlin. The advancing multitude was marching to the palace to ask the King to remove the troops from the city. Shots were fired as they stood in the square by the castle, and they indignantly dispersed to begin resistance. By sunset the hated troops, under the Crown-Prince, who was cordially detested as the incarnation of relentless conservatism and reaction, were moving to occupy the city by pushing out on both sides from Unter den Linden. Already barricades were going up in the larger streets, which were attacked bravely by the troops, who were assailed from the front, from windows and roofs, and with every kind of deadly missile. As darkness closed in, the fight became more desperate, the troops gradually pushing forward. The night was filled with the clangor of bells, the sharp rattling volleys of musketry, and the deep roar of cannon. For the first time those young Americans heard the deadly sound of battle. But still it seemed to be half unreal—some conflict of the Huns in the air, some vivid echo only of old revolu-

tion, not actual blood and ghastly massacre in the familiar streets of the homely and placid city.

This was the historic Achtzehnten März (the 18th of March) in Berlin. The troops prevailed, but the King yielded, and they were removed. An imposing burial of the dead followed. A great procession, in which Alexander von Humboldt appeared, carried the bodies to the castle, and summoned the King to come forth and behold his work. He made concessions, which were afterward recalled. He lost the opportunity of placing himself at the head of a constitutional Germany, and after ten years of reaction, his mind failed, and his brother William became regent, and subsequently King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany.

These are events which must have been recalled by the late incidents in Berlin to many of those whom the King of that earlier day called his "beloved Berliners." The Prussian monarch of that day held the mediæval view of monarchy which the foolish young man, his grandnephew and present Emperor, professes. Nothing could be more historically obsolete than the talk of Victoria's grandson about his rights as an emperor. He is the hero of a Christmas extravaganza and pantomime when in the Germany of to-day he talks like Barbarossa or Charlemagne. An emperor now, except in barbarous countries like Russia, is a convenient ceremony, not a responsible person. He is no longer the state; he is only the state's effigy. The late stories of the riots, as told in the newspapers—riots of dissatisfied and organized laborers—recall the old French days of '89 as strongly and more menacingly than they were recalled by the days of '48. If the young man's "bumptiousness" be not insanity, the grief of intelligent Germany for the loss of the good Frederick must be deeper than ever.

THE musical hero of the winter was Paderewski. The opera, indeed, was a nest of singing-birds; but there were so many that, like the daylight choir of a summer morning, the effect was that of a chorus. No lark soared high above the others into "a privacy of glorious light," but nightingales and linnets and thrushes and bobolinks warbled together, filling the air with various and delightful song. Yet, with all these riches, with

all the excellence and charm, no single singer "took the town." There was a magnificent *basso*, a true *tenore*, *soprani*, *mezzosoprani*, and *contralti*; but there was no *prima donna assolutissima*, no *diva* whom alone enraptured youth adored.

Perhaps that day is gone. Perhaps the music of the future, at which we have now arrived, which abolishes *scene* and *bravure*, and makes opera a drama told and acted in music, but not by single singers singing single songs—perhaps this advance has antiquated the individual triumph in the general effect. No more Catalani, no more Pasta, no more Duprez, Grisi, Mario, Jenny Lind, but large Scandinavian figures intoning with the orchestra large dramatic harmonies, and producing large combined effects in which individual contribution is lost, like the note of the horn or the oboe or all single instruments in the happy blending of a multitude.

But whether this be the music of the future or only of the present, it is tolerably clear that the music of the past, the Italian opera of Rossini and Bellini, of Donizetti and Verdi, has not been restored to the throne by the campaign of the winter. Whether we are going to reach the enchanted isles and touch the shores of a new world or not, we have left the shores of the old. The day of the tum-ti-iddity is passed. The fascinating *cantatrice*, as we called her, no longer charms the house by her exquisite rendering of "Buy a broom." We may lament it if we choose; we may bewail the departed and fling garlands on the grave; but for all that the old business is not conducted at the old stand. Nor is it at the opera only that we learn this great truth. It is as evident in the concert hall.

Old Easy Chairs recall Leopold de Meyer and Gottschalk and Thalberg. But the piano composers had thrown off the old tradition before the opera. Rubinstein came nearly twenty years ago. But it was a much robuster music that he gave us than the popular opera of that time, and of a very different character from that with which his predecessors regaled us. The music of the piano, apart from the performance, still offers nothing better than we heard at Rubinstein's recitals. Indeed, they were not very different from those of Paderewski.

This artist has done what we said none of the nightingales at the opera were able to do—he took the town. Argemone, who has heard all the players of the later time with an understanding mind and sympathetic heart—Argemone, herself a student and a player who did not hear Rubinstein, went to hear Paderewski, and when she spoke of him you saw less from what she said than from the tone in which she said it that she had heard what seemed to her, at least, something different in kind from all the later players. “I think it is the way in which Rubinstein must have affected his audience,” she said. The critics in the newspapers were similarly impressed. They recognized and acknowledged a master in his art. They were not so sure that he excelled in playing Beethoven. Perhaps Rubinstein had more of the characteristic Beethoven sympathy. But for comprehension and feeling, for rhythmic grace and tenderness, for delicacy of modulation like hues of sunset blending, for the airy voices that syllable not men’s names, but their hopes and dreams and dissolving fancies—ah!

They were right. When Paderewski played at evening in some spacious studio, lofty and dusky, with the lights turned down, full of pictures and the harmonious disorder of beautiful objects of every kind, forms and figures of grace, vases and brilliant stuffs, and a company of listeners in evening array sitting close and almost touching the piano, and pressing by the nearest line he seated himself and played in the rapt silence,—the scene with soft illusion changed, and the slight swaying figure at the instrument bodying forth in exquisite cadences the kindred feeling and romantic passion of another, became that other to the eye, and in the moonlight of long vanished years Chopin sat at the piano in the Salon Czartoriski in Paris, his pulsing fingers—breathing, were they?—over the keys.

The completeness of his technical power is what we now expect from all artists, as that they shall play from memory. But the marvel and the delight are none the less. The genius of the player sympathetically perceives the essential characteristic of each composer in turn, and if in listening you think more of Chopin than of Schumann, or Schubert, or the older masters, it is but a fancy, as you

see musingly the half-closed eye, the slight figure, and the romantic youth of the whole aspect. The spell is certain, but it charms only the musical, as the tints of the rainbow are visible only to those who are not color-blind. To one outside the pale, to whom nature inscrutably has denied the musical susceptibility which we call an ear, to whom melody is but the perfume of the rose to a sense that cannot perceive it—a thing unknown, uncomprehended—to this one the expression of admiration of a great work of music, or the power of a great musical artist, is not only unmeaning, but extravagant. Nevertheless, art, which is the power of varied and adequate expression, is denied to all animate beings but man; and the artist, in whatever kind, is a benefactor.

—“So you liked him?”

“Yes, madame. I like roses and rainbows.”

THE Players’ Club in Gramercy Park is probably the most familiar and perhaps the pleasantest of the newer clubs. At least that is the opinion of its *habitues*, and if they do not know, who should? Indeed, the fortunate stranger who, upon some radiant spring morning which seems like a blossom of summer just fully flowering, enters the modest Players’ as a guest, is very apt to leave it in the afternoon with the feeling that there is no pleasanter club—except—except, of course, his own particular resort.

The front windows look upon the green square enclosed for the privileged pleasure of the neighboring houses—a square where the Gramercy children play unmolested, the little Arabs on the outside peering through the iron paling, not without incisive and picturesque comments upon that protected sport and its participants in bright array. It is a quiet neighborhood in the immediate vicinity of the rattle of the Third and Fourth avenues and of the bustling thoroughfare of Twenty-third Street; and like an oasis it maintains itself unchanged and refreshing to the eye and mind amid the very wilderness of the city.

The club takes its name from that body of our fellow-citizens who are more a separate class in the community than any other. It was the design and the gift of the most eminent of living American players, Mr. Edwin Booth, and the felicitous

club name, if the Easy Chair is not astray, was suggested by Mr. Aldrich, who, when he wanders from the classic seclusion of Tri-Mountain, is oftenest found, the centre of a charmed circle, at the Players'. The innocent gibe when the club was opened that it was so called, *lucus a non*, because there were no players among its members, is only one of those happy phrases that sparkle upon the gossip of other clubs, and which do not imply ill-humor nor disturb good-fellowship.

The Players' is not a large club, and its house is comfortable in the amplest sense, not magnificent nor imposing. It is, in fact, a spacious dwelling-house transformed into club quarters. There are books and pictures, and a collection of interesting relics of the theatre, articles which famous players wore, and that now serve to make more actual the fame which is of all renown the most unreal and evanescent, the fame of the players. They are still, we say, the most separate and distinct class, much more so than any other professional brotherhood—more than the clergy, or the lawyers, or doctors, than merchants or mechanics or any industrial guild. They keep to themselves; their interest is largely bounded by their calling. If a lawyer has "a day off" he does not spend it in the court-room, the clergyman does not devote it to his brother's preaching, nor the doctor to the hospital. But the player's holiday is given to the theatre. The individual player, indeed, has his peculiar tastes and studies, which in a summer vacation, at home or abroad, he gratifies. But somehow—or is it only a fancy to accommodate a theory?—he seems a solitary, and even in society to be a recluse.

When New York was a smaller city, and might justly be called the town, in the days when Columbia College issued on Commencement day from its halls shadowed under old trees in Park Place, and marching gravely in cap and gown proceeded across the City Hall Park to Beekman Street, and conferred its scholastic degrees in St. George's, the National Academy of Design also held its exhibitions in old Clinton Hall, at the head of Beekman Street, just around the corner from Park Row. There one day in the crowd of spectators looking at the pictures the Easy Chair saw a grave figure alone amidst the throng, scanning the catalogue, and gazing as if he were

aware of no other presence. It was Henry J. Finn, the comedian, then as universally known as Burton at a later day. Is it a fancy merely that he stood in that crowd as his fellow-players stand in the larger crowd watching the larger play?

It is not an unnatural attitude. Their life is passed in representing a life which is not real. They are known to us not as themselves, but as somebody else, some familiar "character." The mention of their names suggests less their own personality than figures of the drama, of the imagination. In our daily costume they are in undress. They are waiting to be called. If not always especially clever, their conversation has a certain felicity arising from their trained memory and their familiarity with the literature of the theatre. They match the moment, the turn of talk, with a neat quotation, which gives flavor to the conversation. An apt citation is a happy repartee, an echo from the world in which they are more at home. It is their other life which draws them together in this, like the Savoyards in strange lands, and makes them a little alien to those of us who do not represent others, but try, with indifferent success, to be ourselves.

But to what class of all the classes that compose the community is there a more kindly feeling than to that which gives its name to this modest club? To no other, certainly to none of the same relative numbers, is such fond and profuse attention paid. Every morning we are told at length what they did on the previous evening. The sole rival of the theatre in the newspaper is the world of fashion. But the record of the latter is but a list of old names and of new gowns. There is no individual interest in the performers. To wear cloth of gold and to sip soup of *crème d'asperges* from a Sèvres china plate on a table covered with lace are performances which suggest plenty of money, but they do not beget individual interest, and it is quite possible to be uncertain whether Mrs. White wore the blue brocade or Mrs. Black the yellow silk. But the other players are individualized. There is no doubt that Mrs. Siddons was Queen Catherine or that Mr. Gilbert was Hardcastle, and what they did and how they did it become treasures of memory and even a part of our lives.

Perhaps it is wrong to speak of players as a class, except as other artists and au-

thors and people of all pursuits are classes. There is not one of them, were he sitting with the Easy Chair at the club windows and looking out upon the leafy square, who would not say: "It does not trouble us; for if we are a class, Shakespeare is at the head of it, and he says, in words which all experience confirms, that all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. Does not Mr. Easy Chair himself appear on the boards once a month and speak in the character that he assumes? Should he be proposed for membership here, might he not modestly plead, 'I, too, am a player'?"

OUR pride in our civilization is very droll. It is not altogether unlike the satisfaction of the savage monarch in the splendor of his royal robes, to wit, a hat and a pair of spectacles. Doubtless we have made great advances. We go through the winter frost smoothly and comfortably in warm cars, and we commiserate our poor little ancestors who knew not steam and telegraphs and telephones and electric lights. We shall hear of all this at Chicago; we shall see it all splendidly illustrated there. The caravel of Columbus will be contrasted with our ocean-conquering steamers; and our miracles of invention, our marvellous appliances for ease and comfort, will swell our hearts with exultation.

This is all well, and he is a recreant American who does not rejoice. But it was a wise apostle who exhorted us to forget the things that are behind, and we Americans are not indisposed to heed the exhortation. Our civilization is droll because it is so uneven and inconsistent. There are so many things that are still before, and which we have yet to reach if our pride is to be altogether exultant. For instance, we shall put joyfully on exhibition at Chicago a myriad works of our genius and industry, and challenge the world to compete. But nevertheless we shall not be able to exhibit our greatest American work of all and utter the same challenge about it.

That crown of American enterprise and resource is the city of New York; but that as a city it surpasses all other cities, as our labor-saving and electrical and mechanical contrivances surpass all others of the kind, only a member of the Tammany Society would assert. To select a

single illustration, not all the intelligence, wealth, power, and ambition of American civilization are yet able to keep the streets of New York clean. Four centuries after Columbus arrived we have only advanced to the hope that an excellent scheme for doing what has been long done in other cities smaller than New York may be authorized and soon put into practice in New York. That is not a great feat of civilization, and does not justify a very loud pæan of exulting pride.

So, also, we have electric bells and elevators, with mirrors and sofas and delicious cookery, in our great hotels, and also people are burned to death in them by the score if the hotel takes fire. A fully civilized society would require that the safety of guests should be secured before they were sent up to the sixth story in mirrored and sofaed elevators, to be burned to death when they arrived. Upon spacious and costly, highly decorated and luxuriously upholstered and furnished steamers—floating palaces, as they are truly described—the traveller has often remarked a fellow-passenger profusely expectorating upon a sumptuous carpet. The test of civilization there was not the carpet and the stuffed seats. Or a community bonds itself and taxes itself to make roads that shall take the place of watercourses and morasses; but when they are finished, and left to dry up and blow away in dust for want of regular watering, and to be dug up by the heavy tread of calked horses, and weakened by heavy wagons, and ruined for want of constant supervision and incessant repair, the community cannot wisely invite mankind to contemplate the perfection of its civilization.

Indeed, the things that are still before multiply as we contemplate them. Is a civilization worthy of resounding celebration which has not yet a reformatory for women in a city whose census, we are told, shows probably 1,800,000 people? A reformatory for women is an institution which does for girls what is attempted for boys. It aims to save carelessness, passion, and ignorance from being fostered into crime. The first fall from the line of duty, either of a girl or of a boy, ought not to be held as proof of hopeless depravity and invincible predisposition to vice. It is not, indeed, held to be such in the case of a boy, but it is, or has been, in that of a girl. What kind of civiliza-

tion is it that assumes this difference, and holds that a boy may be reclaimed, but not a girl? If this extraordinary defect should be remedied before we celebrate our civilization at Chicago, let us, in view of our very recent awakening, soften our voices at this point of the paean.

There is yet another reform in the penal code that is still among the things that are before. A boy is sent to the reformatory. He is removed from criminal influences, and is exposed only to those that are humane and encouraging. But perhaps every day shows him to be a hopeless character, a kind of moral lunatic, and a natural criminal. Like Pomeroy, he is born a peril to society. For his offences society decrees limited terms of imprisonment. But there is a wise provision in English law which authorizes imprisonment in certain cases until it is plain that the object of imprisonment has been attained. A moral lunatic is not allowed to go at large, and for the same reason that the mental lunatic is restrained. On the other hand, there is a provision of English law that a first offender in certain cases, whose penitence and suffering are made plain to the court,

may be dismissed without further punishment.

These are devices of civilization; for it is the distinction of civilization to treat men as individuals, not as aggregates. Penal legislation recognizes that punishment, to be effective, must be adapted to the particular offender. This, too, would be one of the effective tests of civilization to be applied at Chicago. The standard of a gentleman is his conduct at home. The standards of civilization are the condition of streets and roads, of the prison, hospital, and poorhouse, no less than the use of telegraphs and telephones, of electric lights and elevators, of reapers, mowers, and machinery of every kind. It would be painful if on his way home from Chicago the effete European should be mired in the streets of New York, and decide that after four hundred years America had achieved only an arf-an'-arf civilization.

We should have at least one satisfaction. We could say to him that we had seen his civilization from the Eiffel Tower and the Crystal Palace, and if he thought it superior to the Western kind—he was welcome to his opinion.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE creation of a new character in the world of fiction is as important in many ways as the coming into real life of a person of consequence. The power of the latter to do us good or harm while he lives makes him more formidable than the other, but after his death he takes his chances with the creations of the poet and the novelist. These creations are as real to us in many cases, and enter into our lives as influentially, as the men who have lived, and who are an unending perplexity to the historian. There are some of them who could be spared out of our literature, indeed out of our social life, less easily than many men who have lived and made a great stir in their generation. To put the case very strongly, and with all the apparent advantage on the side of the real, will the Englishmen of 1910 rather give up Mr. Pickwick than Mr. Gladstone—suppose either is to be dropped out of the national possessions? It is true that Hamlet has given the world of critics almost as much trouble as Henry

VIII. has given historians, but his case is exceptional. Speaking generally, the fictitious character has the advantage of the real in that he is not the prey of the biographer. His life does not need to be constantly rewritten on the discovery of new evidence. He has not to be exposed or whitewashed or defended. As he was originally created he is a constant quantity, a definite pattern to be followed or avoided, or, as it may be, to be simply enjoyed. It is with unmixed pleasure, therefore, that we welcome a new type in fiction.

Such a character is Zagloba in *Fire and Sword*, a historical novel of Poland and Russia in the middle of the seventeenth century, by Henryk Sienkiewicz, admirably translated out of the Polish into equivalent vernacular English by Jeremiah Curtin, whose scholarship in the Polish and Russian languages is accurate and profound. Sienkiewicz's story, which is almost as long as Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, is set in a lurid and romantic historic background, and the theatre of it

is the wilderness of the steppes, the terror and beauty of which appeal strongly to the imagination. The story spins out in historical spaces, but the action is generally swift and intense, and the characters, vital and individual, revel in the vigor of youth, in unloosed passion, in personal hardihood, slaughter, and adventure like the heroes of Dumas. There is a charming idyl of love running through the novel. The fair Helena is like a violet on a bloody and trampled field of battle. But the great creation is the noble, soldier, drunkard, braggart, coward, wit, prodigy of valor, stanch comrade, Zagloba. It is impossible to make quotations enough in this limited space to exhibit him. He is not so simple as Falstaff, whom he resembles in his wit, in his boasting, in his weakness for "wine, women, and song," in his constitutional desire to avoid danger; fate often betrays him into heroic action, or the semblance of it, which he appropriates. His courage is peculiar to himself. Soldiering he likes; but battles?—no. They are too crowded. "I have short breath," he says, "and don't like a crowd. Don't think I am afraid." "Take courage!" exhorts a comrade. "Courage? That is all I am afraid of. I fear that bravery will overcome prudence in me. I am too excitable." In the whirlwind of a hussar charge one day, Zagloba is galloping on with the rest, not because he likes a crowd, but because he will be run over if he does not keep on. The wind whistles in his ears, he shuts his eyes, he cuts and slashes, he swears and prays, he wishes his enemies at the devil. Suddenly his horse spreads under him, there is a blow on his shoulder, and something heavy falls on his head, enveloping him in darkness. All is over. He is in captivity. Drops of cold sweat stand on his forehead. He offers to spare the life of his captor. He strikes blindly about him with his knife. Finally he tears the covering from his head. What is this? No Cossack. Deserted all around. A fleeing Cossack has dropped a regimental banner, and it was the staff that hit his shoulder. Seeing this, the hero regains his presence of mind. "Oh, ho!" said he, "I have captured a banner. How is this? Didn't I capture it? If justice is not defeated in this battle, then I am sure of a reward. Oh, you scoundrels! It is your luck that my horse gave out. I did not know myself when I thought I was great-

er in strategy than in bravery. I can be of some higher use in the army than eating cakes. Oh, God save us! some other crowd is rushing on. Don't come here, dog-brothers; don't come this way! May the wolves eat this horse! Kill! slay!" Rescued, Zagloba is on hand at night when the forty captured banners are thrown down before the prince. As he passes with the rest, he casts his down with such force that the staff splits. Seeing this, the prince detains him, and asks, "And you captured that banner with your own hands?" "At your service, your Highness." "I see that you are not only a Ulysses but an Achilles." "I am a simple soldier, but I serve under Alexander of Macedon." The prince orders a reward of two hundred ducats for the honorable exploit. Skshetusk smiles, but he says nothing of the fears of Zagloba before the battle, and Zagloba walks away with such a threatening mien that the soldiers of other regiments point at him and say, "He is the man who did most to-day." At the night camp fire Zagloba speaks loudest of all, boasting of what he did, and of what he would have done if his horse had not failed. "I can tell you," he said, turning to the officers of the prince, "that great battles are no novelty to me. I was in many of them in Moldavia and Turkey; but when I was on the field I was afraid—not of the enemy, for who is afraid of such trash!—but of my own impulsiveness, for I thought immediately that it would carry me too far."

But this is only one side of Zagloba. His loyalty to his comrades, his faithful and tender service as the knight of Helena, his fertility in expedients, make him one of the most lovable as well as the most amusing creations of fiction. He is only to be known to become a great favorite.

II.

The Little Minister, by J. M. Barrie, is a successful attempt to lift British fiction out of its level of conventionality. It is—that is, the part of it that is of value—in the best sense a return to nature. The author's ability to see the essentials of human life, the nobility and meanness and pathos of it, in lowly places, where the study of it may be just as fruitful as in higher social levels, was demonstrated in *A Window in Thrums*. In this sort of return to nature of late,

American writers have been the pioneers. The short stories and a few novels of what has been called the realistic type which came to us in the recent revival, from New England, from the West, and more recently from the South, were marked by one peculiarity which got them the name of dialect stories. But the strange dialect was not the essential thing in them. Dialect stories we have always had, Yankee and Southern, in which the dialect often was under suspicion of being artificial, and the life posed and conventional. The characters in the recent American stories of this class must express themselves in the only vehicle they possessed, but the interest of the story did not depend upon this medium of expression, but upon what the characters had to say, and upon their exhibition of real human life. The stories that depended upon dialect alone failed, because the commonplace is no more interesting in an uncouth speech than it is in cultivated language familiar to the mass of readers. Mr. Barrie wrote in a Scotch dialect so unlike English that the person unfamiliar with it needs a glossary. His success was not due to his medium, but to the same apprehension of life, and sympathy with it, that make us enjoy the company of the shepherds and clowns of Thomas Hardy and of Shakespeare. Mr. Barrie never caricatures his people and never patronizes them. The humor is their humor, and not the smartness of the author; and the pathos is in the situation, the inevitable sadness of human life limited and at disadvantage, and not in the sentimentality of the observer. To put himself in this attitude towards his material requires the finest literary art. We have no doubt that Mr. Barrie's Thrums is the real Thrums, but it is not the Thrums that the commonplace mind sees. The method in all this is the American method, but Mr. Barrie's humor is usually of a more cultivated and subtle type than that of most of our stories of this sort.

We have said that *The Little Minister* is a successful fiction. So it is, as far as the pleasure of the reader is concerned—an important consideration sometimes forgotten by novelists. Every page is illumined by the sage and unconscious humor of the Thrums people and by the author's own poetic light. The creations of Tammam Whamond and Wearyworld,

the policeman, are distinct additions to our world. The book is full of charm and of surprises. It has a flavor that gives the reader incessant delight. Passages taken out of their context are commonly ineffective, but we will try a few. This is the sensation of one alone in a forest: "At long intervals comes from far away the whack of an axe on wood. Gavin was in a world by himself, and this might be some one breaking into it." It is Wearyworld who says: "But we are sair tried. Has it ever struck you that the trouts bites best on the Sabbath? God's critturs tempting decent men." A bit of insight of the author: "We should be slower to think that the man at his worst is the real man, and certain that the better we are ourselves the less likely he is to be at his worst in our company. Every time he talks away his own character before us, he is signifying his contempt for ours." It is the shrewd Dr. McQueen who gives this advice to the young minister: "Take care of yourself; a man's second childhood begins when a woman gets hold of him." In the time of a drought that is impoverishing them all, the Thrums people are assembled one night in the kirk waiting for the minister to come and offer prayers for rain. "As for the rain," Spens said, triumphantly, "I wouldna wonder though it's here afore the minister. You canna deny, Peter Tosh, that there's been a smell o' rain in the air these twa hours back."

"John," Peter said, agitatedly, "dinna speak so confidently. I've kent it," he whispered, "since the day turned; but it wants to tak' us by surprise, lad, and so I'm no letting on."

"See that you dinna make an idol o' the rain," thundered Whamond. "Your thochts is no wi' Him, but wi' the clouds; and where your thochts are, there will your prayers stick also."

Speaking of dialect, the author frequently uses "dagont" (as, "the dagont uncanny things") in the sense of the Western phrase "dog-gon it," or "I'll be dog-goned."

Thoroughly admirable as this book is as a fresh picture of a phase of English life, its characteristics are those of the short story rather than the novel. It is a series of scenes. It is perhaps no matter that the slight surprise in way of a plot is chiefly respectable because of its an-

tiquity; but the extraneous elements introduced into Thrums society in order to give the breadth of the novel do not come within the range of probability, not to say possibility. The tricky Egyptian, an altogether charming creature, is not possible either in herself or in her relations to the life of the community. She and her Lord Rintoul are fetched out of some yellow-covered romance. The flood is most marvellously depicted, but it required all our respect for the genius of the author not to feel that the scene on the hill, the gypsy camp, the comedy of errors of the night, are revealed to us by lime-light. It is not to be said that Mr. Barrie has not the power to construct a great novel, but he will only do it by being true to himself.

III.

Among the most noteworthy in the Munich International Art Exhibition of 1891 were the pictures from Spain. They were notice to the world that the land of Murillo was awaking out of its lethargy, which fifteen years ago even Goya, who went to life for his subjects, who did not hesitate to paint the women with whom so many of the French novelists seem to associate, seemed unable to break. But the impression of the whole exhibition—over three thousand pictures—with many exceptions to this impression, of course, was that of strain, violent efforts to call attention, strident crying out to the passer-by to arrest him by something uncommon, bizarre, ugly. It was a marketplace where the hucksters were all screaming. It affected one coming from the calm force of the masters of form, color, and expression much as one is affected after parting company with a classic author by coming upon a literary booth in front of which the author beats his tom-tom, demanding attention to an exhibition intended to shock the observer, under the belief that he must be shocked before he will embrace. There was little aspiration for beauty, less execution of it, still less attention to the spiritual realities existing in the commonest things. The same may be said of the London exhibitions of the same season. Everywhere the effort to do something odd in color and composition, to astonish; the effect of "strain" was painful, and there was more that was fantastic and less that was real than in the Continental exhibition. Even

portraiture did not escape the general tendency, the pursuit of the striking at the expense of harmony, sanity, beauty, in the expression of the highest truth. Was Titian wrong and false in passing down to us the *grandeas* of Venice in the rich costumes and nobility of manner that answer to our ideas of the dignity of the sea republic, whose architecture stirs us like the nuptial song in the *Meistersinger von Nurnberg*? The English nobles to-day seem to prefer to go down to posterity in the rough habiliments of the bird-shooter and the stable groom. Perhaps it is an evidence of their honesty.

Nevertheless there was something encouraging in all these exhibitions. They were a sign of life, of serious effort to express something, if not the best, in an unconventional, fresh way. They were a break-up, a kicking over the traces, a run-away, natural in what we like to call a transition period (though every generation in its vanity calls its period that), and a show of force, of insight, likely to produce great results when the exhilarating spurt is over, and the horse finds that, after all, he can make a better running on the regular track in obedience to certain rules of the ring as old as the Greek chariot races. Nobody can touch the earth without being strengthened, though for that purpose he is not obliged to eat it. Fidelity to fact of mere eyesight is better than no fidelity. The artist who paints a clam shell perfectly will, by-and-by, desire to put a clam in it; and in time he may come to see that a bird of soft plumage is as real as a clam. But, indeed, the notable thing in all these exhibitions was not their fidelity to the ugly, but their exaggeration—the exaggeration of the ugly or the common with the grotesque, the shocking in color, form, and incident. And it is somewhat remarkable that so soon the outcome of all this hopeful realism should be an exaggeration as great as that of the romantic school. It only shows that people cannot be trusted any the more for giving them pet names.

IV.

It should be said of the Spanish pictures, however, that many of them have a genuineness and sincerity in interpreting Spanish life that is worthy of all praise. One would not say that there is a break with picturesque and romantic Spain, as there should not be, but they all

have the note of modernity, and the same desire to show the life and manners of to-day that we welcome in Spanish fiction in what are called the novels of manners. All the arts go together in such a movement as this, having like merits and like defects. The Study has already alluded to the work of Emilia Pardo Bazan in this revival, and the authoress needs no further introduction in these pages. Two of her recent stories have been very well turned into English—*The Swan of Vilamorta*, by Mary J. Serrano, and *A Christian Woman*, by Mary Springer. The latter contains a portrait of Doña Emilia in her mature bloom of forty years. The novels are the work of a woman who has had a full experience of life, and one emancipated so freely into the modern spirit that she can give with little reserve the knowledge of life bought by her experience. It may be said generally of novelists that men know more than they tell, and that women tell more than they know. But one would not say that of Doña Emilia. Her analysis of woman's nature is too searching, her details as to the habits of men and some women are too intimate for that to be said. Her intention is to reveal entirely the innermost natures of the men and women she selects to illustrate the present phase of Spanish life. She is very effective in this unreserve, and is the mistress of a charm of narration that gives the reader great pleasure. She seems everywhere at home—in the rustic life of Galicia, in Madrid, and in all the seething questions of morals, politics, education, intellectual and social emancipation which agitate her world. Both these stories are in the nature of episodes (one view of modern art being that it should tantalize by leaving a picture unfinished), and in the case of the *Christian Woman* leaves the reader in doubt as to the effect produced upon her heart by her unencouraged lover. The explanation of the ironical title is very simple. Carmen Aldoa, in order to escape the scandal at home of the love of her father for a bold servant and his possible marriage to her, accepts for her husband an elderly man repulsive to her, a man described as possessing Jewish mental traits and features. Carmen does this wrong to her sex in the spirit of the most exalted self-sacrifice, as a Christian woman. The prior, Father Moreno (an excellent character), says she is one. In this immolation she follows

the advice of the Church. The by-standers in the novel, and presumably the author, scout this idea of a Christian woman as an antiquated mediæval relic. The woman wanted in these days would have piety of a different sort, if, in fact, any piety be necessary. She would rather scrub floors for a living than submit to such personal degradation. Is the author right in assuming that the Church and modern Christianity would require this hateful surrender in a woman? The nephew of the bridegroom, Salustio, a student of engineering in Madrid, who goes down into the country for the wedding, and who seems to be intended as a fair representative of Spanish youth, sees that the uncle is repulsive to Carmen, and falls in love with her himself. In order to be certain that she does not love his uncle, he hides in a tree one morning in order to overhear a conversation between the friar and Carmen. To do him justice, it must be confessed that he is conscious of the meanness of this act. But he does another thing on the wedding night, he and a crack-brained clerical apprentice, which the author cannot be excused for describing any more than he is excused for doing. There are limits even in an emancipated world which cannot be passed, and which a woman of such brilliant talent and noble aspiration can afford to respect. She has and takes, and that with skill, fully enough freedom in other parts of the book. Salustio becomes an inmate of the house of his uncle and aunt in Madrid. His wide-awake comrade, a youth without illusions, endeavors to draw him from his infatuation by a sort of dissipation which is not left to the imagination of the reader. At the end the author leaves him sick in bed, under the fancy, inadequately sustained for all that appears, that Carmen loves him.

The Swan of Vilamorta is Segunda, a rural poet, selfish, and of more ambition than performance. The book is a delightful study of country life and character, and might be called a realistic idyl. Indeed we are inclined to accept this and the other novel as real transcriptions. The author seems bent upon an exposé. The romance is in the play of the human heart, which turns out to be the same old thing. Segunda, the snip of a youth, has a mistress, Lescadia, ugly and twice his own age, who passionately worships him, and expresses her

affection by giving him at her house good things to eat, by listening to his verses, and by sacrificing all her little store of fortune to advance his career. The poet falls in love with the pretty young wife of a politician, an ex-minister, who comes to Vilamorta to drink the waters, a broken-down wreck. Nieves, the wife, the mother of a precocious little girl (who has herself a romantic attachment to the poet), does not enough discourage her lover, lets herself drift along without unfaithful intentions until the catastrophe comes, which is ironically due to a meeting in the drawing-room, granted by Nieves with the intention of dismissing the presumptuous puppy. The little girl thinks that her mother is bad; the husband thinks so, and, enfeebled by disease, dies in the shock of what he supposes wrongly to be evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness. The idyl is over; the widow and her child return to Madrid, and the poet emigrates to America. Poor Lescadia, most pitiful victim of man's selfishness and the pathetic weakness of her own good qualities, takes poison, and so ends. And so not even in Spain, according to our keen-sighted novelist, can you play with fire.

V.

The attitude assumed by the Spanish novelist just spoken of and by many modern writers is that proper subjects for fiction and the treatment of them are to be determined by the artistic and not by the moral sense. Especially is this position maintained by many whose artistic sense is as feeble as their moral, and who deceive themselves with the notion that when they are indecent they are artistic. There is no intention of opening this matter now, except to make a suggestion. The coarseness of one age is not tolerated by the next. About's resuscitated Napoleonic troupier discovered this. There is progress in refinement, although it is accompanied by cant and false delicacy. But the suggestion is this, and it is in a sense independent of the question of art and morals, or the non-moral quality of art: Every generation has its rights, and among them a right to protect itself against anything it dislikes or that offends it. It does not concern itself much about abstractions, but it knows what influences best serve its ideals of a better life. On the whole, it is as good a judge of what is good for it as the more enlightened novelists.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 6th of March.—Congress.—The following bills were passed:—Senate: The Public Printing Bill, February 15th; the Urgent Deficiency Bill, February 16th. House: the Military Academy Appropriation Bill, February 12th; the Indian Appropriation Bill, March 1st.

The constitutionality of the McKinley Tariff Bill was affirmed by the United States Supreme Court February 29th.

A treaty between the United States and Great Britain was signed at Washington, February 29th, agreeing to refer the controversy regarding the seal fisheries in Behring Sea to an international board of arbitration.

The question as to the Governorship of Nebraska having been carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, a decision was rendered by that body on the 2d of February reversing the decision of the Supreme Court of Nebraska, and declaring that James E. Boyd was the rightful Governor of the State. On the 8th Governor Boyd entered upon the duties of his office, Governor Thayer retiring.

The members of the French cabinet resigned February 18th. A new cabinet was formed on the 27th, with M. Loubet at its head as Minister of the Interior. Six of the former ministers were retained.

Serious riots occurred in Berlin, Germany, February 26th, 27th, and 28th, occasioned by the disaffection of the working classes.

DISASTERS.

February 7th.—The Hotel Royal in New York city was destroyed by fire, and seventeen persons were burned to death.

February 26th.—The British steamers *Loughbrow* and *Forest Queen* came into collision off Flamborough, in the North Sea, and the latter was sunk. Fourteen men were drowned.

February 27th.—In a great gale off the coast of Portugal 200 fishermen lost their boats and were drowned.

OBITUARY.

January 31st.—At Mentone, France, the Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, of London, aged fifty-eight years.

February 9th.—In New York city, John Jay Knox, ex-Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, aged sixty-four.

February 12th.—In New York city, Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt, scientist, aged sixty-six years.

February 15th.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-Admiral Andrew Bryson, U.S.N., retired, aged seventy years.

February 28th.—In New York city, General George W. Cullum, U.S.A., aged eighty-three years.

March 4th.—At New Haven, Connecticut, Noah Porter, ex-President of Yale University, aged eighty years.

March 6th.—In New York city, Edwards Pierrepont, ex-United States Minister to England, aged seventy-nine years.



Editor's Drawer.

ALL lawyers have a sufficiently good opinion of their profession, but the proudest member of the bar that ever was was Peter Hankins, "Jedge Peter," as he was called.

The jedge had a prescriptive right to his title of "Jedge." He had filled the position of office-boy, boot-black, book-carrier, body-servant, and toddymixer for every lawyer in the circuit for two generations, besides sweeping up the court-house, filling the inkstands, and being general factotum for the clerk, the sheriff, and the jailer.

He had eventually retired, owing to a change of administration in the court-house, coupled with habitual drunkenness and contemptuous reference to the new *régime*, and was thereafter compelled to dig potatoes and do odd jobs like any other common hand; but he never regarded his subsequent occupation at all, and held everything modern in sovereign contempt. He was too proud generally to enter in a private capacity the court-house in which he had once presided officially. It was only on extraordinary occasions, such as murder trials, that he ever relaxed his dignity so far as to enter the precincts once so

familiar to him, and he atoned for it by carrying his head with an air, and wearing on his face a look of disdain which would have warranted the judge in sending him to jail for contempt of court. Whatever happened, he was ready with, "When me an' Little Mordica was at de bar, sub."

It was thus that he happened to be present at the trial of the murderer who killed a woman in the lower end of the county, and who, after coming near being hung by the mob, was saved by Judge Gaston through one of the ablest defences ever known in the State. The jury at first hung for a short time, but the crowd was completely carried away by the judge's masterly speech, and it was at this crisis that Jedge Peter was found busily engaged outside of the court green, with ostentatious indifference, making a wedge for his hoe-handle. McPheeters went up to him.

"Jedge, fine speech Judge Gaston made, wasn't it?" he asked him.

He turned his hoe around slowly and measured the eye, stuck the wedge a little way in it, and straightened up. "Gashcum! Gashcum!" he said, disdainfully. "What does I know about you? Jedge Gashcum? I's heered Little Mordica when I was at de bar."

This was what McPheeters wanted, and he told him of the jury being hung.

"Yes, an' he hung de jury too," declared the jedge, his chin high in the air, and his whole figure expressing his disdain. "Hung de jury, an' hung de cote, and ev'ybody else, and hung th'ee good plantations and two hundred niggers in his deed of intrust, too, in he breeches pocket, he did."

McPheeters looked incredulous, and tolled him on. "Who was his client, and what had he done?"

"He client? He had so many clients I cya'n 'member de one he had dat time, but he had done do some'n sho 'nough! He hadn' killed no little po' white ooman; he had done kilt th'ee womens—*th'ee* womens! Jes so, 'dout no consideratin' hat all; had jes chop dee haids wide open, and cut 'em up like you cut up hawks. Dee fotch him up heah, and lodge him in jail, and tell me to keep him, and dat I did! I lock him up dyah in de cell wid log-chain roun' him like a bull; and de folks wuz so rabid 'bout him I tell de Gov'ner to stand by me (dee warn like dem few mens turr night, hollerin' an' drinkin' whiskey aroun'; de whole county wuz out), an' he sent me a comp'ny o' millingtary, and 'twuz all me an' dee could do together to keep 'em fum him. But we did, and we hilt him good till de trial come on. Dat wuz a trial dat wuz a trial! De whole State wuz dyah. An' de th'ee womens dee went an' hired th'ee la'yars apiece to pussecute him, dat made ten, 'cus you know

NOTE.—I am indebted for this story to my friend Major Horace Lacy, of Spottsylvania.—T. N. P.

dee's al'ays a pussecutin' la'yer fur de State to eternally pussecute, an' dee come heah in dee gigs wid de books an' lock de do', an' wouldn't le' nobody come in but me; 'cuz dee hed to insult me, an' I wuz 'bleeged to be dyah, 'cuz I hed done put de log-chain on him. Dem ten wuz 'bleeged to be dyah, 'cuz de prisoner he wuz a pleader; he wouldn't hev no la'yer roun' heah; he hed done sont all de way down fur Little Mordica."

"Little Mordica?" said McPheeters, inquiringly.

"Yes, Little Mordica! Little Mordica warn' no Gashcum; he wuz a la'yer. Dee wuz giants in dem days. He come in a gig wid his portmantia behin' him, an' he tell me to teck it off an' cyah 't to be room, an' bresh he boots, an' he wash an' put on he ruffled shut, an' teck he snuff-box, an' tell me to come on, an' he went to de jail, an' I open de do', an' he teck out he snuff-box, an' he ax me whar dat — scoundrel wuz, an' I le' him in, an' he tole me to hol' de do', an' he walk in an' look at him settin' dyah on he bed with my log-chain on him, he look at him till he look like he dwindle up, an' he say, 'Is you Little Mordica?' An' he say, 'Yes; an' I big Mordica too,' he say. An' he say, 'I warn' you to defen' me,' he say. An' Little Mordica he say, 'How much does you think your — neck is wuth?' he say. An' he say, 'I will give you a thousand dollars; I is a po' man,' he say. An' Little Mordica he teck a pinch o' snuff dis away, and he say, 'Dem wuz po' womens too,' he say; 'an' you is got th'ee plantations on de Roanoke an' two hunderd niggers,' he say. An' he say, 'I will give you two thousand dollars,' he say. An' Little Mordica he teck up a pinch o' snuff dis away, an' he pitch it away dat away, an' he say, 'Two thousand dollars ain' wuff dat,' he say. 'I'll see you' — neck break befo' I will open my mouf for less 'n ten thousand dollars,' he say, 'on a deed o' intrust,' he say; 'an' you will fry in hell too, a thousand years,' he say. An' he shiver like a p'inter-dog, jes so, an' he say, 'I will do it.' An' Little Mordica retch he han' in he pocket, an' pull de deed o' intrust out he pocket wid de whereas an' de hereditaments aforesaid, an' teck a pen an' ink out he weskit pocket, whar he cyared 'em reg'lar, an' meck him sign it right dyah, an' swar to it wid de hereditaments aforesaid, 'cuz he know he wuz 'bleeged to had him, settin' dyah wid de chain roun' him, an' he hed done fotch de deed o' intrust wid him, wid all de whereas an' de plantations an' niggers an' de hereditaments aforesaid, an' he put he name to it, an' kiss de book right dyah befo' him, whar he cyared aroun' fur dem pupposes as aforesaid. An' Little Mordica put de deed o' intrust in he pocket an' button it up, an' nuver say anurr word to him, jes tu'n an' went back to supper, an' set down wid de jedger an' all, an' tole 'em to lef' de man in jail; an' dat night he ain' sleep none, he bu'n seven candles readin' o' he deed o' intrust wid de whereas an' de hereditaments aforesaid. An' de

nex' day he went 'way; an' de cote meet, an' dee lef' de man in jail wid de log-chain on him, an' meet agin an' lef' him dyah, an' meet agin, an' den de Gran' Jury redite him. An' when Little Mordica come dat time, he wuz a-ridin' of a fine black therybred myah wid two white foots, an' laigs jes keen as blacksnakes, an' he had injy-rubber shoes on her; an' when de cote meet dat mornin' he tole me to tie her dyah at de fence jes outside de cote-yard gate. An' when de trial camed on de millingtary wuz dyah, dee hed de man dyah in de cote-house, an' de ten la'yers whar de th'ee womens he kilt done hire to wrassele wid Little Mordica an' to pussecute him, and the commonwealth's attorney whar eternally pussecutes; dee hed a steer-cart load o' books dyah dee meck me spread out on de bar befo' 'em. I strain my back dee wuz so many; I ain' git over it yit (dat's de way I happen to be in de cote-house to-day; hit hurt me so, I wuz tryin' to res' it; I ain' keer-in' nuttin' 'bout dis heah little Gashcum jestice trials); dee hed a whole fo' hoss waggin-load o' books spread out on de bar, an' dee riz an' made dee speeches, an' tell de jedger 'bout de womens de murderer hed done kill, an' ax Little Mordica is he ready, an' sot down, an' Little Mordica riz. He didn' had but one book, jes byah one book, de curisomes'-lookin' book you ever see; 'twarn' boun' like turr books; de back wuz sort o' comicle like it hed been buried; an' he open it slow, sort o' so, an' he face wuz sort a curisome'-lookin', an' he tell 'em to teck de chains off'n de prisoner, dat de internal conscicution didn' 'low no prisoner to wyar chains in cote; an' dat dee done; an' de crowd wuz so thick roun' you couldn' breathe; an' de millingtary dee wuz dyah to stan' by me; an' Little Mordica he teck pinch o' snuff sort o' so, an' look roun' an' bresh he shut ruffle sort o' so, an' bow to ev'ybody. Den he begin.

"He pay he bespects to all de pussecutin' gent'mens, an' to de cote, an' to all on us gent'mens on de bar, an' to de crowd an' de millingtary, an' den he riz a pint, jes a pint; he hed a barrel he could 'a' riz, but a pint wuz 'nough fur him; an' he tuck up de book, de curisome'-lookin' book, an' riz a pint, an' he read, an' 'twuz so larned dee couldn' nobody onderstan' him; dee say 'twuz dead languide, an' de book hed been buried a hunderd thousand year, an' he riz de pint, jes one pint, like I say, an' dat wuz — dat wuz dat dee couldn' hang de man, an' dee couldn' even try him; dat wuz he pint. An' talk about hung jury! He hang de jury, an' he hang de jedger, an' he hang de folks all roun' him, dee couldn' budge, dee jes set dyah right still, jes like nail driv in plank, like dee wuz tricked. An' de jedger say, 'Las' cote, an' de cote 'fo' dat, an' de cote 'fo' dat; well, — me ef 'tain' so!' An' dee all set right still an' speechless, an' jes Little Mordica stan'in' up, smilin' an' curisome'-lookin', an' de murderer settin' by him, white an' trimblin'; an' Little Mordica he turned and whisper a word, jes a word, to de man, an' he riz an'

walk out o' de cote-house right easy, like he wuz tiptoein' not to wake 'em up, an' made a dart for de cote-green gate, an' flung herself on de back o' de black myah, an' headed her down de road jes as de crowd in de cote-house breck fum onder de spell o' Little Mordica's pint, an' po'ed roarin' out o' de cote-house arter him. Dee 'd 'a' limbered him ef dee could 'a' got him; but shuh! dat wuz Little Mordica's myah wid de blacksnake laigs. De devil hed done brecked her; she riz up off de groun' an' flew jes like a bud. She didn' meck a piece o' track, didn' lef' nuttin' but a cloud o' dust, an' nurr she nurr dat man ever been seed sense.

"An' Little Mordica he come out de cote-house smilin', teckin' snuff, wid he arm roun' de pussecution attorney's neck, an' he went an' live on he th'ee plantations wid de deed o' intrust an' de whereas an' de two hundred niggers an' de hereditaments aforesaid. Dat's what he done! an' dat's de way dee do when I wuz at de bar.

"Gashcum! Don't talk to me about your Gashcum! He couldn' 'a' open he mouf in de cote-house when me an' Little Mordica wuz at de bar!" THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

INGREDIENTS OF GREATNESS.

The style of man I'd like to be,
If I could have my way,
Would be a sort of pot-pourri
Of Poe and Thackeray;

Of Horace, Edison, and Lamb;
Of Keats and Washington,
Gérôme and blest Omar Khayyám,
And R. L. Stevenson;

Of Kipling and the Bard of Thrums,
And Bonaparte the great—
If I were these, I'd snap my thumbs
Derisively at Fate.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A BAD MIXTURE.

THE adaptation of a certain newly fledged M.D. to his profession was under discussion. While many qualities possessed by the gentleman were conceded to be desirable, the extreme deliberation which characterized his every judgment and action was counted questionably so.

"Still," argued one, with friendly interest, "that very trait, I suppose, would tend to make a careful, reliable physician. Probably, when Mr. B—— came to a conclusion, it would usually be a correct one."

"Yes," replied another, thoughtfully, "but it seems as though the *diagnosis would get sort of mixed up with the post-mortem.*"

FLATTERING.

THE head of a produce commission house in New York, who has in his veins the blood of all the Howards, of which he is very proud, tells the following story about himself:

One day, not very long ago, he received a

call from a stranger from the rural districts who asked concerning the business standing of a rival house in the trade. "We both sell to exporters and jobbers, and naturally we have no business relations with the people in question; they are young men with a moderate capital, who stand very high on 'Change; they are hard-working, conscientious, gentlemanly young fellows," he said.

"That's just it," replied the stranger; "I ain't no gentleman myself, and I don't propose to do business with gentlemen; I'll consign my goods to *you.*"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

DURING a recent session of a West Virginia court a darcy was tried for cutting a white man with a razor. His counsel wished to prove that the white man was the aggressor, and that the darcy was physically unable to defend himself without a weapon. Being duly sworn, "Uncle Jim" was asked whether he had ever been injured in any way.

"Yes, sah."

"Tell the jury all about it."

"Well, sah, it was down in Chat'noogy. I's a-wukkin' down dah, an' I done fell off'n a derrick—fell sixty feet. I broke dis hyah laig, an' I fractured dis hyah alm in two places, an' I knocked out dem two teef, an' my collah-bone was broke, an' I had three ribs busted; dis hyah yeah was tore off, an' hatter be sewed on agin; an' de fac' is, gent'men, ef it hadn't been for a pile o' bricks dat sort o' broke my fall, I'd 'a' been liable to be *hurt serious.*"

NOT A NOURISHING DIET.

TRADITION has spread far and wide the fame of that ingenious student of Virgil who described the Georgics as "acts of Parliament passed in the reign of George IV.," and of the intelligent school-boy who, when asked to define a "dependent sentence," declared it to be "a sentence that hangs on by its own *clause.*" Equally prominent in the same category is the juvenile scientist who gave as an example of the power of heat to expand objects and of cold to contract them that "the days are longer in summer than in winter"; and a worthy companion to all these heroes was lately found in the person of a mathematical British color-sergeant, who, having listened with great interest while some one explained to him that when a certain part of the line wheeled to the right, it would be at a right angle to the rest, cried out with an air of sudden discovery, "Then, o' course, when it wheels to the left, it'll be at a *left angle* to the rest!"

But of all such cases of haphazard knowledge, none is more noteworthy than that of an old Scotch servant attached to the household of the famous British logician Sir William Hamilton. Old John was as proud of his master's fame as if it had been his own, and having picked up a few of Sir William's technical

words and phrases, brought them into play on every possible occasion, without much regard for their meaning, and amazed his master's guests by talking of "the Major's promise and the miner's promise" (major and minor *premise*), "silly James" (syllogisms), and other "nice derangements of speech" that would have made the heart of Mrs. Malaprop leap for joy.

One day a gentleman who was fond of drawing out old John for the amusement of the company said to him, with an engaging air,

"I suppose, John, now that you've lived so long with such a great reasoner as Sir William, you are quite able to conduct an argument yourself?"

"Weel, I winna say sae muckle as that," replied the old Scotchman, with the modesty of true genius; "but if I canna conduct an airgyment, I'm thinkin' I could draw an inference."

"Could you? Let us see, then? There's an Eastern proverb, you know, about the wild ass snuffing up the east wind; now what inference would you draw from that?"

For a moment old John looked nonplussed, as well he might; and then a gleam of sly humor twinkled in the corner of his dark gray eye, and he answered, with a grim chuckle,

"Aweel, the inference that I wad draw from that wad be that he might snuff a lang time before he grew fat!"

DAVID KER.



A SAD ERROR.

MARIE. "Why, Ethel, what is the matter with Fido?"

ETHEL. "Isn't it too bad? I gave him to the laundress to wash, and she starched him!"



Albert E. Steiner
1891

A PROPOSAL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ETHEL MORRIS, *popular, but fickle.*
TOM MAULE, *a sculptor, in love with Ethel.*
JACK WHITTERBY, *an unfinished bust.*

Ethel. Why, Tom, that's a start of Jack Whitterby.

Maule. Yes; me hated rival.

Ethel. Oh no. He isn't hated. I don't hate him.

Maule. Well, I do.

Ethel. Is that why you are sculpting him?

Maule. Yes.

Ethel. Well, you do him justice. It looks just like him.

Maule. That's true. Jack isn't pretty, and the head is solid all the way through, too.

Ethel. Are you going to finish him up?

Maule. I'd like to.

Ethel. I don't mean that way. I mean you ought to give him arms. Jack has awfully comfortable arms.

Maule. Well, this Jack won't have any arms at all. I shall make a Satyr of Milo out of him.

Ethel. Send it to me when it is finished, won't you?

Maule. You won't have any use for an armless Whitterby.

Ethel. Oh yes, I shall. It will be so novel.

Maule. But it's one of a pair. Whoever takes the bust must—er—must take me with it.

Ethel. Very well. I'll take the bust.